"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS*"—Shakespeare.

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A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME III.

FROM MARCH 29 TO SEPTEMBER 20.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 53.] SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851. [Price 2d.

ALICE AND THE ANGEL.

My father lived in an old cathedral city, where he gained his livelihood as a carver in wood. He brought me up to his business, as his father had done with him; indeed, I believe our family had been wood-carvers for ages. He took some pride in his calling, and did not consider that he worked for bread only. He was a quiet, thoughtful man; fond of antiquarian lore. He knew the history of every corner of that solemn old city. We had plenty of employment, and were well known for skilful workmen. We worked, once, in one of the antique churches, for months together; cutting out wreaths, and heads of angels; for which purpose an eccentric old gentleman had bequeathed some money to the churchwardens. While at work, my father would talk to me of the dignity of our art, until I was deeply convinced that mine was the noblest calling upon earth. I recollect, once, carving out what I thought a sweet expressive face; and coming into the church afterwards when the sun was lower, and a long ray of light, purpled with the stained glass window, fell upon it. I remember, even now, my sensation at that moment. It was not vanity, but a feeling of delight, nearly of superstitious admiration. I was almost a young idolator. I could have knelt down and reverenced the work of my own hands.

As I grew older, however, and found that others were far from giving that importance to our business, to which I had been taught to believe that it was entitled, I became less enthusiastic for it. I read of men who had devoted their lives to painting, and sculpture; and had died and left behind them immortal names. So high had my father's discourses raised my ambition, that I thought it was only for want of a different sphere of action that I spent my days in obscurity. I indulged such dreams for a long time in silence, for I knew it would have grieved my father had I said a word against his art; but, at length, I thought that I might, without offending him, attempt to carve some images in stone; for the sculptor's and the wood-carver's art are near akin. So I procured tools, and began to cut shapes in stone, without a master or any theory to guide me. At first, I carved wreaths and other simple ornaments — gradually advancing, I attempted human faces. This was a happy period of my life. In the summer afternoons, when we were not busy, I used to work upon these things in the garden at the back of our house. It was a large piece of ground, half garden, half orchard; though it had no large trees. It was, however, filled with fruits and flowers. Next to us were the grounds of some ancient almshouses, and the wall that separated us was composed of flints and pieces of stone, that crumbled at a touch. On our side this was covered with peaches, ripening in the mellow afternoon sun; and against it, on a board with tressels, stood several large bee-hives, of plaited straw. Sitting here, quietly alone, in fine weather, was enough to make a man idle; but I followed my new employment with increasing industry.

In this way I carved a number of objects, always destroying them as soon as I had done, being satisfied with the improvement which I had derived from the work, and not wishing my rude, first efforts to be seen. Hour by hour, and day by day, I strove to trace some image that floated in my mind. Then, looking afterwards upon my work, I saw how I had fallen short of my ideal; and sometimes I grew weary of my task, for awhile, till I took my tools again; and, hoping for the time when greater skill should crown my efforts, I renewed my toil. I had no models. I chiselled out, from memory, sometimes, the faces of great men of by-gone times, whose portraits I had seen in books or plaster casts. When I had finished, I left my work until the next day. Then I stole down into the garden, and, after an attentive look and farewell of the task that had cost me many hours of labour, I took an iron hammer in my hand and shattered it to pieces. For several years I did this, and still I had not gained the power I coveted. The long hours of toil and the continual failure fretted my spirits. They only know—the patient worshippers of Art—how slow and wearisome are all the steps by which her temples are approached! Who shall say how many, holding in their hands divinest gifts, have fallen and fainted by the way!

There fell no shadow across our household in those days. Our daily life was peaceful and secluded. Our house was situate in a

street parallel with the High Street of the city, paved with round pebbles, and lined, on each side, by huge lime trees, at regular intervals. Looking down it, we could see the cathedral at the bottom—the great window of the choir exactly filling up the breadth between the houses at the end. Ours was one of the oldest houses in the city. The fronts of each floor projected, one over the other, darkening the little old-fashioned shop below. I have a vision, even now, of a summer evening, when, being at the door, and looking down the street, I saw the walls and towers of the cathedral standing up in the clear sky. The sun was setting behind them, and a long shadow was cast down the street. The air was still—the trees, in full leaf, were still; the swallows, dropping from the roofs, passed swiftly, up and down the street, from end to end. I stood and watched them, sometimes flying boldly down the middle of the road-way; and again—with a turn that showed a flash of white, skimming along the sides of the houses—coming straight on, as if they would strike me in the face, and then suddenly passing over my head, and away, before I could turn up again to their clay nests under the roofs—clinging and fluttering awhile—then dropping, shaving the ground, passing each other, to and fro, as if they would never tire. Afterwards I fell into a reverie, and, awakening, the swallows were gone, the stars were coming out, and the cathedral walls were dark.

My mother had died in my childhood, and an old aunt, the only relative I ever saw, lived with us, managing the household. When my father and I had done our work, he went down and sat with her; reading, or playing backgammon, in what we called the oak parlour; while I returned to my favourite toil in the garden, or in a shed at the back. No one interfered with me. I was accounted rather eccentric, and enjoyed all the little privileges and freedom from observation which that reputation brings with it. I was indeed a strange being. A wider knowledge of mankind—a more frequent contact with the world—have made me now, I hope, a better man; but, at that time I lived only for myself: my pursuits and my ambition occupied all my thoughts. Engrossed for ever by these, the sorrows of others did not touch me. I worshipped only beauty. I would not give up a moment for the sake of others, or endure the slightest obstacle to my purpose. I was fretful and irritable when disturbed; and, when left to myself, reserved—almost morose. My pride was a kind of madness. I could not bear that my father even should see the carvings that I made, lest he should find some fault in them. There was another sculptor in the city, a carver of monuments, and a man of some skill. He met me, one day, and said that he had heard of my attempts, and offered to assist me; but I told him that "I could go on very well alone." I felt angry with him in my heart. I thought he wished to persuade me to show him my carvings, in order to ridicule them, and try to move me from my resolution. I knew that no one liked me, except my father; but this did not trouble me. "Let them think of me what they will," I thought, "they can neither help, nor hinder me in my purpose."

I was working in the garden as usual, one fine summer evening, carving a greyhound from a drawing I had made. I had been for some time wholly occupied with my task, and unconscious of everything else; when, suddenly raising my eyes, I saw a young woman looking at me from the gardens of the alms-houses. She was but a few yards from me; and I fixed my eyes upon her, with the gaze of a person suddenly aroused from deep thought; for I saw that she was very beautiful. Afterwards, I turned my face away, lest she should feel abashed. When I looked up again she was gone.

I resumed my work, and soon forgot the circumstance; but several days after, I suddenly recalled her face, and saw her, in my imagination, as visibly as if she stood beside me. I shut my eyes and saw her still in the gloom. I fancied I had seen her before: I could not recollect where, or when; but it seemed many years before. I connected her in my mind with the cathedral. I thought I had seen her there with an old man and a child, when there was a noise of bells ringing, and birds fluttering under the roof. I had been there and lingered with them till dusk; when, going out at the door together, I missed them suddenly: then, I had walked on, thinking to overtake them again; but I could not find them, although I heard the child's voice somewhere: and I had wandered for a long time, still hearing the child's voice, and thinking myself near them, but finding them not; till I came into a strange place and could not find my way back. Upon reflection, I knew that this must have been a dream; and yet I thought I had dreamt it long before I saw her.

Afterwards, I watched for her in the afternoon; and one day I saw a figure, which I knew was hers, pass in at the gate, and across the grass-plot, though I did not see her face. I felt disappointed and anxious to see her again. I walked down to the cathedral one afternoon, and sauntered through the aisles, striving to recall my fancy of having met her there; but I felt convinced that it was a dream. Many days passed, and I did not see her. Disappointment increased my anxiety. The thought of her would not let me rest, and for a time I relaxed in my labours. Once I flung my tools down, and sat beside my work to muse about her: afterwards, I rose suddenly, and, springing over the low wall, entered the house which she had visited, for I was known to all the inmates of the alms-houses.

I found the old woman, who lived there, and chatted with her for some time, seeking for an opportunity of asking after her visitor, if I could do so without exciting her curiosity. I brought the conversation round slowly; and then asked, "who was the young damsel who called upon her, sometimes?" The old woman laughed: and then shook her head, as if she had a sudden attack of palsy, and said, "Take my advice and do not ask anything about her. She is my great niece; and I am proud of her, for she is a fine girl, and sensible enough; but she is a troublesome creature—a giddy girl who tires out all her friends. There is her cousin, Edward, who loved her better than all the world, and used to make baskets for her, and a host of other things; he will have no more to do with her. She liked him well enough before he became so kind to her; but, after that, she used to run away from him and hide herself. You see, she has been spoiled by schooling. Her father must send her to a fine school; talking of making her a governess, and the like, where they made her unfit for everything; instead of keeping her at home to learn useful things—a plague!" The old woman suddenly took to coughing, as the latch clicked, and, the door opening, her niece stood there before us! She did not see me, at first, but, running up to her aunt, kissed her, and set her basket on the table. "This is Mr. Langdon, my neighbour, Alice," said the old woman. The niece curtsied; and, turning, began to talk to her aunt—taking no notice of me whatever. After awhile, I took my leave, and went back to my work, resolved to think of her no more. Yet I did think of her again. Her manner had displeased me, but she did not cease to haunt me night and day.

Again, one afternoon, I saw her enter by the wicket gate. She caught my eye, and walked over the grass-plot, and bade me "Good day." I stood before my work, to prevent her seeing it; but she exclaimed, "So you are making another idol, for your own private worship, Mr. Langdon."

"I am carving in stone, Miss Paton," said I, rather coolly.

"In stone," said she, echoing my words; "and you stand before your work, as if you yourself were carved in stone, in order to prevent my seeing it. But I do see it, notwithstanding. A dog—a very beautiful dog! Now, if that had been any other kind of dog I should not have seen it; but being a long, thin greyhound, the whole of his slender nose peeps out on one side, while his little foot is distinctly visible on the other."

I was vexed; but I felt that to stand there after her raillery, would make me ridiculous; so I stepped aside to let her see it.

"Perfect! beautiful!" she exclaimed, "exactly like the life. Really I can pardon you: I could almost idolise it myself."

"If Miss Paton would accept it," said I, "the carving shall be hers, when it is finished." She hesitated; but I pressed her, for I felt flattered by her praises. At length, she consented; and I promised to bring it to her at the park lodge, where she lived with her relative, the lodge-keeper.

"This is the first work of my hands," I said, "that I have suffered to be seen; but since it has pleased you, I cannot think it worthless."

"I will prize it," said she, "I will tie a blue silk ribbon round its neck, and stand it in my room; where I shall see it every day. Good bye!"

She turned, and walking quickly across the grass-plot, entered at her aunt's door. When it grew dark, and I left my work, she was still there.

For some days after, I worked upon my hound; touching and retouching; bringing out every line and curve, until I thought it perfect. Then I took it one afternoon under my arm, for it was slender and not heavy, and set out for the park lodge. It was a small cottage, inside the flower-worked iron gates, the entrance to the park. The roof was thatched, and the walls beneath were of grey plaster, showing a frame-work of oaken beams. The porch was covered with sweet clematis, and the little garden, at the side, was filled with drooping fuchsias and geraniums. Standing at the doorway, I looked down a long dusky avenue of limes, whose branches grew down to the ground; and in the distance I saw the Tudor turrets of the mansion. I knocked at the door, and Alice opened it.

"Oh, Mr. Langdon; and the dog, too! I had forgotten all about it; but I see you do not forget a promise. Come in, and see my sister-in-law."

She led me into a parlour, where her sister-in-law, a tall thin Scotchwoman, sat knitting. "This is Mr. Langdon," said Alice, "a friend of Aunt Mary's; and see what a present he brings me."

"A stawn dog!" she exclaimed; and after staring at it for a few moments, she went on with her work. But Alice stood over, looking down, with her light hair touching the stone.

"You live in a pretty neighbourhood, Miss Paton," said I. "I should like to see something of the Park before dark. Perhaps you would walk with me."

"Wait one moment," she exclaimed, and putting on her shawl and bonnet we went out together, and walked down the avenue.

"You come too late to find the limes in blossom. Look," said she, plucking some leaves, "three weeks ago every one of these little green seeds was a flower. The whole avenue was in blossom from end to end, and walking here, in the shade, the air was full of the smell of flowers."

We went on in silence for some time; then I said, "I think we have time to walk down to the mansion and back before dusk, if you do not wish to return immediately."

"Oh no," said she, "I have nothing better to do. The sun is nearly setting, but the light will linger for some time to come."

I looked into her face as she spoke, and saw again how beautiful she was. When she spoke seriously, her features gave no indication of her light and playful character; there was even a sorrowful air in her countenance, that made me think that deeper feeling lay under all that outward gaiety. Once she left me suddenly, and, running across the road, plucked some more leaves. Then, making a hollow with her hand, she laid a leaf across and struck it sharply, making a noise like the report of a pistol. "There," said she, "try to do the same, and if you do not know already, I foretell you will not succeed the first time." I took several leaves and strove, in vain, to imitate her, and at every failure she laughed till I gave it up, vexed with myself and her.

"Now," she said, "I have offended you; but never mind, I will teach you the whole secret by and by, though *I* found it out without teaching; but every one has his peculiar talent. I could not carve a 'stawn dog,' for example."

We both laughed at the mimicry of her sister-in-law's pronunciation. By this time we had come up to the mansion. We entered the gateway, and walked several times round the quadrangle. The place was silent—the family that inhabited it being absent. Issuing by the gate again, we returned down the avenue, the full moon before us slowly growing brighter till we reached the lodge, where I bade her good night and departed.

Short as my acquaintance had been, I felt that I loved her deeply in spite of her bantering; but my pride was strong, and I could not endure the thought of telling her my passion, at the risk of being met by scorn and raillery. I remembered the history of her cousin, which I had heard from the old woman, and I thought that she waited only for an opportunity of treating me with the same derision. I thought she had discovered my pride, and proposed to herself the task of humbling it. But I would not allow her; I would rather keep the secret all my life, or quit the city, if that were necessary, than tell her while she kept her flippant way. Yet, I hoped that this would change, after a while. When I thought of her beauty, her thoughtful look sometimes when she did not know that I observed her, as well as of some things that she had said full of tenderness and feeling, in the midst of all her mirth; I half believed that she assumed a character in order to surprise me afterwards, by changing suddenly. But her aunt had described her exactly as I found her, and many things confirmed the belief that this manner, if not original in her nature, had become habitual to her. I strove to analyse my feeling, and discover what it was that really made me love her. It was not only her face, though I had never seen a woman to compare with her for beauty. Something in her voice and manner fascinated me against my will. I liked to hear her talk, and yet it pained me. I was grave and earnest, and her raillery drew me out of my reserve, and led me, like a will-o'-the-wisp, where it pleased. Her ridicule and indifference, when I spoke seriously, hurt my pride; her wit baffled me. I felt disconcerted in her presence. I could not meet her with the ready answers which alone could foil her weapons, and she saw me embarrassed, and struck me closer home. All this made me almost dread to meet her; yet, that night, I lay awake devising some means of seeing her again.

One morning, about a week afterwards, I rose early, and took my way to the park. All the week I had been watching for Alice, across the wall, and had not seen her. I passed through the gate, and looked up at the lodge windows, but the blinds were down, and below, the screens were closed outside. I thought "they have not risen yet." I had not proposed to knock there, but simply to walk in the park. However, I waited awhile, and listened for some one moving. I even went round the palings and looked up at the windows at the back. One was open, and the long blind was swelling outward, like a sail, and dropping in the current of air. I drew back immediately, afraid of being seen, and walked down the avenue. I saw some one coming towards me from the further end, looking like Alice, although the distance was too great for me to be sure. As we drew nearer, however, I saw that it was she. She had a basket on her arm, and was walking quickly. She saw me, and came running up to me, saying, "I have a sad piece of news to relate to you. I am afraid you will think me very ungrateful, when I tell you what has happened. I have hardly the courage to confess. I know you will never forgive me, unless I get a promise from you, first of all. Tell me then, am I forgiven?"

"Yes!" I answered; "fully absolved, as far as I have power."

"Listen then," she continued, "without being angry, if you can. The greyhound that you gave me—the beautiful, slender dog, is broken into twenty fragments! Oh, you are not more vexed than I am;" she added, seeing me look serious. "I would not have exchanged it for its weight in silver. And to have done it myself, to have no one to blame, but my own careless self. I will tell you exactly how it happened. It was standing yesterday on the side-table where you left it. I intended to set it in my room, but I had forgotten it for a while. I threw on my shawl suddenly to go out—the fringe caught in something behind me: I did not look back, but pulled it impatiently; the little table overturned with a crash; and my poor carving

lay broken in pieces, and scattered about the floor."

Although she professed to regret the accident, I could not help thinking that there was an air of malice in her manner of relating it. But I endeavoured to conceal my vexation, and answered cheerfully, "I cannot blame you for doing by accident what I should have done, perhaps, on purpose. I have destroyed every image I have made, excepting this."

"And why? Your conscience troubled you for having broken the second commandment?"

"A whim—nothing more," I answered. I shall earn the nickname of Iconoclast, if I deserve nothing else of Fame."

"What does that mean?"

"'Image-breaker.' An honourable title at the time when Puritans emptied every niche in our cathedral. But let us say no more about this." Then, changing the subject, I asked her where she had been?

"I have been down to Holy Well Point, to get some groundsel for the birds. What a lovely morning! so still; the whole world seems to be our own, and we the only living creatures in it. Down yonder, there is a hollow, where the mist lies, and creeps along the grass, as if the turf were a-fire and smoking. Lower down, there is a fir plantation, which I came through on my way back. I like that walk better than any in the park. The earth smells so fresh there, as you walk in the twilight, ankle-deep in withered leaves and fir-apples. They say there are snakes there; but I know better. There are rabbits there, out of number, and the birds sing all about; although I never could see one of them. One at a time they break out from every side. I think they hold a conversation together."

I listened to her with delight, and said nothing. Her tone was so earnest, that I felt she loved the places that she spoke of. Her manner, too, was so natural and graceful, so unconscious did she seem of having charmed me with her words, that I knew that she assumed no character, but spoke without reserve from the feeling of the moment, and the impulse of her nature. I thought of her words long after I had left her, with a better hope than I had felt before of bringing her to love me, after all. What might I not hope from that gentleness which showed itself at times, in spite of her mocking tongue? This, I thought, will unfold as she grows to fuller womanhood, and all her lightness will be softened down by time. After all, it was better that she should be thus; with that strong consciousness of being, and quick perception of what life is, than stung with finer notions, that are quickly jarred and broken by experience.

This new hope in my life had already wrought some changes in my character. I was no longer locked up in one purpose—a mischief to the spirit, though that purpose were the purest and the best. I looked up, and saw that there were others in the world, besides myself, hoping, toiling, and enduring. I made good resolutions for the future, to bar out selfishness as far as in my power, and, conscious of a change for the better in my nature, I felt, as it were, new life within me. What wonder, then, that I came to love her, more and more, and blessed her secretly.

Yet my pride remained. I saw her many times, and walked with her; and finding her still changeable—shifting from mockery to seriousness—from irony to tenderness, a hundred times, I kept my love still shut up in my heart. I dreaded the moment when I should open my lips and tell her, as the ending of our friendship; and I waited, waited for a change that did not come.

In the winter of that year my father died suddenly. It was a little before Christmas, and the snow was on the ground. I sat and watched all night, and heard the carol-singers in the street, and wept. For days I walked about the darkened rooms, and thought of my past life, and grieved for many things that could not then be changed. Some days after the funeral, I was sitting in the shop alone, when I heard a tapping at the door, and, looking up, saw Alice through the glass. I rose and opened the door, and she came in. There was a change in her manner. She shook my hand when I offered it, and sat looking at me in silence for some moments. "I have passed here many times this week," she said, "but I did not like to knock before." She sat and talked with me for some time, without mentioning my father, but, by her tone and manner, soothing me. She came again, some days after, and this time I did not hear her knock, or open the door, but, looking up, I saw her standing in the doorway. It was getting dusk, and she was so still, that I rose in wonder, half thinking that I saw a vision, such as sometimes have been seen of friends, who in that moment died elsewhere. I took her hand, and led her through the shop to see my aunt. She took her bonnet off, and sat with us that evening. The mystery that was about her when she entered lingered in my mind. As, after earthquakes for awhile, men lose their old conviction of the firmness of the earth, so when, for the first time, Death steals into a peaceful household, and strikes mute one dear companion of our lives, our faith in the security of life, and other habits of the mind are weakened, and give place to mysteries. I looked at her as she sat talking with my aunt, by firelight. Her face was paler than usual, and her long hair, turned back behind the ears, flowed down on either side. Never, in pictures, or carven images of angels, or of women, meant for types of Truth, or Charity, or Mercy, had I seen a face and head more perfect. It was then that I first thought to carve an angel with a face like hers

When I saw Alice again, she sat before me while I drew the outline of her face in chalk, and shortly after I began my task. The figure was almost the size of life. The feet were bare. The robe was girdled at the waist, and, behind, the hair hung down between half-folded wings. I cut the features from the drawing—something like her, but not wholly she; until I fetched her, and begged her to stand before me, while I carved from life. I covered up the wings, so that she did know that my figure was an angel. I told her that it was my whim to give to it her features. For several months I worked upon it afterwards. The folds of the full robe grew perfect to my eye—the curves and feathered plaits of the long wings—the flowing lengths of hair. Lastly, I retouched the face, and came again each day and touched it, till it brought her fully to my mind.

The summer had come round again, but I had begun my work in the house, and it remained there. One evening, I put my tools aside, and sat down to look at it. I rose and walked about it—brushed the dust and chips from round the feet and pedestal, and sat down again. My task was finished. I saw its perfect symmetry and beauty, with a feeling of delight that almost stayed the beating of my heart. I remembered no more the long years, in which my soul had often become sick and weary, struggling with imperfect utterance. My thought stood out before me fully manifested; the crown and recompense of all my toil. I sat and looked upon it till the twilight gathered in the room. The pedestal, the feet, and robe grew shadowy; but the head was level with the window, and the light lingered about it, like a glory, and the features shone. Then the dusk increased; until I saw only the outline; and that mingled also with the darkness where I sat alone. Yet not alone; but with a mute companion, in whose presence I had laid aside my sorrow—a remembrancer of Alice, as she was, while pity made her worthy of those wings. I had not seen her for some days, and the last time she had hurt me with her raillery, and made me angry; though I had said nothing, and perhaps she did not know it.

My purpose was, now that I had finished my statue, to get it set up, somewhere, in the cathedral, where I had first dreamed of meeting her. I went, the next day, to one of the vergers, an old man who lived inside the gateway, close to the cloisters. He knew me well, for I had been a customer of his for prints of monuments and inscriptions, which he sold in a little shop. He promised to speak to the Dean about it; and I pointed out an empty niche, just through the entrance to the choir, which I had measured, and found to be of the dimensions of my work. A day or two afterwards, the Dean himself called at our house, and saw the statue. He praised it highly, and asked my reason for wishing it to be placed there; but I told him I had none beyond a wish to see it in a fitting place. He was satisfied, and afterwards sent some masons who were at work in the cathedral to remove it in the evening. I stood by and assisted them, anxious lest an accident should happen to my work. I went with them, and saw it finally set up in its place. Afterwards people talked of it in the city, but few persons knew whose work it was. On the Sunday following I stood in a little group of people looking at it, and heard their various comments.

After that, the cathedral was my favourite haunt. I went to service there in the afternoon, and lingered sometimes afterwards for hours, until I knew every monument, and learned almost every inscription by heart. Sometimes coming there after the doors were closed, I talked with the masons working at a side-window. At length, as I became more familiar, I climbed their scaffolding, got through the window, and descended by another scaffolding inside. At such times I walked about the cathedral till dusk, when they called to me, and said they were about to leave their work, and I returned by the window.

Alice came once to see it. I was with her. When she saw the wings, she laughed, and said, "Her own mother would not take it for her had she lived to see it. Not only for the wings," said she, "but for the flattery of the artist; for, mark you," she added, "I look into my glass half-a-dozen times a day, and am not to be deceived." We went out together afterwards, and I walked home with her. It was a cold day, towards the end of autumn, with a strong wind blowing, and a cloudy sky. As we drew near the lodge, there fell some drops of rain. I entered, and while we sat there, it began to beat hard upon the windows. I rose several times to go, but the storm had not abated, and I returned, and sat down again. Her sister-in-law was in the next room, making bread, and we were alone. We sat beside the fire, and talked. She was, as usual, in a merry mood; but that day my passion had returned with tenfold force, and I listened to every word she said, and loved her more for every word. She twisted her hands, till the firelight threw strange shapes upon the ceiling, and then turned her face sideways to make a gigantic shadow of her features on the wainscot. She laughed, and shifted her discourse from one subject to another, until I grew bewildered. Yet I felt, as it were, drawn towards her—tempted to forget my pride, the danger of her scorn, and all that had hitherto restrained me, and to tell her there my passion, once for all. I determined that I would know that night, before I left her, if she had really any love for me. I blamed myself for the dreaming life that I had led; nourishing a passion without the courage to avow it; putting off the day that must come at last; only, perhaps, to make my disappointment still more bitter. Yet I arose again,

and looked out at the door; but the night was still dark and windy, and the rain did not cease to fall. I came back again, and this time, walking up behind her, where she sat before the fire, I leaned upon her chair, and looked over her shoulder, and said, "I have many things to say to you, Alice, to-night, before I go." "Hush!" she said, lifting her finger, and mocking my tone, "something very serious?"

Even then, before I knew what she would say, I felt angry with her. The blood rushed to my face, and I spoke with a thick and hurried voice. I was prepared for her refusal. I pictured in that moment to myself the ridicule with which she would meet my words; but I was resolved to know the worst that night, and I had settled in my mind the course that I would take. I told her, briefly, that I loved her, and asked her, almost abruptly, whether she would see me any more. She answered me, as I knew she would, with laughter—said she was disappointed in me—thought she had found a man more rational than his fellows, and finally told me not to see her any more till I repented of my folly. I waited till she had done, with my eye fixed steadfastly upon her. I would not trust myself to speak, lest I should raise my voice, and be overheard; but I felt how the love that I had borne her turned to hatred in that moment. All the history of our acquaintance ran through my mind in an instant. I saw plainly now, I thought, how light and vain she was; how she abused the gifts of intellect and beauty to mock and trifle with a deeper and more earnest nature. I held my hand out once, and said, "farewell," and turning, left her abruptly.

I passed through the gate in the darkness, in the wind and rain, unmindful of everything but my anger. Yet once, before I had gone many steps, I thought I heard a voice of some one calling. Could it be Alice? I felt even tempted to return and see; but I thought I might be mistaken, and my pride withheld me. I listened, and not hearing it any more, I hurried on, thinking I had coined a fancy from a secret wish, and blamed myself for wavering in my purpose. I repeated her words to myself as I went, that my indignation might not lessen. I was filled with self-contempt for the weakness I had shown. I remembered how my whole nature seemed to have changed for a while under the influence of my passion; how I had vainly glorified myself for the effeminacy into which I had fallen, while thinking I had become a better man. Now I felt ashamed of all these things, and would fain have forgotten them, and become again the selfish being that I was.

My aunt opened the door to me. She held a lamp in her hands, and saw me looking wild, and my clothes saturated with the rain. She asked me where I had been, but I answered her sharply, and went up into the workshop. I found my great hammer, and went down the stairs again, and out into the street. The storm was abating; the clouds were broken up, and the moon moved with me as I hurried down the street. The cathedral yard was silent. I passed under the trees, and looked in at the window where my statue stood, and saw it there. My intention was to get inside, but how, I knew not, unless I could find my entrance by the scaffolding. I climbed up, and found that the masons had removed the window altogether, and boarded up the place. I tried the boards, and found one looser than the rest. I pushed it, and it gave way, and fell back with a noise on the platform inside. I was afraid that it had been heard, and drew back awhile, but the only house near was the verger's, at some distance across the yard, and I saw no lights there, at any of the windows. After that I got through and replaced the board behind me.

I knew not how the thought arose to destroy my statue, except that I was driven wild with passion, and scarcely knew what I was doing. I did not wait a moment to look at the work which had so rejoiced me in the carving—that had filled me full of hope when I saw it finished—the first token I had won of future honour in the art that I had chosen—but grasped my hammer firmly in my hand, and with blind fury struck it, unmindful of the noise I made, though every blow rang twice upon the roof. I shattered first the wings, and after a while the whole figure fell beneath my blows upon the pavement. I cast my hammer down, and climbed the platform again. The perspiration trickled down my face from the exertion; but I had no fear; I did not even reflect whether my noise had been heard; but as I issued by the window, and the moon was darkened, some large bird that I had startled struck me in the face, and made me start. I replaced the board again, and glided down the scaffolding. The yard was still silent and deserted, though it was not late.

I had not been absent more than half an hour when I knocked again. My aunt opened the door, and saw me looking wilder than before. I followed her into the parlour, and told her to get ready to leave the city with me that night, by the coach that passed through there at eleven o'clock, on its way to London. She was terrified. She looked at me earnestly, and then bursting into tears, entreated me to tell her what had happened. I assured her that there was no cause for her alarm; but she asked me what I had done with the hammer I had taken out with me. I refused to tell her; and her suspicions were increased. "God only, and yourself," said she, "know into what trouble your violence has led you this night!" I assured her, again and again, that I had done no harm to any one; but her fears remained, and she packed up, tremblingly, a few things in a trunk, and fetched a porter to carry it to the coach, while I fastened all the doors and

windows. Afterwards we went out together, and I locked the outer door, and took the key away.

All night I sat outside the coach beside my aunt, without speaking. The wind had fallen; there was not a cloud to be seen, and the moon shone brightly in a hazel ring. My passion had gone down, though I did not repent of what I had done. I thought of Alice no longer angrily, but sorrowfully. I knew she did not feel as I felt—had not the habit of picturing in herself a nature different to her own, in order to appreciate what others suffer; and did not know how much her conduct pained me. So I forgave her in my heart; for I knew how few there are, who, studying themselves, find but their own defects, and strive to change and master their original nature. Thus I excused her, with a readiness that showed that my love for her was not yet dead. I did not deceive myself. I knew that I should grieve about her till I died. Yet the coach rolled on, and I did not wish to return.

We lived three years in London—a strange place to me, after the quiet old city, where I had passed my early days so peacefully. Fortune smiled upon me there after a while; and for some things I had no reason to regret the change. But my heart was always heavy. My sorrow for the loss of the hope that I had clung to had become a lasting sense, that weighed upon me even when Alice was not in my thoughts. Never again did I take my tools in my hand with the same feeling that had moved me when I carved the angel, in the little room at home. My ambition was not the same. I had too many precious memories in the past to make the future worthy of my hope. Many times, by firelight, and upon my bed, I thought of that stormy night, when I left her, full of anger; thence, mounting to the days we spent together in the park, remembering everything she said and did. I delighted to go over these recollections one by one. I took each single moment of that happy time, and lingered over it, beating it out as the goldsmith beats the precious metal on the anvil, making every grain a sheet of gold.

I had brought away nothing to remind me of those times. I thought that time would weaken such impressions; and I wished that I had something that might serve to awaken memory to my latest day. But I had never had from Alice anything in the shape of a token or keepsake. There was nothing I could have brought, except the likeness I had made before I carved the statue, and which I had left locked up in the old house. From the moment when I remembered this, the wish to possess it grew stronger. Once I dreamed I had discovered it in my box; and the impression was so strong, that I rose and searched there; but I did not find it. I was thinking of it incessantly. I could not rest for the desire of possessing it again. I thought of going back to the city, and getting into the house at night, and returning with it to London; and at length I determined to go.

One night I left my aunt, telling her I was going into the country on business for three days, and took my place upon the coach. It was the day before the third anniversary of the night when I destroyed the carving. We travelled all night long, and I arrived at my destination in the afternoon of the next day. I descended from the coach before we came to the houses, and walked about till dusk. Then I went down into the city, and stealing through back ways, came to the street where we had lived. There was no one in the street but myself. I stopped before our door, and looked up at the house, by the light of the oil lamp opposite. Some of the windows were broken. The shutters were dingy, and weather-beaten, and the dust lay thickly on the sills, and against the door.

I put the key in the lock; but it would not move till I had taken it out again and raked and blown the dust out of the keyhole. Then I turned it slowly, with all my strength in the rusty wards, and descended into the shop, shutting the door. I hastened to light the lamp, which I had brought with me; for the strangeness of my situation, in darkness, after three years' absence, in the old house where my father died, impressed me; I heard noises about the place, probably of rats. When I had lighted my lamp, I saw that everything was as we had left it: excepting that the dust lay thickly everywhere. In the oak parlour, at the back of the shop, my aunt's work-box stood upon the table, and on a stand against the window were several flower-pots, the mould in them hard as stone, and the plants dead and shrivelled. The grate was full of cinders, and the old wooden arm-chair in which my aunt had been sitting was beside the fire-place. I walked, I know not why, on tiptoe, along the passage and mounted the stairs. My bedroom, also, was unchanged. I searched in a dusty closet, and found the drawing that I sought, and looked upon it by the lamp, until I could not see it for my tears. I walked through every room and lingered in the little kitchen, where I had carved the angel; and after awhile returned through the shop, and bade farewell once more to my old home.

I put out my lamp, and opened the door and listened, thinking I heard some one passing. The footstep ceased, and when I issued, and looked down the street, I thought I saw a figure, standing still, at a little distance from me. As I was anxious not to be recognised, I turned quickly, and walked away. I heard the footstep again, as if the person were following me, and I quickened my pace, but it seemed to gain upon me, and I heard a voice that struck me motionless. It was Alice, and she came and caught me by the arm.

I could feel how she was trembling, and I turned and held her firmly.

"I never thought to see you any more," she said: "My God, how I have prayed to see you, and repented of that dreadful night, when I spoke foolishly against my heart, and sent you from me angry! I thought that you were dead; and the feeling of what I had done, weighed upon me like a sin that never could be pardoned or washed out. Three years of bitter sorrow I have passed since then; night after night, I have lain awake and cried; until my heart is almost broken. It was known that you had left by the coach, but no one knew whither you had gone. I have watched about the cathedral, and in front of the old house many an evening, in the hope that you might be tempted to revisit them, if you were still alive; till, when you did not come for months and years, I could not doubt that you were dead. Yet tonight I came again. It is three years tonight since you left me. I heard with terror some one opening the door from within, and retired and saw that it was you. And you were hurrying away, and in another moment would have been gone again, for ever! Oh, do not leave me again; never, never, again!"

I was stunned, bewildered; but I spoke, "Oh Alice, Alice, do not sue to me, I cannot bear to hear you. I only am to blame for my blind pride and obstinacy. I never will forgive myself the sorrow I have caused you; though I have suffered also very much. I have never ceased to love you for a moment. This very night, I came to seek your likeness that I drew; little thinking I should see you here again, and hear you talk like this."

We stood near a lamp, and I saw how changed she was—how thin and pale her face; but she was still my Alice, whom I loved so much. I put both arms about her neck, and kissed her wet cheeks; took her hands and kissed them many times, and told her not to think about the past, and that I would never leave her while I lived. We turned, and walked down the street together, and round the cathedral yard; but her talk was still about the past, and all that she had suffered. She asked me a hundred questions, of where I had been, and what I had done since that time; and cried afresh when I told her how I had grieved for her sake. She made me tell her how I had broken the statue, and I showed her the side window where I entered, and told her everything; for I remembered well that night. We walked to and fro till it was getting late, and still she had many things to ask me, and to tell me. I returned with her towards the lodge. We went in at the gate, and she left me at the door while she entered, and bade her sister guess what stranger she had brought with her, and then called me to surprise her. It was late when I left her, promising to come again early in the morning; but I found an inn still open in the city. I rose early, and Alice and I walked again together in the park, recalling the old times and visiting all our favourite places. I kept my promise not to leave her, and wrote to my aunt to come to us, telling her for the first time all our story.

So Alice became my wife. And when, in after years, I attained to honour in my profession, I gave the praise to Alice, who restored to me my hope and spirit when they failed.

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

CARNIVAL BALLS.

I SAW in the little daily paper, "The Latest News," an announcement of a grand ball to be given, in that grand Odeon with a lottery for the benefit of the old *Landwehr*, or militia. It was announced also, that their majesties had graciously condescended to attend, and that the whole court would be there. I therefore felt a vast curiosity to go and see all that was to be seen, and especially did I want to have a good view of the young queen, of whom my friend, Mr. ——, was telling the other day the most beautiful things; how that she was the sweetest, gentlest, most amiable young creature; quite a peasant girl in simplicity; the purest, noblest being that was ever seated on a throne; a lovely innocent flower, in the midst of the temptations and intrigues of a court; how that being too good for a queen, she was fitted only to be an angel, and that to see her with her children, was the most beautiful thing in the world. After all this, was it wonderful that I longed to be in the same room with this pure, lovely, queenly flower, and to see her dancing, with all the joyousness of a peasant girl, among her admiring people?

No sooner was my determination taken than I set off to Madame F.'s, to ask them if we could not go all together, not into the gallery as I had been before, when I had watched Anna in all her glory, but into the ball-room, with the rest of the company. They agreed immediately; no time was to be lost, for the ball was that night, and the first thing that was to be done, after securing tickets, was to find out some officer who would attend us, for without a uniform no party of ladies could be admitted. No black coats were on this occasion admissible; nothing at all but uniforms; either an officer of the army, or one of the militia must introduce us. However democratic any of us might be, we did not particularly covet the escort of one of the *militia*, one's confectioner, one's draper, or one's butcher; there was no fear, however, of our being reduced to this extremity, for Madame F. and her daughters were acquainted with hosts of officers; and Anna and Myra ran over a whole list of names, any one of whom would only be too happy to accompany us.

I was quite easy, therefore, and left this important part of the business in their hands. I called, on my way to the studio, at a gardener's, and ordered from the gardener's consumptive daughter an ivy-wreath for my hair. I described what I wanted. Oh, yes, she knew very well; she was sure she could please me, for she had often made such for the young queen. I saw an enchanting little rose-tree which, with its one lovely rose and its buds, seemed fitted to be an emblem of the lovely queen herself; so I bought it out of ideal love for her, and it now stands in my window making my room fresh and beautiful. I ordered my wreath and my rose-tree to be sent home by four o'clock, and went to my work.

Imagine me about that hour returned; my ball dress of white, with white shoes and gloves, all laid out ready, looking suggestive of the evening's pleasure; my dinner just over, and I, lying on my sofa for half an hour's rest, when in came the F.s, to say we could not go; they had got no tickets, they had got no one to go with us. All their officer-acquaintance were already engaged; people were rushing wildly about the town after tickets; people were already crowding into the gallery; it would be the most amusing ball of the season, but go we could not! Was it not a pity—was it not disappointing, and it would be so brilliant, so well worth seeing!

"Oh, but we must go!" said I, feeling quite desperate, "we *can't* be disappointed; why, the town is half full of uniforms! What a disgrace it is if we cannot make a uniform of use for once in a way! I have an idea!" exclaimed I, "a strange one it is true, but never mind! My opposite neighbour, the Count — is an acquaintance of yours, though he is not of mine; he goes to every ball that is given; no doubt he is going to-night; cannot you make use of him? No doubt he would be charmed to accompany you—nay, I am sure he would!"

We looked at each other and laughed heartily. It was rather a strange idea; but nevertheless, he was an acquaintance of theirs from whom they could ask such a favour, and they said they would do so. We sent across the street to inquire; but he was out. He was an erratic mortal, of whose movements nobody could give any account; he might be back in a quarter of an hour, he might not return till midnight. A message was left with the good woman of the house for him, and the F.s would return in an hour, when our fate must be decided, for if *he* did not return before then, go we could not.

Scarcely were they gone, when I saw the Herr Graf return, unlock the outer door, and enter with a great clatter of spur and sword, as usual. Three minutes after, the good woman of the house was in my room. The Herr Graf had not intended to go, but now he would go with the greatest pleasure—with the greatest pleasure in the world! He desired her to tell the gracious lady, Madame F., that he would be immediately ready. "Yes, Fräulein Anna!" said he, "she is an old partner of mine. She dances beautifully—very beautifully! I know her very well; I shall be most happy to go!"

All in a hurry the F.s came back, learned the news, rushed away to dress, and at half-past six were to call for me and my opposite neighbour, the Herr Graf, in their carriage. I dressed very comfortably, with the gardener's poor consumptive daughter acting as my maid, for which I was very thankful, as poor dear old Fraulein Sänchen my usual tire-woman's eyes being none of the best, she makes a regular botheration of the tiny hooks and eyes, a series of impotent attempts which generally end in my doing the business myself, to my great discomfort. But my little maid was charming, and the wreath so entirely to my mind, that when my toilet was completed I thought the effect very fascinating.

All this time my opposite neighbour was making his toilet, and, as I was taking a cup of chocolate, a message came that he was ready and very impatient to be off, as he feared the gracious lady, Madame F., would not find a place to sit down in the crowded hall. At that moment the carriage stopped, and in two seconds more the Herr Graf was handing me down stairs, while poor old Fräulein Sänchen lighted us with two candles.

The Herr Graf is very young and good-looking, and it was immediately so evident that he was desperately smitten by Anna's beauty, that I was half sorry for what I had done. But never mind, thought I to myself, it is something to keep the poor lad's mind from stagnation, and Anna will have no objection to have another worshipper added to her train. These young officers are never allowed by government to marry, unless they and their bride have a certain sum of money between them—I don't know exactly what it is—and therefore the greater number of them neither marry nor even think of it. They spend their "young days," as my friend G. would have said, in a series of flirtations and hopeless passions, more or less serious; therefore I will console myself if my unlucky neighbour has had his heart wounded, for it may as well be by her beautiful face and saucy tongue as by any one else's.

At last we were at the entrance of the Odeon, and as we were getting out of the carriage, there was a cry of "the King! the King!" but this, I believe, was only a *ruse* of the crowd, collected on such occasions, for their own private amusement; however, it turned all eyes on our arrival. I felt almost a shock when, on glancing up the broad staircase, I saw it lined on either side by a row of uniforms; it seemed like facing an army itself. The Odeon Hall was filled with a dense crowd, every man in regimentals.

The room was beautifully decorated. First and foremost there was that cornice of human faces gazing down from the lofty gallery; secondly, a raised platform for the Court, all carpetted and decorated with green-house plants, with a fountain playing before the seat intended for the Queen, the water for which said fountain, I understood, was being constantly pumped up by an unlucky man beneath the ball-room floor. This idea made the fountain, to me, rather a fatigue than a refreshment. Upon the platform, which was guarded by green stone lions, and behind rows of crimson velvet and gilt chairs arranged for the Court, rose a tent of crimson and gold, beneath which were displayed a number of warlike trophies, flags, cannon, arms of all kinds, in picturesque array; above them, glowed in fire, a gigantic M, the initial letter of the King's name. Armour, helmets, and breast-plates of various ages, and guns, swords, and pistols, arranged in groups, and forming columns, and stars, and wheels, as we see them in the Armoury at the Tower, flanked the tent, on either hand; tall fir-trees shadowing them, palms and tender flowers—Peace and Love, as it were—drooping over, and twining about these implements of torture and horror, in strange contrast. Quick, keen tongues of flame leapt up, ever and anon, from brazen lamps, like types of destroying fire, as the weapons were of bloodshed. But both fire and sword produced a wild and poetical impression, thus used in ball-room decoration.

Thirdly, the two long sides of the room were rendered gay and attractive by green bowers, regular arbours of fir-tree boughs, intertwined with wreaths of artificial flowers, beneath which were throned, in each, an elegant lady and gentleman, disposing of shares in the lottery; whilst at the end of the room the prizes were displayed upon long stalls, bearing a strong resemblance to a scene in our Oxford Street Pantheon. There were numbers of capital things to be won; besides work-tables and easy-chairs, and dressing-cases, and thousands of elegant and *in*elegant knick-knacks which one would be thankful *not* to win; there was, at least if report was to be believed, a statuette, in marble, of the "Bavaria," by Schwanthaler himself, and sent by Queen Theresa. That *would* have been a prize! I dare say, however, if it was there, that, by some singular freak of Fortune, it would find its way back again to Court. Such things will happen! I saw lots of capital things carried up the steps of the royal platform—gay parasols and lace handkerchiefs. As for us!—poor wretched mortals, we got nothing out of numberless chances—not one of us. But a young officer who joined our party, and who, I dare say, never swallowed half-a-dozen cups of tea in his life, won a tea-caddy! He did not seem, at all, to know what it was. I know Fortune meant that caddy for me—it is a pity she is so blind! A tea-caddy is one of my idols; I would have one made of gold if I could! I deserved to have had that tea-caddy!—that young fellow ought to have had a beer-tankard, or a tobacco pouch! Well, Fortune certainly had her eyes bandaged on that occasion.

The drawing of prizes continued all evening, even during the dancing. But no dancing, of course, commenced until the Court arrived.

All at once we saw some half-dozen little men in blue uniforms, with white ribbons in their button-holes, rushing through the crowd, which parted before them, like the Red Sea before the children of Israel, and on came the courtly train, two by two, a brilliant procession of uniforms, and satins, and brocades, and diamonds. Poor King Max was ill with influenza, which is attacking everybody here, and therefore was not present. But the young Queen was there, attended, if I mistake not, by King Otho; but, as he wore his uniform, instead of his handsome Albanian dress, I did not immediately recognise him. The human wall, on either side, bowed, enthusiastically, as their Royalties and their Serene Highnesses passed on, the Queen, especially, acknowledging their loyalty by her most gracious smiles. She wore a brilliant tiara of diamonds, and a rich pink satin dress, and had chains of diamonds round her neck, and her arms were loaded with bracelets. She looked rather different to my simple, peasant-like ideal; but her face was lovely and kind, and in that expression of kindness lay an infinite charm. What a study of faces was here! I read in many of them strange histories of court life and intrigue; but with that we have, now, nothing to do.

There were numbers of court ladies, young and old, all very grand, and princes and dukes in abundance; they all proceeded to the platform, and took their seats, chatting among themselves, and seeming very merry. Soon they again descended, to walk the stately *Polonnaise* round the ball-room; the grand ladies returning, however, to their crimson chairs of state, whilst many of the gentlemen might be seen moving amongst the crowd. And soon, when a waltz began, behold Prince Adelbert dancing with a citizen's daughter, and various other of the grandees dancing away with equally plebeian partners. That was all very right—was it not? If they were the guests of the citizens, as on this occasion they were, it was right to associate with citizens. I saw the King of Greece talking to all sorts of people as merrily as could be. There was, however, very little space for dancing—just a circle for the waltzers, and that was all.

We ourselves were neither *aristocratic* enough, nor yet *plebeian* enough, to dance at all; therefore, we stood in a good place and looked on, and a most amusing scene we beheld.

At the first glance, from the uniforms being

all pretty much alike, you scarcely distinguished the prince from his butcher or his baker; but in a very short time your eye told you that there was in the room, as in the world at large, a most subtle, almost imperceptible gradation of rank, both conventional and moral! With the women it was the same; from the diamond crown of the Queen to the silver head-gear of the citizen maiden of the lower class. It was to me a singular, almost affecting study. But the sentiment soon gave way to the intensest amusement, as one queer couple after another passed before us! There a little fellow, in militia uniform, fairly waltzed round "a huge whale of a wife," in a heavy black cotton dress, gorgeous with brilliant flowers, while her head bore the silver, swallow-tailed Munich cap; here a sentimental maiden, in tawny muslin, clung to the arm of some gigantic crane in regimentals. The most extraordinary costumes presented themselves. All the cotton and stuff dresses danced, while the muslins and satins looked on. And why not? All the middle-aged, elderly, nay, *old* people danced, so at least it seemed to me, whilst the young looked on. And why not? I again asked myself—it was only my *taste*, not my *reason*, that objected. There was the feeble little carpenter, who keeps a shop, in brilliant red and blue, with spectacles on nose, and thin, buff-coloured hair, dancing away with his bony, but good-natured wife, in black silk. I rather admired them. I recognised, in various of the military figures, acquaintances of mine. There, from that soldier I bought my winter dress, from that ferocious little fellow a packet of charcoal that very morning, and there was the modeller of that beautiful statuette, from whom I shall make a purchase one of these days.

I told you that we stood looking on from a good place which happened to be close to one of the green lions guarding the steps of the platform. As Prince Adelbert returned to the aristocracy, he passed us, and having danced with Anna at several balls this winter, and being a sort of acquaintance of Madame F.'s, he stopped to speak to them. He seemed very good-tempered, and as he chatted about the ball, and various other things, he glanced several times towards me with a smile, as if to say—"and who is this young lady?" Whereupon Madame F. introduced me to his Royal Highness, and his Royal Highness was very polite indeed, and we two had a little chat. I tell this, in order that —— may honour me because I have exchanged words with a prince of the blood.

Once more, in the course of the evening, the Court ladies descended from their elevation and danced a quadrille—the Queen is excessively fond of dancing, they say—after which, about ten o'clock, the whole Court again paraded the room, and then took their departure, and soon after we followed their example. Before we left, however, I saw rather a characteristic bit of Munich Life, the militia and their partners regaling themselves with beer and ham in a room adjoining the ball-room; such a chaos of plumed helmets, tankards, and plates of ham as there was! And the ceiling of the room adjoining was painted with grand allegorical frescoes of Apollo and the Muses! But I have not yet done. I must tell you yet of the

MASKED ACADEMY.

"Your *Fräulein Cousine* has been to ask you to go with her to the *Maskirte Academie* at the Odeon to-night!" exclaimed Madame Thekla, when I came home about half-past five last Thursday evening; "she said you must be there at latest by six, as it will be so terribly crowded, and she wishes you to call on her."

All this was impossible; it was then more than half-past five, and I had not yet dined, to say nothing of dressing! "Would Madame Thekla go with me into the gallery?" I asked.

"Yes, with pleasure, as soon as she had had her beer," the tea of most Munich women of her class.

When she had drunk her beer, and I had dressed, and had a cup of coffee, away we started. The gallery was crowded to excess, although it was only just six; and if people had not been very polite to me, as a foreigner and a young lady, I should have had no place at all. However, squeezed up against a pillar and a poor little hump-backed lad, to whom of course I was very polite all the evening, for he had inconvenienced himself for me—I saw capitally.

The scene of operation was again the large hall of the Odeon. At one end was erected a stage, for the performance of a pantomime, which I soon perceived was to be the amusement of the evening. Before the proscenium were seats and music-desks, then came rows and rows of chairs for the audience, filling about half the room. In the other portion of the hall were arranged card-tables.

There were very few people in the room when we first took our place in the gallery, so that for the hour preceding the performance of the pantomime, my amusement was watching the arrivals. People were to be masked; at least, such were the directions on the cards of admission: therefore, I was considerably disappointed to see the ladies, with very few exceptions, without masks or masquerade dresses, only in full evening costume,—perhaps, however, somewhat more brilliant in colour than usual. Many children, however, were in fancy dresses, looking excessively pretty; one little girl, of about twelve, especially, who paraded about in extreme grandeur as a minute Morisco lady. The gentlemen, however, were all either in fancy dresses or dominoes, and the effect of those dominoed gentlemen was, to my eyes, remarkably comic. They swept along in scarlet, blue, orange, green,

and crimson dominoes, trimmed with deep white lace frills and capes, yet wearing their every-day black hats, on which were stuck their masks, and with common-place black trousers and patent-leather boots peeping out beneath.

The court in attendance on the three kings and the two queens arrived. King Ludwig's tall, spare figure, decked out in a white and scarlet domino, looked very like that of a Catholic priest. The King of Greece wore blue, the young King of Bavaria crimson. The young Queen was dressed in a very simple mode, a crimson velvet dress, over which she wore ermine, and with a tiara of diamonds on her head. The old Queen wore black velvet, and looked so very quiet, that I never knew she was a queen till the evening was almost over. The royalties scattered themselves over the room, sitting, standing, talking, laughing, like ordinary mortals; the scarlet Catholic priest bowing and nodding his head about everywhere in that lively manner which instantly announced him as King Ludwig.

Every now and then small troops of regular masks entered, men evidently, most of them dressed as women. In they came, with that queer, uncertain gait, mysterious air, and peering gaze which masks always have. There were two mysterious, veiled Moorish beauties; two nuns; two pink sentiment-sisters; and three big-boned white ones, dressed in white bed-gowns, and mob-caps. These three Amazonian dames stalked about together, distributing little papers among the crowd, which said little papers usually created much laughter and astonishment. Now a sister mysteriously drew aside a guest, and whispered something in his or her ear. Kings, queens, and courtiers all had their turn.

Such was the fun going on before and during the pauses in the pantomime. The pantomime itself was nothing particular. Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and some half-dozen other queerly attired mortals performed a variety of antics and practical jokes, which called forth roars of laughter from the motley audience. To me, however, they seemed poor and dull. The most amusing thing, I thought, was a dancing donkey, the legs of which you instantly recognised as youthful human legs. Pantaloon, extremely enamoured of this donkey, rushes off for hay to feed it with; but the donkey, with donkey politeness, refuses the hay each time it is offered, wheeling round, presenting his tail and his heels instead of his mouth, till poor old Pantaloon is in the last stage of astonishment and despair. The only pretty thing was a dance of children, dressed as Swiss peasants.

People, I suppose, considered this Masked Academy very amusing; and, you will ask, "but why Masked *Academy*?" So have I asked from numbers of people, and the answer I get, is, "Oh, it is the Masked Academy!" as though everybody knew what that meant. You, therefore, must make the best of this answer, as I have done, and be content.

There are quantities of Balls just now, one of which I must mention; it was at the beautiful house of an artist, a house exquisitely furnished in the old German style, all the decorations exquisite, and all the company artists. It was what is called here a "pic-nic," which means a party, the expense of which is divided by the company; different friends joining and providing different portions of the entertainment. This is a custom very general here, and a very rational one, I think—but very un-English. These pic-nics circulate. I have heard of the officers' pic-nic; the students' pic-nic, and so on.

The Carnival is now approaching its end; everybody is being merry while they may. In a few days comes Lent.

A VAGRANT'S DEATHBED.

The winds dropp'd their voice to a whisper of love;
The stars veil'd their bright eyes in sadness above;
With thousands for neighbours, he lay there alone,
His deathbed the pavement, his pillow a stone.

There were palaces near to him, radiant with light,
That kindled a smile on the dark brow of Night,
And music gush'd forth in a stream of sweet sound,
Stealing soft on the dreams of the sleepers around.

But his dull ear was fill'd with the tocsin of Death,
Ringing loudly the summons to yield up his breath;
And his eye dimly fix'd on the sky o'er his head,
Seem'd to follow the track of his soul as it fled.

And cold grew the form on which Famine had prey'd,
But the Demon that vex'd it for ever was laid;
It had drunk his heart's blood, and had fed on its core,
It had wrought its stern will, and its mission was o'er.

Ere long, those who drown'd his last groan with their mirth,
Will slumber like him on the bosom of earth;
And will take no more, hence, of their silver and gold,
Than the starved and the outcast who died in the cold!

THE RATIONAL DOCTOR.

Among the various sciences to which our old friend Mr. Bagges had addicted himself, one, which he cultivated with peculiar diligence, was that of Gastronomy. It is well known that over-application is a frequent cause of injury to health; but, in no instance, perhaps, has it this effect more often than in the study to which Mr. Bagges devoted his particular attention. He had been engaged in the prosecution of this pursuit satisfactorily and undisturbedly for some years, when at length, rather on a sudden, he was attacked with heartburn, loss of appetite, and other symptoms of indigestion, combined with weariness, indisposition to exert himself, and depression of spirits. He also

experienced unaccountable feelings of coldness and numbness in the extremities, accompanied by prickings as with pins and needles, and occasional cramps. For the relief of these symptoms, which he imagined to proceed from cold, he tried brandy-and-water. Having taken a large and strong tumbler of this agreeable medicine, he went to bed, hoping to rise all right again the next day. Instead of that, however, Mr. Bagges awoke about two o'clock in the morning with an intolerable pain in the ball of the great toe; a sensation which, as he afterwards said, he could compare to nothing but to what he might imagine would be the torture of a bunion under hydraulic pressure. Daylight discovered the part affected to be somewhat swollen, and to exhibit a slight redness on its surface. Mr. Labell, the doctor, was sent for: the fact was, in short, that Mr. Bagges had got the gout.

Mr. Bagges had his foot wrapped in flannel, bathed in hot water and in cold, leeched two or three times, and blistered once; he was dosed with antimony, opium, ether, ammonia, and ipecacuanha; and, finally, with colchicum. At last he recovered; in consequence of which of the above measures and remedies, or whether or not in spite of each or all of them, it is difficult to say. But gout is strong in its attachments. It seldom loses sight of an acquaintance once contracted. Regularly every year did gout attentively return and look in upon Mr. Bagges, as punctual and as welcome a visitor as the collector of the income-tax. With the disease came Mr. Labell, the doctor, and a course of treatment so very similar to persecution as, rather than even the sufferings of the malady itself, to entitle our friend to be canonised as a "martyr to the gout."

A long course of prosperity in a business which consisted in selling medicines under the pretence of treating disease, at length enabled Mr. Labell to retire from practice; and when Mr. Bagges had his next fit of the gout, it was necessary for him to choose another medical attendant. His choice lighted on a practitioner, by some years Mr. Labell's junior, a gentleman whom he had occasionally met at the Royal Institution on a Friday evening, and who had obliged him by explaining to him portions of lectures which he did not comprehend, and had made an especial impression upon him by the recapitulation, with explanatory remarks, of an interesting discourse on physiology. Under the hands of Mr. Newby, the duration of the disorder was much less than it had ever been previously; and the patient was soon enabled to celebrate a happy recovery by a moderate dinner, to which, with many acknowledgments, he invited his physician. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on the subject of his recent illness.

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Bagges, "thanks to you [illegible] don't be modest; I will say thanks to you; this last attack is the shortest I ever had. Eh? but now, this is contrary to your usual experience, is it not? Gout, I thought—gout—the oftener it repeated its visit, the longer it stopped with you, eh?"

"Why, Mr. Bagges," replied Newby, "that is true enough in a general way. But the stay of gout, like that of most guests, depends on its reception."

"Well, I must say," observed Mr. Bagges, "that you made me receive my guest in a most inhospitable manner this time, with your—what?—antiphlo—"

"Gistic," Mr. Newby suggested.

"Antiphlo—" Mr. Bagges repeated, "gistic regimen. Labell used to say,—'Live?—oh! live pretty much as usual. Take your—what?—your pint of port a day. Don't eat curry—I should say curry was a bad thing.' Eh? now do you consider curry a bad thing?"

"A capital thing," answered Newby, "for the gout—but not, exactly, for the patient. With regard to curry, I should say, Mr. Labell's advice was judicious."

"Well," continued Mr. Bagges, "I was not to eat curry; and had better let hashed venison alone, and avoid anything rich and high-seasoned, and pastry—certainly not touch pastry. 'That's all,' he would say, 'Bagges, my boy; only lay your foot up in flannel, apply this, that, or the other lotion, fomentation, liniment, leeches—what not—and take the medicine I shall send.' But you—now, you put me on what I should certainly call short commons. You didn't starve me!—No: I don't mean to say that; but you did—yes, you did stop the supplies to a very great extent."

"That was quite constitutional, sir," urged Mr. Newby.

"Yes, it was perfectly constitutional—quite parliamentary, considering the crisis. But, is there no certain cure for gout—no medicine—no recipe or prescription in particular? Those pills of yours gave me miraculous ease."

"There is none, Mr. Bagges, or your own recovery should have been more rapid. Neither for gout, sir, nor, strictly speaking, for any other disease. There are one or two disorders in which the conditions are pretty uniform, and which are, therefore, generally removable by the same means. But even those are, in some cases, so complicated with other ailments as to call for additional treatment. Bark and quinine, for instance, are said to cure ague, and, practically speaking, so they do usually; but still they cannot be depended on alone in that disorder. However, for by far the greater majority of diseases, there is no such thing at all as a special remedy; and the treatment has to be varied in each according to the circumstances. In the next case of gout that I may have to treat, I may find my patient with a dry skin, and may have to take measures for procuring perspiration. In yours, I found the liver

inactive. It was necessary to cause that organ to perform its function; and for that purpose I gave you a mercurial. Those pills you seem so grateful to. So the relief afforded in one case by blue-pill, or calomel, might be derived, in another, from ipecacuanha, or antimony, or from a steam-bath without any medicine at all."

"Or a stiff tumbler of hot grog, eh?" suggested Mr. Bagges.

"Not impossible," replied Newby, "hazardous as the remedy would be."

"Punch cures the gout, you know, the song says, as well as the cholic—eh?—and the phthisic," reasoned Mr. Bagges.

"Well," said the medical man, "probably it is as likely to do so as any other specific."

"But what do you mean, then," demanded Mr. Bagges, "by the cure of a disease? I always thought that the medicine you give acted by destroying the disease—neutralising some poison in the system—eh?—as an acid does an alkali—at all events putting a stop to the complaint."

"Curing a disease," answered Mr. Newby, "on our part, means, literally, taking care of it. It is nature that cures in the sense of healing. All that we do, or can do, is to influence and regulate the natural operations. But, now, what do you imagine a disease to be?"

"Eh?" answered Mr. Bagges, "why I should say—some morbid principle in the system—a certain noxious something—"

"No, sir," said Newby; "that is just where you are wrong, and where the generality of the British public, and too many members, perhaps, of the British faculty, are wrong too. A disease is not a something."

"It can't be a nothing," Mr. Bagges argued. "Gout, now—the deuce!—do you call that nothing?"

"What I mean," explained Mr. Newby, "is, that a disease is not a particular thing, but a state of things. People are apt to speak of it as a substance or essence, a sort of being, comparable to a fiend or demon in possession of the human body; and they look on the doctor as a species of conjuror—"

"When very often," interposed Mr. Bagges, "that is just what he is not."

"Or exorcist," continued Mr. Newby, "who casts out the evil spirit by the aid of certain drugs. Now diseases are processes—not individualities. There are certain processes, you know, that necessarily take place in the human body."

"Digestion, for example," remarked Mr. Bagges.

"Yes!—digestion; the conversion of food into chyme, of chyme into chyle, of chyle into blood; respiration and the aëration of the blood; the circulation of this blood; the extraction from it of various substances by the apparatuses called secreting organs; the deposition of new flesh, and absorption of the old: and so on. These are the *ordinary* processes of life. Disease is an *extra-ordinary* process."

"Well, it *is* extraordinary. It is *very* extraordinary that we poor mortals should be subject to disease," Mr. Bagges moralised.

"Disease, however, has an object; and, as perhaps I could show you, a beneficent one, Mr. Bagges. I said it was an extraordinary process. It is not one which occurs regularly, as a matter of course; certain circumstances are required to give rise to it. What are these circumstances—that is to say, the causes of disease? Why, sir, they are exposure to cold, for instance; breathing bad air; habitual contact with deleterious substances; eating unwholesome food; partaking too copiously, Mr. Bagges, of food and drink, which may be harmless in themselves. I might add, sedentary occupations, mental emotions, and a variety of causes; all of which, however, may be classed under one general head of injuries."

"What injury can affect the child who is born diseased?" inquired Mr. Bagges.

"Injury, the effects of which are transmitted by one or both of his parents," replied Newby; "and, therefore, you see that a man, in impairing his own health, may inflict a wrong upon his offspring."

"Eh?—the deuce—yes—to be sure!" said Mr. Bagges.

"Disease, then," pursued Newby, "is a process occasioned by injury. Now, what I am going to say may appear a truism; but no matter. Disease cannot take place in the dead subject."

"Well," Mr. Bagges said, "I certainly should have supposed that we wanted no ghost from the grave—eh?—or the anatomical theatre—to tell us that."

"No! And yet decomposition takes place in the lifeless body. What is the difference between decomposition and disease?"

"Ahem!" was the reply of Mr. Bagges.

"Why, decomposition is a merely chemical process, and simply destructive. Whereas disease is a vital process—one to which life, mark you, is essential."

"Humph!"

"Moreover, it is not one of mere destruction."

"Ha!"

"Let us," continued Mr. Newby, "consider a simple bodily injury, and its result. We will take a case in which we can see what takes place with our eyes. Say, a burn. Apply the actual cautery to a dead body, and you only burn a hole in it; nothing ensues. But suppose I apply a hot poker to a given portion of your exterior."

"No, I thank you!" cried Mr. Bagges, instinctively rubbing himself.

"Were I," Newby proceeded, "to perpetrate this outrage, I should do something more than occasion a breach of the integrity of Mr. Bagges's surface. Redness and swelling, accompanied with pain and heat, would—after the immediate sensation from the burn had

subsided—make their appearance around the seat of injury. In short, inflammation would take place, and would continue to exist for some time. In the meanwhile, the hole would gradually fill with new flesh, and would ultimately skin over; and so the inflammation would end. Take the case of a wound, instead of a burn: let it be a cut finger. Here you have inflammation occurring, too, to a smaller extent, to be sure; but still it does occur; and its occurrence is necessary to the healing of the wound. A sort of living glue is poured out on the cut surfaces. It is shed from the mouths of minute blood-vessels, it joins the divided parts, and, at length, becomes a firm, fleshy substance; a live patch: what, in short, we call a scar. The inflammation results in forming this glue. Therefore we call it adhesive inflammation. It is also called healthy inflammation, to distinguish it from other inflammations which do not end so favourably. But, if this same inflammation happen in parts important to life, as those contained in the chest or abdomen, it is regarded as a disease. So it is if it take place in the eye—for instance, on the coloured part of the eye, termed the iris, where the adhesive matter, if poured out, might close the hole in the iris, called the pupil, and thus blind the patient. In fact, adhesive inflammation is disease in its simplest form."

"Disease?" said Mr. Bagges; "but, if I understand you, the tendency of the inflammation is to heal."

"Precisely so; and in the simplest form of disease we see a process, excited by injury, the effect of which is to repair that injury. But other processes, admitted on all hands to be diseases, are as obviously remedial. The voracious consumption of unripe fruit, you know, Mr. Bagges, will afflict young gentlemen with a painful ailment, which, however, is evidently an effort of Nature to expel the cause of irritation. Many cutaneous eruptions are known to be salutary; and even a fit of the gout, as you may have heard, sir, and perhaps experienced, acts often as a kind of clearance to the system. Indeed the nature of all disease appears, so far as we can determine it, to be, essentially, reaction against injury. But this reaction may be too powerful, or too weak; it may be impeded, or perverted, or disturbed, or protracted, by a variety of causes; and then our professional interference, Mr. Bagges, becomes necessary."

"With *your* pills, and powders, and draughts, and mixtures, et cetera?" interposed Mr. Bagges.

"With means and appliances such as you mention," said Mr. Newby, "and some others. And for what purpose? We shall see. Let us go back to the case of the cut finger. The simple inflammation arising from that injury requires no treatment beyond what is barely protective. The finger is merely bound up, and it heals; the inflammatory process is confined to the wound, and terminates of itself. But the inflammation consequent on the wound may be more than simple. The cut may fester instead of healing. The inflammation may run up the arm, and, in place of forming adhesive matter, pass through various stages, which I need not describe, except as dangerous and unpleasant. What occasions the inflammatory process to assume this character—that of what is termed unhealthy inflammation? The circumstance, we discover on inquiry to be, that there is something wrong in the system: generally that some organ, the office of which is to purify it of refuse matter, is not doing its duty. Medicine is given, or means are taken, to make that organ perform its function; and this object accomplished, the inflammation subsides. The action of a few blue pills and black draughts, for example, may be sufficient to subdue it, and reduce it to the simple form; and this quite independently of any local treatment beyond enveloping the limb in a pulp of bread and warm water."

"Commonly called a poultice," Mr. Bagges supplied.

"Even so. Now, in the case just supposed, the medicine, you see, Mr. Bagges, did not directly stop the inflammation. It acted by removing certain conditions—torpidity, we will say, of the liver, and other organs therewith connected—and then the inflammation ceased. And by far the greater number of diseases, sir, are to be cured by the mere removal of these and similar conditions; indeed, by no more than rectifying the digestive apparatus, and causing its dependencies to execute a sort of vital sewage and drainage. Our most numerous bodily injuries are inflicted by ourselves through excesses and errors of diet. Mischief most frequently enters the human body by the mouth. The frame is thus overloaded with superfluities, or tainted with impurities, and these are the most general causes of disease, and they aggravate and prolong diseases that originate otherwise. This fact in part explains the success of quack medicines. Most of these compounds increase the action of the cleansing organs. Out of a hundred patients taken indiscriminately, a large per-centage would probably derive relief from any medicine having that action. So much testimony is safe for Dr. Gullaway's pills. A few grains of calomel and colocynth from the honest druggist's would have answered better, perhaps; but this is not known, or not considered. Dr. Gullaway puffs and advertises his successes—with additions and embellishments, of course. Experience vouches for his pills in some degree, and then Credulity gulps them to any extent."

"Now disease," said Mr. Bagges, "according to you, is—that is, in great measure—a what?—a salutary effort of Nature. Well—eh?—how do you make that out in diseases that arise from too much eating and drinking? Indigestion, for instance."

"Indigestion," answered Mr. Newby, "is so far salutary, that it involves a resistance, on the part of the digestive organs, to their farther abuse. But excess does not produce serious disease of the stomach and viscera in the first instance. It disorders those organs, perhaps; and their disorder occasions disease in a distant part—even as far away as the great toe, possibly, you know, Mr. Bagges: but thus the more important organs are relieved. It is a fact, that internal disorder is often remedied by breakings out, and other diseases of the skin, or by the formation of sores on the limbs. And if we get the sore to heal, or subdue the eruption, by merely local means, we do it at the risk of causing inward disease. So, when we have to deal with these outward ailments, we proceed, not against them, directly, but against the conditions of body which they arise from, and in regard to which they are a sort of vents and safety-valves."

"Eh! but disease, then, seems to be so good a thing, that one would think it ought sometimes to be rather encouraged," Mr. Bagges remarked.

"Certainly: that is what we do when we 'bring an inflammation to a head,' or when, in the cold stage of a fever, we try to induce the hot. Sometimes we have to assist the process of disease, sometimes to restrain it; at others—and I think at most—to give it free scope, content to act merely as Nature's dustmen, and brush impediments out of her way. Shakspeare talks of 'the natural gates and alleys of the body.' We are little better than porters to the gates, Mr. Bagges; we are not much more, sir, than men that sweep the alleys."

"Nature!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges; "Nature! Well—certainly—there is nothing like studying Nature."

"Particularly in medicine," said Newby. "Many important measures of practice are suggested by hints from Nature. Nature bleeds—from the nose. She blisters—in throwing out an eruption. She establishes an issue when she forms an ulcer."

"You don't believe," said Mr. Bagges, "in specifics—or that particular medicines cure particular diseases? But—eh?—but what, then, *is* the action of medicines?"

"They act," replied Newby, "on special organs or tissues; and so far they exert a specific action. Some, for instance, promote the function of the skin, some of the liver, some of the kidneys. Others stimulate the brain and nervous system, or the stomach, or the heart and arteries. The use of medicines is, to act on those organs in such a manner as to produce the conditions of body required for the favourable termination of the disease, and in some cases to moderate or check the diseased process when it is going too far."

"Then—now—suppose any one asks you what is good for a cough?"

"He asks me," Newby replied, "a foolish question. Antimonial wine may be good. Salts and senna may be good. Dover's powder may be good. Sulphuric acid may be good. Opium may be good. Water-gruel may be good. A rump steak, and a bottle of stout may be good—according to the different conditions of particular organs, or of the whole system."

"And yet," said Mr. Bagges, "you see, people in general think that each disease has its remedy—just as a poison has its antidote."

"A notion which is the foundation of quackery, both in the profession and out of it; out of it by inducing faith in infallible pills, and so forth—in it by encouraging medical men to administer drugs for the relief of mere symptoms, without regard to their causes. It also degrades their profession in the opinion of the public, causing it to be looked upon as consisting merely in the remembrance and application of a catalogue of recipes. Moreover it deludes patients into the belief that they may be cured by drugs, independently of any regulation of their habits, and makes them think slightly of honest practitioners, who tell them that this cannot be done."

"You seem to think a good deal of diet and exercise, eh?"

"Diet alone, will often suffice to remove impediments to cure; and when it does, it is better than medicine. Exercise acts as a downright stimulant to the skin, and the other cleansing organs. Hence your fox-hunter is enabled to eat and drink considerably more than your philosopher."

"You can't pursue science on quite so much beef and ale, as you can a fox, eh?"

"Decidedly not, Mr. Bagges."

"In regulating the functions,—eh?—of the different organs of the body—by medicines, and regimen, consists the art of medicine, then!" Mr. Bagges inquired.

"Mainly," answered Newby. "But we have some remedies which are not medicines, baths, for instance, although these act medicinally. Then we sometimes regulate the circulation by bleeding; and then there is the great principle of counter-irritation."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Bagges.

"Why, creating a disease—an inflammation—by blistering, or similar means—in an unimportant part, near to, or connected with, an important part. By a law of Nature, the diseased action is transferred from the latter to the former. As, from the inside of a joint to the skin on the outside of it, or from the lungs to the exterior of the chest."

"Now, what do you think of homœopathy?" Mr. Bagges demanded.

"I think," Newby replied, "that it is a fine satire on the drugging system of practice. Part of the homœopathic treatment is dietetic. Diet alone will cure very many diseases. The vulgar—the great vulgar, sir, as well as the small—see the cures apparently effected by homœopathy; and, in keeping with their general reasoning on medical matters, refer them to the wrong cause—the homœopathy instead of the diet. Homœopathy is merely a system of treating diseases without medicines."

"You think nothing, then, of the infini—what?—tesimal doses?"

"Pooh! We are all continually taking infinitesimal doses. A druggist's apprentice is inhaling and absorbing them, from all manner of medicines, all day. If they cure diseases by their power of producing similar diseases, what a state every such unfortunate youth ought to be in! But I am open to conviction, sir. Take a hundred patients or so, with similar ailments. Put them all on the same regimen. Give one fifty homœopathic globules, and the other globules of bread. Lead them all to imagine that they are being treated homœopathically. Repeat this experiment a dozen times, and if a plain preponderance of cures can be shown on the side of the first fifty, I will believe in the globules. But I think I may venture to add, I will also eat my boots."

"It is a sad thing that there should be so much quackery," Mr. Bagges remarked—"eh?—and that Government should grant patents for quack medicines! If the medicines do good in some cases—why, in others, patients may take the wrong, or die from quacking themselves, instead of resorting to proper advice—eh? And then only to think of the mischief done in the nursery—by mistakes with your Daffy, and your Dalby, and your Godfrey. How—just for the sake of a little revenue—can Government sanction such—what?—such mischievous imposture?"

"From an utter contempt of medical science, and a total disregard of the rights of the medical profession, Mr. Bagges, in which society acquiesces."

"But now, is society altogether to blame?"

"No, sir. We are partly to blame ourselves for not having disclosed to society the true nature of our science. We ought to have told society long ago what I have just been trying to tell you."

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, "let us hope the world will get wiser by and by with respect to medical matters. And now—if you'll allow me one glass more—we'll drink 'Physic'—I mean 'Success to Physic,'—and then we'll ring for the tea."

CHIPS.

LIVES AND CARGOES.

A short time ago, a vessel, crowded with passengers, was wrecked, in the night, on one end of the Goodwin Sands; and, a little after daybreak, another vessel, laden with a cargo of tin in sheets, copper in tiles and cakes, and lead in pigs, was wrecked at the other end of the sands. They were both descried by the glasses of sailors ashore, on the look-out; and, though the wind was still blowing a gale, and the sea running high and wild, a crew of seamen put off in the life-boat from Broadstairs, determined to risk their lives in an attempt to reach one of the vessels. They took their course towards the vessel crowded with passengers, and which had been first wrecked. Soon afterwards a second boat, from another station, was launched into the bursting waves, and made its perilous way towards the other vessel, laden with the cargo of sheet tin, tiles and cakes of copper, and pigs of lead.

The crew of the first life-boat managed to reach the vessel; and, by the numbers that crowded the deck, all crying out and praying to be saved, the boatmen immediately saw that there was a good deal more rough work chalked out for them. Two or three "trips," and the co-operation of their mates ashore, would be necessary, to save so many lives. They made up their minds to the task, and at once took as many as they could—landed them safely at Broadstairs, and then buffetted their way back to the same vessel again,—the sea often running clean over men and boat. This they repeated—a second life-boat from Broadstairs joining them in the exploit—and in the course of the day they succeeded in taking off every soul on board, and bringing them safely ashore. The vessel also had a number of casks of butter and lard in her hold, which the captain had ordered up on deck, all ready; but if the boatmen had taken these, they must have saved two or three lives less for each cask, according to weight, so the butter and lard were left to perish.

The crew of the boat that made its way to the other vessel, at the furthermost end of the sands, found that although there were but few lives to save (only the captain, mate, and two "hands,") there was a much better thing, viz., a valuable cargo. No wild and unmanageable passengers—desperate men, half-frantic women, screaming children—all very difficult to get into the boat, and yet more difficult to prevent from leaping down into her in a crowd that would capsize or sink her,—but four seamen, who assisted them in getting out of the hold cases of placid sheet-tin, patient tiles of copper, imperturbable solid cakes, and docile pigs of lead. They also found a mine of penny-pieces, in the shape of casks of copper-nails, and a thousand copper bolts. They made their way back with as much as they could safely carry, and shortly afterwards returned with two other boats. They persevered in this "labour of love" till they had got out nearly all the cargo, and carried it safe ashore.

Now comes the question of remuneration for these two parties of bold sailors, and the wise condition of maritime laws in these very important cases. The sailors who had assisted in moving the sheet tin, the tiles and cakes, and casks, and bolts of copper, and the pigs of lead, received, each man, twenty pounds in the current coin of the realm; and the sailors who had risked their lives in saving the crowd of passengers in the other vessel (having no lawful claim to anything for *only* saving human lives), received, by special

subscription and consideration, half-a-crown each! Had they saved the casks of butter and lard, that would have given them a legitimate claim to salvage; but as it was, they had no claim at all. It should be added that the sailors knew this at the time.

Coast sailors are always well aware of the inhuman condition of the law in this respect; sometimes, their necessities urging, and a great occasion tempting them, they abandon the saving of life for the preservation of property —according to the direct teaching of the law; —but, in general, they will never see any fellow creatures perish, if risking their own lives, without hope or chance of reward, can preserve others.

A striking instance—one of the many that take place every year on different parts of the British coast—has recently occurred at Broadstairs.

The "Mary White" of London, on her first voyage, was wrecked on the north-east part of the Goodwin Sands, on the sixth instant. The vessel was descried at day-break from Broadstairs, and, at this time, a gale of wind was blowing from the north-east, which always causes a terrific sea. The life-boat was soon launched, and eight young men volunteered to risk their lives in an attempt to save the crew, if possible. It was evident to them, at first sight, that the vessel was doomed to destruction, as the sea was making a complete breach over her, and flying half-mast high. Be it clearly understood that as the men saw that the vessel was sure to go down very speedily, their gallant venture was not for cargo and profit, but to save life at peril of their own.

The men were provided with Ayckbourn's "life-belts," in case of being swept off into the sea; and, as events turned out, it was very fortunate for two of them that they had such assistance in being kept on the surface. The crew of the ill-fated vessel made an attempt, as it was afterwards known, to get out their long-boat, and one poor fellow got his wrist broken in the effort; but the sea continually swept completely over them, and rendered all chance of launching the boat quite hopeless.

In about an hour from the time of starting, the crew of the life-boat neared the vessel, and having weathered her, they quickly made up their minds that the only chance of saving any of them would be to run through the heavy sea, and board her. This was a daring expedient, and the first sea made a rush clean over them, men and boat; but the boat rose like a wild duck out of the foam, and the crew getting her under the lee of the vessel, two of them succeeded in getting on board of her. Seven of the crew were rescued, and stowed safely in the life-boat; but the captain and two men—by some extraordinary want of perception of the fate that awaited them—some yet more surprising mistrust—a panic, taking the form of obstinate perversity—or an invincible sense of duty—or something else in their minds quite inexplicable—actually refused to leave the vessel.

In vain did the two gallant fellows from the shore endeavour to persuade them—they persisted in remaining; and while this was going forward, the life-boat broke adrift from the vessel's side. The two of her crew still on board, seeing clearly that their only chance was to regain the boat, leaped over into the surging waves, and made every effort to swim towards her. In this most precarious attempt they were fortunate enough to succeed. The crew of the life-boat made several ineffectual efforts to return to the vessel, but they could not near her again. In half an hour she heeled over on her beam-ends, and the captain and his two men who had refused to leave her, were seen to perish in the rigging.

There were three luggers, with their crews, to leeward of the vessel; and they had exerted themselves to the utmost to near her, but in vain. The lugger, "Buffalo Gal," of Ramsgate, took the crew in from the life-boat, and towed her—the boat's crew being nearly exhausted —into Ramsgate harbour.

We now come to a very weighty matter. Where is the reward which these gallant fellows ought to claim for such a service? Nowhere. They have no claim. If they had saved leather, or cheese, tobacco or bacon, there would have been a positive and definite claim—but as it was only human life, there is nothing. A "subscription has since been originated;" but this is entirely a matter of private, or local, good feeling, and however excellent in itself, this is not the precarious way in which the due reward of such services ought to be left. Nobody for one instant can think so.

Now that the government is contemplating the establishment of regular life-boat stations at different parts of the coast, it is to be hoped (ought it not to be demanded?) that the question of reward should be re-modified with some little consideration for the value of human life, as compared with casks of butter, bales of leather, cakes of copper, or pigs of lead.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER III.

Athelstane, the son of Edward the Elder, succeeded that king. He reigned only fifteen years, but he remembered the glory of his grandfather, the great Alfred, and governed England well. He reduced the turbulent people of Wales, and obliged them to pay him a tribute in money, and in cattle, and to send him their best hawks and hounds. He was victorious over the Cornish men, who were not yet quiet under the Saxon government. He restored such of the old laws as were good, and had fallen into disuse; made some wise new laws, and took care of the poor and weak. A strong alliance made against him by Anlaf, a Danish Prince, Constantine, king

of the Scots, and the people of North Wales, he broke and defeated in one great battle, long famous for the vast numbers slain in it. After that, he had a quiet reign; the lords and ladies about him had leisure to become polite and agreeable; and foreign princes were glad (as they have sometimes been since) to come to England on visits to the English court.

When Athelstane died, at forty-seven years old, his brother EDMUND, who was only eighteen, became king. He was the first of six boy-kings, as you will presently know.

They called him The Magnificent, because he showed a taste for improvement and refinement. But, he was beset by the Danes, and had a short and troubled reign, which came to a troubled end. One night, when he was feasting in his hall, and had eaten much and drunk deep, he saw, among the company, a noted robber named LEOF, who had been banished from England. Made very angry by the boldness of this man, the king turned to his cup-bearer, and said, "There is a robber sitting at the table yonder, who, for his crimes, is an outlaw in the land—a hunted wolf, whose life any man may take, at any time. Command that robber to depart!" "I will not depart!" said Leof. "No?" cried the king. "No, by the Lord!" said Leof. Upon that the king rose from his seat, and making passionately at the robber, and, seizing him by his long hair, tried to throw him down. But the robber had a dagger underneath his cloak, and, in the scuffle, stabbed the king to death. That done, he set his back against the wall, and fought so desperately that although he was soon cut to pieces by the king's armed men, and the wall and pavement were splashed with his blood, yet it was not before he had killed and wounded many of them. You may imagine what rough lives the kings of those times led, when one of them could struggle, half drunk, with a public robber in his own dining-hall, and be stabbed in presence of the company who ate and drank with him.

Then, succeeded the boy-king EDRED, who was weak and sickly in body, but of a strong mind. And his armies fought the Northmen, the Danes and Norwegians, or the Sea Kings, as they were called, and beat them for the time. And in nine years Edred died, and passed away.

Then, came the boy-king EDWY, fifteen years of age; but, the real king, who had the real power, was a monk, named DUNSTAN—a clever priest: a little mad, and not a little proud and cruel.

Dunstan was then abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, whither the body of King Edmund the Magnificent was carried, to be buried. While yet a boy, he had got out of his bed, one night (being then in a fever), and walked about Glastonbury Church, whilst it was under repair; and, because he did not tumble off some scaffolds that were there, and break his neck, it was reported that he had been shown over the building by an angel. He had also made a harp, that was said to play of itself—which it very likely did, as Æolian Harps, which are played by the wind, and are understood now, always do. For these wonders he had been once denounced by his enemies, who were jealous of his favour with the late King Athelstane, as a sorcerer, and had been waylaid, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a marsh. But, he got out again, somehow, to cause a great deal of trouble yet.

The priests of those days were, generally, the only scholars. They were learned in many things. Having to make their own convents and monasteries on uncultivated grounds that were granted to them by the Crown, it was necessary that they should be good farmers and good gardeners, or their lands would have been too poor to support them. For the decoration of the chapels where they prayed, and the comfort of the refectories where they ate and drank, it was necessary that there should be good carpenters, good smiths, good painters, among them. For their greater safety in sickness and accident, living alone by themselves in solitary places, it was necessary that they should study the virtues of plants and herbs, and should know how to dress cuts, burns, scalds, and bruises, and how to set broken limbs. Accordingly, they taught themselves, and one another, a great variety of useful arts, and became skilful in agriculture, medicine, surgery, and handicraft. And when they wanted the aid of any little piece of machinery which would be simple enough now, but was marvellous then, to impose a trick upon the poor peasants, they knew very well how to make it, and *did* make it many a time and often, I have no doubt.

Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, was one of the most sagacious and crafty of these monks. He was an ingenious smith, and worked at a forge in his little cell. This cell was made too short to admit of his lying at full length when he went to sleep—as if *that* did any good to anybody!—and he used to tell the most extraordinary lies about demons and spirits, who, he said, came there to persecute him. For instance, he related that, one day when he was at work, the devil looked in at the little window, and tried to tempt him to lead a life of idle pleasure: whereupon, having his pincers in the fire, red-hot, he seized the devil by the nose and put him to such pain, that his bellowings were heard for miles and miles. Some people are inclined to think this nonsense was a part of Dunstan's madness (his head never quite recovered the fever), but I think not; for, I observe that it induced the ignorant people to consider him a holy man, and that it made him very powerful. Which was exactly what he always wanted.

On the day of the coronation of the handsome boy-king Edwy, it was remarked by ODO, Archbishop of Canterbury (who was a

Dane by birth), that the king quietly left the coronation feast, while all the company were there. Odo, much displeased, sent his friend Dunstan to seek him. Dunstan finding him in the company of his beautiful young wife, ELGIVA, and her mother ETHELGIVA, a good and virtuous lady, not only grossly abused them, but dragged the young king back into the feasting-hall by force. Some, again, think Dunstan did this because the young king's fair wife was his own cousin, and the monks objected to people marrying their own cousins; but, I believe he did it, solely because he was an imperious, audacious, ill-conditioned priest, who, having loved a young lady himself before he became a sour monk, hated all love now, and everything belonging to it.

The young king was quite old enough to feel this insult. Dunstan had been Treasurer in the last reign, and he soon charged Dunstan with having taken some of the last king's money. The Glastonbury Abbot fled to Belgium (very narrowly escaping some pursuers who were sent to put out his eyes, as you will wish they had, when you read what follows), and his abbey was given to priests who were married: whom he always, both before and afterwards, opposed. But, he quickly conspired with his friend, Odo the Dane, to set up the king's young brother, EDGAR, as his rival for the throne; and, not content with this revenge, he caused the beautiful queen Elgiva, though a lovely girl of only seventeen or eighteen, to be stolen from one of the Royal Palaces, branded in the cheek with a red-hot iron, and sold into slavery in Ireland. But, the Irish people pitied and befriended her, and they said, "Let us restore the girl-queen to the boy-king, and make the young lovers happy!" and they cured her of her cruel wound, and sent her home as beautiful as before. But, the villain Dunstan, and that other villain, Odo, caused her to be waylaid at Gloucester as she was joyfully hurrying to join her husband, and to be hacked and hewn with swords, and to be barbarously maimed and lamed, and left to die. When Edwy the Fair (his people called him so, because he was so young and handsome) heard of her dreadful fate, he died of a broken heart; and so the pitiful story of the poor young wife and husband ends! Ah! Better to have been two cottagers, in those bad times, than king and queen of England, though never so fair!

Then came the boy-king, EDGAR, called the Peaceful, fifteen years old. Dunstan, being still the real king, drove all married priests out of the monasteries and abbeys, and replaced them by stern, solitary, monks, like himself, of the rigid order, called the Benedictines. He made himself Archbishop of Canterbury, for his greater glory, and exercised such power over the neighbouring British Princes, and so collected them about the king, that, once, when the king held his court at Chester, and went on the river Dee to visit the monastery of St. John, the eight oars of his boat were pulled (as the people used to delight in relating in stories and songs) by eight crowned kings, and steered by the King of England. As he was very obedient to Dunstan and the monks, they took great pains to represent him as the best of kings. But, he was really profligate, debauched, and vicious. He once forcibly carried off a young lady from the convent at Wilton; and Dunstan, pretending to be very much shocked, condemned him not to wear his crown upon his head for seven years;—no great punishment, I dare say, as it can hardly have been a more comfortable ornament to wear, than a stewpan without a handle. His marriage with his second wife, ELFRIDA, is one of the worst events of his reign. Hearing of the beauty of this lady, he despatched his favorite courtier, ATHELWOLD, to her father's castle, in Devonshire, to see if she were really as charming as fame reported. Now, she was so exceedingly beautiful, that Athelwold fell in love with her himself, and married her; but, he told the king that she was only rich—not handsome. The king, suspecting the truth, when they came home, resolved to pay the newly-married couple a visit; and, suddenly, told Athelwold to prepare for his immediate coming. Athelwold, terrified, confessed to his young wife what he had said and done, and implored her to disguise her beauty by some ugly dress or silly manner, that he might be safe from the king's anger. She promised that she would; but, she was a proud, bad woman, who would far rather have been a queen than the wife of a courtier. She dressed herself in her best dress, and adorned herself with her richest jewels; and, when the king came, presently, he discovered the cheat. So, he caused his false friend, Athelwold, to be murdered in a wood, and married his widow, this bad Elfrida. Six or seven years afterwards, he died, and was buried, as if he had been all that the monks said he was, in the abbey of Glastonbury, which he—or rather Dunstan for him—had much enriched.

England, in one part of this reign, was so troubled by wolves, which, driven out of the open country, hid themselves in the mountains of Wales when they were not attacking travellers and animals, that the tribute payable by the Welsh people was forgiven them, on condition of their producing, every year, three hundred wolves' heads. And the Welshmen were so sharp upon the wolves, to save their money, that in four years there was not a wolf left.

Then, came the boy-king, EDWARD, called the Martyr, from the manner of his death. Elfrida had a son, named ETHELRED, for whom she claimed the throne; but, Dunstan did not choose to favor him, and made Edward king. The boy was hunting, one day, down in Dorsetshire, when he rode near to Corfe Castle,

where Elfrida and Ethelred lived. Wishing to see them, kindly, he rode away from his attendants and galloped to the castle gate, where he arrived at twilight and blew his hunting-horn. "You are welcome, dear king," said Elfrida, coming out, with her brightest smiles. "Pray you dismount and enter." "Not so, dear madam," said the king. "My company will miss me, and fear that I have met with some harm. Please you to give me a cup of wine, that I may drink here, in the saddle, to you and to my little brother, and so ride away with the good speed I have made in riding here." Elfrida, going in to bring the wine, whispered an armed servant one of her attendants, who stole out of the darkening gateway, and crept round behind the king's horse. As the king raised the cup to his lips, saying, "Health!" to the wicked woman who was smiling on him, and to his innocent brother whose hand she held in hers, and who was only ten years old, this armed man made a spring and stabbed him in the back. He dropped the cup and spurred his horse away; but, soon fainting with loss of blood, drooped from the saddle, and, in his fall, entangled one of his feet in the stirrup. The frightened horse dashed on, trailing his rider's curls upon the ground; dragging his smooth young face through ruts, and stones, and briers, and fallen leaves, and mud; until the hunters, tracking the animal's course by the king's blood, caught his bridle, and released the disfigured body.

Then, came the sixth and last of the boy-kings, ETHELRED: whom Elfrida, when he cried out at the sight of his murdered brother riding away from the castle gate, unmercifully beat with a torch which she snatched from one of the attendants. The people so disliked this boy, on account of his cruel mother and the murder she had done to promote him, that Dunstan would not have had him for king, but would have made EDGITHA, the daughter of the dead King Edgar and of the lady whom he stole out of the convent at Wilton, Queen of England, if she would have consented. But, she knew the stories of the youthful kings too well, and would not be persuaded from the convent where she lived in peace; so, Dunstan put Ethelred on the throne, having no one else to put there, and gave him the nickname of THE UNREADY—knowing that he wanted resolution and firmness.

At first, Elfrida possessed great influence over the young king, but, as he grew older and came of age, her influence declined. The infamous woman, not having it in her power to do any more evil, then retired from court, and, according to the fashion of the time, built churches and monasteries, to expiate her guilt. As if a church, with a steeple reaching to the very stars, would have been any sign of true repentance for the blood of the poor boy, whose murdered form was trailed at his horse's heels! As if she could have buried her wickedness beneath the senseless stones of the whole world, piled up one upon another, for the monks to live in!

About the ninth or tenth year of this reign, Dunstan died. He was growing old then, but was as stern and artful as ever. Two circumstances that happened in connexion with him, in this reign of Ethelred, made a great noise. Once, he was present at a meeting of the Church, when the question was discussed whether priests should have permission to marry; and, as he sat with his head hung down, apparently thinking deeply about it, a voice seemed to come out of a crucifix in the room, and warn the meeting to be of his opinion. This was some juggling of Dunstan's, and was probably his own voice disguised. But, he played off a worse juggle than that, soon afterwards; for, another meeting being held on the same subject, and he and his supporters being seated on one side of a great room, and their opponents on the other, he rose and said, "To Christ himself, as Judge, do I commit this cause!" Immediately on those words being spoken, the floor where the opposite party sat, gave way, and some were killed and many wounded. You may be pretty sure it had been weakened under Dunstan's direction, and that it fell at Dunstan's signal. *His* part of the floor did not go down. No, no. He was too good a workman for that.

When he died, the monks settled that he was a Saint, and called him Saint Dunstan ever afterwards. They might just as well have settled that he was a coach-horse, and could just as easily have called him one.

Ethelred the Unready was glad enough, I dare say, to be rid of this holy saint; but, left to himself, he was a poor weak king, and his reign was a reign of defeat and shame. The restless Danes, led by SWEYN a son of the King of Denmark who had quarrelled with his father and been banished from home, again came into England, and, year after year, attacked and despoiled large towns. To coax these sea-kings away, the weak Ethelred paid them money; but, the more money he paid, the more money the Danes wanted—at first, he gave them ten thousand pounds; on their next invasion, sixteen thousand pounds; on their next invasion, four and twenty thousand pounds: to pay which large sums, the unfortunate English people were heavily taxed. But, as the Danes still came back and wanted more, he thought it would be a good plan to marry into some powerful foreign family that would help him with soldiers. So, in the year one thousand and two, he courted and married Emma, the sister of Richard Duke of Normandy; a lady who was called The Flower of Normandy.

And now, a terrible deed was done in England, the like of which was never done on English ground, before or since. On the thirteenth of November, in pursuance of secret instructions sent by the king over the whole country, the inhabitants of every town

and city rose, and murdered all the Danes who were their neighbours. Young and old, babies and soldiers, men and women, every Dane was killed. No doubt there were among them many ferocious men who had done the English great wrong, and whose pride and insolence in swaggering in the houses of the English, and insulting their wives and daughters, had become unbearable; but, no doubt there were also among them many peaceful christian Danes who had married English women and become like English men. They were all slain, even to GUNHILDA, the sister of the King of Denmark, married to an English lord; who was first obliged to see the murder of her husband and her child, and then was killed herself.

When the King of the sea-kings heard of this deed of blood, he swore that he would have a great revenge. He raised an army, and a mightier fleet of ships than ever yet had sailed to England; and in all his army there was not a slave or an old man, but every soldier was a free man, and the son of a free man, and in the prime of life, and sworn to be revenged upon the English nation, for the massacre of that dread thirteenth of November, when his countrymen and countrywomen and the little children whom they loved, were killed with fire and sword. And so, the sea-kings came to England in many great ships, each bearing the flag of its own commander. Golden eagles, ravens, dragons, dolphins, beasts of prey, threatened England from the prows of these ships, as they came onward through the water: and were reflected in the shining shields that hung upon the insides. The ship that bore the standard of the King of the sea-kings was carved and painted like a mighty serpent; and the King in his anger prayed that the Gods in whom he trusted, might all desert him, if his serpent did not strike its fangs in England's heart.

And indeed it did. For, the great army landing from the great fleet, near Exeter, went forward, laying England waste, and striking their lances in the earth as they advanced, or throwing them into rivers, in token of their making all the island theirs. In remembrance of the black November night when the Danes were murdered; wheresoever the invaders came, they made the Saxons prepare and spread for them great feasts; and when they had eaten those feasts, and had drunk a curse to England, with wild rejoicings, they drew their swords, and killed their Saxon entertainers, and marched on. For six long years they carried on this war; burning the crops, farmhouses, barns, mills, granaries; killing the laborers in the fields; preventing the seed from being sown in the ground; causing famine and starvation; and leaving only heaps of ruin and smoking ashes, where they had found rich towns. To crown this misery, English officers and men deserted, and even the favorites of Ethelred the Unready, becoming traitors, seized many of the English ships, turned pirates against their own country, and, aided by a storm, occasioned the loss of nearly the whole English navy. There was but one man of note, at this miserable pass, who was true to his country and the feeble king. He was a priest, and a brave one. For twenty days, the Archbishop of Canterbury defended that city against its Danish besiegers; and, when a traitor in the town threw the gates open and admitted them, he said, in chains, "I will not buy my life with money that must be extorted from this suffering people. Do with me as you please!" Again and again, he steadily refused to purchase his release with gold wrung from the poor. At last, the Danes being tired of this, and being assembled at a drunken merry-making, had him brought into the feasting-hall. "Now, bishop," they said, "we want gold!" He looked round on the crowd of angry faces: from the shaggy beards close to him, to the shaggy beards against the walls, where men were mounted on tables and forms to see him over the heads of others: and knew that his time was come. "I have no gold," said he. "Get it, bishop!" they all thundered. "That, I have often told you I will not," said he. They gathered closer round him, threatening, but he stood unmoved. Then, one man struck him; then, another; then, a cursing soldier picked up from a heap in a corner of the hall, where fragments had been rudely thrown at dinner, a great ox-bone, and cast it at his face, from which the blood came spurting forth; then, others ran to the same heap, and knocked him down with other bones, and bruised and battered him; until one soldier, whom he had baptised, (willing, as I hope for the sake of that soldier's soul, to shorten the sufferings of the good man) struck him dead with his battle-axe.

If Ethelred had had the heart to emulate the courage of this noble archbishop, he might have done something yet. But, he paid the Danes forty-eight thousand pounds, instead, and gained so little by the cowardly act, that Sweyn soon afterwards came over to subdue all England. So broken was the attachment of the English people, by this time, to their incapable king and their forlorn country, which could not protect them, that they welcomed Sweyn on all sides, as a deliverer. London faithfully stood out, as long as the king was within its walls, but, when he sneaked away, it also welcomed the Dane. Then, all was over; and the king took refuge abroad with the Duke of Normandy, who had already given shelter to the king's wife, once the Flower of that country, and to her children.

Still, the English people, in spite of their sad sufferings, could not quite forget the great King Alfred and the Saxon race. When Sweyn died suddenly, in little more than a month after he had been proclaimed King of England, they generously sent to Ethelred, to say that they would have him for their king again, "if he would only govern them

better than he had governed them before." The Unready, instead of coming himself, sent Edward, one of his sons, to make promises for him. At last, he followed, and the English declared him king. The Danes declared CANUTE, the son of Sweyn, king. Thus, direful war began again, and lasted for three years, when The Unready died. And I know of nothing better that he did, in all his reign of eight and thirty years.

Was Canute to be king now? Not over the Saxons, they said; they must have EDMUND, one of the sons of The Unready, who was surnamed IRONSIDE, because of his strength and stature. Edmund and Canute thereupon fell to, and fought five battles—O unhappy England, what a fighting ground it was!—and then Ironside, who was a big man, proposed to Canute, who was a little one, that they two should fight it out in single combat. If Canute had been the big man, he would probably have said yes, but, being the little one, he decidedly said no. However, he declared that he was willing to divide the kingdom—to take all that lay north of Watling Street, as the old Roman military road from Dover to Chester was called, and give Ironside all that lay south of it. Most men being weary of so much bloodshed, this was done. But, Canute soon became sole King of England; for, Ironside died suddenly within two months. Some think that he was killed, and killed by Canute's orders. No one knows.

Canute reigned eighteen years. He was a merciless king at first. After he had clasped the hands of the Saxon chiefs, in token of the sincerity with which he swore to be just and good to them in return for their acknowledging him, he denounced and slew many of them, as well as many relations of the late king. "He who brings me the head of one of my enemies," he used to say, "shall be dearer to me than a brother." And he was so severe in hunting down his enemies, that he must have got together a pretty large family of these dear brothers. He was strongly inclined to kill EDMUND and EDWARD, two children, sons of poor Ironside; but, being afraid to do so in England, sent them over to the King of Sweden, with a request that the king would be so good as to "dispose of them." If the King of Sweden had been like many, many other men of that day, he would have had their innocent throats cut; but, he was a kind man, and brought them up tenderly.

Normandy ran much in Canute's mind. In Normandy were the two children of the late king, EDWARD and ALFRED by name; and their uncle the Duke might one day claim the crown for them. But, the Duke showed so little inclination to do so, now, that he proposed to Canute to marry his sister, the widow of The Unready; who, being but a showy flower, and caring for nothing so much as becoming a queen again, left her children and was wedded to him.

Successful and triumphant, assisted by the valor of the English in his foreign wars, and with little strife to trouble him at home, Canute had a prosperous reign, and made many improvements. He was a poet and a musician. He grew sorry, as he grew older, for the blood he had shed at first—and went to Rome in a Pilgrim's dress, by way of washing it out. He gave a great deal of money to foreigners on his journey—but he took it from the English before he started. On the whole, however, he certainly became a far better man when he had no opposition to contend with, and was as great a king as England had known for some time.

The old writers of history relate how that Canute was one day disgusted with his courtiers for their flattery, and how he caused his chair to be set on the sea-shore, and feigned to command the tide as it rose not to wet the edge of his robe, for the land was his; how the tide rose, of course, without regarding him; and how he then turned to his flatterers, and rebuked them, saying, what was the might of any earthly king, to the might of the Creator, who could say unto the sea, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" We may learn from this, I think, that a little sense will go a long way in a king; and that courtiers are not easily cured of flattery, or kings of a liking for it. If the courtiers of Canute had not known, long before, that the king was fond of flattery, they would have known better than to offer it in such large doses. And if they had not known that he was vain of this speech (anything but a wonderful speech it seems to me, if a good child had made it) they would not have been at such great pains to repeat it. I fancy I see them all on the sea-shore together; the king's chair sinking in the sand; the king in a mighty good humour with his own wisdom; and the courtiers pretending to be quite stunned by it!

It is not the sea alone that is bidden to go "thus far, and no farther." The great command goes forth to all the kings upon the earth, and went to Canute in the year one thousand and thirty-five, and stretched him dead upon his bed. Beside it, stood his Norman wife. Perhaps, as the king looked his last upon her, he, who had so often thought distrustfully of Normandy, long ago, thought once more of the two exiled Princes in their uncle's court, and of the little favour they could feel for either Danes or Saxons, and of a rising cloud in Normandy that slowly set towards England.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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SPITALFIELDS.

Have you any distinct idea of Spitalfields, dear reader? A general one, no doubt you have—an impression that there are certain squalid streets, lying like narrow black trenches, far below the steeples, somewhere about London,—towards the East, perhaps,—where sallow, unshorn weavers, who have nothing to do, prowl languidly about, or lean against posts, or sit brooding on door-steps, and occasionally assemble together in a crowd to petition Parliament or the Queen; after which there is a Drawing-Room, or a Court Ball, where all the great ladies wear dresses of Spitalfields manufacture; and then the weavers dine for a day or two, and so relapse into prowling about the streets, leaning against the posts, and brooding on the door-steps. If your occupation in town or country ever oblige you to travel by the Eastern Counties Railway (you would never do so, of course, unless you were obliged) you may connect with this impression, a general idea that many pigeons are kept in Spitalfields, and you may remember to have thought, as you rattled along the dirty streets, observing the pigeon-hutches and pigeon-traps on the tops of the poor dwellings, that it was a natural aspiration in the inhabitants to connect themselves with any living creatures that could get out of that, and take a flight into the air. The smoky little bowers of scarlet-runners that you may have sometimes seen on the house-tops, among the pigeons, may have suggested to your fancy—I pay you the poor compliment of supposing it to be a vagrant fancy, like my own—abortions of the bean-stalk that led Jack to fortune: by the slender twigs of which, the Jacks of Spitalfields will never, never, climb to where the giant keeps his money.

Will you come to Spitalfields?

Turning eastward out of the most bustling part of Bishopsgate, we suddenly lose the noise that has been resounding in our ears, and fade into the quiet churchyard of the Priory of St. Mary, Spital, otherwise "Domus Dei et Beatæ Mariæ, extra Bishopsgate, in the Parish of St. Botolph." Its modern name is Spital Square. Cells and cloisters were, at an early date, replaced by substantial burgher houses, which, since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, have been chiefly the depositories of the silk manufacture introduced into London, by the French Huguenots, who flew from the perfidy of Louis the Fourteenth. But much of the old quiet cloistered air, still lingers in the place.

The house to which we are bound, stands at an angle with the spot where the Pulpit-cross was anciently planted; whence, on every Easter Monday and Tuesday, the Spital sermons were preached, in presence of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and children of Christ's Hospital. We cross the many-cornered "square" and enter a sort of gateway.

Along a narrow passage, up a dark stair, through a crazy door, into a room not very light, not very large, not in the least splendid; with queer corners, and quaint carvings, and massive chimney-pieces; with tall cupboards with prim doors, and squat counters with deep dumpy drawers; with desks behind thin rails, with aisles between thick towers of papered-up packages, out of whose ends flash all the colours of the rainbow—where all is as quiet as a playhouse at daybreak, or a church at midnight—where, in truth, there is nobody to make a noise, except one well-dressed man, one attendant porter (neither of whom seem to be doing anything particular), and one remarkably fine male cat, admiring, before the fire, the ends of his silky paws—where the door, as we enter, shuts with a deep, dull, muffled sound, that is more startling than a noise—where there is less bustle than at a Quakers' meeting, and less business going on than in a Government office—the well-dressed man threads the mazes of the piles, and desks, and cupboards, and counters, with a slow step, to greet us, and to assure us, in reply to our apology, that we have *not* made any mistake whatever, and that we are in the silk warehouse which we seek: a warehouse in which, we have previously been informed, by one whose word we never before doubted, that there is "turned over" an annual average of one hundred thousand pounds, of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

We may tell our informant, frankly, that, looking round upon the evidences of stagnation which present themselves, we utterly disbelieve his statement. Our faith, however, is soon strengthened. Somebody

mounts the stairs, and enters the apartment with the deliberate air of a man who has nothing whatever to do, but to walk about in a beautifully brushed hat, a nicely-fitting coat admirably buttoned, symmetrical boots, and a stock of amazing satin; to crush his gloves tightly between his hands, and to call on his friends, to ask them —as this gentleman asks our friend—how he is getting on; and whether he has been down "yonder" lately (a jerk eastward of the glossy hat); and, if he hasn't, whether he intends going down next Sunday, because if he does, he (the visitor) means to go too, and will take him down in his "trap." He then, in a parenthetical, post-scriptum sort of way, alludes to certain "assorted Glacés," and indicates the pile of silks he means by the merest motion of his ring finger. "The figure is——" says he.

"Two and seven," replies the vendor; "How many pieces shall I put aside?"

"Well—fifty. By-the-bye, have you heard?" —Mr. Broadelle (our friend) has *not* heard, and the visitor proceeds to announce, from unimpeachable authority, that the match between Mr. Crumpley of Howell's, and Miss Lammy of Swan's, is to come off at last: in fact, next Thursday. Cordial "good bye;" graceful elevation of the polished hat to myself; and departure of, as Mr. Broadelle informs us, one of his best customers.

"Customer?"

"Yes? You heard? He has just bought fifty pieces of silk of various or 'assorted' colours."

"At two shillings and seven-pence per yard?"

"Just so. And there are eighty-four yards in a piece."

Our organs of calculation are instantly wound up, and set a-going. The result brought out when these phrenological works have run down, is, that this short, easy jaunty gossip began and ended a transaction involving the sum of five hundred and forty-two pounds ten shillings. No haggling about price; no puffing of quality, on one side, or depreciation of it on the other. The silks are not even looked at. How is this?

"Our trade," says our friend, in explanation, "has been reduced to a system that enables us to transact business with the fewest possible words, and in the easiest possible way. The gentleman who has just left, is Messrs. Treacy and McIntyre's silk-buyer. That department of their establishment is handed over to his management as unrestrictedly and unreservedly as if the whole concern were his own. In like manner, the different branches of large houses—such as cotton, woollen, hosiery, small wares, &c. —are placed under the controul of similar buyers. At the end of every half-year, an account is taken of the stewardship of each of these heads of department; and, if his particular branch has not flourished—should the stock on hand be large and unsaleable—the Buyer is called to account, and his situation jeopardised. The partners, of course, know the capabilities and peculiarities of their trade, and can tell, on investigation, how and why the Buyer has been at fault. If, on the contrary, the Buyer have narrowly watched the public taste, and fed it successfully,—if he have been vigilant in getting early possession of the most attractive patterns, or in pouncing on cheap markets, by taking advantage, for instance, of the embarrassments of a "shaky" manufacturer or a French revolution (for he scours the country at home and abroad in all directions), and if his department come out at the six-monthly settlement with marked profit —his salary is possibly raised. Should this success be repeated, he is usually taken into the firm as a partner."

"But, *no* judgment was exercised in the bargain just made. The Buyer did not even look at your goods."

"That is the result of previous study and experience. It is the art that conceals art. He need not examine the goods He has learned the characteristics of our dyes to a shade, and the qualities of our fabrics to a thread."

"Then, as to price. I suppose your friend is lounging about, in various other Spitalfields warehouses at this moment. Perhaps by this time he has run his firm into debt for a few thousand pounds more?"

"Very likely."

"Well; suppose a neighbour of yours were to offer him the same sort of silks as those he has just chosen here, for less money, could he not—as no writing has passed between you—be off his bargain with you?"

"Too late. The thing is done, and cannot be undone," answers Mr. Broadelle, made a little serious by the bare notion of such a breach of faith. "Our bargain is as tight as if it had been written on parchment and attested by a dozen witnesses. His very existence as a Buyer, and mine as a Manufacturer, depend upon the scrupulous performance of the contract. I shall send in the silks this afternoon. And I feel as certain of a check for the cash, at our periodical settlement, as I do of death and quarter-day."

It is difficult to reconcile the immense amount of capital which flows through such a house as this—the rich stores of satins, velvets, lutestrings, brocades, damasks, and other silk textures, which Mr. Broadelle brings to light from the quaint cupboards and drawers —with the poignant and often-repeated cry of poverty that proceeds from this quarter.

What says Mr. Broadelle to it? He says this:

"Although most masters make this locality their head-quarters, and employ the neighbouring weavers, yet they nearly all have factories in the provinces: chiefly in Lancashire. The Spitalfields weaver of plain silks and velvets therefore, keeps up a hopeless contest

against machinery and cheaper labour, and struggles against overwhelming odds. Will you step round and see a family engaged in this desperate encounter?"

"Is there no remedy?" we ask, as we go out together.

"A very simple one. In the country—say in Suffolk, where we have a hand-weaving factory—food is cheaper and better; both food for the stomach, and food for the lungs."

"The air is better, so less money, you think, would be spent in drink?"

"Undoubtedly. Fancy yourself stewed up in a stifling room all day; imagine the lassitude into which your whole frame would collapse after fourteen hours' mere inhalation of a stale, bad, atmosphere—to say nothing of fourteen hours' hard work in addition; and consider what stern self-denial it would require to refrain from some stimulant—a glass of bad gin, perhaps—if you could get it. On the other hand, the fresh air which plays around country looms, exhilarates in itself, and is found to be a substitute for gin."

"I have also heard that the atmosphere of London is positively detrimental to the manufacture of silk. Is that so?"

"Why, sir," replies Mr. Broadelle, stopping short, and speaking like a deeply-injured man, "the two-days' fog we had in December last, was a dead loss to me of one hundred pounds. The blacks (London genuine particular) got into the white satins, despite the best precautions of the workpeople, and put them into an ugly, foxy, unsaleable half-mourning, sir. They would not even take a dye, decently. I had to send down, express, to our Suffolk branch to supply the deficiency; and the white satins, partly woven there on the same days, came up as white as driven snow."

Considering that both the worker and the work are deteriorated by an obstinate tenure of the present dense and unfit site, it seems wonderful that the weavers themselves are not as anxious to remove from a noxious and unprofitable neighbourhood, as their well-wishers can be to effect their removal. From fourteen to seventeen thousand looms are contained in from eleven to twelve thousand houses—although, at the time at which we write, not more than from nine to ten thousand of them are at work. The average number of houses per acre in the parish is seventeen; and the average per acre for all London being no more than five and a fifth, Spitalfields contains the densest population, perhaps, existing. Within its small boundaries, not less than eighty-five thousand human beings are huddled. "They are," says Mr. Broadelle, "so interlaced, and bound together, by debt, marriage, and prejudice, that, despite many inducements to remove to the country establishments of the masters they already serve, they prefer dragging on a miserable existence in their present abodes. Spitalfields was the Necropolis of Roman London; the Registrar-General's returns show that it is now the grave of modern Manufacturing London. The average mortality is higher in this Metropolitan district than in any other."

"And what strange streets they are, Mr. Broadelle! These high gaunt houses, all window on the upper story, and that window all small diamond panes, are like the houses in some foreign town, and have no trace of London in them—except its soot, which is indeed a large exception. It is as if the Huguenots had brought their streets along with them, and dropped them down here. And what a number of strange shops, that seem to be open for no earthly reason, having nothing to sell! A few halfpenny bundles of firewood, a few halfpenny kites, halfpenny battledores, and farthing shuttle-cocks, form quite an extensive stock in trade here. Eatables are so important in themselves, that there is no need to set them off. Be the loaves never so coarse in texture, and never so unattractively jumbled together in the baker's dirty window, they *are* loaves, and that is the main thing. Liver, lights, and sheep's-heads, freckled sausages, and strong black puddings, are sufficiently enticing without decoration. The mouths of Spitalfields will water for them, howsoever raw and ugly they be. Is its intellectual appetite sharp-set, I wonder, for that wolfish literature of highly-coloured show-bill and rampant wood-cut, filling the little shop-window over the way, and covering half the house? Do the poor weavers, by the dim light of their lamps, unravel those villanous fabrics, and nourish their care-worn hearts on the last strainings of the foulest filth of France?" "I can't say," replies Mr. Broadelle; "we have but little intercourse with them in their domestic lives. They are rather jealous and suspicious. We have tried Mechanics' Institutions, but they have not come to much."

"Is there any school here?"

"Yes. Here it is."

An old house, hastily adapted to the purpose, with too much darkness in it and too little air, but no want of scholars. An infant school on the ground floor, where the infants are, as usual, drowsily rubbing their noses, or poking their fore-fingers into the features of other infants on exploratory surveys. Intermediate schools above. At the top of all, in a large, long, light room—occupying the width of two dwelling-houses, as the room made for the weaving, in the old style of building, does—the "ragged school."

"Heaven send that all these boys may not grow up to be weavers here, Mr. Broadelle, nor all these girls grow up to marry them!"

"We don't increase much, now," he says. "We go for soldiers, or we go to sea, or we take to something else, or we emigrate perhaps."

Now, for a sample of the parents of these children. Can you find us a man and wife who should be in Lancashire, or Suffolk, or

anywhere rather than here? Nothing easier to find in Spitalfields. Enter by this doorway.

Up a dark narrow winding public stair, such as are numerous in Lyons or in the wynds and closes of the old town of Edinburgh, and into a room where there are four looms; one idle, three at work.

A wan thin eager-eyed man, weaving in his shirt and trousers, stops the jarring of his loom. He is the master of the place. Not an Irishman himself, but of Irish descent.

"Good day!"

"Good day!" Passing his hand over his rough chin, and feeling his lean throat.

"We are walking through Spitalfields, being interested in the place. Will you allow us to look at your work."

"Oh! certainly."

"It is very beautiful. Black velvet?"

"Yes. Every time I throw the shuttle, I cut out this wire, as you see, and put it in again—so!" Jarring and clashing at the loom, and glancing at us with his eager eyes.

"It is slow work."

"Very slow." With a hard dry cough, and the glance.

"And hard work."

"Very hard." With the cough again.

After a while, he once more stops, perceiving that we really are interested, and says, laying his hand upon his hollow breast and speaking in an unusually loud voice, being used to speak through the clashing of the loom:

"It tries the chest, you see, leaning for'ard like this for fifteen or sixteen hours at a stretch."

"Do you work so long at a time?"

"Glad to do it when I can get it to do. A day's work like that, is worth a matter of three shillings."

"Eighteen shillings a week."

"Ah! But it ain't always eighteen shillings a week. I don't always get it, remember! One week with another, I hardly get more than ten, or ten-and-six."

"Is this Mr. Broadelle's loom?"

"Yes. This is. So is that one there;" the idle one.

"And that, where the man is working?"

"That's another party's. The young man working at it, pays me a shilling a week for leave to work here. That's a shilling, you know, off my rent of half-a-crown. It's rather a large room."

"Is that your wife at the other loom?"

"That's my wife. She's making a commoner sort of work, for bonnets and that."

Again his loom clashes and jars, and he leans forward over his toil. In the window by him, is a singing-bird in a little cage, which trolls its song, and seems to think the loom an instrument of music. The window, tightly closed, commands a maze of chimney-pots, and tiles, and gables. Among them, the ineffectual sun, faintly contending with the rain and mist, is going down. A yellow ray of light crossing the weaver's eager eyes and hollow white face, makes a shape something like a pike-head on the floor.

The room is unwholesome, close, and dirty. Through one part of it the staircase comes up in a bulk, and roughly partitions off a corner. In that corner are the bedstead and the fireplace, a table, a chair or two, a kettle, a tub of water, a little crockery. The looms claim all the superior space and have it. Like grim enchanters who provide the family with their scant food, they must be propitiated with the best accommodation. They bestride the room, and pitilessly squeeze the children—this heavy, watery-headed baby carried in the arms of its staggering little brother, for example—into corners. The children sleep at night between the legs of the monsters, who deafen their first cries with their whirr and rattle, and who roar the same tune to them when they die.

Come to the mother's loom.

"Have you any other children besides these?"

"I have had eight. I have six alive."

"Did we see any of them, just now, at the ——"

"Ragged School? O yes! You saw four of mine at the Ragged School!"

She looks up, quite bright about it—has a mother's pride in it—is not ashamed of the name: she, working for her bread, not begging it—not in the least.

She has stopped her loom for the moment. So has her husband. So has the young man.

"Weaver's children are born in the weaver's room," says the husband, with a nod at the bedstead. "Nursed there, brought up there—sick or well—and die there."

To which, the clash and jar of all three looms—the wife's, the husband's, and the young man's, as they go again—make a chorus.

"This man's work, now, Mr. Broadelle—he can't hear us apart here, in this noise?—"

"Oh, no!"

—"requires but little skill?"

"Very little skill. He is doing now, exactly what his grandfather did. Nothing would induce him to use a simple improvement (the 'fly shuttle') to prevent that contraction of the chest of which he complains. Nothing would turn him aside from his old ways. It is the old custom to work at home, in a crowded room, instead of in a factory. I couldn't change it, if I were to try."

Good Heaven, is the house falling! Is there an earthquake in Spitalfields! Has a volcano burst out in the heart of London! What is this appalling rush and tremble?

It is only the railroad.

The arches of the railroad span the house; the wires of the electric telegraph stretch over the confined scene of his daily life; the engines fly past him on their errands, and outstrip the birds; and what can the man of prejudice and usage hope for, but to be overthrown and flung into oblivion! Look to it, gentlemen of precedent and custom

standing, daintily opposed to progress, in the bag-wigs and embroidered coats of another generation, you may learn from the weaver in his shirt and trousers!

There, we leave him in the dark, about to kindle at the poor fire the lamp that hangs upon his loom, to help him on his labouring way into the night. The sun has gone down, the reflection has vanished from the floor. There is nothing in the gloom but his eager eyes, made hungrier by the sight of our small present; the dark shapes of his fellow-workers mingling with their stopped looms; the mute bird in its little cage, duskily expressed against the window; and the watery-headed baby crooning in a corner God knows where.

We are again in the streets.

"The fluctuations in the silk trade, and, consequently, in the condition of the Spitalfields weaver," says our friend, "are sudden and unforeseen; for they depend upon a variety of uncontrollable causes. Let us take, for example, the past four or five years."

"But does that period afford a fair average of the condition of the trade? Were not the fluctuations extreme?"

"They were. In 1846 the price of raw silk was very low. The manufacturers bought all they could, and worked up all they bought. Not a hand was idle, not a loom at rest. Enormous stocks soon accumulated, silk became dearer; but in May, 1847, there came a sudden stop."

"Was it not, then, that the last loud cry of distress arose from Spitalfields, and that public meetings were held for finding means of 'redress?'"

"It was. The stagnation was prolonged by a dispute, in which the silk manufacturers and wholesale dealers were involved with the large retail houses. It got the name of the 'short measure question.' The retailers wanted us to give them thirty-seven inches to every yard. The autumn trade was completely crippled by this discussion; which did not end till the breaking out of the French Revolution in February 1848. West-end and wholesale buyers rushed over to Paris and Lyons, in regiments, and with unlimited capital. They bought for almost any price they chose to offer. This cut two ways; although wholesale and retail houses brought home great parcels of manufactured articles, we also bought raw silk, in France, from fifteen to twenty per cent. below the lowest price I ever knew it. What do you think, sir, of the finest French organzine for a guinea a pound?"

We answered by an exclamation of vague surprise.

"Such a price as this enabled us to set some of our looms at work for stock, and, during 1849, the French goods being exhausted, ours came into play. Indeed, during that year the British manufacturer was in a position to defy competition."

"The French had not recovered themselves?"

"Not only that—but we had bought nearly all their raw silk, and they were actually obliged to buy it back from us at advances of from twenty to fifty per cent.! From that time prices advanced here, and work kept on increasing, so that, during most of last year, Spitalfields was busy."

"A glut of stock has been again the consequence."

"Yes; and what with that and the advancing price of raw silk,* I have within the last fortnight been compelled to discharge one hundred hands."

Spitalfields, however, has its bright side. As yet machinery has not been taught to turn artist, or to guide the shuttle through the intricate niceties of the Jacquard loom, so as to execute designs. Figured and brocaded silks must still be done by hands, and those hands must be skilful.

"Our silks," Mr. Broadelle tells us, "have never been inferior, in quality, to those of our foreign rivals; but, we have always been beaten in taste. In the stolid assiduous pains-taking motion of the hand and treadle, the English weaver is unsurpassed; but, he has seldom exercised his fancy. Until lately, therefore, few designs originated in this country. We silk-manufacturers, like the Dramatic Authors' Society, have been content to take our novelties from the French."

"You say, 'until lately.' Has the English manufacturer improved in that respect?"

"Decidedly. Schools of Design have done something: the encouragement given by masters to those who make available patterns, has done something too; but, the great improver of the English silk trade was the last French revolution."

"How?"

"That political disaster brought the manufacturers of France to a dead-lock. During the whole of 1849, the English markets were stocked with the most splendid fashions that ever came into it. As *we* could not sell a yard of *our* manufacture, we had plenty of leisure to examine the different foreign goods minutely. So rich a variety had never fallen under our observation, and never before had such a flood of light been thrown on the manufactures of our greatest rivals. We profited by it. More important improvements have been effected in the fabric of fancy silk goods since 1848, than were made, down to that time, since the days of Jacquard."

"This shows the value of national intercourse, Mr. Broadelle. Will the Great Exhibition do much service in this way?"

"I have no doubt it will. But, we are now at the door of a figure-weaver; and you will compare this visit with our last."

* The price of "organzine" during the month of March was:—French, 32s.; Piedmont, 26s.; China, 22s.

We knock at the door of a cheerful little house, extremely clean. We are introduced into a little parlour, where a young artist sits at work with crayons and water-colours. He is a student of the School of Design. He is at work on a new pattern for a table-cover. He has learnt to paint in oil. He has painted the portraits ot his sisters—and of some one who I suspect is not a sister, but who may be

A nearer one
Yet and a dearer one,

and they decorate the room. He has painted groups of flowers. He shows us one that was in last year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He shows us another that he means to finish in good time to send to the next Exhibition. He does these things over and above his regular work. He don't mind work—gets up early. There are cheap casts prettily arranged about the room, and it has a little collection of cheap books of a good sort in it. The intrinsic worth of every simple article of furniture or embellishment is enhanced a hundred-fold (as it always may be) by neatness and order. Is father at home? Yes, and will be glad to see the visitors. Pray walk up!

The young artist shows us the way to the top of the house, apologising cheerfully for the ladder-staircase by which we mount at last. In a bright clean room, as pure as soap and water, scrubbing, and fresh air, can make it, we find a sister whose portrait is down stairs—we are able to claim her instantly for the original, to the general satisfaction. We find also, father, who is working at his Jacquard loom, making a pretty pattern of cravat, in blue upon a black ground. He is as cordial, sensible, intelligent a man, as any one would wish to know. He has a reason for everything he says, and everything he does. He is learned in sanitary matters among other necessary knowledge, and says the first thing you have to do, is, to make your place wholesome, or you can't expect to work heartily. Wholesome it is, as his own pleasant face, and the pleasant faces of his children well brought up. He has made various improvements in his own loom; he has made an improvement in his daughter's, who works near him, which prevents her having to contract her chest, although she is doing very ordinary work. Industry, contentment, sense, and self-respect, are the hopeful characteristics of everything animate and inanimate in this little house. If the veritable summer light were shining, and the veritable summer air were rustling, in it, which the young artist has tried to get into the sketches of green glades from Epping Forest that hang near father's loom, and can be seen by father while he is at work, it could not be more cheering to our hearts, oppressed with what we have left.

I meant to have had a talk with our good [illegible] Broadelle, respecting a cruel persistence in one inflexible principle which gave the New Poor Law a particular severity in its application to Spitalfields, a few years back, but which I hope may have been amended. Work in the stone-yard was the test of all able-bodied applicants for relief. Now, the weaver's hands are soft and delicate, and *must be so* for his work. No matter. The weaver wanting relief, must work in the stone-yard with the rest. So, the Union blistered his hands before it relieved him, and incapacitated him from doing his work when he could get it.

But, let us leave Spitalfields with an agreeable impression, and be thankful that we can.

THE CAPE AND THE KAFFIRS.

A HISTORY.

Six hundred years before Christ, Africa was circumnavigated, and the Cape of Good Hope, consequently, doubled by Phœnician vessels, in the pay of Pharaoh Necho. That was the same Necho who commenced the design of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, which, some writers tell us, he completed, but which, Aristotle says, he finished only to the Salt Lakes.

The Cape, most probably, was doubled twice, also, by an ancient courtier, to whom —guilty of some offence—his life was granted, on condition that he should sail round Africa; but he returned with his task incomplete, preferring death.

Bartholomew Diaz, in 1493, re-discovered the Cape, and called it "Cabo dos Tormentos," Cape of Storms. But the forcing of the passage round it, by Vasco de Gama, in 1497, which deprived Venice of her monopoly as a commercial highway, and promised to give new vigour to the Indian trade, was a hopeful matter, and "Cabo de Boa Esperance"—Cape of Good Hope—was, accordingly, considered a more fitting name. The Portuguese ships, sailing to the East, by this new road, touched at the Cape for water, but abstained from planting any colony.

The natives and the Portuguese did not, on all occasions, meet as friends. In 1510, a quarrel arose between them, which led to the murder of seventy-five Portuguese, together with the Viceroy, Almeida. Two or three years afterwards, the Portuguese had their revenge, when the fleet, anchoring again, put ashore a large brass cannon, as a present. The Portuguese had loaded it with heavy balls, and fastened two ropes to the muzzle. The natives eagerly swarmed about the ropes, to pull their prize away; and a great body of them being thus got within range of the shot, the cannon was suddenly fired, a fearful slaughter made, and the survivors put to flight. After this, of course, the Portuguese knew better than to land again; the Cape natives were left to themselves for nearly a century.

After the Portuguese, the Dutch succeeded to the Oriental trade; and in about 1600, the

Cape was frequented by the ships of the Dutch East India Company, for water, when outward bound, and to bury letters in the sand, at stated spots, for the return fleet to find and carry home.

In 1620, Humphrey Fitzherbert and Andreas Shilling, in vessels belonging to the English East India Company, took possession of the land, in the name of James the First, which was a piece of impertinence on their part.

In 1648, a ship, belonging to the Dutch East India Company, the "Haarlem," was wrecked in Table Bay, and the crew remained several months ashore before they were relieved. During this time they were enabled to obtain a knowledge of the country; and one of their number, Leendart Jantz, on his return to Amsterdam, pointed out to the Dutch East India Company, in a "Remonstrance," the advantage that would be derived from the establishment, on the shore of Table Bay, of a fort and garden. Fruit and vegetables could be raised for vessels touching there; commerce could be promoted with the natives; and the Spaniards and Portuguese could be prevented from stealing a march upon the Dutch.

Ian Van Riebeck, a surgeon, serving in the ships of the Dutch East Indian Company, had visited the Cape in 1648, with a return fleet, and had assisted in removing the goods of the "Haarlem;" so that he also passed some weeks ashore. Agreeing with the views of Leendart Jantz, and finding that they did not get attention, he addressed to the Directors, in 1651, "Further Considerations and Reflections upon some Points of the 'Remonstrance.'" Ian Van Riebeck had seen most parts of the known world; was a naturalist and a philosopher. To him the Directors listened; and in the same year, with consent of Government, they gave him command of three vessels—the "Dromedaris," the "Reijger," and the "Hoep," with instructions to proceed to the Cape, and carry out his views.

Arrived there, by aid of presents and a friendly bearing, he at once concluded a treaty with the natives, whereby, for trinkets to the value of fifty thousand guilders, the Dutch obtained, from the possessors of the soil, full liberty to settle.

These primitive owners of the soil were called, by the Dutch, "Hottentots,"—not because they call themselves by any such name, but, perhaps, on account of the peculiar sounds they make in their uncouth way of speaking. They had abundant herds of cattle, which they used as food, and beasts of burden. They were very filthy, very unwarlike, and exceedingly uncivilised. They have, since that time, been elbowed out of their possessions altogether; and having no strength to fight their way among the fiercer tribes of the interior, have been in an unfortunate position. The greater part of the race, however, has been swept away by the introduction of small-pox and measles.

Van Riebeck found the Hottentots to be not one tribe under a single ruler, but to be separated into various communities, which differed much in wealth and power, and were, for the most part, at enmity with one another. A miserable race, upon the shore of Table Bay, lived upon roots and shell-fish. Other tribes—wandering, in due season, with their herds, towards the fresh grass—showed to the Dutchmen bolder, but still friendly faces. Van Riebeck took great pains in the preservation of a mutual good understanding.

The difficulties and trials incidental to the planting of a colony, far from all civilised help, caused a desertion of four men, towards Mozambique. They started with "four biscuits and fish," under Ian Blank, repented in a week, and came back to the fort.

In March, 1653, the homeward-bound fleet, from Batavia, touched at the settlement to land supplies; and Van Riebeck, tired of his government, sent home a prayer for "some better and higher employment, for among these dull, stupid, lazy, stinking people, there is little subtlety required." Van Riebeck was left, however, for ten years in charge of his undertaking, and continued, to the best of his ability, in the performance of his duties.

Several expeditions were made into the interior, in Ian Van Riebeck's time, for the discovery of a fabulous kingdom, a city of Monomotapa, "which many maintain to be the true Ophir whence Solomon imported his gold."

In 1662, Ian Antony Van Riebeck resigned his government to his successor, leaving him these trusts in charge: to penetrate into the interior, and maintain peace with all the tribes; to have refreshments always ready for the shipping; to increase the live stock, and to cultivate the corn and olive.

From that time the Cape prospered in a quiet way, and has no external history worth special note, until its capture by the English. Previously, French Protestants, escaping from Louis the Fourteenth, had emigrated thither, and founded families. In 1795, Holland being subject to the French Republic, a hostile power, it was considered by the English Government that masters of India ought also to be masters of the Cape. Accordingly an expedition under Admiral Elphinstone and Generals Clarke and Craig, landed in Simon's Bay to take possession. The Dutch resisted; but were constrained, after some fighting, to capitulate. Next year the Dutch sent eight vessels with two thousand men, to re-capture the Cape; but having reached Saldanha Bay, sixty miles north of Cape Town, these were shut in by Admiral Elphinstone with a superior force; and the whole Dutch fleet was surrendered by its admiral, Engelbertin Lucas.

By the treaty of Amiens, the Cape of Good Hope was restored to Holland; but in 1806,

during a fresh war, the supposed prize was pounced upon by England with another expedition. Four thousand men, under Sir David Baird, landed in Lospert's Bay, a little to the north of Cape Town; presently fought a battle with the Dutch, defeated them, and took the Cape Town, by capitulation, two days afterwards. The whole colony was soon abandoned to the British, and being confirmed to England by the peace of 1814, we have since had undisturbed possession.

The internal history of the Cape Colony after its first establishment, was for a long time very simple. The Dutch colonists increased and multiplied, together with their flocks and herds. A pasture farm requiring elbow room, there were always many emigrants who preferred passing the colonial bounds, to live in country unappropriated by their civilised companions. As the men and women multiplied outside, they were included, of course, in the body of the colony, and new outposts were established in the succeeding generation. The Hottentots or Quaiquæ, were a soft material, and suffered the colonists to penetrate until they arrived, eastward, at the Sunday River, where they met with a hard obstruction, in a prickly fence of men, most unaccommodating in their disposition; these were the Amakosa Kaffirs.

The Kosa clans had come from the north-east to settle as far south as the Great Kei River, nearly at the same time that the Dutch came across the sea to plant their colony in Table Bay. The whole country before that time, as far north as the tropic—and in some directions farther—had been most probably peopled by the Quaiquæ, whom the Dutch called Hottentots. The Amakosa (*Ama* is a plural prefix to the name of the tribe Kosa) led by a chief named Toguh, purchased of the natives their new ground. Now, as the Dutchmen spread and multiplied, the Amakosa Kaffirs also spread, passed the Great Fish River, and reached Sunday River, where, after many years of separate prosperity, the colonists and Kaffirs came in contact with each other.

The Kaffirs are so called by Europeans, who adopt an Arabic word, meaning "Unbeliever," borrowed from Mahometan slave-traders of the Mozambique coast. It is no native name; and is applied by us to a race of the (perhaps mixed) negroes of Southern Africa distinctly marked and separated from the Hottentots, the Bushmen, and the Congo and Loango races, which, with the Ovahs of Madagascar, are all that are indigenous to Southern Africa. These races differ from the other negroes of Africa by being lighter in complexion, and less decidedly negro in feature; it is supposed that they have been altered by intermixture with an Asiatic race.

A Kaffir is a tall, well-proportioned, and athletic man; the lower part of his face scarcely protrudes, his eyes are keen, and his features are not without intelligence. He has not yet learned to abstain from hair-powder, daubing his hair thoroughly with red-ochre. In a skin cloak, which the Europeans call kaross, his fine dark limbs show to advantage, and with a spear in his hand (called by the colonists an assagai) or resting on a club, he would form no bad model for the sculptor. The Kaffirs are divided into independent clans, each under its own chief, the chiefs being all descendants of Toguh. They are cattle-keepers, feeding upon meat and milk, like our old Highland clans; and, like them, they enjoy a raid, and glory in the sport of cattle-stealing.

Awkward neighbours these for the fat herds of the Dutch farmers or Boers. The Dutchman's tranquillity was soon disturbed, and his imagination, similar to that of Mr. Willet, senior, would be very slow in comprehending the peculiar race with which he had to deal.

Well, then, the colonists and Kaffirs became neighbours at the Sandy River, where the Kaffirs occupied a tract of ground which they had bought of the Gonaqua Hottentots. No doubt the mouths of the Kaffirs watered when they saw the fatness of the cattle, which lowed "come and fetch us" from adjacent fields; but it appears that for some time they remained good and quiet neighbours. The colonists continued, as they had hitherto done, to extend their common boundary, by supplying men who established themselves in farms beyond the limits; as from a great strawberry-bed, suckers were sent out which took root in a portion of the Kaffir country. These suckers having grown sufficiently, the boundary was extended by the Colonial Government, and some of the Kaffirs who had not stirred from their own soil, found themselves in the position of intruders within the colony; so, at least, the Boers considered them. No doubt the Kaffirs thought that good people, who appropriated their land so unceremoniously, were fair game, and ought not to complain if, in their turn, they lost oxen. Perhaps it was want of imagination in the farmers, but they did complain, nay, they became very much exasperated. And it was here that the long series of mistakes began, which have been since adding entanglement upon entanglement, until we are at length presented, in our own day, with a formidable knot. There is in the Kaffirs no inherent inability to assent to whatever is true and just; but seeds of war were diligently sown; we may sow peace now in the harvest time, it is too late; war must be reaped.

The Boers became exasperated, and took pains to get the Kaffirs from their neighbourhood. It is said that the people of one tribe, the Amandanka, which they hated most, were bidden to a friendly conference, and shot by wholesale while they were collecting beads and toys thrown down before them. This story is told by Le Vaillant, and also by the Rev. Mr. Brownlee. It is at least certain that the

Amandanka tribe suffered something not far from extermination by the Boers; and if this massacre did not take place, the Kaffirs believe that it did, and put it down in their black book against the country.

Still there arose no special war between the Kaffirs and the colonists. Balance of power was disturbed among the Kaffir tribes by the ambition of one chief, Gaika, who encroached upon the rest, and, among others, on his uncle, Polambi. In these Kaffir civil wars, colonists took part, but were annoyed at finding that they took part also in the chance of war, which sometimes told against their cattle.

So, when the English took possession of the Cape, they found a hearty mutual disgust established between the Boers and Kaffirs of the border. The border settlers took all law into their own hands, and defied any one to interfere with them.

England, having obtained by capture an authority over the Cape Colony (which the Dutch farmers were, most naturally, unwilling to recognise), made an attempt to introduce just laws. A treaty was made with Gaika, under the erroneous notion that he was the South African King George. As we have seen, the Kaffirs are divided into independent clans, and the other chiefs were so far from considering themselves bound by the deeds of Gaika, that they felt aggrieved and slighted by the position given to a neighbour, of whose undue power they were jealous.

The colonial strawberry-bed had reached the Great Fish River when the English became, for the second time, and finally, possessors of the Cape. Tolambie and Congo Kaffirs still remained scattered on their old ground within the boundary; appropriation of land, on the one hand, and of cattle, on the other, with expeditions for recovery of cattle, and abundant mutual abuse, or now and then a murder, kept up the temperature of the old border disputes. The Boers declared that it was impossible for cattle to be farmed if they must live next door to Kaffirs. Government took pity on them, and, in 1811, it was ordered that all Kaffirs should remove from among the Dutch, and go beyond the Great Fish River. The Boers expelled their old foes with a hearty good will, and no small severity. The Kaffirs were driven from the lands on which they had been born, at the commencement of the harvest season, leaving their crops to be eaten by the masters of the day, while they themselves encountered risk of famine. The Congo chief, incurably diseased, was murdered, in his sleep, by angry Boers; and Stockenstrom, an estimable magistrate, was treacherously killed by Kaffirs; nor was it without other episodes of bloodshed that these twenty thousand Kaffirs, deprived of much cattle, were driven across the river.

The Kaffirs did not love our colony the more for this. They felt it, more than ever, virtuous to take what they could get out of their enemies, by private foray. But, as a public body, they believed it necessary to do what savages, among each other, are perpetually doing—to submit to the encroachments of the strong.

Another treaty was made with the Kaffirs, in 1817, by the Cape Governor of that period, Lord Charles Somerset. He repeated the mistake made twenty years before, treating with Gaika, as sole king.

The Kaffir jealousy against Gaika was thus forced to a climax, and broke out in war. Tolambie, the aggrieved uncle, with other chiefs and the Prophet Makanna, joined their strength, and, in the next year, fought with Gaika, giving him a thorough beating. But the English Government was bound to Gaika by red tape, and sent an army of soldiers and Boers to avenge the disgrace of its ally. Tolambie's country was ravaged, more than twenty thousand head of cattle were driven off, and were divided between Gaika and the Dutchmen.

The confederate clans, thus provoked to war, burst down upon the colony, in 1819, in a fearful tempest of wrath. They were even tempted by their Prophet Makanna (who insured their lives against shot) to attack Graham's Town, then a mere military post. Here, after a desperate struggle, they were routed with great loss; as they may always be, by European troops, when they engage in an open field. It is, however, a rare thing for Kaffirs to run such risk, when they know very well the advantage of entangling regular troops in a vague bush-fight. The war went on; the whole force of the colony, being called out, ravaged the hostile Kaffir lands. The Kaffirs submitted, Makanna surrendered and was spitefully banished, as a convict, to Robben Island. The war being over, and all Kaffirs, except Gaika, thoroughly disgusted, the English Government lost no time in disgusting Gaika also; who was compelled to give up—in return for what we had spent through our great love for him—a tract of country between the Fish River and the Keiskamma, which we call the Ceded Territory.

Dissatisfied with the Boers, our Government resolved, next, to plant Englishmen and Scotchmen on the puzzling frontier, about the Great Fish River. Accordingly, in 1820, a number of British emigrants, many of them men of education and intelligence, were planted in the district between the Great Fish and Bushman's River, and the district was dubbed Albany. Beautiful, compact allotments of fertile land had been made at home; but, on the spot, it was discovered that the land was anything but fertile; and, as the lots were too compact for grazing purposes, the settlers soon were brought into extreme distress. Some went, therefore, into the towns; others went where any bits of hope were visible, through their despair; and a large number, like good Englishmen and

Scotchmen, as they were, established trade relations with the Kaffirs. Trade was prohibited by the Colonial Government; but its advantage was so obvious to Sir Rufane Donkin, then acting Governor during the absence of Lord Charles Somerset, that he made it legal. The drop of Anglo-Saxon blood had been at work before, in spite of Government; but, in 1821, an annual fair was legally established on the banks of the Keiskamma. When the real Governor arrived, however, he revoked this permission, and all trade with the Kaffirs was again forbidden.

The good people of Albany, however, went on, trading, and it became necessary again to remove tape fetters, which were held in such perpetual contempt. The sale of arms, gunpowder, and spirits, were then the only things forbidden. The settlers overcame all difficulty; having prospered by trade, they used their land for sheep-feeding, set to work thereupon, also, like business men, introduced the merino breed, and made their wool an article of commerce. The settlement of Albany, therefore, throve, and Graham's Town became in the colony a town of mark.

There was a long peace now between the Kaffirs and the colony. Cattle-stealing went on, and the equivalent of stolen cattle was recovered by retaliatory expeditions, called *commandos*. This way of having *quid pro quo* is that adopted by the savage tribes among each other. Gaika died of dissipation, leaving his heir, Sandilli, a mere child. Gaika, like other Kaffir chiefs, had many wives; his "great wife," whose children are his heirs, was Sutu, chosen, according to a constant custom, from the Amaponda. The eldest son of Gaika, Macomo, son of another wife, became Regent, or temporary chief, during the childhood of Sandilli. This is that Sandilli, whom the English Government, a few months back, deposed, appointing his mother, Sutu, the great widow (who used to be famous for the size of her—bustle), to rule in his stead.

Through the territory "ceded" by Gaika, the Kat flows into the Great Fish River. In a fertile part of the Kat River Valley, in the ceded territory, but about the spot where he, as Gaika's son, was born and bred, Macomo fixed his abode. Immediately after the ceding of the territory, it had not been considered civil by the English Government to eject all subjects of their dark-skinned ally, whose homes might be within its boundaries. But after a ten years' pause, in 1829, it was thought advisable to get rid of the Kaffirs: so they received notice to quit, and were expelled, [illegible]ing and all, without bloodshed. Macomo felt this as a wrong very deeply. He fixed nowhere else a permanent abode; he said that the home of his birth, and choice, and right was taken from him—he would wait till he recovered that again.

The Kaffirs being turned out, it was resolved to colonise this district with a settlement of Hottentots, to treat them as citizens, and see how they would turn out. So there was formed a Hottentot settlement on the Kat River, which has turned out well—so far as it illustrates the fact, that Hottentots are capable of prospering, when they are lavishly supplied with public money.

That was in 1829; in 1830, a chief, brother of Tolambie, who stood high in Kaffir estimation, was shot dead, as the Boers say, while rescuing cattle from a *commando*, but, as the Kaffirs say, in cool blood. This became, at any rate, a source of greatly-increased bitterness.

Macomo and his friends, driven from the Kat River, settled about a river called the Chumie, his tribe not having yet learned to cherish tender regard for the colonial cattle. In the year 1833, therefore, when their corn was nearly ripe, they again received peremptory orders to begone, and again were driven from untasted harvests to a barren country.

Those Kaffir chieftains who felt most aggrieved, now plotted a revenge upon the colony. They organised their plans with surprising secrecy; and the first note of war was given just before Christmas, 1834 (which, it must be remembered, is Cape midsummer), by an irruption of the Kaffirs from all points across the boundary. Houses were burnt, vast herds of cattle were driven off, and forty-three men, with one woman, perished. Property was lost to the amount of three hundred thousand pounds.

Gaika's tribe (our old "allies") formed the main body of the invaders, aided by many of the tribe of Polambie. Avoiding Graham's Town, they ravaged the country for a month, and then retired, before a military force could be got into the field against them. Colonel (now Sir Harry) Smith, the present Governor of the Cape, then commenced aggressive operations. The troops dislodged the Kaffirs with little injury to any one beyond some scratches in the bush, and crossed the Keiskamma. War was declared then against Hintza, and the Governor raised allies by patronising the Zingoes—a weak tribe, driven from their own country, farther north, by Chaka the Bloody, a Zooloo chief, a savage version of Napoleon. These Zingoes, allied to the Kaffirs, and driven among them, had become a sort of Helot race, which rose to join the operations of the British. Hintza soon sued for peace, made terms, and gave himself up as a hostage. Attempting to escape, while leading a party with Colonel Harry Smith to collect an instalment of cattle, he was shot dead—an act which all the attendant circumstances fully justified.

The war went on. The Kaffirs had gained more by their first plunge than had been lost in the after-kicking. The expenses of the colony had been enormous. In September both parties had had enough, and peace was made. The Kaffirs signed themselves subject to England and to English laws. The frontier was enlarged by a new "Province of Queen Adelaide," from which the Kaffirs were not

to be expelled. This annexation gave to the colony a less bushy frontier, and, therefore, a frontier, in as far as we consider only that particular, more easy to defend. Colonel Harry Smith, left in command of the conquered province, had an opportunity of acquiring a personal knowledge of the Kaffir chiefs. So the matter was settled, until the English Government at home annulled the treaty, restored the new province to the Kaffirs, retired to their old boundary, and sent Sir Andries Stockenstrom to make some fresh arrangements. The *commando* system was abolished, a new Kaffir police was established, and no colonist might seek his cattle, except by aid of a policeman. Other arrangements were made, of which the Kaffirs highly approved. They thought that they had thoroughly alarmed the white king, who had cancelled the old treaty and drawn in his horns. "Only," they said, "if we get back all this, why may we not have the Kat River, which we want more than all?"

Cattle-stealing did not cease. In 1840 Sandilli came of age, and received from Macomo the power which had been held on his behalf. A fresh treaty was made with him by Sir G. Napier, and occasion was taken to revise the Stockenstrom arrangement and correct some of its inefficient clauses. The old treaty was thought to deprive the colonists of self-protection. The modification was considered to be an improvement. In 1846 the Kaffirs again burst upon the colony; the struggle with them lasted for about two years, and cost two millions of money, giving no result. The Kaffirs might say, as fairly as the English, that they were the conquerors. The facts of the war are too recent to require particular detail, and we need only hint that now, in the year 1851, the Kaffirs are again our persecutors. The rise of Port Natal is connected with this contest between colonists and Kaffirs. In the Kaffir war of 1835 cattle belonging to the Boers were taken for consumption by the troops; and when the farmers sent their little bills for beef, they received no attention. This was a grievance. Furthermore, the Boers complained that, whereas they had not been unwilling to emancipate their slaves, yet they had been paid on West Indian scale for the loss of labour twice as valuable. They said that they considered it no joke to pay taxes for English law, when it neither protected their property from Kaffir depredation, nor allowed them (which was all they wanted) to protect themselves. So the discontent, not altogether groundless, spread, and the Dutchmen, during the year 1836, emigrated in large numbers from the hated rule of England, though some law (by what earthly right?) there was, forbidding them to do so.

They plunged among the tribes of the interior; and, some of the first emigrants encamping on the Vaal River, a southern boundary of the Zooloos, settled unconsciously on ground by which Moselekatse, the Zooloo chief, had forbidden any stranger to approach, in consequence of numerous hostile incursions from that quarter. These emigrants were massacred by Zooloo warriors; and not understanding the hint, others embroiled themselves still farther, and came to bitter war with the Zooloos. These tribes, however, unlike the Kaffirs, fight in open field; so that they were, after the first surprise, defeated without difficulty.

The Emigrant Boers, settling at Port Natal, proposed to found there a New Amsterdam, and put themselves under the wing of Holland. The Governor of the Cape, however, determined otherwise, and sent a hundred men with three guns to take military possession of Port Natal. The Boers being out on a *commando*, the soldiers were landed, and put in a stockaded fort. The Dutch bitterly refused to be subject to England. Government decided against forming a settlement at Natal, and the soldiers were recalled.

The Boers completely broke the power of Dingaan and their Zooloo neighbours, and then founded a town, Pieter-Maritzburg, about fifty miles distant from Port Natal.

In 1841 the Boers, being about to attack the Amaponda Kaffirs, a message was sent from the Cape to warn them that they must not injure our "allies." The Boers replied that they were far away from English Government, and should take what measures they pleased for the defence of their own property.

Graham's Town is six hundred and fifty miles from Cape Town. Two hundred and fifty soldiers, with five guns, marched over a rugged country, six hundred miles—from Graham's Town to Port Natal—to overawe the Boers. On notifying their arrival, they immediately received notice to quit. They attacked the Boers, by whom they were outnumbered, and beaten, losing forty men and two guns. The Boers attacked the camp, and took another gun, with prisoners. The soldiers stood a month's siege, and great privation, with a courage worthy of being expended in a better quarrel. Towards the end of June (1842), a considerable force arrived in a British frigate. The Dutch saw that "the Queen of England" would have them for children, and that resistance was hopeless; so they acknowledged themselves British subjects, gave up their spoils, and went, disappointed men, to Pieter-Maritzburg. And, from that time to this, Port Natal has been a British colony.

A VOICE FROM THE FACTORY.

I HEAR men laud the coming Exhibition,
  I read its promise in the printed page,
And thence I learn that its pacific mission
  Is to inform and dignify the age;
It comes to congregate the alien nations;
  In new, but friendly bonds, old foes to bind;
It comes to rouse to nobler emulations
  Man's skill of hand, man's energy of mind.

A thousand vessels breasting wind and ocean,
  A thousand fire-cars, snorting on their way,
Shall startle London with a strange commotion,
  Beneath the genial loveliness of May;
And we shall hail the peaceable invasion
  With voice of welcome, cordial grasp of hand,
And, in the grandeur of the great occasion,
  See signs of brotherhood 'tween every land.

Would I might walk beneath that dome transcendent,
  Than old Alhambra's halls more proudly fair;
Nay, than Aladdin's palace more resplendent,
  Bright as if quarried from the fields of air;
Would I might wander in its wondrous mazes,
  Filled with embodied thought in every guise;
See Art and Science in their countless phases,
  And bless the power that gave them to my eyes.

Men are about me with pale, vacant faces,
  Human in shape, in spirit dark and low;
They do not care for Genius and its graces,
  Nor understand, nor do they seek to know.
But I had read and pondered: feeling ever
  Deep reverence for the lofty, good, and true,
And, therefore, yearn to see this high endeavour
  Stand grandly realised before my view.

But what to me are these inspiring changes,
  That gorgeous show, that spectacle sublime?
My labour, leagued with poverty, estranges
  Me from this mental marvel of our time.
I cannot share the triumph and the pageant,
  I, a poor toiler at the whirling wheel,
The slave, not servant, of a pondorous agent,
  With bounding steam-pulse, and with arms of steel.

My ears are soothed by no melodious measures,
  No work of sculptor charms my longing gaze;
No painter thrills me with exalted pleasures,
  But books and thought have cheered my darkest days.
Thank God for Sundays! *then* impartial nature
  Folds me within the shadow of her wings,
And drinking in her every voice and feature,
  I feel more reconciled to men and things.

I shall not see our Babel's summer wonder,
  Save in the proseman's page, the poet's song,
But I shall hear it in the far-off thunder
  Of distant lands, applauding loud and long;
Why should I murmur? I shall share with others
  The glorious fruits of that triumphant day:
Hail to the time that makes all nations brothers!
  Hail to the advent of the coming May!

THE BLUE-JACKET AGITATION.

One of the most amusing characteristics of all classes of us in England, is the natural ability we have for an agitation. You would think that we were born ready for it, and that it was but one step from the cradle to "the chair." The other day there was an injustice done to the "engine-drivers." Straightway there was a public meeting of them. Judging from the casual glimpse you get at an engine-driver, as the long expected train skims alongside the platform of the road-side station, you carry away an impression of him as a stern weather-beaten man, with a red face and fierce eyes, with a fur cap tied over his ears, and a furnace glaring at his rear; presently, he makes his iron slave give a wild, sad shriek, that resounds over the landscape, and forthwith, his nose is cutting the air like a Parthian arrow. But go and see this unearthly man conducting his "agitation," and you find him a decorous chairman, sitting behind pens, ink, papers, and tape, moving a resolution, and speaking, for the first time in his life, more fluently than most county members after long practice. He is English, and he is agitating.

But a sailor agitating! That is surely an anomalous spectacle. A man who is scarcely used to any sort of chair whatever, taking *the* chair. That certainly seems preposterous! I confess I was in alarm for my favourite tribe when I saw, the other day, that they were commencing a "vigorous agitation." It seemed, somehow, so un-natural. The shade of Benbow began to haunt me; I was uneasy and perturbed. The event was contrary to all our habitual and traditionary notions, and I kept wondering what,

> "In name of great Oceanus;
> By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
> And Tethys' grave majestic pace,

would become of us, if even our very sailors were obliged to come out as agitators. It seems so odd that nobody can get their handful of apples in this country, without raising a gale of wind that shakes the whole orchard.

I had observed, when I was visiting the "Sailor's Home," a general uneasiness in the nautical eye. The independent roll was a little straightened by suspicion. The devil-*may*-care look of the tar was changed to a devil-*does*-care expression. There was an air of grim uneasiness about him. I remarked it in all my peregrinations; its shadow was on Wapping; it traversed Ratcliffe Highway. Nay, when my zeal took me to visit one or two of their more joyous haunts, the spectre was seated in the "parlour." His unseen but clearly felt presence was seated among the pipes. Jack was moody. He wandered up and down with hands in pockets, eyes bent downwards, whistling in a low and gloomy manner. In the "Marlingspike"—the head-quarters of the movement, as I learned—one or two deputies were talking to each other. Anon, a sailor dropped in, and asked briefly, "Any noose?" "Not a word." The door moved a moment and he was gone. One man was smoking a pipe with an air of dark deliberation, then looking up and fixing his eyes on a comrade, and dropping them again. It seemed that that night there was to be a great meeting of sailors, when the delegates were to deliver an answer which the Board of Trade was to send them to their recent memorial.

The reader must be informed, before he accompanies me to the meeting, that it was to complain of the recent Act—13 and 14

Victoria, cap. 93—known as the "Mercantile Marine Act." I shall have more to say on that Act, when I speak of our maritime legislation, presently; for the present, it suffices that the seamen had presented a memorial against it; had been very well received by Mr. Labouchere; and were expecting an answer before that evening. Hence the restlessness which distinguished my friends in the "Marlingspike," and which disturbed all the ordinary chat of the day—"how the 'Mary Haim' was going to Callao, and they was offering two pun six: how short sailors was in the Port o' London, and what a blessed lot of foreign seamen there was knocking about." All which was quite as lively, and certainly more instructive, than much more pretentious chat to be heard in other quarters.

At last, the hour arrived, and the meeting was to come off. I adjourned from the "Marlingspike," and turned down Ratcliffe Highway to the scene. It was now dark. The lamps in the Highway—which is in appearance a kind of open sewer—were lit; and gas-pipes, in small shops, crowded together, flared upon those ragged bits of meat—lumps of greasy candles—and ghastly, corpse-like cod-fish, laid out in *morgues*—which are the usual characteristics of neighbourhoods at once poor and populous. I soon turned through some dark streets, and ultimately arrived at Temperance Hall, Prince's Square. Here, I saw the company gathering—and many sailors of the coal and coasting trades beginning to fill the Hall. Some wore blue frocks, and seemed fresh from work—with clear, blue eyes shining through their dusty and blackened faces. One sailor would stand staring at the platform, in a long gaze of thirsty curiosity: another—whose bran-new hat, as shiny as an orange, indicated that he had just been paid off, and was setting up, *pro tem.*, as a respectable civilian—kept his hands in his pockets, and looked about him, observingly—just as he would look to windward when the sun was setting, and wind rising, and it seemed wise to settle whether a reef shouldn't be taken in the topsails for the night. The Hall itself had once been a Chapel; and, what was very curious, as you glanced round the walls, your eye caught a glimpse of the top of a tablet, with the words—

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

—here the remainder of the pious record was hidden by a huge piece of canvas, stretching half across the wall, displaying, in large black letters, the supplicating watchword of the movement, "USE US LIKE MEN!"

The platform was a raised wooden table, with a couple of candles on it; and presently the two sailor delegates made their appearance. One of them was a fine-looking dark man, with marked features; the other, who seemed, what is vulgarly called, the "gun" of the evening, was a wiry little sailor, with a round, open, florid face—who came forward as bold as a lion. He had just that sort of manner which made him stand up "like a man," to use the familiar expression. Withal, too, an observer discerned *tant soit peu* of the chairman, blending like a dash with the tar. There was a certain official flavour already perceptible in him. He was the man who had boarded the Board of Trade, and had sailed into the regions of red tape, as Blake did into Carthagena.

There was a little awkwardness in the platform arrangements just at first, enough to justify my surprise at hearing of a nautical agitation. The chairman (our florid friend) muttered,

"Here, give us the paper; look sharp. Some of you fellows 'll second the resolution."

He then came forward with a slight roll, and took a little cold water in the orthodox style, and began with a "Brother Seamen" out of hand. He started, by reading their memorial, (which appeared in the "Times" of March 6), scrambling *through* the big words rather than *over* them, like a heavy fellow at a high fence; and then began to harangue the crowd, himself.

It was certainly a capital speech, full of excellent sense and awful pronunciation. He had previously cut short the reading of the Memorial, by saying, "And there's lots more of it—too long to read all just now;" and spoke with exactly the same off-hand independence all through. It was a lively, vigorous harangue—a great deal better than you usually hear at elections—and you readily forgave "minute scrunity" and other little slips. "The Board o' Trade had never so much as sent them half a line of answer;" he said "it was a downright in*sult*. They might as well have sent a line, if it was only to say, 'We have nothing to communicate just now, and postpone it for the present.'" I was amused at Jack's dictation of an official letter; it showed how quickly he had caught the official tone. Some discursiveness was then indulged in.

He "cleared" the subject in a style that can only be properly described by nautical metaphors; "running free" for a time, in narrative; then "hauling his wind," and beginning to argue; anon, "tacking," and turning off in a different direction. One of the great points of complaint was the power which he said the new act gave the captains. The captains are to carry an "official log" to sea, now, in which they report on the seamen's conduct. The seamen think this is not fair; and our orator spoke bitterly of the character of many of the skippers of the day.

"Why," said he, "not long ago, on the Coast of Afri*ker*, a cap'n was going to throw one o' the crew that was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says, 'You aint a-going to bury me alive, are you?' 'Oh,' says the captain, '*You needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes*.'"

This was received with howling and laughter. If the anecdote be not true, it is certainly like truth; it beats (if fiction) Marryatt and the naval novelists, hollow.

Another very characteristic part of his speech, was that in which he spoke of how the men ought to act in case of a strike in London. He was telling them that if they were natives of the north country, they must get back there without shipping on board any vessel.

"How did I travel?—the best way I could. Why, I've walked before now, one hundred and seventy miles on a chaw of baccy! I went into one house and asked for a glass of water; and they told me they did not encourage beggars, and I never asked anybody again."

There is a natural manly pathos about this. I hope the worthy who did "not encourage beggars" will see this account; if he has blood enough to muster a blush with, the occasion offers an excellent opportunity of investment!

These were the most striking points; whenever he spoke of a personal matter, he was excellent. One of his metaphors was remarkable enough. Talking of the quietness of the sailors hitherto, he said, "Yes, we've been still enough; but still water's deep; and if you sound far enough, you'll find the devil at the bottom!" All these touches were received with tremendous applause, and a sort of encouraging halloo from the crowd. I noticed, meanwhile, one veteran who looked like a skipper who did not join in this, but with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger," looked musingly on.

Now, however, *apropos* of the skipper; it is time, that I should give my readers some account of the causes of this extraordinary agitation, and its real bearings.

All our legislation as regards seamen of the last few years, may be said to have had this object and upshot; viz., the organising of the whole body, and bringing it under Government control. It is clear that an increased facility in manning the Navy has been kept in view throughout. Hence have been established the registry, shipping offices, shipping masters, local marine boards, and finally, such clauses in the mercantile Marine Act as 6, and 16, and 32, bearing respectively these significant titles—"*New duties and powers generally.*" "*Certain functions of Admiralty may be transferred to Board of Trade.*" And "*Transfer to Board of Trade of control over Registrar*"*—show clearly enough that the Board of Trade bids fair to be an Admiralty of itself, by and by.

The great and important measure, which is the foundation of all the new maritime legislation, is the above-mentioned "Registry." For a long time we, whose seamen are the best in the world, knew least about them; we were without statistics and accurate information on the subject. On a general average, we have usually two hundred thousand mercantile mariners, spread over the world, at work. But till a comparatively late period, they may be said to have been in the condition of wandering tribes with regard to us. They migrated, like other birds of passage, uncounted and unknown, many of them changing their names as they changed their ships—Ishmaelites of the sea! When a war broke out, instantly a press-gang began to "poach" for them. The first shot sent them all running like rabbits into their holes.

In the years 1833 and 1834, this state of things began to receive decided attention. Sir James Graham, who was then "First Lord," brought in two bills. The first encouraged "voluntary enlistment into the Royal Navy, by limiting the time of service, and augmenting the bounties;" the other "consolidated the laws relating to Merchant Seamen," and contained a "comprehensive scheme for registering." This scheme was "a precursory measure of registration," it not being considered advisable at that time to carry out fully all that had been suggested towards facilitating the manning of the navy in case of war.

Of these two bills of Sir James Graham's introduction, the last (7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 112), commonly called the "Merchant Seamen's Act," was very important. With regard to our present topic—the "Registry"—it established the Register and Record Office, and appointed the Registrar of Seamen: it enacted that every person intending to serve on board a ship (except as master or physician, surgeon or apothecary) should provide himself with a register-ticket—being compelled to answer certain questions, giving ample information about himself, before he was entitled to receive it. This was an excellent, business-like basis to build on. The Act further compelled masters to bring indentures and apprentices to the office for these tickets. It made "altering the register-ticket" a misdemeanor; made a negligent loss of ticket a fine, and false answer on the subject, a misdemeanor. It compelled every master to send in a list of his crew to the Comptroller of Customs, with the numbers of their tickets. It fined masters for neglect, and duly fortified the law with a *chevaux-de-frise* of penalties.

The reader now begins to see the important nature of this measure. The seaman presents himself at the Registrar's Office, nearly opposite the Custom-house, or at any Custom-house in the outports. Out comes a parchment, with it's blue-ink printing, the lion and unicorn calmly presiding at top. Down goes "John Starbowline,"—"born at——; in the county of——." Capacity, "so and so." Eyes?—"blue, grey, squinting, or like the fish-pools of Heshbon," as the case may be!

* See the Acts of Parliament on these subjects, in "The Shipmaster's Guide." By the Registrar-General—a book of great utility.

"Height," "complexion," are duly noted. "Marks on person" likewise go inexorably down. The refined reader marvels at this item, perhaps; but our tars tattoo themselves most fancifully. It is a real old Saxon custom. Harold (*vide* Sir E. B. Lytton's novel) adopted it. So, "John Starbowline's" decorations—"anchors," "flags," "initials," "portraits,"—according to the amount of poetic fancy and Indian ink visible on his form—go down likewise. Masters are fined for taking him without this document (which he gets *gratis*, in the first instance); a due counterpart, or duplicate, is preserved at the Registrar's Office; a list of tickets "cancelled" by death, desertion—or tickets "not in possession of the persons to whom they were issued"—is strictly preserved and exhibited in every Custom-house and shipping office. The number of the ticket is required, also, to be set forth in every "return" made by a master; consequently, the register-books at the Office contain the "number," description, name, and voyages of each seaman. The Registrar-General is, besides all this, empowered by the Act to make every master of a British vessel produce his log-book, muster-roll, &c. &c., under a penalty of twenty pounds. Such is a brief summary of this organisation, the important effects of which must be felt through our whole future naval and mercantile history.

Let us see what this "Merchant Seamen's Act" further did. It determined that no seaman should be taken to sea without a written agreement being drawn up between master and seaman; and duly read over to the seaman; and signed by both; and, that this agreement must, on arrival home, be delivered to the collector, or comptroller, of customs. Also, it enacted, that seamen having refused to join, or proceed in the ship, or absenting themselves after agreement, may be apprehended by a justice of the peace, or his warrant, and committed to gaol, or sent on board. It inflicted forfeiture of wages, to a rated amount, for absence, and refusal to perform duty, and desertion, and, likewise inflicted a penalty for harbouring deserters. It obliged masters to give men an allowance for short provisions; and to give them on their discharge their register-tickets, and a certificate of service—under a penalty of five pounds. It established a summary mode of recovering wages under twenty pounds by order of a justice of the peace; and ordered the maintenance on board of a due supply of medicines and lime juice. It compelled masters of ships in the home and fishing trade to return lists of their crew, half-yearly. It largely provided for the entry and registration of parish and other apprentices,—providing for the hearing and summary disposal of their complaints. It further enacted that the ships' agreement, indentures, and register-tickets, should be deposited on arrival at foreign ports with the consul, and at colonies with the officers of customs. It gave consuls and officers of customs considerable powers of inquiry, and of surveying provisions, and signifying necessary changes in them to the master—subjecting him for neglect to the penalties of a misdemeanor.

Here, then, was an important body of law, subjecting a merchant ship to control at home and abroad, from its leaving the docks, to its final discharge of cargo and crew. The half-yearly lists from the home trade clearly give Government an opportunity of readily knowing our nautical resources in case of what is expressively called a "contingency;" the authority of the consuls, too, we observe to be largely increased. In short, the meshes of law now began to draw gradually, but very surely, round the nautical leviathan. I am inclined to believe that the process was, for a long time, scarcely felt by that noble animal; but the "Mercantile Marine Act" has put him thoroughly up to it.

In the interval between these two important Acts, a very useful little one passed (8 and 9 Victoria, cap. 116,) called the "Seamen's Protection Act." This one summarily put the procuring of seamen for merchant ships into the hands of the Board of Trade. This was a deadly blow at the "crimps," who formerly acted as agents between masters and seamen, and who derived enormous profit from cashing the seamen's advance notes of wages at exorbitant rates. By the consent of all authorities, these individuals are of a peculiar infamy of character in every way, and clearly belong to the "offal of mankind." Accordingly, this Act gave the Board of Trade the power of licensing proper persons to engage and hire seamen; forbade the employment of those otherwise engaged; and inflicted due penalties on all breaches of its provisions. It is impossible to read this Act without seeing the absolute necessity of direct interference with the condition of seamen for their protection. The "crimps," it must be understood, had and have a direct interest in their folly and sin, and it was peremptorily necessary to deal absolutely in the matter.

At last, the "Mercantile Marine Act" received the Royal assent, and came into action on the 1st of January in the present year. This is a decided development; it professes the "improving the condition of Masters, Mates, and Seamen, and maintaining discipline in the Merchant Service." The Board of Trade is fairly appointed a Mercantile Admiralty, though, at present, it only boasts two naval members.

Touching the "machinery" of this Act, I cannot do better than make an extract or two from the "Shipmaster's Guide" of the Registrar General:—

"By this act the superintendence of all matters relating to the British Mercantile Marine is transferred to the Board of Trade—

"And the law is to be carried into force by means of Local Boards at sixteen of the principal Ports of the United Kingdom—

"By Shipping Offices at all the Ports of the United Kingdom—

"And by the General Register and Record Office of Seamen in London.

"Two gentlemen of high professional reputation have been appointed Naval Members of the Board of Trade, to assist by their practical experience in the consideration of all matters connected with the Merchant Service.

"The Local Boards are formed by the Mayor or Provost of the Sea Port, a Stipendiary Magistrate, four Members nominated by the Board of Trade, and six Members elected by Voters; the qualification for each vote being two hundred and fifty registered tons, employed in Foreign-going Ships.

"The duties will be to appoint Examiners, Shipping Masters, with Assistants and Clerks, and to superintend and regulate matters connected therewith in their respective ports.

"But when Shipping Offices are established in the Sailors' Homes in London, they are to be under the direct control of the Board of Trade.

"Shipping Masters will have the supervision of the engagement and discharge of crews; adjustment of disputes referred to them; to record character of seamen discharged in their offices, examination of log-books, transmission of all returns, &c., required under the act, supply of the necessary forms; and they are to give all the aid in their power for promoting the intentions of the act, and to facilitate the procuring of crews.—*pp.* 15, 16.

We also learn that, in addition to the present duty of the Registrar-General, he will transmit certificates of competency and service to all those who are entitled to receive them; and keep a general record of character. In the Register Office will be recorded every document relative to these matters.

With regard to the "improving the condition of Masters and Mates," an important step is taken by the establishment of an examination of them (no longer a voluntary one) and the issue of certificates to them, in proportion to their competency. These documents are all duly "registered," and "penalties" are imposed according to the mode of procedure in the former act.

I now come to the special provisions which have been made the subject of the recent complaints—premising that, of course, this elaboration of rules must, in the first instance, be somewhat galling and restraining to masters, seamen and all; this is natural, but it is not to have weight as an objection in the face of national necessity and ultimate advantage. Doubtless, a coat and trousers would be an intolerable restraint to a Tahitian at first, but by-and-by he would value these articles as he progressed in civilisation. It is easy to see that, in process of time, masters and seamen would be better related to each other, as both were made subject to law. The great evils of the Merchant Service have hitherto proceeded from the uncertainty of their mutual relation. Government, by harnessing both, will make them run easier together. The reason that men-of-war go on well, though, occasionally, captains are tyrants, is, that the abstract reverence for the supreme power of the crown preserves order, irrespective of the individual.

Now, what are our tars making this hubbub about? *Imprimis*, they complain heavily of the "Official Log." The master is to carry a Log to sea, and there he enters "offences," and reports on "character;" so Jack is "logged," as he calls it, and his skipper's opinion of him remains on record. Was not the organisation of this a little premature? For, observe, the Act, while aiming at improving both masters and men—*pari passu*, as it were—gives the master this important power at once—before he himself is improved! Does not this law follow a little too closely on the heels of the sad revelations about our "skippers" on the Navigation Laws inquiry? All naval officers who have visited merchant ships abroad—say to help them when aground—will agree that the class, as a class, is not too fit to have new discretionary powers. Here "modification" might try its hand.

Then, Jack complains of the "Shipping Masters'" authority; and I would like to point out to the Board of Trade (with deference to official wisdom!) the *vagueness* of these functionaries' powers. I have myself heard ingenuous confessions on the point. "Agreements" (except in special cases) are made between master and crew, in presence of the Shipping Master. And, here we come upon one of the chief grievances of the agitators. The "Copy of Agreement" (one of which is lying before me) contains a memorable corner—or legal "Black Hole"—which has a long list of twenty-two "offences," each marked with its "fine." Thus we have "insolence, one day's pay;"—"not being clean shaved and washed on Sundays, one day's pay;" &c. It is easy to see that an eccentric captain would fine half a man's pay away very soon at this rate. These regulations, to be sure, are only said to be "sanctioned," not "compulsory." But their present place in the "Copy," "sanctioned" by the omnipotent "Board," surely makes them something very like compulsory. Accordingly, some masters will be found to stick out for them, and ill blood will arise. An immediate abolition of these, without delay, would be advisable. Meanwhile, the office of the Shipping Master is an important and useful one—if his duties be clear, and his actual powers clearly determined. I perceive the office itself absolutely necessitated by *the system*, and I attribute the opposition to his powers of arbitration to the machinations of "amphibious lawyers," interested in nautical litigation, and the old state of things. Hook-noses and cunning grey eyes, are unpleasant but significant phenomena, which I observed sprinkling, here and there, the honest simplicity of the Sailors' Meeting!

The distance of the "Shipping Offices" from

the East India Docks is another complaint worth attending to. I surmise, from a visit to one of these offices, the other day, that clause seventeen of the Act regarding "*new offices and servants to be appointed*," has been duly carried out by a solicitous Government! When I presented myself at the entrance to seek practical knowledge, a stout gentleman in plush asked me, with an easy air of sarcasm, "whether I expected the 'Shipping Master' to come down to me?" Modestly replying in the negative, I walked up-stairs to more important *employés*. Easy business, and a playful, not to say impertinent, mode of treating strangers, seemed to characterise the place; and I left Tower Hill, tolerably tired of flunkeys up-stairs and flunkeys down!

A charge is also made by the delegates against the shipping office at the "Sailors' Home" for an undue preference in shipping their own boarders. I satisfied myself by personal inquiry that this charge was unfair. The further assertion in their Memorial, concerning the evils existent there, is quite unsupported. But the Memorial is to be dealt with cautiously; the handiwork of persons quite different from sailors is discernible in it.

I may mention here, as illustrative of former observations, that clause eighty-two provides "*a Naval Court for hearing complaints on the high seas*"—to be constituted by a naval or consular officer, and composed of naval officers, masters of merchant ships, and British merchants. Such court may supersede a master, and its report goes home to the Board of Trade.

Such is a brief, and from our space necessarily very condensed, account of the tendency of our late maritime legislation. "Modification" in various matters has been promised, and the ultimate "consolidation" of these bills postponed for the present. Meanwhile, it is certain that a large body of solid, useful legislation, on a most important subject, has been added to our statute-books. There is vast latent good in it all, which time will develope, and experience direct. It is to be hoped that our new Admiralty will have such a good look-out kept on it from this time, as to prevent its "going the way"—apparently the doomed, corrupt way—of "all (official) flesh!"

CHIPS.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

We are gratified in being able to publish some account of the youths with whom our readers were made acquainted in a former article. We have ascertained that the statements in the letter are authentic:

"Sir,—I was much pleased upon reading an article, under the title of 'The Power of Small Beginnings,' in your valuable journal for July 20th, 1850, to find that some of the wealthy of our highly favoured land have been induced to assist in carrying out that excellent motto, 'Prevention is better than cure.' Having been very closely connected with some of the parties therein alluded to, I feel great pleasure in adding my humble testimony to the already indisputable fact, that much may be done with our juvenile offenders to save them from the dreadful certainty of becoming, unless reclaimed, *confirmed thieves*.

"In the autumn of 1849 I was appointed by Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, Schoolmaster to the ship, on board of which vessel were twelve of the youths referred to in the above-mentioned article. I am happy to say that, during the voyage they conducted themselves with propriety, and upon arriving at their destination the whole of them found immediate employment, and at once became good and useful members of society. Having been obliged to return, unexpectedly, to this country, I visited several of them previous to my departure, when they each assured me that no words could convey an idea of the gratitude they felt for what had been done for them, and expressed a wish, which I look upon as a sure sign of their own improvement, that others, who had been their associates in crime in England, might, through the assistance of the wealthy and benevolent at home, have the same opportunity of showing what judicious treatment and education will do in their cases. I enclose my name and address, and any information that I can afford which will be of service to you in carrying out the laudable object you have in view, I shall be most happy to communicate.

"An Eye-Witness."

We have also seen letters from two of the reformed boys. One was taken from prison by the Superintendent of the Duck Lane Ragged School and Dormitory; he had been ten years a pickpocket, and as a "shovel-pitcher," or passer of counterfeit money, had visited every town in England. He had spent six years and two months in prison; out of ten years, he had been forty times committed to prison when he came to the Institution. "I never met with a more hopeless-looking young man," says our informant; "crime was depicted in his countenance; he had received no education but what he had picked up in prison." The other is the joint composition of two lads. One had been five; the other, eight years, thieving in the streets of London. After passing through the Institution during a few months, all these unfortunates emigrated. Their letters show that they are well-doing, and thoroughly reformed.

But our readers will distinctly understand that, in advocating the cause of such an establishment, we do so, only as it tends to mitigate a monstrous evil already in existence. To endow such Institutions, and leave the question of National Education in its present shameful state, would be to maintain a cruel absurdity

to which we are most strongly opposed. The compulsory industrial education of neglected children, and the severe punishment of neglectful and unnatural parents, are reforms to which we *must* come, doubt it who may. We can no more hope to make any great impression upon crime, without those changes, than we could hope to extinguish Mount Vesuvius, in eruption, with a watering-pot, or stop its flood of lava with a knitting-needle.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS IN AUSTRIA.

It must be known to most readers familiar with the beaten highways of Germany, that there are a class of persons who circulate from land to land, in company with a knapsack and a Wellington boot hanging on each side of it. They are called *Handwerksburschen*, a long word signifying a journeyman, or, rather, apprentice. These lads are, according to a law which has been much eulogised, though its prudence may be doubted, compelled to travel for a certain time over foreign countries, to learn such improvements in their trade as they can pick up; and, their travels over, they are obliged to submit a specimen of their handiwork to the local authorities before they are allowed to commence their trade. The presence of such a number of roving young vagabonds, with quick blood and high spirits, ripe for any mischief, and incapable of reasoning on consequences, would be extremely to be dreaded by the quiet portion of the community, were they not restrained by very stringent laws; and, therefore, it is by no means likely that they would be let alone by the paternal and meddling governments of Germany, who are always providing for every possible and impossible contingency in small things, though they leave all great and important questions to take care of themselves. And, in some measure to check the excesses of these youthful travellers, it has been decreed that each should carry a small book, in which every person who employs him, for no matter how short a time, should write him a character, and note any complaints he may have to make. This book must be kept, and forthcoming for the inspection of the local authorities on his return home, and of course his future position depends very much on its contents. It gives, also, an equal security to the employer, who may be thus secured from receiving an idle or good-for-nothing fellow into his house; and the only objection to the th[illegible] is, that sometimes a slight and youthful folly might acquire undue gravity and publicity, and follow a man painfully throughout his after-life.

The system, good or bad, has been recently applied in Austria, by an order of the police, to domestic servants, every one of whom is bound henceforth to keep a character book, and to get each character stamped and [illegible] by the local police. No master is allowed to send a servant away without a character, or to write a bad one without giving satisfactory reasons for it. The latter is an admirable regulation; but we scarcely know how to characterise another which existed formerly, to the effect, that no master was allowed, under any circumstances, to give a bad character to a servant, and was actionable if he did so, because, said the police, "If your servant rob you, or commit any other crime, *we* punish him, and after having undergone his punishment once, it is unjust that he should do so again." Such reasoning is, however, altogether sophistical, and the regulation was of course evaded by a practice of obtaining the character of a servant personally from his last employer.

Another regulation, which exists also abroad, may, perhaps, reconcile even an Englishman in some degree to the passport system; viz.—On taking a new servant, the employer receives his *passport*; and as, without a passport, no one can travel, the advantage of this management is obvious, as a very great security against dishonesty and misconduct. If here again the question should arise, whether such stringent laws are not harsh, and that in dealing with poor weak, erring human beings, Justice should be tempered with extreme mercy, and this especially in the case of an ignorant and unfriended class; that such laws would make one little fault irreparable, and thrust the offenders for ever without the pale of mercy, inasmuch, as no one, knowing him guilty, would employ him; —it must be remembered that it is peculiarly in the power of servants to commit crimes—from the confidence reposed in them, and that the peace and security of every family is at stake on such a question.

It might be a suggestion not undeserving of notice, that every person intending to become a domestic servant, should be compelled to present themselves at a District Office, established for the purpose, and state their intention; receiving at the same time a book in which their future character should be written. The signature of the employer in all cases to be witnessed like any other formal legal document. Lastly, that all servants out of employ, should be called upon to report themselves, and state their residence and present manner of obtaining a livelihood; for, we believe there does not exist a more dangerous class of men than London men-servants without places.

In conjunction with this latter suggestion, the benevolent should be loudly called upon to give their assistance to *Servants' Homes*. These establishments afford, besides residences, assistance to the deserving when out of situations, to save them from the strong temptations of hunger and houselessness. Such institutions are in part supported by the contributions of those who, being in want of servants, apply to it to obtain

them; and when their characters are given up to the Superintendent, during their residence there, as security for good conduct, they at once undergo inspection. With such securities, a large class of the population would be materially ameliorated, and if, when such securities existed, people were silly and wicked enough to employ any one without taking advantage of it, they would well merit whatever might befal them. One advantage, also, which we have neglected to name, is that a servant's home, such as we have pointed out, would put a stop to the proceedings of a class of persons who keep what are called "Servants' Registers."

In conclusion may be mentioned an odd society existing in Vienna, being established for no greater object than the following: any person being a member of it may secure the cost of liveries he may have furnished to any servant quitting him within three months of the time it has been provided. Of course the employer who is doubtful of a new servant deducts the subscription from his wages! It is quite astonishing that so notable a scheme never occurred to some Robert Macaire in Paris or some *entrepreneur des biftek à domicile*.

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

People usually call the neighbourhood of Munich very stupid, flat, and utterly devoid of natural beauty; they speak of the singular contrast between the beauty of the city and the barrenness and want of interest in the neighbourhood. Strange to say, I shall bring away with me memories of Nature's beauties which, in looking back to my sojourn, I almost think will outshine the memory of the Art beauty. I recal a dozen sun set skies, that, for gorgeousness and glory, put to shame all the gold and rainbow hues of the churches. This vast plain, with its dreamy horizon of Alps, the desolate banks of the Isar, the lovely English Garden, and all the many pleasant, quiet strolls to quaint old villages; what delicious memories shall I not carry away with me of them!

Then the ground in summer is one mosaic of lovely flowers; and the sky is a never-ceasing delight, so blue and clear. I often wonder whether it is owing to the atmosphere being clearer than in England, and also to the greater beauty and freshness of colouring of the public buildings here; but there is not a single day without its presenting you with some beautiful architectural picture.

Every evening as I cross the Ludwig Strasse, I look down it to see some new effect upon the Sieges-Thor (Triumphal Arch). Last night the ground was sparkling with snow, the horizon the palest tint of peach-colour, deepening into a warm rose, and against the sky stood forth the Sieges-Thor, as if carved in ivory. Sometimes it glows as if carved in ruddy gold. I had no conception, till I came here, of the wonderful beauty of *colour* in architecture, and how Nature seems to pronounce her blessing upon it, by heightening the beauty of man's work, through her showers of sunshine, and her clouds of shadow, and her glow of reflected lights. Oh, if man would only strive *with* instead of *against* Nature, what a world this might be!—and will be in time! Still more so is it in the soul, of which all these outward things are but types.

How lovely are my walks to and fro through the English Garden! The ground is covered with pure, crisp snow—the trees often sparkling with hoar frost, till all is like a forest of enchantment, and the sun sparkles and glitters upon their branches as though they were covered with diamonds. If, perhaps, there is no hoar-frost—only the trunks and branches powdered with snow—the delicate, wondrous tracery of branches relieve themselves against the purest, deepest, most glowing azure sky, like a warm summer's sky, so blue and cloudless. I have no words to describe the delight which these walks are to me; the air is pure, keen, and bracing; the ground hard and crisp, and morning and evening I find some lovely, fresh picture painted for me by that most wonderful of all artists—Nature. Now it is a sky all creamy and pale amber, with early morning light, the more distant group of trees lost in delicate haze; mist hanging about mysteriously among the glades and hollows of the garden, dropping from branches, and veiling grotesque giant stems, and yet sunshine is struggling through the haze, casting long *blue* shadows over the snow. Now the effect is different; ruddy sunset-light falls across the snow, turning it to rose-colour, and burns upon boles and branches with a glory almost unearthly. The trees stand as of molten copper, with an azure sky behind them, and the green ice of the mill-streams, powdered with snow, looks yet more vivid in colour.

Last night, as I came back, a large, calm moon was rising out of a pale, rose-tinted horizon above a lawny opening in the garden. The ground was a sheet of snow, with lovely groups of trees rising here and there into the quiet, warm sky. I stopped for a moment to drink in its beauty. It was close to King Carl's palace, where two unlucky sentinels are always standing—often pacing to and fro this cold weather with faces of intense misery. I always think that the placing of sentinels is a great piece of humbug; it is not an active, useful watchfulness, like that of the police—it is merely a pompous piece of man's tyranny. Well, I felt so sorry for these unlucky sentinels—one of whom passed me at the moment, pacing up and down with a blue and scarlet face. I longed to say to him, "Look, how beautiful that moon is, and how lovely the garden looks!" But that would have been

a very *moonstruck* action. But if these poor men had only eyes to see these things, they would not be so much to be pitied.

I have spoken of our rambles in the neighbourhood. One such I will describe; it was in the autumn. As we were at work in the studio we all at once bethought ourselves of the beautiful sunshine out of doors, and away we went for a walk, the sun shining brilliantly, and the fresh, free wind roaring through the trees.

Crossing first the great Royal woodyard, we came to the banks of the Isar, which are very beautiful. The Isar is a broad stream, which, when swollen with rain, rushes on white and muddy; at other times, it flows on smoothly among long stretches of gravelly shoal-like portions of a shingly beach; the banks are at times very high, rising cliff-like above the river. Our side of the river bank, however, was not particularly elevated, but beautified by avenues planted along it. Imagine a sort of terrace, skirted on either hand, by lofty trees, sometimes poplars, sometimes elms, whilst sloping down to the shingly river's marge are copses of willow and underwood, and, on the other side of the avenue, pleasant meadows, lying calmly between you and the skirts of the English Garden. Swiftly flowing branches of the Isar rush merrily through the meadows, and turn mills, and give life and activity to this otherwise solitary and quiet scene.

The trees had almost lost their leaves, but the broad sunshine brought out all the lovely detail of their stems and branches, and made us think that these avenues were now more beautiful than in summer. Long quivering shadows fell across the path, the wind rushed joyously through their branches, and the sunlight fell sparkling upon some figure approaching up the narrow avenue; now, a peasant girl, wheeling before her an old-fashioned barrow, piled up with branches or dead leaves, her white sleeves and red boddice telling as a bright focus of colour in the grey landscape; or, perhaps it was some grave old professor, in a long, dark, blue cloak, which gave him a still more solemn air.

On, and still on, we walked, until the avenue became still wilder, the meadows more solitary, and the thickets between us and the river still a thicker tangle of underwood and creepers. Clematis hung in rich festoons from the trees of the avenues, and here and there was a barberry bush, with its yellow leaves yet unshed; or the slender branches of the wild cherry covered with brilliant scarlet leaves. All at once the most lovely landscape lay before us. The grey avenue lessened and lessened in a beautiful perspective, till the light at the farther end shone out like an azure star. This avenue was on the left hand of the picture; the rest of the composition was a broad stretch of river, blue as the bluest heaven, with long, white, desolate shoals in tongues, and promontories running into it; in the middle distance a group of rafts and men busily at work on the shoals giving life and a most picturesque animation to the scene; the farther river-bank curved round in a bold sweep over hung with a dense mass of grey trees, on which the sun shone till they looked quite hoary in the blaze of light; and a still further, and more distant, sweep of river-bank crowned with a white-washed church, the red-tiled roof and tower of which told brightly against a warm grey sky, united the two portions of the picture, the river and the avenue, by the most harmonious line of composition imaginable. And, as if to complete the picturesque effect, behold a long, long flight of birds stretching across the sky!

We stood in perfect admiration and astonishment at the artistic power of Nature.

Arrived at the end of the avenue we found that the river-bed widened out, and assumed almost a sea-shore character with its shingly shoals. On one hand was a wild sort of mainland with low brushwood, and numbers of young birch trees rising up here and there, their delicate leaves yellow as gold, and trembling like aspens. On a mound above the river-bank we noticed a queer little straw hut, and beyond it a long array of what at first appeared black coffins, mounted on cars. What could they possibly be? we questioned from ourselves. And there, in that desolate solitude, stood a soldier as sentinel. Could they be cannon? No. We walked up to them and then came to the conclusion that they were boats intended to form a bridge of boats.

Across this moorland we now walked, at times up to the knees in long grass of a coarse jungle-like character, and very soon found ourselves close to a busy manufactory of some kind. A wooden bridge closed by heavy gates led over a rushing branch of the Isar; long, low ranges of workshops, black and noisy, and busy-looking as if in England, were there, and tall chimneys vomiting black smoke, and there was a roar and a rattle, very much out of character with the quiet moor and this primitive Germany. Smutty artisans were passing rapidly to and fro; we looked into a black, busy workshop where blazed numbers of furnaces; there was a roar of bellows, a clank of hammers, a blaze of myriads of sparks struck from glowing masses of iron, and a crowd of black, hard-working mechanics worthy of England. All was black; there were heaps of iron everywhere, and the stream rushed, and tumbled, and boiled with an unwonted energy.

This was the steam-engine manufactory.

In the court-yard, behind the row of workshops, stood the house of the overlooker, with its luxuriant vine overhanging its white-washed walls and its green shutters, as quiet and primitive as any German heart could desire. What a busy little world this seemed in the midst of that moorland solitude!

When on our return we reached the edge of the English Garden, the sight of a picturesque coffee-house, with its wooden galleries running round the exterior in Tyrolian fashion, over which, as it had been such a bright sunny day, quantities of bedding were hung to air, tempted us to indulge in a cup of coffee, after our ramble. All looked beautiful, but deserted, in the orchard, where a lanky girl, in a very short green petticoat and purple stockings, was sweeping away the hosts of fallen leaves from tables and benches. What a time we had to wait for coffee! We should have grown quite cross had it not been for the glorious sky which glowed before us, and reflected itself in the rushing stream at the bottom of the orchard. Behind us rose the dark trees of the English Garden, and before us, separated by the rapid stream, and approached by a wooden bridge, lay the quiet expanse of green meadows; while all around us lay the brilliant masses of fallen autumn leaves. We thought that this probably was the last time we should take coffee in the open air, as we had done so often through the lovely summer, and we were patient.

At length the coffee came; but it was quite dark before we reached home.

Another day, taking our sketching materials, we went to Schwalbing, a village with two churches, just near the city, and to the first of these we directed our steps. Unlike most continental churches, it appeared to be closed, as were the gates of the churchyard. After peering about for a long time, I discovered a door, leading into a court, which I was convinced opened into the churchyard; and so it proved. An old ruinous white building, an old Spital, with the rudest of faded frescoes upon its front, was united to the church by a covered gallery, supported upon arches. This gallery, with its tiled roof, had quite an Italian character; just the kind of architectural bit which Oberbeck introduces into his pictures—a capital thing, good in colour, and peculiar in composition, yet so simple that we regretted it was not summer, that we might have made a careful study of it in oils.

Through these arches we went to behold another capital bit of another character—a covered way, leading up to the porch, supported on low grey marble pillars, very quaint! It was fit for a back-ground in some illustration of a ballad of Uhland's. We were enchanted with our churchyard; there was no need to go farther; but, first, we would see the inside of the little church.

A fat, merry-looking woman, with a handkerchief (in Munich fashion) tied tightly across her forehead, and hanging down her back in long ends, had seen us, as she looked out of a house on one side of the court-yard, and she now came out, with a key, and asked if we would like to go into the church. That was just what we wanted, we replied; and in we went, through the low door-way. It was like most village churches, very white from white-wash, and very tawdry with gilding and dressed-up Virgins, and hideous saints, but very clean.

I asked her how it was that the church was locked?—was there not mass there on Sundays?—and could not people go in on week-days to pray whenever they liked?

There was no mass, she said, on Sundays, but on all saints' days; and when people wanted to pray she was always ready to open the door for them. But had not the Holy Virgin had one of her best pocket-handkerchiefs stolen, and had not a golden heart been carried away from the altar? Ah, there were very bad people in Munich, and it was necessary to lock up the church!

She seemed an honest, good, simple soul herself, for when I offered her some *kreutzers* for her trouble, she would not take them, saying that she was only too proud and too happy to enter the church and show it to strangers. From her we borrowed chairs, and were soon comfortably sketching our Oberbeck gallery. At twelve o'clock, the woman and a little lad crossed the court-yard to ring the bell, and soon after that our usual dinner time arriving, we felt very hungry, and were directed, by the guardianess of the place, to the village inn close by. A queer, dirty place it was, but we were far too hungry to be particular. We sat waiting for our portion of goose—everybody seems to live on goose at this season, it appears quite to take the place of veal in Munich—in a long, dirty, billiard-room. All was desolate and silent, saving that now and then a slovenly girl, or hulking ostler, came in for beer, which was brought to them from an inner room. To amuse myself I read the newspaper, which was just then full of rumours of war.

At length we had our dinner, and then went to the good woman's, in whose charge we had left our sketching materials. What a desolate place was her house! It was one of those places which astonish by their total want of every thing which one is accustomed to consider a necessary of life. Yet, it would have done anybody's heart good to have seen the cheerful soul in her miserable room. She was so merry, and her face bespoke such habitual content; I think I never saw in any human countenance such a pair of happy, bright blue eyes.

To my astonishment, I found the room filled with children, small children, a regular swarm, between the ages of six months and twelve years. Was it a school, or how was it? I asked.

"Oh, they are all my own children," she replied.

I looked round to see if she were not the old woman who lived in the shoe, and who knew not what to do with her many children. But the house was not a shoe, as far as I

could see, and most certainly she seemed to know what to do with hers. Children appeared to be the only furniture of the place; I could see, besides them, only a wooden cradle, a couple of stools, a little old chest of drawers, and a long row of pegs, on which hung a whole array of small tattered cloaks, and coats, and caps.

All afternoon, the troop of blue-eyed, light-haired, children were playing about the old church, now hiding among the old arches, now rushing out with flying locks into the bright sunshine. We heard their voices sounding so merrily among the graves, and echoing back from the crumbling old walls, that the place was like a pleasant poem. During the whole afternoon, too, various peasants came to pray in the church, and the mother was constantly going backwards and forwards, with her huge key in her hand, and she had ever a kind, cheerful word to say to us as she passed. But we could not persuade her to take anything from us when we left.

As we came home, the sun was setting, flooding the whole plain with orange light, and turning the avenue of poplars into an avenue of dark red gold, relieved against an indigo sky.

A SPIDER IN DISGUISE.

How often do I recall my three years' rambles through the gorgeous forests of British Guiana—a new vegetable wonder at every step; those "paddlings" up the sombre creeks, encompassed by the luxuriant vegetation; race after race springing upwards to the light, and scrambling o'er their parents with parricidal haste—all mantled gracefully by the fantastic lianas, the brilliant orchid, or insidious parasite—their heart's best blood a prey to deadly courtezans, who embrace their victims in their fatal arms, and drag them to the grave, festooned with all the verdure of youth. How I dote upon those roamings amid the thousand green isles of the sparkling Essequibo, at early dawn, or in those bright but transient moments that mark the setting of a tropic sun—or in those witching hours when everything seems loveliest—by the tempered moonlight! then the feverish blood, the lassitude of mind and body, raised by the sultry noon, give place to a serenity of soul, and buoyancy of spirit, which render mere existence, enjoyment.

It was to record an instance of insect talent and ingenuity, which it was my good fortune to observe in the delightful locality, that I took up my pen; before doing so, however, let me offer a few brief remarks on other members of the same family, which are natives of Guiana. In applying the term "insects" to spiders, I adopt the classification of the older entomologists; for the moderns have, with a considerable show of reason, placed them beyond the pale of the true *insecta*. We ever find the various forms of animal life most numerous, where their peculiar food is in the greatest abundance; and it is to this cause we must assign the comparatively small number of spiders which inhabit South America; for the *diptera* or two-winged flies, which furnish their principal supply of food, are in no country so limited in number; and this is the more surprising, as nowhere are the other classes of insects so plentiful. It is probable, however, that but a very small portion of the spider family have as yet been discovered, from the fact that great numbers infest the topmost branches of the trees in the forests of the interior, where they escape the eye of the few collectors who have penetrated to their haunts, and are only thought to be found on inspection of the crops of various insect-feeding birds. This supposition becomes greatly confirmed, when we remember the many previously unknown species which have lately been detected in our own well-explored country. Those which are known belong, principally, to that division of the family whose members are designated "hunting spiders," from their not weaving webs to entrap their prey, like the majority of their brethren in this country, but securing it by lying in wait and pouncing upon it when unawares, after the fashion of the feline tribe among quadrupeds. Many of the smaller species of this division frequent houses in Demerara, affording excellent opportunities to the inquirer of observing their tact and sagacity.

Many a time have I sat, for hours, watching them thus engaged on the floor, the *jalousie*, or the wall, their compact forms scarcely distinguishable, when motionless, from the head of a nail or a knot in the wood. A fly alights a yard or so from some lurking robber impatient of a meal: see how quickly he detects it, whether behind or before it matters little, for he can see in all directions equally well: with what eagerness, yet what caution, he advances towards his unconscious victim; now he takes a few stealthy paces, now he remains still; at length he has reduced his former distance to about a third. He is now within the range of the fly's vision, and an incautious movement would balk him of his prey. Every faculty is alert—the fly advances, so does he—it moves to one side, so does he—it retreats, so does he—one spirit seems to animate the two bodies, they move in perfect unison; backwards, forwards, or sideways, the spider walks with equal facility, and even keeping his side towards the fly, glides as truly and silently as its own shadow. The fly has now become stationary; perhaps he is absorbed in the discussion of some stray grain of sugar, or, may be, clearing his head and face from all particles of dust; for flies are, in this respect, very particular, indeed perfect models of cleanliness, though I dare say Mary, the housemaid, thinks far otherwise as she arrays the picture-frames and chandelier in the drawing-room in their muslin coverings; or Martha, the cook, as she surveys her rows

of copper skillets and saucepans, brightened the day before by hours of scouring, and now bespeckled by a buzzing plague: may be, with microscopic eye he is surveying some furious combat at his feet, and thinking, with mingled feelings of derision and contempt, that his mighty foot would cover the battle-field of thousands. Well had it been for the poor fellow if "be vigilant" had been written in fly-characters below his nose. Meanwhile, the spider is advancing nearer and nearer; you cannot see him move, so guarded are his motions, but can perceive that the interval which separates him from his victim is gradually decreasing; he is now but a few inches distant, perhaps four or five—he prepares to leap; the fly is chuckling at some atomic Hector, dragged by the heels from the field of slaughter by a valiant Achilles—he'll smile no more—one spring, one pounce, and he is clasped to a breast that knows neither pity nor remorse.

These spiders are well-limbed for leaping, and jump an enormous distance, considering their size; to equal them, in fact, a full-grown tiger would require to spring above fifty yards at one bound, or a kangaroo, probably the best jumper among quadrupeds, to increase five-fold its huge hops of twenty feet. Some of the hunting spiders conceal themselves among the leaves and in the crannies of the bark of trees; others again, with deeper craft, lurk among the petals and in the calyxes of flowers, where it is probable that many, coloured by nature for the purpose, deceive their prey by assuming the appearance of the pistils and stamens. Mining-spiders, of the genus *mygale* of naturalists, bore circular holes in the ground, some two or even three feet in depth, lining them with a thick silken cloth, and securing themselves and young from detection and intrusion by closing the entrance with an ingenious trap-door, formed of particles of earth, and not recognisable, when closed, from the surrounding soil.

Another small web-weaving species of the same genus, which Swainson observed in Brazil, constructs a case of earth and silk, with a spring-hinged lid, which it hangs in the centre of its web, and to which it retreats on the approach of danger. But of all the spiders which either hunt their prey on the ground, or in the branches of trees, or among the leaves of flowers, or dig holes in the ground, or weave delicate webs, not one exceeds, in the singularity of its habits, the interesting individual to which I have already alluded. It was about the noon of a day spent among the Aritaka Rapids, that, on landing on one of the many small islands with which the stream is thickly studded, I detected this curious species pursuing his avocations. Leaving my companions cooling themselves beneath the shade, I had crossed over to the opposite shore, which I found shelving and rocky, and completely overrun by a vigorous growth of succulent plants. A bignonia, with clusters of snow-white flowers, with large stamens of the brightest crimson, diffusing around a most pleasing odour, had scaled the branches of a tree hanging over the water, and mingled its leaves with those of a delicate parasite, which had, in turn, twisted round its crooked stem, and whose small, crumpled seeds—partially covered by a protecting envelope—were swinging by hundreds in the breeze, at the end of long, thread-like foot-stalks. The seeds were sticky with a fragrant and sweet-tasted gum, and seemed to be much frequented by the scores of flies that were buzzing around. From a meal on those latter I thought I had disturbed the birds, which flew away on my arrival; but may be, as we shall presently see, I was mistaken. Wishing to examine them more closely, I was on the point of plucking a few of the seeds, when my hand was arrested at the sight of one of them, suddenly endowed with a strange sort of activity—a pretty fly, intent on nectareous sippings, had scarcely alighted, when he was tightly clutched by no friendly embrace; and the seed, no longer a torpid vegetable, but full of life and vigour, and squeezing poor Master Fly in two or three pairs of sturdy arms, swung in the air below its former position by three or four inches of silken line. The struggle was a short one, for the bright red seed, or, rather, spider—a strong-limbed, thickset, plump-bodied rascal he was—soon quieted his victim, and then withdrew to his roost to regale himself on the juicy carcase so well earned by his ingenuity.

I proceed to explain by what means he was enabled to maintain his assumed character; not the less difficult because he has only to "look it" to ensure success—as we know by many other actors, both on the stage and off. Our spider, courteous reader, understands the value of appearance as well as you or I: he knows how the dashing cab brings patients; how the shop well stocked with "dummies," and the rattling parcels' van, bring customers; how the "enormous demand," and the "cured a duke," win more victims; and how a knowing look and wise shake of the head may make a fool seem a learned man. Yes, he knows all this, or, at any rate, he knows what amounts to the same thing—that appearances have *very* powerful effects all over the world; for our spider is a wide-awake untiring individual, though he may seem asleep for two or three hours at a stretch; nor a turnip-head either, though the greater part of his time he may look like a vegetable. Let us charitably hope that he has never wanted a meal by lacking a respectable appearance, like too many, I doubt, in more sophisticated communities.

As I have already stated, the seed seemed crumpled in one part; and this was caused by a large and uneven black lump at the bottom; though I am not sufficiently a botanist to give its technical appellation, its nature will be understood when I say that it corre-

sponds with the black crown on the berries of the hawthorn: a ridge that seemed composed of many longitudinal ribs and folds extended from this to the margin of the protecting cover. Now the spider, formed by nature for the express purpose—imitated this peculiar conformation of the seed, by coiling up its small black head and body on its plump, disproportionately large, red abdomen, and laying its stout black limbs close together to form the ridge. The umbrella-like leaflet, which partially enveloped the seed, performed the same kind office for the spider, and completed the disguise, which, if the reader should think clumsy and ill-fitting, I beg him to attribute to the uncouthness of my description, and not to any want of talent in this incomparable actor. The flies were evidently aware of the presence of their enemies, and also seemed to know, probably by their wanting the fragrant and attractive gum, which they were—for while the legitimate seed had each one or more tenants, the pretenders, who held a proportion to the others of fully one to four, had only chance and unfrequent callers.

A difficulty here naturally arises:—what led the flies, if they knew the real from the feigned seeds, to wittingly seek their destruction? Its attempted solution involves probably the most singular fact connected with the subject. A happy tippler, after swilling the nectar for some time, would carelessly buzz away to the first bright object near him, unable to perceive, or entirely regardless of danger. Can it be that the honied liquid has proved too strong for his weak head, and he fails to see clearly after deep potations?—or does his sense of smell, which alone enables him to discriminate friend from foe, become cloyed and deadened by his odorous draughts, and he falls a victim whilst trusting to his eyes, which merely trace the resemblance? Little does it matter what are the precise circumstances; it is sufficient that the spider is provided with food, while it affords an instance of that nice adaptation of the means to the end, and of that wondrous instinct and sagacity, which is often so profusely displayed by nature in these and other insect tribes, and not more strikingly in the more remote, as in those that are most familiar to us. Yet how few are aware that an insect which inhabits our houses, taking up its quarters in our bed-chambers—nay, even in our beds, and preying on a species of vermin—with which we are most of us acquainted, [illegible] some localities few houses are free from them—is in its own way—as talented an actor as the subject of our sketch. I allude to the larva of the bug-bear (*Redusseius personatus*) which deceives its prey by assuming the appearance of those aggregations of flix and dust that strew the floors beneath our beds, succeeding in this character by arraying itself in a mantle of down and tiny shreds. In the seed-covers now occupied by the spider, I often found a pale yellow silken purse—well stored with young: of this it was almost impossible to dispossess the mother; for, with true maternal affection, sooner than part with it, she would suffer herself to be torn limb from limb. It may be asked, how, in the first place, the spiders managed to detach the seeds, whose position they occupied? The most natural reply is, that they merely take possession after the birds have devoured them; for it is probable that these are their proper food, and not the insects, as I had at first conjectured. May be the birds come to feed on the spiders, and tear the seeds from their delicate foot-stalks, in the endeavour to find their prey, in whose appearance they may be as often deceived as the flies themselves; it must be confessed, however, that this latter conjecture is neither so simple nor so plausible as the former.

The complicated relations of plant, bird, and insect, form one of those beautiful harmonies between the different kingdoms of Nature, which the amiable St. Pierre so delighted to depict. The plant affords to the bird its daily bread, with protection and shade from the sun, and, it may be, materials for a nest; as I have seen in other parts of the forest, chiefly pendant from branches on the banks of rivers and creeks, a small pouch-like structure, artistically woven with delicate threads, similar to the footstalks of the seeds; the bird, in return, aids the propagation of the plant, by dropping its seeds on the boughs of various trees and shrubs, thus enabling it to obey that primary mandate of the Creator, "Increase and multiply!" By multiplying the numbers of the plants, it increases the quantity of food available for itself, its offspring, and its kindred—an exemplification of another of the wise ordinances of nature, which makes the good and natural action (and an action is only good in so far as it is natural) bring its own reward, and the bad and unnatural one its own punishment.

The spider is indebted to the plant for the means—and to the bird for the opportunity of catching its prey; the plant supplies food to the fly, and it in turn forms the nourishment of the spider. How many are the ramifications of this harmony which we understand!—how many more kind offices may the members of one kingdom perform for those of the other, which are beyond the range of our knowledge! But I have reached my assigned limits, and must reserve other notes on this interesting family of insects to another opportunity.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE GREAT COFFEE QUESTION.

COFFEE or chicory—that is the question. Whether is it better for mankind to suffer the stings and subtleties of outrageous frauds, or, by opposing, end them? May we have coffee for our money, or chicory for our fancy; or must we, when we want the one and do not want the other, have them mixed together perforce?

Coffee, whether considered historically, politico-economically, botanically, or pharmaceutically, is, in truth, a great subject; and we approach it under the powerful influence and exciting aroma of a cup of the finest mocha, made to a marvel.

The traveller in certain favoured regions of the world, where the soil is rich, and a fine genial heat broods on it, comes to plantations of evergreen trees from eight to twelve feet high. Long slender branches stretch downwards, as if the tree were going to crown you with its bay-like leaves. Suddenly, in summer, the green sea foams into the beauty of white blossoms. Berries, which deepen into dark red, succeed; the population come out and shake them down in showers, and gather them into bags. A period of drying and husk-breaking succeeds. Ships bear cargoes of the seeds across every sea—and the reader of these lines enjoys an infusion of them under the name of Coffee. But, unfortunately, he enjoys them in a sadly altered condition; the pungent fragrance of the natal hour has gone; the glory of the East is dimmed. Like the Londoner's own dear Thames, our coffee grows less pure the nearer it approaches to our doors; it is compounded with chicory, with beans, and with other disagreeable sophistications. The student who has heard that it is anti-soporific, misses the magic quality; the father of a family finds it impotent against an accidental case of narcotic poison: thick, black, mawkish and sluggish is the morning draught of the mechanic. Scientifically, it is called *Coffea Arabica*, and has been found to contain a substance (also found in tea) called *caffeine*, or *theine*, and which is supposed by Liebig to have an important action on the system. Commercially, it is of the highest importance. For the year 1845, the whole exportation from its various places of production was estimated at five hundred and seventeen million, four hundred and forty thousand pounds, of which one-sixteenth (thirty million pounds) was consumed in England. Fiscally, its revenue averages from six hundred thousand pounds to seven hundred thousand pounds. Socially, it is of universal use in all classes, and a very important part of the sustenance of the labouring ones: morally, its importance is gradually enhanced by the progress of the Temperance movement.

Coffee is properly a native of Arabia, but had been long used in Persia before the Arabians made a beverage of it—how long cannot be said with precision. Everything has its tradition. Nothing, according to the ancients, was ever discovered or invented or perfected by patient investigation, by slow study, or by scientific research. Whatever was worth knowing, or worth having, was found out by some marvellous accident; and coffee would never have scented our breakfast tables or cheered without inebriating our inner selves, had it not been, they said, for a certain Arabian shepherd. This swain, one fine summer's morning—somewhere about the time when Jupiter Tonans was a respectable grazier, on earth, and Ceres no more than a pretty gleaner—was tending his sheep in a bosky plain, when he perceived that they gave unmistakeable signs of hilarity, which approached to the jollity produced by wine; yet not a grape was to be seen in the neighbourhood. He presently perceived that they eat greedily of certain grey berries: he plucked some, eat them, and found them pleasingly exhilarating. Some enthusiasts (as Moseley tells us in his well-known Treatise) "suppose coffee to have been the *Nepenthe*, which Helen received from an Egyptian lady, and is celebrated by Homer as a soother of the mind!" Everybody must use his own judgment about believing these stories. Tradition makes "the violet of a legend blow," even among coffee-mills and canisters. True or false, however, neither the Arabian shepherd nor the Egyptian lady, deserve more than half the honour of the discovery. The other half, incontestably, belongs to him who invented the art of roasting coffee: for without the carbonisation, its peculiar fragrance, and the nutritious oil which characterises the best, would never have been developed.

Tradition has not, unhappily, revealed the name of that great benefactor to the human race.

It would seem that about the middle of the fifteenth century, the Mufti of Aden, travelling into Persia, learned the use of it there. The Mufti (who, by-the-by, has alone the "privilege of kissing the Sultan's left shoulder"—whatever that may be worth) introduced it to his countrymen. Here was a treat for a people whose religion condemned wine! Its fame spread through the whole East. Mecca reverenced it, next after the well *Zemzem*; Medina sipped it round the Prophet's tomb. One can fancy the interest excited by the approach of a new caravan in these times, and how the coloured groups buzzed like dragon-flies all day round the little wooden huts of "coffee-houses," under a sun hot enough almost to boil the liquid. In a short time it reached Grand Cairo. Its gradual and astonishing popularity became a political matter. Khair Beg, the Governor of Mecca, who seems to have been a sound and orthodox supporter of the "Constitution in Mosque and Bastinado," called a great assembly, and seemed to have thoughts of "putting it down." The orthodox party condemned it, though the Mufti supported it. Orthodoxy and prejudice conquered, and coffee was prohibited; but some time afterwards, orders came from the Sultan to revoke the prohibition. There was an agitation of this kind everywhere. At Constantinople the dervises found out that it had been condemned by the Prophet, and a great hubbub ensued. However, it was soon found to be a capital thing for "the revenue," and got toleration, on that excellent and old-established system of government which allows everything to go into the mouth, provided that it is duly paid for—through the nose!

In Europe, coffee and Liberty went on struggling for propagation together. An ingenious parallel might be made between the progress of Coffee and that of the Reformation in Germany and the Revolution in England. It reached France (Marseilles) in the early part of our Long Parliament. It got to London just at the commencement of the Protectorate. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey Merchant (a *bonâ fide* dealer in spices and rhubarb, and not a poulterer, like the father of Horne Tooke's joke), brought home with him a Greek servant, Pasqua, who understood making it. Daniel Edwards' acquaintances were always dropping in to try the mixture. Accordingly, the worthy man set Pasqua up in business for himself—and Pasqua founded a coffee-house dynasty, which outlived that of his great contemporary, the immortal Oliver. The elder Disraeli, in the pleasantest of all antiquarian books, gives us friend Pasqua's original announcement, wherein he set forth "the vertue of the coffee-drink first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head." One looks on this announcement with respect, as a kind of social Magna Charta.

In due—that is, in a wonderfully short—time, coffee came under the excise duties. The "Statutes at Large" give us in the year 1660, a brief line, wherein "fower pence" per gallon is imposed on it. In 1663 comes a statute ordering the licensing of coffee-houses. And what is our astonishment when we find that in 1675, Charles the Second issued a proclamation shutting them up as seminaries of sedition? That is to say,—this monarch did, then, what the despotic Sultan of Constantinople could not have dared. This document must have rather astonished those gentlemen, then elderly, who had seen, in their young days, Hampden and Pym walking down to the House of Commons! This proclamation had, however, to take itself in again very shortly, and coffee-houses spread faster than ever. Meanwhile, the "bluff" school had begun to make out that coffee-drinking was a proof of our national degeneracy. Here are some lines from a broadside of 1663.

"For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime because 'tis in their drink!
Pure English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Were it the mode,—learn to eat spiders too.
Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
The name of coffee so much called upon,
Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon,
Would they not startle, think ye? . . ."

By the close of the seventeenth century, coffee-houses were universal in London, and had assumed a distinct and important aspect. There were political coffee-houses, and literary coffee-houses, fashionable coffee-houses, and mercantile coffee-houses. There is a curious book, whose author is still read and reprobated, Ward's "London Spy." Everybody refers to Ward as an authority, and everybody takes care to dismiss him with a kick—employs him, in fact, as Swift's Houyhnhnms employed the Yahoos—and avails himself of him as at once useful and improper. Indeed he is a coarse, low scribbler enough; but still has managed to reflect in the muddy surface of his book an image of the manners of his times. Here is a passage concerning a coffee-house of the time we are speaking of ("London Spy," fourth edition, 1709):—"'Come,' says my friend, 'let us step into this coffee-house, here: as you are a stranger to the town, it will afford you some diversion.' Accordingly, in we went, where a parcel of muddling muck-worms were as busy as so many rats in an old cheese-loft; some going, some coming, some scribbling, some talking, some drinking, others jangling, and the whole room stinking of tobacco, like a Dutch-scoot, or a boatswain's cabin fire: the walls being hung with gilt frames, as a farrier's shop with horse-shoes, which contained abundance of rarities; viz., Nectar and ambrosia, may-dew, golden elixirs, liquid snuff, dentifrices, drops, lozenges, all

as infallible as the pope. . . . I should have took it for the parlour of some eminent mountebank."

In other parts of his book, he mentions the coffee-houses repeatedly; and, in the curious slang of the day, calls coffee "Turkish sobriety," and "Mahometan lob-lolly," — names which show where the coffee, then used, came from, clearly enough. By-the-by, Mr. Ward was not an impartial judge on the matter, as his vocation in life was the keeping of a public-house.

What buildings have ever been more famous in this country than Will's and Button's? In the first of these it was that Dryden took his seat, holding that "snush-box" which was the fountain of literary honour. Here were discussed all those questions which still interest us in his charming prefaces. When Addison's patronage took the wits of the time to Button's, that coffee-house, in its turn, became a Hall of Apollo. There, Addison presided over his friends, at once grave and genial: there, Swift, still obscure, signalised himself as the "mad parson;" and Phillips hung up a rod to warn the terrible Pope of the castigation which awaited him for his satire. In this phase of its history, Coffee became as classical as Castalian water. Pope early gave the charm of his genius to its attractions, in the delicate and chiselled lines of the "Rape of the Lock:" that

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise,"

was an important ally to the bard who described the repast of Belinda. Often, its spiritual fumes strung up the nerves of his fine organisation till it was pitched for music. At this time, the coffee of Araby was the luxury of the rich and great; it glowed in china on their card-tables. The time was still distant when it should be a necessity of the poor—in undergoing that transition from a luxury into a necessity, which has characterised so many discoveries.

In the latter part of the last century, tea became the literary rival of our beverage; its mention at once suggests Lord Lyttelton, Mrs. Montagu, Johnson, Goldsmith, and all the celebrities of the age.

Great and gradual has been the increase in the consumption of coffee in this country. In the year 1808, the duty on colonial coffee was reduced to seven pence a pound, and that on "Foreign" to ten pence. Between 1801 and 1838, the consumption in England increased from seven hundred and fifty thousand eight hundred and sixty-one pounds, to twenty-four millions, nine hundred and twenty thousand, eight hundred and twenty pounds,—a marvellous increase, though during this interval, the duty was again raised to one shilling for five years (1819 to 1824).* M'Culloch observes that this increase must be partly attributed to the reduction in price of the important accessary, sugar, as well as to the reduction of the duty upon colonial and foreign coffees respectively, to sixpence and nine pence, in the year 1824. From this year there was a gradual and steady increase in the home consumption, so that in 1832, it equalled the quantity produced by the British colonies alone; which fact induced the foreign growers to practise an evasion of their own severer imposts, by re-shipping for England from the Cape. This they were enabled to do by the laws of 1830 and 1832, which permitted the importation of foreign-grown coffee re-shipped there at a lower rate than when it came direct.

Hitherto there had been a difference of rates on East Indian and West Indian coffees; in 1842 they were equalised. Since that time, the quantity imported remained almost stationary till the last two years, during which there has been a falling off. Now comes the strange fact, that the consumption of what is called coffee has become more general, while the importation of the genuine article sensibly decreased—which brings us to the great question of "adulteration."

Coffee in ships' bags is coffee; coffee in Mincing Lane is coffee; but what you get under that name at many grocers', and very many coffee-houses, is no more coffee than sloe-leaves are tea, or sand sugar. For a long time it has been notorious that adulteration has taken place. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1818 we find that certain grocers were convicted and punished for adulterating coffee with ground peas.

The arch corruptor of our coffee is "chicory." Chicory is the wild endive (*cichorium intybus*), an indigenous plant. It is extensively cultivated in Belgium, Holland, and Germany, and among us, now, in Yorkshire, Hertfordshire, and Cambridgeshire. It is the root of this plant which, cut, dried, and roasted, is used for mixing with coffee. Thus prepared, it is a harmless production, but "wants," say Dr. Pereira, "the fine flavour for which genuine coffee is renowned." In fact, it resembles coffee much as gooseberry wine resembles champagne; and it is easy to see that selling a mixture of these at a hotel price would be a highly profitable trade! We know that the production of chicory at home, goes on increasing; we know that (as the "Lancet" recently remarked in the course of its scientific investigations) a greater amount of "coffee" is used here than ever passes the Custom House; and we know that direct analysis of the coffee sold by grocers, has proved that they mix chicory with it largely.

The use of chicory originated in France and Germany, and was soon adopted here, obviously in consequence of the dearness of coffee, caused by taxation. Many people liked this mixture, which was to be had at a lower price; and some preferred it to coffee itself. An act was, however, in existence

* Porter's "Progress of the Nation."

(43 Geo. III., cap. 112) making it illegal for grocers to have chicory on their premises. Many prosecutions were instituted by the Excise, and an appeal was consequently made to the Treasury to allow them to sell it. The Treasury Minute of 1832 sanctioned the sale of unmixed chicory. Here, then, was an opening for unscrupulous dealers to begin a profitable business, by charging for the "mixture as before," as if it were pure coffee. In a few years the town was flooded with "real old Mocha" from Belgium. This was a little too bad. "Persian sherbet" is extant for sale, to be sure, in certain queer little shops, with a pink portrait of a young lady, and shoulders of mutton made of clammy sugar; but it is only a "penny a glass," even "fresh from the fountain!" The oriental Hugg would scorn to charge for it, as if it was the real favourite sherbet of the Pasha of Kabobanople!

Next came a further development. Grocers wanted power, now, to sell chicory and coffee mixed. They got that inestimable privilege. Nobody could be sure, when he paid for Mocha that he was not paying for a mixture of two-thirds chicory. At once the British farmer bestirred himself; foreign chicory (taxed sixpence) was driven out of the market, and now the home crop is a most important agricultural production. Ceylon soon found itself, like Frankenstein, bearded by its own monster—Protection. It was opposed by a rival at home worse than the foreigner against whom it was "protected!" The feelings of the Ceylon coffee-growers, when they found their own Protection had driven us here, in England, to drink decoctions of home-grown chicory, must have been very like the disgust of Polyphemus's butcher when the monster took to dining off pine-tops. Mr. Armitage, in forwarding the last of their memorials, says, that "even the most benighted of the colonists are, at length, awakening to a conviction that any further clamour for protection is worse than useless;" and that "many of the coffee-planters are nearly ruined." The Memorial complains that "chicory and other adulterating substances"—being "sold as coffee"—are "subject to no Customs duty or Excise, in Great Britain, while coffee itself is burdened with an import duty of nearly forty shillings per cwt., or one hundred per cent. on its average value." The melancholy gentlemen wish no persecution of the chicorian sect; they are for fair toleration:—free coffee; unadulterated coffee; or taxed chicory.

At the words "other adulterating substances" the reader (who has just breakfasted on "old Mocha;" and perhaps, being of a fanciful turn has been thinking of Mecca, with a distant view of a mosque) turns pale. But let his imagination carry him as far as it will in conjecture on the subject, it will fall short of the realities. It is not enough that simple chicory should adulterate coffee; but even that must be villainously compounded; the adulteration itself must be adulterated. Chicory begins, but worse—that is to say, beans, corn, potato-flour, horse-chesnuts, acorns, dog-biscuit, rope-yarn, Russian glue, brick-dust, mahogany saw-dust, rotten coffin-wood, soot, and "other manures"—remain behind. It reads like the bill of some Falstaff of tragedy—one-halfpenny worth of coffee to this intolerable deal of adulteration! A competent authority tells us of cases which came under his special observations:—first, of a large quantity of beans—which decomposition had *animated* into an unfit state for feeding horses—being sold to a chicory-grinder; and, secondly, of large quantities of "spent tan" (the refuse of the tan-yards) being systematically ground up to form part of these floating masses of commercial pollution. There lies on our table, as we write, a red powder—"red ochre"—commonly used to "colour" the floors of cottages; it is known that waggon loads of this have been seen discharged at the door of a well known and extensive "coffee" manufacturer! You cannot walk the streets without the most obvious proofs of the existence of fraud. "Java Coffee, a shilling a pound," stares at you through brazen and lying cards—and sham tea-chests—while the quoted market price, in "Prince's Price Current," is much higher. The very duty itself being sixpence!

Let us look at a summary of the results. The colonists complain; the shop-keepers become fraudulent; and the poor suffer. Moreover, the revenue diminishes. The effete Budget proposed to equalise the duties on all sorts of coffee, and to equalise with them (at three-pence) foreign chicory. But this leaves the adulterating party in the advantage; for, while not affecting the use of home chicory, it tends to negative the effects of the reduction on coffee, generally. Mr. Anstey's demand on the Budget debate (and this, too, was the demand of the chief speakers at the recent great meeting on the subject) was for the abolition of the latest of the two above-mentioned Treasury Minutes—that of 1840. That step would leave the adulteration amenable to Government supervision, and put one sort of fraud on a level with another;—for a false mixture is surely as fair a subject of punishment as a false weight! Let all parties have justice; let the seller of unadulterated chicory sell it to those who choose to buy it—this is a free country; but don't let us have things sold under false pretences.

The prosperous classes may protect themselves by grinding their own coffee; but what protection have the poor? It is heartless sophistry to say that they like these mixtures—they who have never tasted anything better. It is still baser to say—as some tradesmen appear to imply—that they have no right to anything better; that purity is a "luxury" which does not belong to their class! We

will not wish that these wretched adulterators were, themselves, doomed to chicory water (without sugar) for the term of their natural lives, lest the punishment should appear too great for their offence.

THE MARSH FOG AND THE SEA BREEZE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The mere mention of French prisoners brings back, full and clear before my mind, the details of one of the most memorable days of my childhood. I never knew exactly how old I was. Nobody ever told me; and I do not remember that any one ever asked me: so that I never inquired; and I doubt whether my poor mother ever had such an idea in her head as the number or name of the year. She could count as far as twenty, because our fish were sometimes reckoned by scores; but I doubt whether she ever heard of hundreds of anything. So that if I had asked her, she would only have said that I was two years younger than my brother Jos, or five years older than the baby. At a guess, however, I should say that I was about six when the French prisoners were removed from the barracks on the moor. At that time, it seemed to me very long indeed—so far back as scarcely to be remembered—when my "Dad," as I have ever called him, used to put his hot, greasy hat over my head and face, so that I was frightened and cried, and stamped. One thing more he did, which made me hide myself behind the boat, or in the house. He pretended to be "Bony." I did not know what Bony was; but I knew it must be something very dreadful, by the faces that Dad made, and the roar that he gave, when he said he was Bony. One day, when he was not thinking of me, he told my mother that Bony was coming; and that there were to be great fires all along the coast when he came. In my agony at hearing this, I threw myself down in the sand, and rolled. I suppose that the sight softened my mother's heart. for she pulled my father by the sleeve, while she called me to her, and let me hide my face in her lap. When I looked up, my father was laughing; so I ventured to ask him what he would do if Bony came.

"What would I do?" said he, taking the cork out of his tin bottle, and lifting it to his lips. "Why, I would ask him to take a sup out of my can."

This was a great relief to me, for it gave me the notion that Bony was a man; a thing which I did not know before.

It must have been soon after this that the terrible night came when my Dad was carried away by the pressgang. I was less afraid of the pressgang than of Bony, because I knew something of what it was. A young man from our hamlet had been seized by them, and I saw them in the boat as they went away, and thought they looked very much like other people in boats. But yet it was terrible when I woke from my sleep in the middle of the night, and heard the bustle. I often waked from my sleep, frightened or uncomfortable. I was sometimes very hot and stifled, and sometimes very cold: and I had bad dreams; and now and then, on winter nights, the sea would come roaring and dashing almost to the very door: and Dad would get up, or make my mother get up, and see how high the water was coming, or whether the tide had turned: and it frightened me to feel the wind rush in when she opened the door, or to see the foam dancing about in the dim light of the lantern, almost on the very threshold: but no fright had ever been like that of the night when Dad was carried away. There were growling voices outside; and one loud, and clear, and commanding; and my Dad swore more terribly than I had ever heard him before, though I believe he swore about something or other every day. My mother's crying was the worst. She cried aloud, so that it took my breath away. I do not think I cried at all; nor did Jos. He had been asleep beside me, under the folds of the hot, heavy old sail that was our bed. He was now sitting up in his ragged little blue shirt, with his eyes all bright, when nobody stood between him and the lantern, and his face all white and fixed. The pressgang did not stay very long; and when they were gone, my mother threw herself down on her face on her bed, and cried and moaned, without ever thinking of shutting the door; so that the wind blew in, and the door swung about; and then baby began to cry sharply. Jos and I wondered whether we dared get up and shut the door. At last, we slipped out from under the sail, and ran and did it together. Then we took up baby, and rocked him to sleep; and I suppose after that we went to sleep again ourselves; for I remember nothing more about that night.

I am ashamed now to think (and yet I do not see how we could help it) how pleasant the next morning was, and many more mornings. Jos and I played about, without being afraid of anything. Nobody gave us knocks on the head: nobody made faces and roared like Bony; nobody swore at us. It is true, we had not now the fearful pleasure of helping to push off the boat, that Dad might go to sea, and not come back the whole day. It was a fearful pleasure, because, when my mother sent us to help to push the boat off, it was a chance whether Dad did not kick us out of his way; but he sometimes was kind, and put his great hand over mine, to make believe that I did the pushing; and then, he always went away, further and further out to sea; and it would be many hours before he came back again. Now, it could no longer be so. Our boat lay upside down on the sand. Sometimes the sun shone hot upon it, so that

what paint there was left rose in blisters, and scaled off: and sometimes the rain poured down upon it, and we got under it,—Jos and I, and the baby. We liked to be there, snug on the dry sand, when the rain did not last too long. We liked to hear the rain pelt over our heads; and it was a better shelter than the cottage, because the thatch there was so bad that the rain was always coming through. The smell there was so bad, too! The thatch was worse than all others put together. It rotted, and dropped in pieces, sometimes in the house, and sometimes outside; and the bits that were not full of vermin were mouldy, and sickening to come near. So Jos and I liked the boat, and were glad it was now never stirred; though my mother cried sometimes when she looked at it, and said we were little fools to sit laughing there, when no bread came out of the boat any more.

After a time, the boat came to be used again; but never at hours when I could help to push it off. Jos and I used to find it wet in the morning; and my mother said it had been out trading. She did not bid us be secret about this trading; because we knew nobody except the children belonging to four or five other cottages, like our own; and the families who lived there traded too. I doubt whether the grown people knew that there was anything wrong about their way of trading; and I am sure the children did not. My mother took me to sleep with her, and put the goods under the sail, which was still Jos's bed. Jos's bed looked all the handsomer for being raised by the packages beneath it; but he did not like it so well; and when our hut was very full of goods, used to steal out, and sleep on the sand, under the boat.

It is best to speak plainly, I think, that there may be no secret about how some people live. The truth, then, is, that I was never, really never, in a state of bodily ease, owing to the dirt in which we lived. I did not know this at the time. I first became aware of it in after years, when those changes had occurred which caused me to become clean in my person. I am now quite sure that there never was an hour of my childhood in which my skin was not irritated so as to make me more or less cross, or restless, or low-spirited; and this was not the worst. If I had not headache, or some distinct pain somewhere within my body (which was very often the case), I was always suffering from a feeling of heaviness, or weakness, or of indistinct uneasiness of my whole frame—miserable feelings which I now know to belong to an unwholesome state of the skin. It seems to me now, that Jos and I were never really clean. We often dabbled in the sea-water, up to the knees and elbows; but this only made the salt stick upon the fish oil that had covered our skins first, and made its way into every pore. Our clothes were fishy; our hair was fishy, rough and tangled; our eyes smarted with the salt that seemed to gather upon us from the air and the earth, as well as the water. My breath felt hot; my sleep was troubled: though sometimes grievously wanting food, I seldom relished what I ate; and it was seldom that I felt light and gay. I suppose it was because everybody about us felt the same, from living in the same way, that nobody complained. In our little hamlet, there was no cottage where the floor was clean, and the building wholesome; where the clothes were washed with soap, or people's skin knew the comfort of soft water, and of being made pure, and flexible, and comfortable, by its pores being open, and the circulation of the blood free and easy. If any one household had been in this happy natural state of health, others might have learned the lesson; and I have in my own mind no doubt that they might have enjoyed an amount of ease and good spirits, and cheerfulness of temper, which would have been of more consequence to their happiness than money, or any of the good luck that they complained of the want of. They used to sit on the half-putrid sands, the women as well as the men drinking spirits because they felt weak and low, and saying that there was no use in catching fish when there was nobody to buy it. That there was no market for their fish was, they felt, a hardship.

Almost the only customers we had had for fish, for a longer time than I could remember, were the French prisoners at the barracks on the moor. It was only the cheapest sorts of fish that they wanted; but they took enough to give Jos and me many a walk to the barracks. In the pilchard-season, my mother went with us sometimes; pilchards were so cheap, and the poor fellows wanted so many more than we children could carry. When we carried fresh mackarel, they used to be on the watch at the rails, and beckon, and call, and make signs so eagerly, that it was droll to see. They were very knowing, too, about whitings and haddocks; but the red herrings were the wonder to us. I never knew any people care so much for red herrings; and surely no other people in England made red herrings go so far. Instead of eating their allowance of bread as people usually do, they used to make it into soup. Or, if they could get a little pearl-barley or barley-meal, they would stew and stew it, till the water really looked as thick as soup; and then they would make balls or little dumplings of their bread, crumbled with some morsels of red herring, minced as fine as pins' heads; and when these were set swimming in the soup, the poor fellows used to look as satisfied as if a piece of roast beef was before them. Now and then I stood to see them eat their dinner, and I dare say there might be some wonder in my face, or perhaps I was munching a piece of dry bread, at the time; for they used to smile at me, and lay their hands on their stomachs with a pleased look, to make me understand that their soup had done them

good. Certainly it looked and smelled very good; and the biggest men seemed, after one basonful, to have had as much as they could eat; but when we told my mother about it, she used to give us each a bit of bread, and divide a herring between us, and say it was just the same thing which way we ate it, and she saw no use in the trouble of stewing. I did long to try sometimes, when I was almost as hungry as ever after dinner; and there was always a fire of driftwood burning on the sands, and I could have managed with our iron pot: but my mother said she would not have us go near the fire. We often did, however, when she was busy elsewhere. I have roasted a potato in that sly way many a time, though I never could be sure of time enough to try the experiment of stewing my bread.

One day, when Jos had been up the moor, he brought home two plovers' eggs; and we roasted them, and got behind the rock to eat them. I do not remember that we were at all ashamed of such sly doings, or that we ever had any shame about anything; but I do remember, heartily, the goodness of those eggs, and how I used to dream, almost every night, of finding plovers' eggs on the moor. We were often missing for hours, Jos and I, while out on this hunt; but we tried for so many months in vain, that we grew tired, and gave it up. We were so very ignorant as not to know that the eggs of wild birds are not to be found all the year round.

One day, the news spread that the French prisoners were going away. They were to be moved higher up the country; because it was thought that Bony was really coming at last, after having been talked of so long; and it was not safe to have any Frenchmen so near the coast as that he might let them out of prison, and have them for soldiers. We were all very sorry at first about their going. The grown people said there would be nobody now to buy any fish; and the children had liked the amusement of seeing them cook, and cut pretty toys with their knives out of common meat bones; and also of hearing their talk to each other, which sounded a curious jabber to us. I cried desperately because my mother would not let me go to see them off. As I said at the beginning, the day of their departure was among the most remarkable of all my childhood. But my mother had some trading to do, and she wanted us to help. She had known for some time that soldiers were coming to the barracks, after which the secret trading—in plain words, smuggling,—would be difficult, if not impossible to manage. But few days more of comparative liberty remained, before the soldiers would be coming down to watch and defend the coast against the French; and of these few days, the most favourable was that when all eyes—even those of the Preventive Service men—would be fixed on the departure of the prisoners.

I well knew what my share of the day's work would be;—a dull one enough. I happened to have remarkably good sight; a gift which is highly valued on the coast. If few or none of my other powers were trained, that one was. My father had had it when he was young; but I believe his spirit-drinking had spoiled it. He could neither see so far as I could with the natural sight, nor fix a glass steadily, for some time before he was carried away; and he used to put me between his knees, and make me count the sails out at sea, and find out when anybody was in the marsh, or coming down from the moor. Now I knew I should have to watch while the smuggling sloop was creeping in, under the shore, and while our boat was stealing out to meet her; and while the goods were landed. It was a favourable day for the business, but all the more dull for me, from its being a calm sea fog. As I sat on the rock which rose behind our cottage to the height of forty feet or so, I could see pretty clearly over the dark moor, and could just make out the barracks, with the crowd collected there: but I could see no sail on the water, and had lost sight of the bows of our own boat, while I could still see neighbour Glassford, who was steering her, sitting in the stern. I could hear the dipping of the oars, after he had disappeared; and when they were returning from the sloop, I knew it by the dipping of the oars again. I did not see the sloop at all; but I knew she must have been very near,—not only because the boat came back so soon, but because I am sure I heard the murmur of voices, careful as smugglers are to speak low while about their business.

After the second return of the boat, I could see through the fog the dim figures, moving like spectres, of my mother and Jos below the rock, carrying in the goods, no doubt. It was very dull on my perch, looking out upon nothing at all; so I thought I would go down and help. Before I had taken the first step down, I fancied I heard something very sweet—far, far away. Then I lost it; and then it came again,—some music, swelling gently on the still air. It was military music. In straining my sight, I saw something red on the dark moor, beyond the barracks. It was near noon now; and there was some break in the fog which allowed the sun to touch the furthest ridges; and in a minute or two, I saw a little flash. The soldiers, with their bayonets, were certainly coming to the barracks almost before the Frenchmen were gone. I skipped down the rock to tell my mother this. I hoped she would let me bustle about and help her, as the soldiers would so soon be down upon us; and she did let me carry in some large loaves, with a hard crust, which I knew well enough had little crumb within, but plenty of silk stockings. We ranged the brown loaves on the shelf; and then Jos and I hung a great net about a square package of silks, and doubled it over, so that anybody would have sworn that we had a pile of nets

in the corner. A small barrel was packed with ribbons, with a layer of cod sounds at the top. The tobacco went into holes under the floor, under a loose plank. My mother was puzzling her brain to find a place for the largest package of all,—a bale too big to go under her bed, or look like any article of furniture, when a faint gleam of sunshine touched the floor, through the dim pane of glass which was our only window.

"There, go, child!" said my mother, giving me a push to the door. "We shall be caught because you won't mind your watch. Now, hold your tongue about the fog. 'Tis noon, and the fog is breaking away. If the boat does not come quick, the sea will be clear. There, go, and keep a look-out."

She thrust a piece of bread and a lump of cheese into my hand, and put her gin-bottle to my mouth, giving me a sup which almost strangled me. I think she must have been paid for her services partly in the gin which came over with every batch of goods; for, however hungry and ragged we might be, there seemed to be always plenty of gin on the shelf. I ran up the rock, rather giddy, and sat down to sober myself with my bread and cheese. The music was playing again—sweet and lulling from so great a distance. The sun was coming out warm. Where the fog had flaked away, the calm sea was glittering. The sloop was bending away from the land, and the boat was fast making for the beach. I was very sleepy; and I should have been fast asleep in another minute but for the usual noonday plague,—the multitude of flies, which were one of the worries of my life. I know now that they were one of the punishments of our own dirt. I have seen many dirty places since swarming with flies; but I never saw anything to compare with the myriads that teased us, almost the whole year round. The offal on the shore was covered with black clouds of them; and so was the cleanest looking sand,—for the fact was, the sand itself was poisoned. As for ourselves, we let them cover us when we were awake and busy; but they would not let us go to sleep. I was now fighting with them, somewhat passionately, when I suddenly discovered that they had done us a very great service, by keeping me awake.

My heavy eyes were struck with the sight of two red coats in the marsh, where few coats of any colour were ever seen. This marsh was a long stretch of shore, into which the sea flowed twice a day, leaving it fit for no purposes, for either land or sea. It was possible, for those who knew it as well as Jos and I did, to cross it. We knew where the rock came [illegible] here and there, to afford a foot-hold, and [illegible] skip through it in pretty good time, [illegible] as we saw the whinchat hop from stone to stone. But it was never with my mother's good-will that we went into it. It [illegible] only dangerous for young children, from being plashy and spongy, and with a considerable depth of bog in some places, but few people went into it—at least in the warm months of the year—without being ill afterwards. This was the real reason why the townspeople at the inner end of it got no fish, while we got no custom. In that town of Dunridge there were (as I have since seen) whole courts and alleys full of poor people, who would have feasted cheaply on pilchards and mackerel in the season; and gentry, who were always wishing for cod, and soles, and whitings, but could never get any; while, on the other side of the marsh, we were burying whole cart-loads of fish, because we could not sell them while they were good. The gentry got such fish as they chose to have from more distant places, and the poor went without, and we had no sale—all on account of this foul tract of waste land. My mother used to say, that all the illness we ever had was caught there; and the doctors at Dunridge said nearly the same of the sickness in the town. If the wind blew into the town from the marsh side, the doctors were sure to be busy; and at last, as the bog grew deeper, and the salt made a thicker crust upon the stones, and the slime of rotting weeds was more offensive, and the osprey hovered more frequently in that part of the sky, showing that there was animal death below, people left off crossing the marsh altogether, for such an object as buying or selling fish. Jos and I could not always resist the temptation of going to play there. We liked to blow the thistle-down, and to pull out the marsh-cotton from its catkins; and to get bundles of rushes; and to look for gaping mussels and crawling crabs on the slime, while the sea-gulls were wheeling over our heads. We did not remember till the headache and sickness came, that they would be sure to come after that particular frolic. After this account, any one may understand how strange it was to me to see two soldiers in the marsh.

They were picking their way, striding or hopping from one bit of rock to another, but certainly tending towards me. I was wide awake in a moment, and saw that it would not do to let them come within sight of our smuggling transactions. I gave the childish sort of whoop which was our concerted signal. Jos popped up his head.

"Soldiers!" said I. "Make haste, Jos; I'll go, and lead them out on the moor."

When once children have tasted the pleasure of misleading grown people, they are, perhaps, more sly than their elders. I well remember the satisfaction with which I now set forth to mislead the soldiers. No peewit on the moor could more cleverly entice away the stranger from her nest of young, than I now set about diverting these red-coats from the place where my mother was in sore dread of visitors. I slipped down upon the marsh, and turned north, when the strangers went south-east. When they saw me stooping, and apparently busy gathering

the stiff stalks of the salt-lavender, they called, and for some time I pretended not to hear them. At last I turned, and then I hopped and skipped towards them readily enough. They asked me where I lived, and I pointed to the town. They asked me if I was not afraid that Bony would catch me, if I came so far from home. This frightened me very much; but I said I did not think Bony was anywhere here. They told me that if he was not here now, he would be very soon, and that they had come to prevent Bony catching little girls and boys. I asked how they were going to prevent it, and they told me that they were come to live at the barracks; that some of them would always be keeping watch on the rocks, or along the hills, and that they were to make great fires, that might be seen many miles off, whenever Bony should make his appearance. They wanted now to find a convenient place, the top of some rock, where such a fire might be made; and to see how a good path could be made along the shore, without interruption, that soldiers might always be walking and watching, and that the townspeople might feel safe. I promised to show them a very fine rock, where they might make a big fire, if they would follow me; and I turned towards the moor; but the strangers were so perverse that they would look along the coast first. They did not mind getting wet, I saw; they were so earnest in examining the place. They consulted together, and looked about, and went to the edge, where the wet part became a quicksand on the beach; and I gathered that they thought that by some means the swamp must be made passable. At last, my rock caught their attention; and nothing would serve them but they must go up it. I wanted now to slip away, and run round below to give warning; but they took me between them to show them the way, as they said, and amused themselves by swinging me over the muddy places, till in a few minutes we were all on the rock. The moment I obtained my release, I shot away homewards. It was a great relief to me to find my mother sitting before the door, mending a net, and Jos cleaning out the boat in a harmless sort of way; for the soldiers were peeping down upon us from above, and nothing could pass without their seeing it.

"Why, here is a village,—a fishing village!" we heard one of them say. When they came down, they asked me why I did not tell them there was a village here; to which I replied that they found they could see it for themselves. They shook their heads with great gravity; told my mother that I had pretended to come from the town, and that they were afraid I was in partnership with "Bony." They asked my mother if that was her husband's boat; and when they had heard the sad story about my father, they went up to Jos, who was still in the boat, and asked him if he had brought home anything.

"Here, look," cried my mother; "if you want any lobsters, here are some now just out of the boat."

"Lobsters," said one of them. "Ah! that 's good. Let 's see your lobsters."

My mother produced some which she had, two days before, despaired of selling.

"Why, they are as red as we are!" cried the soldiers. "Do you think we don't know fresh lobsters from boiled?"

My mother coolly protested that the boat had not been back an hour, and that the lobsters were just out of it: two assertions which were literally true; for the lobsters had been offered for sale on board the smuggler, and not received. I heard the strangers say to each other that they had got among a rcel of cheats, and that they never had been :ed in such a neighbourhood. The town was full of beggars; the country was moor or swamp, and this filthy village seemed a good match for the rest.

By this time, the fishermen's wives began to show themselves from their respective houses; some bringing out fish for sale, and all carefully shutting their doors behind them. Most or all would willingly have cheated; but one or two had sense to perceive that the soldiers knew fresh fish from stale. They bought a little; examined the situation of the hamlet thoroughly, expressed their disgust at the dell which stretched back from the cottages, between the rocks, and disappeared at the further end of it. This dell might have been very pretty; and a stranger now and then, coming upon it from behind, pronounced that it was very pretty: but it would not bear a second look. Heaps of garbage lay there; and it was so overstrewn with the dirt of every sort that was thrown there by everybody, that only patches of the natural green of its really good soil showed themselves in places. Many a load of unsaleable fish was cast out there, to save the trouble of burying it in the sands.

In the evening, down came two officers from the barracks, evidently directed by our visitors of the morning. The lieutenant carried a glass; and long and careful was their survey of the points of the coast, and then, their gaze out to sea.

"There are four of them," said I; "and two more south-west."

"Four what?" asked the lieutenant, fixing his glass again.

"Four sail to the south-east," said I.

"There 's only three," declared Bill Oulton, positively, coming up breathless, to obtain his share of the stranger's notice.

"There are four," I protested. "Two brigs . . ."

"To be sure," Bill put in; "two brigs and a schooner."

"And further out," I declared, "so that I can see only her topsails, there is a large ship."

I appealed to the lieutenant to know whether it was not so. He handed his glass to his companion, owning that he could not

see one. Neither could the ensign; and this seemed to us very odd. We did not know that it requires practice to see all that the human eye may perceive out at sea. A neighbour, old Glassford, of long experience, was called; and he declared me to be right, owning that he doubted whether any eyes in the place but mine would have found out the fourth sail, without being told where to look. The officers praised my eyesight, and said they must take me into the service; and then, if I would tell them when Bonaparte was coming, they would fight him for me. I had never heard the name at full length before; and while I was puzzling about it, Glassford ventured to correct the officers, telling them that he supposed they came from some way inland, but that we on the coast, who must know best about the enemy, called him Bony. The officers laughed, and hoped the wise men on the coast would fight him as well as the soldiers, whatever they called him. They asked me if I would have a little red coat, and enter the service; to which I answered that I had something else to do than to go amongst people who could not see what was before their eyes.

"What have you to do? Do you catch fish?"

"To be sure I do."

"Does she?" they asked of our neighbour.

"A little matter of shrimping, perhaps," he said, with a patronising smile.

The officers asked me if I would get some shrimps for their breakfast the next morning. As the tide would serve, I readily promised to do so. They desired me to bring them to the barracks alive, because they did not want curious shrimps that were caught ready boiled. We might be very clever in catching red lobsters; but they preferred the blue sort, and shrimps all alive. By this I knew that the soldiers had put them on their guard against us.

They afterwards examined every cottage on the outside, and asked some questions about the stones on the beach, and the rocks above. They borrowed a hammer, and knocked off some bits of the rock. They made faces at the dell behind, but asked for a spade, and, with their own hands, dug a spit here and there. They counted the men and boys in the place; or, rather, they tried to do so, but could get no true answers—so afraid were we all that they were somehow connected with the pressgang. They were exceedingly surprised to find that we knew no more about Dunridge and its people than if the town had been a hundred miles off. They pitied the townspeople for having no fish, and ordered some for their own table. Their chief surprise, however, was to find that we had no vegetables, except when a cargo of potatoes now and then came by sea. As we had none ourselves, we could not help them to any. Certainly their notions of things were very different from ours; so much so, that as soon as they were out of hearing, my mother and the neighbours agreed that they wished those might be real British soldiers, after all, and not some sort of pressgang, or people belonging to Bony. As for me, I felt as if something great was going to happen. I got my mother to mend our shrimping net, and tumbled into bed, with plenty of marsh slime between my toes, and a head somewhat troubled with wonder as to whether the officers would buy my shrimps, and let me come home again, or whether they would put on me a little red coat, and make me stand all day long on the rocks, to look out for sails, and tell when Bony was coming.

MR. BUBS ON PLANETARY DISTURBANCES.

Although Lord Rosse's telescope will never let us put a man in the moon again, yet we may fancy one in the sun, without much fear of the six feet reflector reaching him; and, having got him there, all the telescopes in the world cannot prevent us from calling him Mr. Bubs, and making him an inquisitive, patient, pains-taking mortal, endowed with an odd fancy for always being able, when he opens his eyes, to look for anything he wishes to see in the exact place in which it is, whether it has moved since he went to sleep, or not.

The very first thing, then, that Mr. Bubs does, when fairly settled in his new home, is to look about him; but, like many others, his wonder and attention are given entirely to things far distant; he cares very little for any object, however curious, which is close at hand; and cannot be made to see anything worth admiring in that with which he is familiar.

Instead, then, of examining the sun as he ought to do, and telling us something about it, he falls to wondering what all those lights are which are moving round him in the ring, a good way off.

Now, Mr. Bubs being a bold man at a theory, fancies these must be the Solar Policemen going their rounds; that it is the bulls'-eyes of their lanterns which he sees, and that they are walking behind one another (though in rather a disorderly manner) on that which, in his earthly school-days he was taught to call "the ecliptic plane." One light attracts his attention very much; for it has a slight reddish tinge in it, and Mr. Bubs concludes, that although it is certainly not the biggest, yet the distinction in colour marks it as the Superintendant of the Solar Police with his lantern and bull's-eye. Singling him from the rest, he watches him going his rounds, and calls him Mars.

Mars appears to walk on with a steady pace in a circle round the sun; and, after a moderate lapse of time, to return to the place where he first set out. Mr. Bubs, before composing himself for a nap after his long watch,

hits upon a plan for knowing where to look for the bull's-eye when he wakes. He imagines the circle in which Mars seemed to move, to be divided into as many equal parts as Mars took days to go round it, and he names these parts one, two, three, four, &c.: beginning at the first point of Aries in the sky where there is a light burning, which appears (unlike the bull's-eyes) to be stationary.

This settled, leaving the policeman in number ten, he drops off into a pleasant fifty days' snooze; no one need be surprised at this, for if we have got over the difficulty of putting Mr. Bubs into the sun, we may surely make him sleep as long as we please.

On waking, he is careful not to look at anything but his solar watch, which only marks days, and he says, "Bless my soul! I have slept forty-five days and a half; that policeman ought to be in the middle of number fifty-five." Mr. Bubs is not a little disgusted to find that he is *not* there, but has got into number fifty-six. Now, our watcher has one good point about him. He does not always think himself right, and everybody else who differs with him, wrong. So, instead of accusing the policeman of irregularity, he counts the divisions over again, and looks at his watch again, and tries to be quite certain that he remembers the lights being in number ten when he left it; but having done all this, he is forced at last to conclude that the light is not where it ought to be, and that the solar policeman has been loitering on his beat. So he carefully watches him all round again, and now that Mr. Bubs's attention has been drawn to the possibility of such a change in speed, he notices that the man's pace does vary, that he slackens his speed through one half of his round, and then quickens it through the other, and that the Apsides where he goes quickest and slowest, are always one hundred and eighty degrees apart, immediately opposite one another.

Nor is this all; like most earnest searchers after truth, an unexpected discovery rewards his labour. Whenever the light goes fastest, it looks brightest, and *vice versâ*.

Mr. Bubs has now got something to puzzle him: his circular theory with the man walking uniformly round will not do. For, in the first place, the pace is not uniform, and he must now notice the points where the speed begins to increase and slacken, and take this change into account when he next looks for Mars. And, in the second place, as it seems absurd to fancy the man turning on an extra supply of light because he is going quicker, how else is Mr. Bubs to account for the change of size in the bull's-eye?

A bright idea occurs to him. The light would, of course, look larger, the nearer it is; and so, if Mars really does come nearer to him at one time than another, it is plain that he cannot be walking in a circle.

This sets Mr. Bubs observing again, and he takes a piece of paper and makes a round dot in the middle to represent himself, and then, watching the light, puts down other dots round this one for its different positions as it goes round him, putting them the farther away from the central dot, the dimmer the light is.

Mr. Bubs is in ecstasies when he has done this; for, although the plan is somewhat a rough one, yet he finds that these little dots look very like an oval curve, called an ellipse, which he remembers reading about in the Middlington Road Academy, and so he concludes that he has completely solved every difficulty, and that this policeman walks round him in an ellipse, and that, the farther he is off, the quicker he goes.

After having mentally patted himself on the back, and said, "Clever dog, Bubs; clever dog!" he puts on his night-cap, convinced that when he wakes he shall know exactly where to look for Mars.

But he is again disappointed: after allowing for the elliptical beat, and the alteration of speed, when he triumphantly turns to look for the red light, it is not exactly where it ought to be.

Another long patient watch now opens Mr. Bubs's eyes to another freak in this eccentric watchman. The places where his speed is fastest and slowest (in other words the Progression of the Apse) are not always the same, but they keep shifting round and round in the same direction as the man is going; that is to say, if he is going quickest in a certain place in one round, in the next he is going quickest at a place a little in front of it, but still in the same round; the points of greatest and least speed are always diametrically opposite.

"Well," says Mr. Bubs, as he turns in again for a nap, "he *is* an odd fellow! But I'll match him for all that; I must allow for his going in an ellipse—I must remember his alteration in speed—I must remember the change in the points where he begins to alter it. Ah! I shall know where he is the next time I wake." However, Mr. Bubs has not got out of his troubles yet. On looking for Mars, he finds the light pretty nearly in the right direction, but rather higher than it ought to be. "The fellow has shifted his belt," says Bubs; so he watches him round again, and he finds that the light actually touches the plane (the policeman's *ground*) at the ascending Node, then rises higher and higher above it, till it has got a quarter round; then sinks through the next quarter, or descending Node, touches the plane again, passes through it, sinks lower and lower in the third quarter, rises to the plane again through the last, and again pierces it to rise above it as it did at first. This eccentric track is followed, Mr. Bubs knows, in obedience to the astronomical law, that "the orbit of a planet is in a plane inclined to that of the Ecliptic."

Mr. Bubs, as I said before, is a bold man at a theory; so he fancies that the man's legs grow longer and shorter at different intervals, and that through one half of his path he actually walks upside down on the under surface of the plane: of course there is no accounting for what solar policemen do.

Nor is this all; for he is so disgusted with his frequent disappointments, that he determines not to be in too great hurry to conclude that he has found all the curious freaks of this whimsical Superintendant; so he watches him round and round several times, and he finds that, as if imbued with the very essence of perversity, the man actually passes from one side of the plane to the other (namely, the Motion of the Line of Nodes) at different points, but that in any one round the two points are exactly opposite each other; just as the points of greatest and least speed are always shifting, but are always, in any one round, exactly opposite.

It has been a long weary watch, and Mr. Bubs is quite tired out, and drops off to sleep before he is quite aware of it—and a long sleep he has. "Now," says he on waking, "let me see; I am to allow for his moving in an ellipse—for his altering his speed—for his changing the places where he alters it—for his lengthening and shortening his legs—for his walking upside down; for his changing the points where he passes from one side of the plane to the other. Well then, *there* he MUST be." Alas! poor Mr. Bubs! there he is *not*.

An ordinary man would have given up the whole thing in a pet; but Bubs's delight in it rises with its difficulty; and he watches patiently and keenly, till he at last discovers (what had at first escaped him) that all the other policemen have their five wires attached to Mars, by means of the attraction of gravity, and are perpetually tugging him about in all directions; never any very great way from where he would be if let alone, but still enough to make Bubs's calculations wrong: for when some half-dozen of them get near one another, and have a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, they make Mars go perceptibly quicker at one time than another.

Nor does the mischief end here; each one has wires fastened to all the others, and Bubs to his horror discovers that they are all moving in the same eccentric way as Mars, and that consequently, they are pulling each other about in the most inexplicable manner, and so he can never tell at any precise moment in what direction they are pulling Mars. Worse than all, too, he finds that they do not all pull alike; not only do the biggest men pull hardest, as might be expected, but the nearer they are, the harder they tug: since Gravity varies directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance.

One thing, however, comforts him, namely, the fact previously mentioned, that Mars is never pushed any great distance from the place where he would be, if not interfered with; and so Bubs hits upon the plan of considering each wire by itself, (the principle in fact of the super-position of small motions), and finding how far Mars is pulled out of its place by *it*, supposing all the others not to exist; then he takes another, and does the same for *that:* and then a third, and does the same for *that:* and so on,—every time supposing the one considered to be the only wire existing. Then he adds all these little changes, at any given time, together, and considers this the whole change that the wires produce in Mars' motion.

Of course this is not a strictly accurate method; but Bubs finds it answers tolerably well, and he at last has the satisfaction—after the weary toil of many centuries—to find that he can always look for Mars in pretty nearly the exact spot where he ought to be.

May we all be as persevering as Mr. Bubs!

Note.—Had we put Bubs on the Earth instead of the Sun, his difficulties would have been greatly increased; for he would then have been in one of the moving lights themselves; and its eccentric motion, combined with those of the others, would have made them appear to go backwards and forwards, and even to stand still. The Earth's atmosphere would, by the Error of Refraction, have twisted the rays of light from the lanterns out of their true direction, and in degrees varying most provokingly with the state of the weather. If he got anyone on some other part of the earth to help him, his assistant (from looking at the lights from a different point of view) would see them in different positions to those in which Bubs did, so that their accounts of them would not agree, on account of the Error of Parallax. Also the motion of the earth, and the velocity of light combined, would thrust the lights out of their right places, and thus introduce another important error—the Error of Aberration.

THE GRAVE OF FACTION.

'Twas mirror'd in a bright poetic dream,
That fell upon my spirit, deeply musing;
As down it swept on Time's far-rolling stream,
'Mid phantom shapes of England's Future, cruising—

Methought that Faction slumber'd in a grave
Dug by the hands of an united people;
While thousands hymn'd a gay triumphant stave,
And merry peals rang forth from every steeple.

Long had he ruled them with an iron sway,
And bow'd their hearts to worship at his altar;
Had arm'd their tongues for never-ceasing fray,
And spurr'd to conflict those who sought to palter.

Then Love was exiled from the troubled land,
Or lurk'd unseen in some forgotten corner;
Whence stealthily she crept to fill the hand
Of fainting Famine, or to cheer the mourner.

Unselfish patriots oft-times strove to gain
The general ear that deafly spurn'd their warning;
Now, Truth and Wisdom never toil in vain—
Night flies before the struggling beam of morning.

Crown'd with the laurels they had dearly earn'd,
Methought they stood beside the grave of Faction;
And England's sons, from feud and discord turn'd,
Were pledged to union by a solemn paction.

COMMON-SENSE ON WHEELS.

A London cab-stand is one of our great national, real original ill-regulated public inconveniences. As an existing buttress of our liberties, it is to be presumed that it is inseparably connected with the glory of the country, and that the country would receive a fatal shock if it were in anywise improved; but I diffidently incline to the opinion, nevertheless, that it is capable of some small changes for the better.

It has never been clearly made out—except by prescription and precedent—why it is indispensable that a London cab should be dirty; why the palsied window-sashes must be artfully made not to fit the window; why one door must never open, and the other never shut; why there must be, at least, one broken window, replaced (in the genteeler sort of cab) with a wooden shutter; why the check-line must be broken or gone, and the bands for pulling up the glasses cropped short off; why the nose-bags of the horses must be under the seat; why there must be a view of the pavement through the chinks in the bottom; why the fare must sit in a foot-bath of foul straw; why the cab must be damp; why the driver must be dirty; why the rate of fares and distances must be nominal; why everything connected with the crazy, ricketty, jolting, ramshackle, ugly, unsavoury, cheating, dear Institution must be exactly the reverse of what it ought to be.

Suppose the cab were clean and comfortable. Suppose the driver were civil and sober. Suppose eightpence were understood to mean not more than a shilling, and three-quarters of a mile not more than a mile. Suppose the complicated back-fare question were set at rest by the abolition of back fares. Suppose we had Inspectors of public vehicles, and that neither Lords nor younger sons were eligible for those offices. Suppose, in the event of my being overturned, abused, or overcharged, I had some easy means of redress, which did not involve my dancing attendance at a villanous police-office, among the scum of the land;—I am afraid the Constitution would go by the board directly?

Otherwise, I really think we might do something to reform it altogether. The Railway Companies have tried, but they have not a great deal in their power without the aid of the Government. Consider the materials with which they have to deal. Look at an ordinary cab-stand. Here is one, under my window!

Fifteen cabs on the rank, and three piratical cabs hovering about the street, on kidnapping expeditions. One of the fifteen is a Hansom—clean and well-built, but with a perilous driver up behind—a reckless man at street-corners—not at all accustomed to the care of children—a neck or nothing sort of fellow, and much more neck than nothing. Of the other fourteen drivers, eight don't know how to drive, and six don't care. Some are on their boxes, some at their horses' heads, some "chaffing" a common acquaintance outside the tap-room window of the Red Lion, where there are three shallow tubs, a little pump, and that wonderful character the waterman, in a suit of door-mat. What is the fiction concerning this mysterious waterman? Is he supposed to be the father of the stand? Has he any place of residence besides the stand? Has he any relations or friends? Had he any youth? Was he ever anything but a waterman? Was his father a waterman? Was his mother the bride of a waterman? Will his son (if he have one) be a waterman? Was he always red in the face, and full of gin and beer? What does he do here? What does he mean? Is he what Mr. Carlyle calls a self-constituted Impostor, or did anybody ever constitute him what he is? And if so, why so, and what is he?

He can't be on the stand to inspect the cabs. Look at the cabs, in every degree of ramshacklement, and each cab puts its veto on the supposition! He can't be on the stand to inspect the horses. Look at the horses! He can't be on the stand to inspect the drivers. Look at the drivers! He can't be here to preserve order; for, see, when the elderly gentleman with the brown umbrella calls a cab; seven cabs draw off the rank, block up the street, dash into one another, and imperil the elderly gentleman's life. Then why is this strange being perpetually stumping, day and night, about the stand, in his suit of door-mat, with shoes four inches high in the sole, soliciting "a copper" of all engagers of cabs? What a wonderful people we are in some of our institutions, and how constantly we jog on, never so much as guessing at the riddles of our Deputy Chaff-Waxes and our watermen, and many other such puzzling matters.

A sensible Belgravian has put forth his might in the "Times" newspaper, towards effecting Jehuicular reform. He states very truly, that cab-stands are, in the abstract and to their immediate neighbours, simply nuisances. He proposes to convert them into urban ornaments. He would have them properly paved and drained. He would promote the waterman to the dignity of an important public officer; making him a member of the police force, to be paid out of the police-rates, instead of the drivers' pockets. He is not to

be a lord or a younger son, but a genuine functionary, bred to his work, and not born to it. A handsome sentry-box to be his official residence. "In front should be a paved space, where the stand post should be erected and the pails placed. On the top of the box should be a lamp, glazed with coloured glass, so that any stranger might at night see from a distance where he might find a cab rank. It should be the duty of the waterman, at least three times a day, to sweep the stand and turn on the water to wash it down. Inside the waterman's box should be hung up most extensive tables of cab-fares from that particular stand to all parts of London, and in every direction; also rules for the good order of the cab-rank, and tables of fines for disobedience." The waterman should be provided with writing materials, and a book, in which he might register all complaints, and take the number of the cabman, for insolence, overcharge, and other indiscretions. The waterman would also act as arbiter in case of disputes, as fireman in case of fire, as policeman in case of robbery, as gaoler until a perambulating colleague custodier should come by; as a general patron, supervisor, umpire of the cabman on his stand—commander, in short, of the vehicular ranks. The army is not a small one. In London alone eight thousand men earn their bread by the flick of the whip. One ray of common-sense in reference to them shines from the prospectus of a "Provident and Benevolent Institution for the Hackney-Coach Trade," which now lies on our table.

All this is very much needed. In all small things our nation are bad systematisers; abroad, they beat us hollow in sumptuary and municipal regulations and little public facilities and conveniences. In France, for instance, public conveyances are infinitely better managed. The tariff for hackney conveyances in Paris is very simple: there can be no dispute. You pay a fixed price per journey (*par course*). Provided you do not go beyond the barriers of the city, and do not stop on the road, one franc and a quarter is the charge for an ordinary cab, holding two persons besides the driver, be the ride ever so long. If you make a call, that is two courses, and you are charged accordingly. If you want two horses and a better sort of vehicle, you may pay as much as two francs and a half for your course. Or you can, if you choose, hire by time. The price of the course is painted on the lamps of the carriage, and generally inside too. In justice to the British Cab it must be owned that the pace of the Parisian vehicle is much slower; because the horses are much less powerful, or rather much more helpless.

A specimen of Parisian Justice in a cab-case, wherein I was myself the complainant, when I was residing in Paris two or three years ago, may be amusing.

Coming out of the theatre one night, with two ladies, I found it raining heavily. The weather had been beautiful, and we had intended to walk home, but this sudden change obliged me to seek a Hackney coach. I found one in the *Place* of the Palais Royal, and was so glad to get it—for it was the only coach there—that I did not observe, when I called the driver, that he had no hat on, but was sitting on his box, in the rain, bare-headed. I remarked this singularity as I was handing the ladies in, and asked him where his hat was? "Oh!" he said very coolly, "it's inside." "And why don't you put it on then?" "Well! I may as well put it on, to be sure," says he; "will you please to hand it up? A thousand thanks!" It is so unusual in Paris to see a man of this kind drunk, that I never suspected him of being anything but eccentric, until we came to a neighbouring street where there were a number of carriages waiting at a party, among which we began to make such havoc by bumping wildly about, that I soon understood what was the matter with my friend, and awoke him, with some difficulty, from a sound sleep. I then got the ladies out, and said to him in what I considered a highly impressive manner, tempered with a gentle amiability, "Now, my friend, you are drunk, and I am not going to pay you anything. You had better go home and keep out of trouble!" Not in the least affected by this softening address, he immediately cast his arms and legs into the air all at once, as nobody but a Frenchman could, clutched roughly at my throat, and tore my coat; whereupon I hit him, according to the custom of my country, and he tumbled into a confectioner's doorway. Other coachmen came up, and the confectioner came out. "Monsieur is a foreigner," said he, on hearing the merits of the case; "it is late, and these men make common cause. My advice is, pay him for the course, and make complaint to Monsieur le Prefect. He will do justice." With a very bad grace I paid for the course, and went home breathing vengeance. I relieved my mind by writing to Monsieur le Prefect before I went to bed—waited three weeks for an answer—got none—every day for three weeks anathematised France. Early one morning at the expiration of that time, appeared the coachman, with a beard, and in an old blouse, looking very miserable. He had been in prison ever since, and was now sent to repay the money I had paid him, and get a receipt for it. He also brought an official paper stating that he was deprived of his number, and that unless I chose to accept his apology and sign that recommendation for its being restored to him (which I was not asked to do), he was thenceforth incapable of driving any public carriage. I considered it right to take the money, but of course I signed the paper, and gave him some breakfast. He told my servant that he had been summoned to the Prefect's Office. That they had said to him, "Now, two hundred and so-and-so, this letter of complaint has been received against

you. Attend while it is read. If you deny the charge, and oblige us to demand the writer's presence, you will take the greater consequences if it is proved. If you admit the charge at once, and save that trouble, you will take the lesser consequences." "Well! It was all true!" said the cabman with a shrug, "so I took the three weeks, and here I am!"

In Hamburgh the cab-masters have a thorough check upon their servants. When the driver sets down, he is bound to give his fare a ticket, by way of discount; for on presenting this card at the stable it will be exchanged for a penny. Of course no passenger takes that trouble; so that these checks become a small paper currency. They are always worth a penny, and you pass them as such. By-and-by, waiters, small dealers, &c., get accumulations of them, and present them for payment. The master counts them, and knows then, whether his men have given, during a certain time, correct accounts of their stewardships.

The handsomest and best-regulated public vehicles are those of Vienna. Hackney coaches, indeed, as the word is understood with us, they are not; for the light, trim, elegant little carriages that dash along the streets as fast as a Hansom, are no more like the crazy conveniences we used to call by that name, than a washerwoman's horse is like a hunter.

In Vienna they have retained the old French name for them—Fiacres; and the capital of the Kaisers would be altogether at a nonplus without them. They are—like the gondolas of Venice, the mules of Spain, the hacks of Oxford, the camels of the Desert, or the "noddies" of Glasgow—"the recognised means of moving about." They are little, low carriages, like our broughams, very neatly made, and cleanly fitted. It is customary, indeed, to turn the interiors into a sort of sitting-room; some, being fitted with a small slab or table on which a book or pamphlet may be laid, a nice little case for matches to light the eternal cigar of Germany, a looking-glass, and a brush and comb! They have generally two small fast horses, called *juckers:* a species of cattle something similar to our half-bred Galloway. The pace they maintain is really surprising. These dapper equipages —light almost as baby-carts—rattle along the narrow, slippery streets—on the pavement—off the pavement—round corners—down short, steep, break-neck hills—from morning to night; yet few are the accidents or offences ever attributed to a fiacre. The Viennese are so attached to this mode of conveyance, that nearly everyone who can afford it, keeps a fiacre in his service: from the magnificent Hungarian prince with his one hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year, to the suburban beau. Private carriages are generally used only on state occasions, on account of the far greater convenience of the fiacre. Indeed, Prime Minister Prince Schwartzenberg has no other carriage whatever, and drives about, on visits of ceremony or otherwise, in one of them.

A great Roman philosopher considers it a reproach to any one to walk, who can ride in a carriage, inasmuch as it is a great waste of time; and the Italians have a saying to this day, that no creatures voluntarily move about in the hot summer sunlight, except mad dogs and Englishmen. The time a Viennese fiacre is capable of saving, is really prodigious. A man may eat drink, sleep, in one, and yet go about his business. If he feel disposed for a walk, his fiacre will follow him like a dog—not ostentatiously, but at just a right distance: the driver keeping a respectfully sharp eye upon the first movement of an eye or a finger that may symbol your intentions. When you express it, up he dashes, and never pulls up without a joke or a pleasant laugh.

The usual price paid for a fiacre, varies from rather a high tariff to as much as can be got out of the customer; and truth obliges the confession that the drivers are a most unconscionable set of dogs. They may be had, however, for a florin (two shillings) an hour, or from ten to sixteen shillings a day. If hired for the month, the total cost of a fiacre, including the driver, keep of horses, and everything else, varies from ten to twelve or even fifteen pounds, for a very grand turn-out indeed.

As a curious instance of Austrian exclusiveness, it may be remarked that no fiacre having a number on it, is allowed to enter the court-yards of the great houses; and to evade this difficulty—which would be tantamount to excluding the conveyances of nine guests out of ten—anyone who goes to the police, and declares that he has engaged a certain fiacre by the month, and that man and horses are at his private service, may have the number removed. The right of entrance will then be allowed. Under these circumstances, the drivers will, if required, mount a livery.

The severity of the climate, and state of the streets in winter, render the services of a fiacre almost a necessity. Winter is, therefore, their harvest season; but, they are by no means without employment in summer, when the fierce dry heats and perpetual clouds of dust make any means of transit more agreeable than the legs. An unlucky stranger, who may be going to present his letters of introduction, or proceeding on any other delicate mission, finds himself at this season half-blinded—every pore of his skin filled with a fine dust; boots, waistcoat, trousers, face, whiskers, hair, all the same colour, and that colour whitey-brown; and he is glad enough to call a fiacre to the rescue. Another purpose which they serve, in summer, is to take young cavaliers to the Prater—the Hyde Park of the Austrian capital—where their own horses and grooms are waiting for them:

as, from the slippery footing for horses on the paved streets of the inner town, and their extreme narrowness, it is almost impossible to ride safely on horseback through them. The horses are, therefore, led to the Prater, and riders in prospect go on wheels.

The drivers, who are also, like their carriages, called *Fiacres*, are a class far superior to our London cabmen. They are mostly fellows of infinite wit. Their good things are not always too coarse to be current among country cousins. It is customary for them to use divers cunning solicitations to tempt the wavering into a ride; and never was there one of the cloth who addressed a fare otherwise than as "Your Grace." Their usual costume, in winter, is a rough great-coat lined with sheepskin, or adorned with an enormous fur collar, in shape something like the collar of a horse. Thus equipped, with a pair of surprising moustaches, and perhaps a beard, they look very remarkable men indeed, and in England would be easily taken by the uneducated mind for Grand Muftis. In summer, their costume is that of an amateur omnibus-man,—adding the moustache. Their whips are a curiosity, being a stiffish stick, with a solid thong of leather, knotted all the way down. When rendered hard by half-frozen grease, these are dreadful punishers.

The fiacres—that is, the drivers—are, generally, remarkable for honesty. Leave what you may, behind you—even a purse—nine chances to one but you find it. In any sort of secret, it is seldom that a fiacre has betrayed his fare; and, though apt enough to wrangle, if not rather overpaid, he is on other occasions civil and zealous. Their life is a hard one, for a bare subsistence. They are out, in all weathers—in the frost and snow, in the keen air of winter nights; in the sultry heats and rains of summer. They stand before the door of their employers, from eight o'clock in the morning until twelve at night, or follow him wherever he goes, always ready, willing, and cheerful. How either they or their horses feed, or how their little carriages look so clean and trim, it is difficult to make out.

The pains-taking Köhl, in his "Russia," gives a lively account (which we will abridge) of the "Isvoshtshiks,"—or hackney coachmen of St. Petersburg:—

"The most resolute pedestrian soon grows tired of using his own feet in St. Petersburg, and in utter despair, roars out his 'Davai! Isvoshtshik!' to the first droshky stand. He will seldom have occasion to 'sing out' his *davai* a second time. Nay, a man need not even look at the serviceable equipages, for if he only stand still for a moment, and seem to deliberate in his own mind upon the expediency of summoning a charioteer to his assistance, the hint is quite sufficient, and half-a-dozen sledges will immediately come darting up to the spot where he stands. The oat-bags are quickly thrown aside, the harness drawn tight, and each of the rival candidates for favour places himself upon his box, satisfied apparently that he, and he alone, will bear away the prize. 'Where to, Sir?' 'To the Admiralty.'—'I'll go for two rubles.'—'I for one and a half,' cries another, and so they go on underbidding each other, till they come down, perhaps, to half a ruble. You take the cheapest, probably; but take care the cheapest be not also the worst, or you must prepare for a volley of jokes and banterings from the disappointed applicants. 'Ah, do but look, little father, how stingy you are!'—'To save a few copeks you put up with that ragged rascal for your coachman.'—'He and his three-legged animal will stick fast before you get half way.'—'The grey-bearded vagabond will be sure to upset you; he's so drunk he can't stand.'—'He'll take you to the shambles, and swear it's the Admiralty.'—No one enjoys all this abuse, meanwhile, more than the object of it, who laughs in his sleeve, and grumbles out his 'Nitshevoss! never fear, Sir; we shall get on well enough.'

"These men are, for the most part, Russians from all the different governments of the empire; but among them there are also Finlanders, Esthonians, Lettes, Poles, and Germans. They arrive at St. Petersburg generally as little boys of ten or twelve years old, hire themselves as drivers to some owner of hackney-carriages, whom they continue to serve till they have saved enough to buy a horse and vehicle, when they set up in business on their own account. Their trade, as all trades are in Russia, is uncontrolled by corporation laws; and should fodder grow dear, or business slack, the Isvoshtshik packs up the few worldly goods he possesses, drives away to the south, and reappears in the streets of Novgorod or Moscow; thus, in pursuit of fortune, they emerge now in one town, and now in another, till chance enable them to form a profitable and permanent establishment in some one place. In the provincial towns, where fodder is to be had for little or nothing, they usually drive with *two* horses, but in St. Petersburg, where everything, in comparison, is enormously dear, the public must content themselves with *one*.

"In winter the Isvoshtshik uses the favourite national vehicle of a sledge, with which he continues to grind the pavement as long as the least trace of snow is to be felt under the spring mud. A covered carriage he never uses. The cloaks and furs of the passengers must do the same service in Russia that the roof of the coach does with us; and when well wrapped up in a series of protecting folds, the warm nucleus of life that occupies the centre, patiently suffers the pelting of snow, rain, and mud till the end of his journey, where the dirty rind is peeled off, and the said kernel steps forth clean and unspotted from his muddy covering.

"The Isvoshtshiks of St. Petersburg appear

to be a race of Hamaxobites,* leading a sort of nomadic life among the palaces of the capital. They encamp by day in the streets, and so do many of them during the night, their sledge serving them at once as house and bed. Like the Bedouin Arabs, they carry the oat-bag constantly with them, and fasten it, during their intervals of leisure, to the noses of their steeds. In every street arrangements have been made for the convenience of the Isvoshtshiks. Everywhere and there mangers are erected for their use; to water their horses, there are in all parts of the town convenient descents to the canals or to the river; and hay is sold at a number of shops in small bundles, just sufficient for one or two horses. To still the thirst and hunger of the charioteers themselves, there are peripatetic dealers in quass, tea, and bread, who are constantly wandering about the streets for the charitable purpose of feeding the hungry. The animals are as hardy as their masters.

"As there are no fixed fares, you must each time bargain with your driver when you hire him; but the fellows are, in general, moderate enough, and will take you a tolerably long way for a few pence. Their demands, indeed, are apt to rise in proportion as the weather becomes less inviting to pedestrianism, or as the calendar announces the recurrence of a public holiday. There are days when they will not bate a copek of their demands; and in the busy part of the day they will not take less than two roubles for a course, which in the morning or the evening they are ready to go for half a one. On ordinary occasions they are reasonable and obliging enough, and will often carry you for nothing from one side to the other of a muddy street.

"You may know what countryman your Isvoshtshik is, by the way in which he treats his horses. The Russian coachman seems to trust more to the persuasiveness of his own eloquence than to anything else. He seldom uses his whip, and generally only knocks with it upon the foot-board of his sledge, by way of a gentle admonition to his steed, with whom, meanwhile, he keeps up a running colloquy, seldom giving him harder words than: 'my brother,' 'my friend,' 'my little father,' 'my sweetheart,' 'my little white pigeon,' &c. 'Come, my pretty pigeon make use of thy legs,' he will say. 'What now? art blind? come, be brisk! Take care of that stone there. Dost not see it? There, that's right. Bravo! hop, hop, hop! steady, boy, steady! Now, what art turning thy head aside for? Look out boldly before thee! Huzza! Yukh, yukh!'

"One very important thing to know is, that our Isvoshtshik, for the period of the drive, has become our serf, and that if we are people to abuse our power, we may assume the lord and master with impunity. If we speak to him, he will never think of replying to us otherwise than bareheaded. Our scolding he receives with a cheerful and submissive smile, our commands with prompt obedience. If he is to drive faster, the intimation is conveyed to him in the way intimations are usually conveyed to slaves, namely, through the medium of his back, on which the hand of his temporary master writes down the order in a legible character. A Russian is born with a bridle round his neck, and every man whose hand is firm enough may seize the reins.

"Though you speak no Russian, you will seldom find it difficult to make yourself understood to your Isvoshtshik, who is in general quite a cosmopolite and a man of the world, compared to those of his calling in other countries. He has to deal with nearly all the nations of Asia in his time, and individuals from every country in Europe have held converse with him. He has a smattering of every language.

"The constant plague of the Isvoshtshik is the pedestrian, who in Russia is invested with immense privileges. In other countries a man thinks himself bound to take care that he is not run over; but in Russia, he who walks afoot troubles himself but little about the matter, and thinks the coachman alone is bound to be careful. If the horse or carriage merely touch a foot passenger, without even throwing him down, the driver is liable to be flogged and fined; should the pedestrian be thrown down, a flogging, Siberia, and the confiscation of the whole equipage, are the mild penalties imposed by the law. 'Have a care,' cries the Isvoshtshik. 'Have a care thyself, and remember Siberia,' is the probable reply of the leisurely wayfarer. The moment the cry is raised that a man has been run over, a brace of butshniks rush out from their watchboxes, and the carriage, whomever it may belong to, is carried away as a police prize. The poor coachman is immediately bound, and the flattering prospect of an emigration to Siberia is immediately held forth to him, whether the accident have arisen from his own fault or not. Cases of great severity sometimes occur; but it is difficult to point out any other way of checking the wild way of driving in which the nobles frequently indulge. As it is, they are always urging their poor fellows to go faster, and the consequence is, that, wide as the streets are, and severe as the law is, accidents are constantly occurring, and every now and then you hear that this prince's fine four-in-hand is in the clutches of the police, or that that count's coachman is undergoing an inquiry."

Now, without declaring that the French wheeled system is perfect, or that the Austrian wheeled system is perfect, or that the Russian wheeled system is perfect, or that any of these wheeled systems is near perfection, we may very confidently assert that our own is decidedly imperfect and very defective. If we would put a little more common-sense on

* Dwellers in waggons.

wheels, and set it going about the town for the general convenience, it might be a very ignoble use of common sense, but it would be a very comfortable one.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP AMONG THE ICE.

Yonder is the coast of Norway; we shall soon be at Spitzbergen. The "Phantom" is fitted out for Arctic exploration, with instructions to find her way, by the north-west, to Behring Straits, and take the South Pole on her passage home. Just now, we steer due north, and yonder is the coast of Norway. From that coast parted Hugh Willoughby, three hundred years ago; the first of our countrymen who wrought an ice-bound highway to Cathay. Two years afterwards his ships were found, in the haven of Arzina, in Lapland, by some Russian fishermen; near and about them Willoughby and his companions—seventy dead men. The ships were freighted with their frozen crews, and sailed for England; but, "being unstaunch, as it is supposed, by their two years' wintering in Lapland, sunk, by the way, with their dead, and them also that brought them."

Ice floats about us now, and here is a whale blowing; a whale, too, very near Spitzbergen. When first Spitzbergen was discovered, in the good old times, there were whales here in abundance; then a hundred Dutch ships, in a crowd, might go to work, and boats might jostle with each other, and the only thing deficient would be stowage room for all the produce of the fishery. Now one ship may have the whole field to itself, and travel home with an imperfect cargo. It was fine fun in the good old times; there was no need to cruize. Coppers and boilers were fitted on the island, and little colonies about them, in the fishing season, had nothing to do but tow the whales in, with a boat, as fast as they were wanted by the copper. No wonder that so enviable a Tom Tiddler's ground was claimed by all who had a love for gold and silver. The English called it theirs, for they first fished; the Dutch said, nay, but the Island was of their discovery; Danes, Hamburghers, Biscayans, Spaniards, and French put in their claims; and at length, it was agreed to make partitions. The numerous bays and harbours which indent the coast were divided among the rival nations; and, to this day, many of them bear, accordingly, such names as English Bay, Danes Bay, and so forth. One bay there is, with graves in it, named Sorrow. For it seemed to the fishers most desirable, if possible, to plant upon this island permanent establishments, and condemned convicts were offered, by the Russians, life and pardon, if they would winter in Spitzbergen. They agreed; but, when they saw the icy mountains and the stormy sea, repented, and went back, to meet a death exempt from torture. The Dutch tempted free men, by high rewards, to try the dangerous experiment. One of their victims left a journal, which describes his suffering and that of his companions. Their mouths, he says, became so sore that, if they had food, they could not eat; their limbs were swollen and disabled with excruciating pain; they died of scurvy. Those who died first were coffined by their dying friends; a row of coffins was found, in the spring, each with a man in it; two men uncoffined, side by side, were dead upon the floor. The journal told, how once the traces of a bear excited their hope of fresh meat and amended health; how, with a lantern, two or three had limped upon the track, until the light became extinguished, and they came back in despair to die. We might speak, also, of eight English sailors, left, by accident, upon Spitzbergen, who lived to return and tell their winter's tale; but a long journey is before us, and we must not linger on the way. As for our whalers it need scarcely be related that the multitude of whales diminished as the slaughtering went on, until it was no longer possible to keep the coppers full. The whales had to be searched for by the vessels, and thereafter it was not worth while to take the blubber to Spitzbergen to be boiled; and the different nations, having carried home their coppers, left the apparatus of those fishing stations to decay.

Take heed. There is a noise like thunder, and a mountain snaps in two. The upper half comes, crashing, grinding, down into the sea, and loosened streams of water follow it. The sea is displaced before the mighty heap; it boils and scatters up a cloud of spray; it rushes back, and violently beats upon the shore. The mountain rises from its bath, sways to and fro, while water pours along its mighty sides; now it is tolerably quiet, letting crackers off as air escapes out of its cavities. That is an iceberg, and in that way are all icebergs formed. Mountains of ice formed by rain and snow—grand Arctic glaciers, undermined by the sea or by accumulation over-balanced—topple down upon the slightest provocation (moved by a shout, perhaps) and where they float, as this black looking fellow does, they need deep water. This berg in height is about ninety feet, and a due balance requires that a mass nine times as large as the part visible should be submerged. Icebergs are seen about us now which rise two hundred feet above the water's level.

There are above head plenty of aquatic birds; ashore, or on the ice, are bears, foxes, reindeer; and in the sea there are innumerable animals. We shall not see so much life near the North Pole, that is certain. It would be worth while to go ashore upon an islet there, near Vogel Sang, to pay a visit to the eider-ducks. Their nests are so abundant that one cannot avoid treading on them. When the duck is driven by a hungry fox to leave her eggs, she covers them with down,

in order that they may not cool during her absence, and, moreover, glues the down into a case with a secretion supplied to her by Nature for that purpose. The deserted eggs are safe, for that secretion has an odour very disagreeable to the intruder's nose.

We still sail northward, among sheets of ice, whose boundaries are not beyond our vision from the mast-head—these are "floes;" between them we find easy way, it is fair "sailing ice." In the clear sky to the north a streak of lucid white light is the reflection from an icy surface; that is "ice-blink," in the language of these seas. The glare from snow is yellow, while open water gives a dark reflection.

Northward still; but now we are in fog the ice is troublesome; a gale is rising. Now, if our ship had timbers they would crack, and if she had a bell it would be tolling; if we were shouting to each other we should not hear, the sea is in a fury. With wild force its breakers dash against a heaped-up wall of broken ice, that grinds and strains and battles fiercely with the water. This is "the pack," the edge of a great ice-field broken by the swell. It is a perilous and an exciting thing to push through pack ice in a gale.

Now there is ice as far as eye can see, that is "an ice-field." Masses are forced up like colossal tombstones on all sides; our sailors call them "hummocks;" here and there the broken ice displays large "holes of water." Shall we go on? Upon this field, in 1827, Parry adventured with his men, to reach the North Pole, if that should be possible. With sledges and portable boats they laboured on, through snow; and over hummocks, launching their boats over the larger holes of water. With stout hearts, undaunted by toil or danger, they went boldly on, though by degrees it became clear to the leaders of the expedition, that they were almost like mice upon a tread-mill cage, making a great expenditure of leg for little gain. The ice was floating to the south with them, as they were walking to the north; still they went on. Sleeping by day to avoid the glare, and to get greater warmth during the time of rest, and travelling by night,—watch-makers' days and nights, for it was all one polar day,—the men soon were unable to distinguish noon from midnight. The great event of one day on this dreary waste, was the discovery of two flies upon an ice hummock; these, says Parry, became at once a topic of ridiculous importance. Presently, after twenty-three miles walking, they only had gone one mile forward, the ice having industriously floated twenty-two miles in the opposite direction; and then, after walking forward eleven miles, they found themselves to be three miles behind the place from which they started. The party accordingly returned, not having reached the Pole, not having reached the eighty-third parallel, for the attainment of which, there was a reward of a thousand pounds held out by government. They reached the parallel of eighty-two degrees, forty-five minutes, which was, and still is, the most northerly point trodden by the foot of man. From that point they returned. In those high latitudes they met with a phenomenon, common in alpine regions, as well as at the Pole, red snow. The red colour being caused by the abundance of a minute plant, of low development, the last dweller on the borders of the vegetable kingdom. More interesting to the sailors was a fat she bear which they killed and devoured with a zeal to be repented of; for on reaching navigable sea, and pushing in their boats to Table Island, where some stones were left, they found that the bears had eaten all their bread, whereon the men agreed that "Bruin was now square with them." An Islet next to Table Island—they are both mere rocks—is the most northern land discovered. Therefore, Parry applied to it the name of lieutenant—now Sir James—Ross. This compliment Sir James Ross has acknowledged in the most emphatic manner, by discovering on his part, at the other pole, the most southern land yet seen, and giving to it the name of Parry: "Parry Mountains."

It very probably would not be difficult under such circumstances as Sir W. Parry has since recommended, to reach the North Pole along this route. Then (especially if it be true, as many believe, that there is a region of open sea about the Pole itself) we might find it as easy to reach Behring Straits, by travelling in a straight line over the North Pole, as by threading the straits and bays north of America.

We turn our course until we have in sight a portion of the ice-barred eastern coast of Greenland, Shannon Island. Somewhere about this spot in the seventy-fifth parallel is the most northern part of that coast known to us. Colonel—then Captain—Sabine in the "Griper," was landed there to make magnetic, and other observations; for the same purpose he had previously visited Sierra Leone. That is where we differ from our forefathers. They commissioned hardy seamen to encounter peril for the search of gold ore, or for a near road to Cathay; but our peril is encountered for the gain of knowledge, for the highest kind of service that can now be rendered to the human race.

Before we leave the northern sea, we must not omit to mention the voyage by Spitzbergen northward, in 1818, of Captain Buchan in the "Dorothea," accompanied by Lieutenant Franklin, in the "Trent." It was Sir John Franklin's first voyage to the Arctic regions. This trip forms the subject of a delightful book by Captain Beechey.

On our way to the south point of Greenland we pass near Cape North, a point of Iceland. Iceland, we know, is the centre of a volcanic region, whereof Norway and Green-

land are at opposite points of the circumference. In connection with this district there is a remarkable fact; that by the agency of subterranean forces, a large portion of Norway and Sweden is being slowly upheaved. While Greenland, on the west coast, as gradually sinks into the sea, Norway rises at the rate of about four feet in a century. In Greenland, the sinking is so well known that the natives never build close to the water's edge, and the Moravian missionaries more than once have had to move farther inland the poles on which their boats are rested.

Our Phantom Ship stands fairly now along the western coast of Greenland into Davis Straits. We observe that upon this western coast there is, by a great deal, less ice than on the eastern. That is a rule generally. Not only the configuration of the straits and bays, but also the earth's rotation from west to east, causes the currents here to set towards the west, and wash the western coasts, while they act very little on the eastern. We steer across Davis Strait, among "an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yce;" there, near the entrance, we find Hudson Strait, which does not now concern us. Islands probably separate this well-known channel from Frobisher Strait to the north of it, yet unexplored. Here let us recal to mind the fleet of fifteen sail, under Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1578, tossing about and parting company among the ice. Let us remember how the crew of the "Anne Frances," in that expedition, built a pinnace when their vessel struck upon a rock, although they wanted main timber and nails. How they made a mimic forge, and "for the easier making of nails, were forced to break their tongs, gridiron, and fire-shovel, in pieces." How Master Captain Best, in this frail bark, with its imperfect timbers held together by the metamorphosed gridiron and fire-shovel, continued in his duty, and did "depart up the straights as before was pretended." How a terrific storm arose, and the fleet parted, and the intrepid captain was towed "in his small pinnesse, at the stern of the 'Michael,' thorow the raging seas; for the bark was not able to receive, or relieve half his company." The "tongs, gridyron and fire-shovell," performed their work only for as many minutes as were absolutely necessary, for "the pinnesse came no sooner aboord the ship, and the men entred, but she presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sunke at the ship's stern with all the poor men's furniture."

Now, too, as we sail up the strait, explored a few years after these events by Master John Davis, how proudly we remember him as a right worthy forerunner of those countrymen of his and ours who since have sailed over his track. Nor ought we to pass on without calling to mind the melancholy fate, in 1606, of Master John Knight, driven, in the "Hopewell," among huge masses of ice with a tremendous surf, his rudder knocked away, his ship half full of water, at the entrance to these straits. Hoping to find a harbour, he set forth to explore a large island, and landed, leaving two men to watch the boat, while he, with three men and the mate, set forth and disappeared over a hill. For thirteen hours the watchers kept their post; one had his trumpet with him, for he was a trumpeter, the other had a gun. They trumpeted often and loudly, they fired, but no answer came. They watched ashore all night for the return of their captain and his party, "but they came not at all."

The season is advanced. As we sail on, the sea steams like a lime-kiln, "frost-smoke" covers it. The water, cooled less rapidly, is warmer now than the surrounding air, and yields this vapour in consequence. By the time our vessel has reached Baffin's Bay, still coasting along Greenland, in addition to old floes and bergs, the water is beset with "pancake ice." That is the young ice when it first begins to cake upon the surface. Innocent enough it seems, but it is sadly clogging to the ships. It sticks about their sides like treacle on a fly's wing; collecting unequally, it destroys all equilibrium, and impedes the efforts of the steersman. Rocks split on the Greenland coast with loud explosions, and more icebergs fall. Icebergs we soon shall take our leave of; they are only found where there is a coast on which glaciers can form; they are good for nothing but to yield fresh water to the vessels; it will be all field, pack, and salt-water ice presently.

Now we are in Baffin's Bay, explored in the voyages of Bylot and Baffin, 1615-16. When, in 1817, a great movement in the Greenland ice caused many to believe that the northern passages would be found comparatively clear; and when, in consequence of this impression, Sir John Barrow succeeded in setting a-foot that course of modern Arctic exploration, which has been continued to the present day, Sir John Ross was the first man sent to find the north-west passage. Buchan and Parry were commissioned at the same time to attempt the North Sea route. Sir John Ross did little more on that occasion than effect a survey of Baffin's Bay, and prove the accuracy of the ancient pilot. In the extreme north of the bay there is an inlet or a channel, called by Baffin, Smith's Sound; this Sir John saw, but did not enter. It never yet has been explored. It may be an inlet only; but it is also very possible that by this channel ships might get into the polar sea and sail by the north shore of Greenland to Spitzbergen. Turning that corner, and descending along the western coast of Baffin's Bay, there is another inlet called Jones' Sound by Baffin, also unexplored. These two inlets, with their very British titles, Smith and Jones, are of exceeding interest. Jones' Sound may lead by a back way to Melville Island. South of Jones' Sound there is a wide break in the shore, a great sound, named

by Baffin, Lancaster's, which Sir John Ross, in that first expedition, failed also to explore. Like our transatlantic friends at the South Pole, he laid down a range of clouds as mountains, and considered the way impervious; so he came home. Parry went out next year, as a lieutenant, in command of his first and most successful expedition. He sailed up Lancaster Sound, which was in that year (1819), unusually clear of ice; and he is the discoverer whose track we now follow in our Phantom Ship. The whole ground being new, he had to name the points of country right and left of him. The way was broad and open, due west, a most prosperous beginning for a north-west passage. If this continued, he would soon reach Behring Strait. A broad channel to the right, directed, that is to say, southward, he entered on the Prince of Wales's birthday, and so called it the "Prince Regent's Inlet." After exploring this for some miles, he turned back to resume his western course, for still there was a broad strait leading westward. This second part of Lancaster Sound, he called after the Secretary of the Admiralty who had so indefatigably laboured to promote the expeditions, Barrow's Strait. Then he came to a channel, turning to the right or northward, and he named that Wellington Channel. Then he had on his right hand ice, islands large and small, and intervening channels; on the left, ice, and a cape visible, Cape Walker. At an island, named after the First Lord of the Admiralty Melville Island, the great frozen wilderness barred farther progress. There he wintered. On the coast of Melville Island they had passed the latitude of one hundred and ten degrees, and the men had become entitled to a royal bounty of five thousand pounds. This group of islands Parry called North Georgian, but they are usually called by his own name, Parry Islands. This was the first European winter party in the Arctic circle. Its details are familiar enough. How the men cut in three days through ice seven inches thick, a canal two miles and a half long, and so brought the ships into safe harbour. How the genius of Parry equalled the occasion; how there was established a theatre and a "North Georgian Gazette," to cheer the tediousness of a night which continued for two thousand hours. The dreary dazzling waste in which there was that little patch of life, the stars, the fog, the moonlight, the glittering wonder of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders believe, souls of the wicked dance tormented, are familiar to us. The she-bear stays at home; but the he-bear hungers, and looks in vain for a stray seal or walrus—woe to the unarmed man who meets him in his hungry mood! Wolves are abroad, and pretty white arctic foxes. The reindeer have sought other pasture-ground. The thermometer runs down to more than sixty degrees below freezing, a temperature tolerable in calm weather, but distressing in a wind. The eye-piece of the telescope must be protected now with leather, for the skin is destroyed that comes in contact with cold metal. The voice at a mile's distance can be heard distinctly. Happy the day when first the sun is seen to graze the edge of the horizon; but summer must come, and the heat of a constant day must accumulate, and summer wane, before the ice is melted. Then the ice cracks, like cannons over-charged, and moves with a loud grinding noise. But not yet is escape to be made with safety. After a detention of ten months, Parry got free; but, in escaping, narrowly missed the destruction of both ships, by their being "nipped" between the mighty mass and the unyielding shore. What animals are found on Melville Island, we may judge from the results of sport during ten months detention. The island exceeds five thousand miles square, and yielded to the gun, three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight hares, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, and one hundred and forty-four ptarmigans, weighing together three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six pounds—not quite two ounces of meat per day to every man. Lichens, stunted grass, saxifrage, and a feeble willow, are the plants of Melville Island, but in sheltered nooks there are found sorrel, poppy, and a yellow butter-cup. Halos and double suns are very common consequences of refraction in this quarter of the world. Franklin returned from his first and most famous voyage with his men all safe and sound, except the loss of a few fingers, frost-bitten. We sail back only as far as Regent's Inlet, being bound for Behring Strait. The reputation of Sir John Ross being clouded by the discontent expressed against his first expedition, Mr. Felix Booth, a rich distiller, provided seventeen thousand pounds to enable his friend to redeem his credit. Sir John accordingly, in 1829, went out in the "Victory," provided with steam-machinery that did not answer well. He was accompanied by Sir James Ross, his nephew. He it was who, on this occasion, first surveyed Regent's Inlet, down which we are now sailing with our Phantom Ship. The coast on our right hand, westward, which Parry saw, is called North Somerset, but farther south, where the inlet widens, the land is named Boothia Felix. Five years before this, Parry, in his third voyage, had attempted to pass down Regent's Inlet, where among ice and storm, one of his ships, the "Hecla," had been driven violently ashore, and of necessity, abandoned. The stores had been removed, and Sir John was able now to replenish his own vessel from them. Rounding a point at the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, we find Felix Harbour, where Sir John Ross wintered. His nephew made from this point scientific explorations; discovered a strait, called after him the Strait of James Ross, and on the northern shore of this strait, on the main land of Boothia, planted the

British flag on the Northern Magnetic Pole. The ice broke up, so did the "Victory;" after a hairbreadth escape, the party found a searching vessel, and arrived home after an absence of four years and five months, Sir John Ross having lost his ship, and won his reputation. The friend in need was made a baronet for his munificence; Sir John was reimbursed for all his losses, and the crew liberally taken care of. Sir James Ross had a rod and flag signifying "Magnetic Pole," given to him for a new crest, by the Heralds' College, for which he was no doubt greatly the better.

We have sailed northward to get into Hudson Strait, the high road into Hudson Bay. Along the shore are Exquimaux in boats, extremely active, but these filthy creatures we pass by; the Exquimaux in Hudson Strait are like the negroes of the coast, demoralised by intercourse with European traders. These are not true pictures of the loving children of the north. Our "Phantom" floats on the wide waters of Hudson Bay —the grave of its discoverer. Familiar as the story is of Henry Hudson's fate, for John King's sake how gladly we repeat it. While sailing on the waters he discovered, in 1611, his men mutinied; the mutiny was aided by Henry Green, a prodigal, whom Hudson had generously shielded from ruin. Hudson, the master, and his son, with six sick or disabled members of the crew, were driven from their cabins, forced into a little shallop, and committed helpless to the water and the ice. But there was one stout man, John King, the carpenter, who stepped into the boat, abjuring his companions, and chose rather to die than even passively be partaker in so foul a crime. John King, we who live after, will remember you.

Here on an island, Charlton Island, near our entrance to the bay, in 1631, wintered poor Captain James with his wrecked crew. This is a point outside the Arctic circle, but quite cold enough. Of nights, with a good fire in the house they built, hoar frost covered their beds, and the cook's water in a metal pan before the fire, was warm on one side and froze on the other. Here "it snowed and froze extremely, at which time we, looking from the shore towards the ship, she appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." Here the gunner, who had lost his leg, besought that, "for the little time he had to live, he might drink sack altogether." He died and was buried in the ice far from the vessel, but when afterwards two more were dead of scurvy, and the others, in a miserable state, were working with faint hope about their shattered vessel, the gunner was found to have returned home to the old vessel; his leg had penetrated through a port-hole. They "digged him clear out, and he was as free from noisomness," the record says, "as when we first committed him to the sea. This alteration had the ice, and water, and time, only wrought on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening we buried him by the others." These worthy souls, laid up with the agonies of scurvy, knew that in action was their only hope; they forced their limbs to labour, among ice and water, every day. They set about the building of a boat, but the hard frozen wood had broken all their axes, so they made shift with the pieces. To fell a tree, it was first requisite to light a fire around it, and the carpenter could only labour with his wood over a fire, or else it was like stone under his tools. Before the boat was made they buried the carpenter. The captain exhorted them to put their trust in God; "His will be done. If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England. They all protested to work to the utmost of their strength, and that they would refuse nothing that I should order them to do to the utmost hazard of their lives. I thanked them all." Truly the North Pole has its triumphs. If we took no account of the fields of trade opened by our Arctic explorers, if we thought nothing of the wants of science in comparison with the lives lost in supplying them, is not the loss of life a gain, which proves and tests the fortitude of noble hearts, and teaches us respect for human nature? All the lives that have been lost among these Polar regions, are less in number than the dead upon a battle-field. The battle-field inflicted shame upon our race—is it with shame that our hearts throb in following these Arctic heroes? March 31st, says Captain James, "was very cold, with snow and hail, which pinched our sick men more than any time this year. This evening, being May eve, we returned late from our work to our house, and made a good fire, and chose ladies, and ceremoniously wore their names in our caps, endeavouring to revive ourselves by any means. On the 15th, I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some shortly to eat, for as yet we could see no green thing to comfort us." Those pease saved the party; as they came up the young shoots were boiled and eaten, so their health began to mend, and they recovered from their scurvy. Eventually, after other perils, they succeeded in making their escape.

A strait, called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, leads due north out of Hudson Bay, being parted by Southampton Island from the strait through which we entered. Its name is quaint, for so was its discoverer, Luke Fox, a worthy man, addicted much to euphuism. Fox sailed from London in the same year in which James sailed from Bristol. They were rivals. Meeting in Davis Straits, Fox dined on board his friendly rival's vessel, which was very unfit for the service upon which it went. The sea washed over them and came into the cabin, so says Fox, "sauce would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton."

Luke Fox being ice-bound and in peril, writes, "God thinks upon our imprisonment with a *supersedeas*;" but he was a good and honourable man as well as euphuist. His "Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome," leads into Fox Channel; our "Phantom Ship" is pushing through the welcome passes on the left-hand Repulse Bay. This portion of the Arctic regions, with Fox Channel, is extremely perilous. Here Captain Lyon, in the "Griper," was thrown anchorless upon the mercy of a stormy sea, ice crashing around him. One island in Fox Channel is called Mill Island, from the incessant grinding of great masses of ice collected there. In the northern part of Fox Channel, on the western shore, is Melville Peninsula, where Parry wintered on his second voyage. Here let us go ashore and see a little colony of Esquimaux.

Their huts are built of blocks of snow, and arched, having an ice pane for a window. They construct their arched entrance and their hemispherical roof, on the true principles of architecture. Those wise men, the Egyptians, made their arch by hewing the stones out of shape, the Esquimaux have the true secret. Here they are, with little food in winter and great appetites; devouring a whole walrus when they get it, and taking the chance of hunger for the next eight days —hungry or full, for ever happy in their lot —here are the Esquimaux. They are warmly clothed, each in a double suit of skins sewn neatly together. Some are singing, with good voices, too. Please them, and they straightway dance; activity is good in a cold climate. Play to them on the flute, or if you can sing well, sing, or turn a barrel-organ, they are mute, eager with wonder and delight; their love of music is intense. Give them a pencil, and, like children, they will draw. Teach them and they will learn, oblige them and they will be grateful. "Gentle and loving savages," one of our old worthies called them, and the Portuguese were so much impressed with their teachable and gentle conduct, that a Venetian ambassador writes, "His serene majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labour, and are the best I have ever seen." The Esquimaux, of course, will learn vice, and in the region visited by whale ships, vice enough has certainly been taught him. Here are the dogs, who will eat old coats, or anything; and, near the dwellings, here is a snow-bunting,—robin redbreast of the Arctic lands. A party of our sailors once, on landing, took some sticks from a large heap, and uncovered the nest of a snow-bunting with young, the bird flew to a little distance, but seeing that the men sat down and harmed her not, continued to seek food and supply her little ones, with full faith in the good intentions of the party. Captain Lyon found a child's grave partly uncovered, and a snow-bunting had built its nest upon the infant's bosom.

Sailing round Melville Peninsula, we come into the Gulf of Akkolee, through Fury and Hecla Straits, discovered by Parry. So we get back to the bottom of Regent's Inlet, which we quitted a short time ago, and sailing in the neighbourhood of the magnetic pole, we reach the estuary of Back's River, on the north-east coast of America. We pass then through a strait, discovered in 1839, by Dean and Simpson, still coasting along the northern shore of America, on the Great Stinking Lake, as Indians call this ocean. Boats, ice permitting, and our "Phantom Ship," of course, can coast all the way to Behring Strait. The whole coast has been explored by Sir John Franklin, Sir John Richardson, and Sir George Back, who have earned their knighthoods through great peril. As we pass Coronation Gulf—the scene of Franklin, Richardson, and Back's first exploration from the Coppermine River—we revert to the romantic story of their journey back, over a land of snow and frost, subsisting upon lichens, with companions starved to death where they plucked wild leaves for tea, and ate their shoes for supper; the tragedy by the river; the murder of poor Hood, with a book of prayers in his hand; Franklin at Fort Enterprise, with two companions at the point of death, himself gaunt, hollow-eyed, feeding on pounded bones, raked from the dunghill; the arrival of Dr. Richardson and the brave sailor; their awful story of the cannibal Michel;—we revert to these things with a shudder. But we must continue on our route. The current still flows westward, bearing now large quantities of drift-wood, out of the Mackenzie River. At the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, also, we might pause, and talk over the bold achievements of another Arctic hero; but we pass on, by a rugged and inhospitable coast, unfit for vessels of large draught,—pass the broad mouth of the Youcon, pass Point Barrow, Icy Cape, and are in Behring Strait. Had we passed on, we should have found the Russian Arctic coast line, traced out by a series of Russian explorers; of whom the most illustrious—Baron Von Wrangell—states, that beyond a certain distance to the northward, there is always found what he calls the *Polynja* (open water). This is the fact adduced by those who adhere to the old fancy that there is a sea about the pole itself quite free from ice.

We pass through Behring Straits. Behring, a Dane by birth, but in the Russian service, died here in 1741, upon the scene of his discovery. He and his crew, victims of scurvy, were unable to manage their vessel in a storm; and it was at length wrecked on a barren island, there, where "want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair, were their daily guests." Behring, his lieutenant, and the master died.

Now we must put a girdle round the world,

and do it with the speed of Ariel. Here we are already in the heats of the equator. We can do no more than remark, that if air and water are heated at the equator, and frozen at the poles, there will be equilibrium destroyed, and constant currents caused. And so it happens, so we get the prevailing winds, and all the currents of the ocean. Of these, some of the uses, but by no means all, are obvious. We urge our "Phantom" fleetly to the southern pole. Here, over the other hemisphere of the earth, there shines another hemisphere of heaven. The stars are changed; the southern cross, the Magellanic clouds, the "coal-sack" in the milky way, attract our notice. Now we are in the southern latitude that corresponds to England in the north; nay, at a greater distance from the pole, we find Kerguelen's Land, emphatically called "The Isle of Desolation." Icebergs float much further into the warm sea on this side of the equator, before they dissolve. The South Pole is evidently a more thorough refrigerator than the North. Why is this? We shall soon see. We push through pack-ice, and through floes and fields, by lofty bergs, by an island or two covered with penguins, until there lies before us a long range of mountains, nine or ten thousand feet in height, and all clad in eternal snow. That is a portion of the Southern Continent. Lieutenant Wilkes, in the American exploring expedition, first discovered this and mapped out some part of the coast, putting a few clouds in likewise,—a mistake easily made by those who omit to verify every foot of land. Sir James Ross, in his most successful South Pole Expedition, during the years 1839-43, sailed over some of this land, and confirmed the rest. The Antarctic, as well as the Arctic honours he secured for England, by turning a corner of the land, and sailing far southward, along an impenetrable icy barrier, to the latitude of seventy-eight degrees, nine minutes. It is an elevated continent, with many lofty ranges. In the extreme southern point reached by the ships, a magnificent volcano was seen spouting fire and smoke out of the everlasting snow. This volcano, twelve thousand four hundred feet high, was named Mount Erebus; for the "Erebus" and "Terror" now sought anxiously among the bays, and sounds, and creeks of the North Pole, then coasted by the solid ice walls of the south. Only as "Phantoms" can we cross this land and live. These lofty mountain ranges, cold to the marrow, these vast glaciers and elevated plains of ice, no wonder that they cast a chill about their neighbourhood. Our very ghosts are cold, and the volcanoes only make the frost colder by contrast. We descend upon the other side, take ship again, and float up the Atlantic, through the tropics. We have been round the World now, and among the ice, and have not grown much older since we started.

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment, when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony:—"O youth return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!"

But the days of his youth, and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear—these were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labour, were now happy and honoured on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"O youth, return! O give me back my early days!"

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THREE MAY-DAYS IN LONDON.

I. THE MAY-POLE IN CORNHILL. (1517).

There was fear and trouble in London on the eve of May-day, in the ninth year of King Henry the Eighth.

The sun was setting as John Rest, the Mayor, hurried into the Guildhall, where the Aldermen, and the Recorder, and the Sheriffs had been suddenly assembled. He spake to them with a tremulous voice, saying that he had just come from the great Cardinal, at York House, who had told him, of his own sure knowledge, that it was the intention of the young and riotous people to rise and distress the strangers; and that the Cardinal had bid him go home, and wisely foresee that matter.

Then uprose a worshipful man, and said, that the grievances of the citizens were very great, and that the blood of the apprentices might be stirred to avenge their masters. "For," said he, "did I not hear Dr. Bell preach, on Easter Tuesday, and set forth how the aliens and strangers eat the bread from the poor fatherless children, and take the living from all the artificers, and the intercourse from all the merchants?" And then another worshipful man arose, and declared how he had heard John Lincoln, the broker, hold forth to a great crowd at the Porch of St. Mary, Spital, that the English merchants could have no utterance; for the merchant strangers bring in all silks, cloth of gold, wine, iron, and such other merchandise, that no man, almost, buys of an Englishman; and carry outward so much English tin, wool, and lead, that Englishmen that adventure outward can have no living. And then the worshipful assembly, with one or two exceptions, joined in the outcry against the merchant strangers, and especially against those who dealt in foreign nails, locks, baskets, cupboards, stools, tables, chests, and girdles; which, if they were wrought here, Englishmen might have some work and living.

Thus the guardians of the king's peace began to murmur, and clamour as bitterly as Dr. Bell or John Lincoln; and some were for doing nothing, and some were for calling out the watch, if the riot should take place, and the aliens should be slain.

But amidst these heats stood up the Under Sheriff, Master Thomas More; and there was instant silence.

"Good, my masters," said he, "our business is to prevent a riot, not redress a grievance: and, moreover, I think the grievance, such as it be, is not to be redressed, either by noise or staff-striking. If the stranger exchanges his wine and oil for our wool and tin, he gives us what we want in return for what he wants; and God's gifts are not hidden in a corner. If the alien sells baskets, and girdles, and painted cloths, why is it that you can't sell the same work of your own hands? Because your workmanship is less skilful. We must amend ourselves before we blame the stranger for our poverty. My counsel is, that you all go to your own homes; lock up your apprentices till to-morrow's matin-bell; exhort them to peacefulness; and we will bring in the May with our old jollity, and the shaft of St. Andrew shall be set up to the old song of, 'Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flowers.'"

The council was broken up: and in all haste each Alderman sent round his ward, that no man should stir out of his house after nine of the clock, and every one should keep his doors shut, and his servants within till seven of the morning. But the command was a fruitless one. There was in Chepe, as was the wont on May Even, a company of young men playing at bucklers—the good old English game which we now call single-stick. The moon was struggling with light clouds; but the young men went on with their play, for there was a bonfire in the street, and they were heedless or ignorant of the Alderman's command. Paul's clock struck nine, and they were still at play. Then rushed into the midst of them the Worshipful Sir John Mondey, Alderman of Chepe; and he cried with a mighty voice, "Stop!"

But the young men did not stop. And louder called the Alderman; and faster and more furious was the play. And then the Serjeants of the ward rushed in upon the young men to take them to the Counter. Then uprose that cry which the Blue Cloaks had so often raised, to the terror of their masters, and "Clubs! Clubs!" was echoed through Chepe and Cornhill; and in a short space the streets were filled. The buckler-

play ceased; the Alderman had fled. The materials of mischief were at hand. The spark burst into a flame when the cry went forth—"Down with the Lombards!"

It was long after midnight when the riot had ceased. At a house called Greengate, near Leadenhall, dwelt a calender of worsted, a native of Picardy, whose home was a great resort of foreigners; and the furious people rifled his house and destroyed his workshops. In Blanchechapelton, in Aldgate, dwelt stranger cordwainers; the people threw the boots and shoes into the streets, but they could not find the workmen, for they had fled for their lives. In Newgate there were imprisoned some artificers for molesting the strangers; the gaol was broken, and the prisoners released. The demon of mischief was at last satisfied.

The first beam of the May morning was lighting the cross of the great spire of Paul's, and yet a crowd lingered in the grey dawn. They gathered, as they had gathered under happier auspices, before the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft. There, in an open space near where now stands the India House, lay a mighty shaft, from which the church derived its name. It was "the Great Shaft of Cornhill," famous, under that name, in the days of Chaucer—the wondrous May-pole, which, being set up with all revelry of song and morris-dance on May morning, stood higher than the church-steeple. The wearied and excited crowd rushed to their less dangerous work with renewed strength. The shaft was reared, and then went up a shout, which would have awaked the heaviest sleeper in Aldgate—if any were asleep on that morning, when the rites of May were done with such evil observance. There was not only the shout of riot, but the boom of war. The Lieutenant of the Tower discharged his ordnance against the city, and the civic power had been raised, and men in harness came in great force against the rioters, who had dwindled down to some three hundred apprentices. The great shaft of St. Andrew soon looked down upon Cornhill in solitude and silence; the apprentices were hurried to the Tower.

There stood in the shade of the adjoining shambles two men observing this scene. As the watch stopped and questioned them, one of the two gave a countersign, and the watch passed on. The street was at length perfectly tranquil.

"Sebastian," said the man of authority, "I came in a lucky hour to your rescue."

The other replied in English, but with a foreign accent, "Master More, I am grateful. It is hard that I should be molested in my secret chamber, poring over my charts at midnight, and planning how I could carry your nation's ships by the shortest cut to the New World. Yes, Master More, it is hard; you have saved my life, but my papers are destroyed."

"And yet, these people," said the Sheriff, "are to be pitied even in their fury. I could have stopped them, if that dull Alderman had not come in with his watch and ward. I said to them, 'Ye are breaking the laws; some of ye will be hanged, others banished. Silly apprentices, when ye are cast upon a strange land with nothing but your craft to give ye bread, how would ye like the foreigner to maltreat you, as ye would maltreat these aliens?' An Englishman, Master Sebastian Cabot, is fierce as his country's mastiff; the kind voice may subdue him, when the rough hand is lifted in vain. But come; this gear is mended, and I must bestow you in my lodgings."

As the two friends quietly walked from Cornhill to the Temple, they discoursed much, in spite of the late fear and fatigue.

"Sebastian," said More, "methinks it is some twenty years, as you have often told me, since you first saw the American continent from the prow of your father's ship. You saw that continent a year before Columbus."

"In the same year of 1497," replied Cabot, "Vasco di Gama sailed from the Tagus on his first voyage to India."

"Mighty events," said More, "that will change the face of the world. And here—with the wealth of these countries at the command of enterprise and labour—we are fighting in our streets, because a few aliens bear away the poor payments for skill and industry. Master Cabot, I think I see God's hand in these revelations of distant empires, of which the wisest of antiquity never dreamed."

"I am a blunt sailor, Master More," said Cabot, "tossed on the rough Adriatic, a boy before the mast—a Bristol mariner when my father adopted England for his country. I love that country, though its people be sometimes rude and jealous. You have let the Spaniard seize upon the empire of the Pacific. Be it yours to command the shores of the Atlantic. It shall go hard if I do not find you the North-West passage."

"Sebastian," said More, "a man like you is worth a legion of conquerors. The world will be civilised by commerce, and not by arms."

"The trinkets," said Cabot, "that we exchanged twenty years ago with the savages of Prima Vista,* have given them new desires which are the spurs to new industry."

"Will the time ever arrive," interrupted More, "when those regions, now the hunting-grounds of a few starving tribes, shall be peopled by Europeans? You tell me of a country of forests and lakes. Will there be ships on those waters, and towns in those woods? Shall our seamen go fearlessly across the ocean which divides us, and give the handiworks of our looms for the native products of the New Land? That time is a long way off."

"But it will come," replied Cabot, "if

* The name by which the Cabots designated the first spot they saw of the North American continent.

Governments do not retard it. Henry the Seventh bargained with my father that, out of the profits of every voyage, he, the king, should receive a fifth, in merchandise or money. The practice is not likely to grow rusty."

"Well, well, my friend," said More, "we will talk further of these things. But now the sun is up, so a merry May-morning to you. Come in."

Four days after the Shaft of St. Andrew had been set up, there was a fearful tragedy enacted in London. There came into the City the Duke of Norfolk, with fourteen hundred men in harness; and they stood in the streets, and spake opprobrious words to the citizens; and, according to the chronicler, "Proclamations were made that no women should come together to babble and talk, but that all men should keep their wives in their houses,"—so remorseless is military discipline. And the duke kept the "oyer and determiner." The buckler-play on May Even cost the lives of fifteen unhappy wretches, of whom the most were apprentices. What was done with the rest, the old chronicler, Hall, shall relate:—

"Thursday, the twenty-second day of May, the King came into Westminster Hall, for whom, at the upper end, was set a cloth of estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him was the Cardinal, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earls of Shrewsbury, of Essex and Wiltshire, of Surrey, with many lords and others of the King's council. The Mayor and Aldermen, and all the chief of the City, were there, in their best livery (according as the Cardinal had them appointed), by nine of the clock. Then the King commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poor younglings and old false knaves, bounden in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shirts, and every one a halter about his neck, to the number of four hundred men and eleven women. And when all were come before the King's presence, the Cardinal sore laid to the Mayor and Commonalty their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared that they had deserved death for their offence. Then all the prisoners together cried, 'Mercy, gracious lord—mercy!' Then the lords altogether besought his Grace of mercy; at whose request the King pardoned them all. And then the Cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladness of the hearers; and when the general pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether cast up their halters into the hall roof, so that the King might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort."

And so the first of May, in the year 1517, was ever after called Evil May-Day.

The apprentices' tragedy long threw a gloom over the May-games of London. No King and Queen, with lords and ladies, rode a-maying to Greenwich; no company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, bade welcome to the woods; no Robin Hood and his followers escorted the Court to arbours made of boughs, decked with flowers, and furnished with the more substantial attractions of wine and venison; no citizens in every parish had their several Mayings, and fetched in May-poles with pastime all the day long. Honest old Stow almost weeps over this falling off. The punishment of Evil May-day lasted through several generations. The great Shaft of St. Andrew was ignobly laid along under the pentices of Shaft Alley; and there it rotted on iron hooks for two-and-thirty years. Even that inglorious repose was at last denied to it. The Reformation came; and one Sir Stephen, curate of St. Katharine's, preaching from an elm-tree in St. Paul's churchyard, denounced the unhappy Shaft as an idol; and away went his hearers that very Sunday, and "after they had well dined, to make themselves strong," as Stow gravely records, raised the Shaft from the hooks, sawed it in pieces, and divided the logs amongst them.

MY PEARL-FISHING EXPEDITION.

Ceylon has for centuries been famed for the richness and value of its pearls. Its oyster banks are said to have furnished those which the voluptuous Cleopatra quaffed in her wine to the health of Marc Antony. The "Barbaric Pearl" was ever a favourite ornament amongst the Greek and Roman ladies; and it is still as highly prized by the native princes of India. The most costly produce of the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries is carried, by Moorish and Hindoo traders, to the Indian Continent: the least valuable are mostly exported to the countries of Europe.

The reader need hardly be informed that the pearl is a substance found secreted in the flesh of a peculiar species of non-edible oyster, which is met with on the north-west coast of Ceylon, as well as in the Persian Gulf, in the Sooloo Islands, on the coast of Algiers, in the Bay of Panama, and in one or two other places. These oysters are more prettily shaped than the edible oysters of this country. The interior of the shell has a most beautiful mother-o'-pearl appearance. The finest pearls are usually found in the beard of the oyster, whilst the smaller varieties, and those known as *seed pearls*, are met with in the thick part of the flesh. Some have been seen as large as pistol-bullets, and one is on record as having been worth one hundred and ten thousand pounds. The average value, however, of the middling sizes are about three or four pounds; whilst the smaller sizes are to be had for a few shillings.

Since the possession of Ceylon by the British, the Pearl Fishery has proved a source of considerable revenue to the Government;

yielding, occasionally, as much as eighty thousand pounds per annum. The season for fishing is during the month of March; just when the force of the north-east monsoon has passed over, and previous to the first appearance of the south-west winds. The oyster banks are situated off a point of land called Aripo, on the west coast of the island, far to the north of Colombo, and not very distant from "Adam's Bridge;" a ridge of rocks crossing the Samubin Channel, nearly from Ceylon to the most southern point of the Indian Continent. The Banks are numerous and mostly of but a few miles in extent; they are out of sight of land, which is here very low, so that to fish them requires some degree of experience and skill. The exclusive right to this Fishery rests with the Ceylon Government; and this right was, for many years, sold by public auction or by private tenders to native renters. In more recent times the Government fished the Banks on their own account, disposing of the oysters, as brought on shore, by auction.

On the 25th of February, 1836, I arrived in the Bay of Condaletry, the anchorage of Aripo, a passenger on board the Government barque "Wellington," of whose Commander I was the guest. The Inspector of the Pearl Banks was also on board, with his own boat and crew: his lugger was fitted up very comfortably with awnings and cushions, precautions I soon found highly necessary on such service.

Early the next morning I landed with the Inspector at Silawatorre, a small village, distant a few miles from the station at Aripo. This was a most miserable little place, consisting of but a single row of small mud huts standing in hot and dusty solitude with a few lonely parched up palms near them; but far as the eye could reach, inland or coastwise, there was nothing to break the monotony of endless sand-plains, save the distant white walls of the "Doric;" a lofty, stuccoed Government building, near Aripo, which glistened and shone so brilliantly in the rays of the morning sun as to make one's eyes blink again. For miles around lay countless heaps of snowy oyster shells, bleached by the suns of many monsoons. Ridge over ridge, heap upon heap, they seemed to have no end; and one might well have imagined that, in years long past, some conflicting armies of oysters had met to do battle on those sea-washed sands, and left their many hetacombs of slain unburied on those wastes.

There were a few dirty women, and thin-faced children on the beach, whose curiosity had for the moment overcome their sloth. Further on under three palms, stood the *Adapanaar* of Aripo, or headman of the district; a fine grey-bearded old man, attended by his deputy the *Maniagar*, and a few seedy looking followers armed to the teeth with paper umbrellas and painted sticks. The Inspector adjourned with these strange-looking officials to a thatched open bungalow, by a small flag-staff, where they were soon engrossed in details respecting the approaching fishery. The scene was altogether so desolate and uninteresting, and the sun was becoming so powerful, that I was glad to return to the ship by the first opportunity—a native canoe.

The following morning we stood out for the "Banks," near which the anchor was dropped, and for several days, the Inspector and his boat's crew were occupied in placing buoys with little blue and red flags attached, upon the edges of the several beds which were to be poked. The weather was oppressively hot; the sky was without a cloud to break the intensity of the sun's rays; the sea-breeze blew faintly and fitfully, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, which seemed as though it were a sea of some molten metal.

On the 5th of March we returned to our anchorage in Condaletry Bay; but this time closer to the shore. I could not help being amused at the pantomimic change which had, during our absence, come over the dull mud-village and dusty plains on shore. It was as though Harlequin had, with his wand, transformed all those piles of shells I had left on the beach, into living masses of dusky human beings. The Genius of the Wonderful Lamp must have given his vessel an extra rub, and conjured up the inhabitants of some subterranean world to astonish us on our return. The very sands of the plain seemed to be redolent of life. The miserable row of low, dirty huts had either been levelled to the ground, or were hidden from sight by numberless gaily-coloured booths or *Pandals*, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, ornamented with the pale green leaves of the Palmyra and Cocoa Palm, and long strips of white cloth. There were thousands of natives flocking and struggling down to the beach, as though they expected us to bring on shore all the wealth of the Pearl Banks. Our anchorage-ground was opposite the little flag-staff; and, about us as thick as they could be moored lay fully two hundred native boats of various sizes, though of one build, being a sort of rakish-looking barge; so sharp and knowing, both forwards and aft, that one might have imagined them to have been bloated and corpulent London wherries. They were each manned by ten oarsmen, a *Tandal* or steersman, and his deputy, besides a cooley for baling out the water; for most of these craft leak freely. They measure from eight to twelve tons, yet there are very few nails about them; the omnipotent cocoa-nut fibre serving to fasten nearly all Cingalese vessels and boats together.

I could not resist the temptation presented by the motley scene on shore. Accordingly towards the evening, I landed, and mixed amongst the busy, endless throng. It seemed almost incredible that the gay

place I then beheld, could have been the same that not many days since I had left so silent and desolate. There was the flag-staff, however, now enclosed by a broken fence, and guarded by a detachment of Malay riflemen. Further off, towering high above the *Pandals* and bazaars, was the dazzling white walls of the Doric. It was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way through the dense moving mass; the noise, the crowd, the heat, the smell, the motley colours, all served to annoy and perplex, whilst they amused. All these thousands were congregated to share in, or derive some profit from the fishery about to take place. All appeared anxious to learn if the day had been fixed; how many boats would be employed; and for how long. A few of the more respectable traders pressed around me, in the hope of gathering some information on these points; but in vain. Wealthy Hindoo merchants; Moormen and Malabar Chettys from the opposite coasts of India; Parawa traders from the Madura shore; Arabs, Banians, and Parsees, from Bombay and Madras; dealers from the Persian Gulf; Tamils, Jews, Chinese, Portuguese, Dutch, half-castes, Cingalese, Malays; all were there, in their many gaily-coloured and varied costumes, making up what might well have been taken for a masquerade in the open air.

Long rows of bazaars stretched as far as the eye could reach; gaudily decorated, and filled to the roof with wares and merchandise of every conceivable kind, as though the swarms of visitors were expected to dwell there for a twelvemonth at least. Booths full of sweetmeats, strong liquors, and native drinks, tempted the hungry and the thirsty on all sides. In the middle stood a rather humble sized building, with a white flag flying from one corner of its leafy roof, and strings of little lamps and flowers hung across the doorway. The sound of heavy tom-toms, and shrilly-shrieking pipes, resounded from within, and told plainly enough its sacred character. It was a temple hastily erected by the priests of the shrine of Ramisseram—a famed sanctuary on the Indian shore—where, it is said by Bramin legends, Adam rested ere passing over to Ceylon to end his days. Further on was a Buddhist temple, with its yellow and white flowers, cloths and flags, and its yellow-robed, bald-headed, keen-eyed, old priests. These gentry reap a rich harvest during the fishery by ordinary offerings, the sale of charms for the divers, and lucky "*olahs*" for those who intend to bid for oysters. Besides all these sources of income, the priests lay claim to charity, or temple oysters, a small proportion from each boat-load out of the divers' shares, and which most of the natives are weak and ignorant enough to concede them.

At one of the large ornamented arrack-booths, a crowd of boatmen and divers was assembled, listening to the lusty harangue from a tall ungainly figure, I could scarcely distinguish amidst so many in the throng. I found out that he was a Shark-Charmer, and reaped no little gain from his vocation. The divers, I learnt, were so persuaded of his mystic powers over the monsters of the deep, that no bribes or threats would induce them to venture in the sea without his presence. This "Charmer" stood quite six feet high, a dark, long-haired Bramin, with bright, cat-like eyes, and heavy shaggy eyebrows. His black hair was matted together with dirt and filth; his skin was marked in many places with mysterious characters in chalk: his brawny neck and arms were ornamented with strings of heavy black beads. It was hardly to be wondered at, that such a character should possess some influence over the benighted Indians—the boatmen and divers; it was not difficult, however, to perceive that most of his excitement was derived from the little squat bottles which graced the dirty shelves of the Arrack Bazaar.

After a lapse of four days, spent by the Inspector, the Magistrate of the District, the Government Agent, and the *Adapanaar*, in various arrangements;—in publishing notices and issuing instructions connected with the fishery—the first diving day was determined on, and the boats, to the number of two hundred, were forthwith put in readiness.

The day previous to the fishery, the "Wellington" once more stood out for the "Banks," with the Inspector and Government Agent on board. The boats, with their respective complements of divers, were to leave precisely at midnight, so as to arrive on the banks before day-light, the wind being at that time off the land and in their favour. In order to see as much as possible of their proceedings, I remained to accompany the fleet with the old *Adapanaar* in his ten-oared cutter. I lay down at dusk in a small shed attached to the temporary military quarters, intending to snatch a few hours' repose. But I soon found sleep was quite out of the question; the noise in the bazaars was greater than ever, and it was with an effort that I made myself heard by the attendants, above the din of voices, tom-toms and pipes. I walked out and found the boatman and divers, far from attempting any rest previous to their heavy labours, merry-making on the sea-beach. Many were dancing, many beating time on the tom-tom; hundreds were chaunting their wild songs, and all had been well supplied with toddy and arrack. The night was pitchy dark, and but few stars were visible over the bright glare of many torches. A huge bonfire blazed over the flag-staff, lighting up bazaars, palm-trees, and temples, in one lurid glare, and flinging a few rays on the distant shining walls of the Doric. The Shark-Charmer, too, stood in all his glory, on the summit of one of the vast heaps of blanched oyster shells: he was holding forth to the assembled crowd with

shouts and wild gesticulations, and as the glare of the fire shot past him, he appeared to be clothed in flame, whilst his gaunt arms flung titanic shadows along the distant plain, like those of a monster windmill hard at work in the midnight breeze.

The appointed time drew near; a gong sent forth a few notes of thunder, and with magic suddenness the dancing, singing, and drinking ceased. The Shark-Charmer stole away, no one knew where; some thought to pray, more probably into the Arrack Bazaar; the boatmen, divers, and government Peons, crowding down the beach and through the water, passed to their appointed posts in the boats. More than four thousand human beings packed themselves into those frail-looking craft, and yet they were not so crowded as not to leave room for the oysters. The *Adapanaar* led me to his cutter; we seated ourselves, and he gave orders to the head *Tandal*, or commodore of the fleet, to make all ready. Then arose a low indistinct murmur, which gradually swelled into hollow thunder: the echo of thousands of voices. The boatmen rose up on their benches, flung high their arms, opened their huge mouths and rolled their shining eyes. What could all this mean? Was it a revolt? No,—the Shark-Charmer was missing from his post; without his potent presence not a boat of all the fleet would put to sea. A detachment of Peons, and a few Malay riflemen were despatched in search of the "holy" truant. In a few minutes they returned leading the charmer of the deep staggering along in a most mysterious manner, and flinging his arms about him as though possessed. The Peons rolled him very unceremoniously into one of the largest boats, where he fell on the flooring with a heavy crash.

The *Adapanaar* gave the final signal amidst a momentary hush; a small field-piece was fired from the base of the flag-staff, half-a-dozen rockets shot into the air and scattered themselves in a thousand stars over our heads, and away went the two hundred boats in gallant style! A loud discordant shout was raised on shore, answered lustily by the crews and divers, and then all was still again. The land breeze was fresh: the water smooth as glass; and our fleet made rapid way. The large, yellow bamboo masts pointed high in air, with their enormous, beautifully white transparent sails filling with the breeze, and lit up by the bonfire on shore, seemed as though they were a host of huge winged creatures of the deep, hastening to their sea-homes far away. On the soft cushions of our roomy craft, I laid me down beneath the awning's shade, and slept some quiet hours. I started from my rest on hearing some one near me giving orders in a loud voice. It was still dark, and looking out I perceived a bright small light not very far distant. It was a signal-light at the mast-head of the "Wellington." We were close to the "Banks," and in a few minutes I was on board the vessel. The fleet went astern, and there quietly awaited day-light. By the time we had sipped a cup of hot coffee, and smoked a cheroot, it was broad daylight, and then a move was made. I passed once more to the soft cushions of the cutter, the *Adapanaar* saw all ready, and in a few minutes a gun was fired, and off we went as before.

The fishing-grounds lay above half a mile a-head of the bark, and arriving on them, it occupied some time to arrange the many boats in proper order, so as to prevent delay or confusion. The sun had risen, bright and gorgeous, over the land. All eyes were turned towards the "Wellington," awaiting the expected signal to commence operations. Five divers in each boat were mounted on the gunwales, armed with their diving-stones, nets, and ropes; the remaining five stood eagerly watching them. The Inspector was standing on the vessel's poop—the boatswain by his side, with the signal halyards in his hands. Minutes seemed hours. At last there was a move on deck, and the signal-flag rose slowly upwards; the union-jack fluttered in the morning breeze, and just as it touched the mast-head a thousand divers, with their stones and nets, plunged silently in the sea. I shall not easily forget the sensation I experienced when I saw the crowd of human beings sink, as by magic, in the depths below, leaving but a few bubbles to mark their downward path. I pulled out my watch; a minute elapsed, and not one of all the thousand appeared; a minute and a quarter—a minute and a half—three quarters—two minutes—still not a soul rose to the surface. I dreaded some fearful calamity. Two minutes and a quarter had flown; the drops of perspiration gathered thickly on my forehead; my hands trembled, so that I could scarce hold my watch. I turned to the *Adapanaar* in an agony of anxiety, but he was sitting calm and quiet as an oyster. How gladly my heart beat when I saw first a dozen heads and shoulders, then fifty, then five hundred and more, ascend to the surface, bubbling and spluttering, as well they might after such a submarine excursion. And then the bustle and excitement began in good earnest, on all sides. The boatmen helped to pull in the nets full of oysters; the divers, but little fatigued, climbed over the boats' sides, and saw their fish counted into distinct heaps by the Peon in charge of the boat. Each net appeared to have brought up from fifty to seventy oysters. As the last of the divers came over the boats' sides, the five hundred who had quietly waited their turn rose up, and, with their nets and stones, plunged in as their comrades had before them, as rapidly and as silently.

The arrangements for diving are exceedingly simple:—the diving-stone is a piece of granite, conical-shaped, and weighing about ten pounds; through one end of it a double cord of coir is rove, of sufficient

length to reach the bottom easily, one end of it being secured to the boat. When about to plunge in, the diver places his right foot on the stone and between the double cord, using it as a stirrup; the weight suffices to hasten his descent, and on arriving at the bottom, the stone is cast away and pulled up by the boatmen, so as to be clear of the net-rope: this rope is stouter, and single. The diver seizes the hoop of the net firmly between the toes of his left foot—for the natives use their toes as actively as we do our fingers—and when on the bank below, grasps the net in his left hand, flings himself flat on his face, and sweeps the oysters rapidly into his coir bag with his right hand. When he has secured sufficient fish, he gives his comrades above the signal by jerking the net-rope; they immediately commence hauling it in. To give himself an impetus upwards, the diver lays hold of the net for a second or two, then raises his hands together above his head, and rapidly floats to the surface.

From the commencement of the diving, the old Shark-Charmer had stationed himself on the stern of his boat, which was in the centre of the fleet: occasionally he muttered a short prayer or charm, flourishing his long arms about in his accustomed manner; but at intervals he descended to sip something from a cocoa-nut shell bottle, doubtless to aid him in his exorcisms. During one of his potations, and about one hour before mid-day, we were suddenly startled by hearing a shrieking and howling in one of the distant boats, followed by a terrible commotion and loud cries of—"The shark! The shark!" Our boat was immediately pulled to the scene of commotion, and there, sure enough, one of those monsters of the deep had been at work. A poor diver was being pulled into the boat, lacerated, and bleeding profusely, the water all around being deeply tinged with blood. One leg was nearly severed from his body, and the pain had caused him to faint away. The alarm went rapidly round from boat to boat; the divers left the water, and it was soon evident that there would be no more fishing on that day. So effectually did the accident paralyse that mass of people, that all, with one accord, sat gazing vacantly at each other, neither speaking nor moving. After a time, some of the boats without orders, began to leave the fishing ground, and were soon followed by the rest, making their way to the "Wellington." The Inspector was too well acquainted with native prejudice to attempt any expostulation on this diversion: he, however, sent for the old Shark-Charmer, who attended the summons with the utmost effrontery. In reply to the question, how he dared to permit a shark to injure a diver in the employ of the British Government, he said there were some spirits adverse to the powers he possessed; and that, during the brief time of his taking a little refreshment, one of those antagonists had broken his charm and unloosed the jaws of the shark! All was now vain—no more fishing; and, although the sea breeze was still lagging lazily behind, the fleet pushed shorewards, the boatmen plying their oars for a few miles. An hour later the breeze came up from the south-west—fitfully at first—then steadily up went the great spider-legged bamboo masts and the wide winged sails, and the sharp-nosed boats slipped noiselessly landward.

Our approach to the shore was signalised by a gun: thousands were again on the beach awaiting our coming, and anxious to hear of our success. As we drew near, a long, wild shout rent the air; then a pause. No reply was given from the boats, the spirits of all were depressed by the accident, not so much from sympathy with the poor sufferer, as from a feeling that the accident at so early a stage was a bad omen.

The whole of the fleet having reached the shore, a party of Malay riflemen and Peons, cleared an open space between them and the crowd on the beach, so as to allow the unloading of the boats, which was at once commenced. The oysters were divided on the sandy shore, into four equal parts, three of which went to the Government, or the renter, as the case might be; the remaining fourth was shared amongst the boatmen, the divers, the *Tandal* and the boat-owner; the divers receiving twice as much as the boatmen, and the owner rather more than the divers. The Government oysters were carried up in baskets to large bamboo enclosures, called *Cottoos*, where they were kept until sold by auction on the following day. The native shares of the fish were disposed of in a similar way; though, sometimes, they were retained by their owners on their own account, and the pearls found in them sold afterwards.

I did not go off to the next day's fishing, being desirous of witnessing the oyster auction: the boats, however, went as before, the Shark-Charmer having woven a spell of extra potency; which, it was said, would astonish the marine monsters, and secure their jaws as effectually as if fastened by Chubb's detector locks. The biddings were carried on with an eagerness almost amounting to frenzy. The oysters were offered in lots of one thousand, taken from the *Cottoos* indiscriminately. Some fine-looking fellows went as high as six pounds the thousand; many, however, were knocked down for half that price, and not a few realised no more than fifteen shillings a lot, about the price of ordinary native oysters in England. Had the bidders believed that their admission into Paradise depended on their obtaining a few lots of these oysters, their mad excitement could scarcely have been exceeded. One old man, a Moorman, I particularly noticed. His entire suit of wearing apparel could hardly have been worth one of the oysters he had been bidding for. Avarice was deeply marked in his sharp features; and when he at last succeeded in obtaining one lot, I thought he

would have gone wild with joy. He leaped about, danced, laughed, and sung bits of old musty ditties. Nor was he quiet until he had removed his heap to a miserable little shed hard by. There he sat down, close beside his lot of fish, and burying his head between his hands with the elbows resting on his knees, remained contemplating his little fortune, longing, yet half afraid to open some of them. I left him thus gazing on the oysters, as though each living thing held his own life and immortality within its rocky shell.

There were many wealthy traders there from all parts of India; but many more had with difficulty scraped together sums varying from a dozen pagodas to a dozen dollars; men who had purchased or borrowed the means of bidding at this intoxicating auction; men who had left their famished families without the means of obtaining a mouthful of rice: who had torn the gold bangles and ear-rings from their wives and children, and melted them into ingots, to deal in the maddening trade of Aripo. Some returned home rich beyond their expectations: some with little fortunes; but many went back ruined, beggared, and broken-hearted, to repay their loans or pledges; while some fled in terror to strange lands—having lost the means of replacing monies taken by them from sources of trust—being ruined in means and reputation. All this happens at every Pearl Fishery, and is not to be prevented, save by offering the fish in larger lots; which, though it might not prove quite so remunerative to the Government, would save much evil and suffering.

No further accidents from sharks happened whilst I was on the "Banks;" but in truth, at the end of the first week of the fishery, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of returning to Colombo in a Government boat. The novelty of the scene had worn off; one day's operations were precisely those of another. The scenes of drunken riot and dissipated frenzy were daily becoming more violent and disgusting. Added to this, the intolerable stench from the accumulating myriads of oysters hastening to decomposition, rendered a residence on shore, within a mile or two of the *Cottoos*, quite intolerable to one who did not in any way partake of the excitement of the lottery in pearls.

The oysters are left in heaps for about thirty days, at the end of which time they become perfectly decomposed. In that state they are placed in a large canoe, and well but carefully washed with plenty of water, so as to remove the rotten portion of the fish, leaving the pearls and the shells in the water. Some of the more needy purchasers have not patience to await this process, but at once proceed to work by opening the fresh oysters, and so learn their good fortune or their beggary. So eager are all to make money at these auctions, that the *Cottoos*, or bamboo enclosures and the washing-places, are all offered for sale at the expiration of the cleansing processes, and eagerly purchased by those who hope to discover, in the sandy ground, some pearls which may have escaped the care of the former occupants. This they often succeed in doing.

Some conception may be formed of the immense masses of oysters which at these times lay putrifying on the burning sands of Aripo, when I mention that each boat will bring on shore, in one trip, from ten to twenty thousand of fish, making a daily total of from two to four millions for the whole fleet. The extremely hazardous results of these auctions may be gathered from the fact, that whilst in some instances as many as a hundred pearls of various weights and value are found in one oyster of large size, one hundred oysters may be opened without finding in them a single pearl.

The natives of India have a singular belief, with regard to the origin of pearls:* it is, that those beautiful concretions are congealed dew-drops, which Buddha, in certain months, showers upon the earth, and are caught by the oysters whilst floating on the waters to breathe. The priests—ever alive to their own interests—keep up the strange belief, and make it the pretext for exacting from the divers and boatmen of their faith what are termed "charity oysters," for the use of Buddha, who, when thus propitiated, according to their showing, will render the fish more rich in pearls in future seasons.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Among the Blue Books published in the year 1849, one was the Report of a Committee upon Public Libraries. The evidence attached to this Report exhibited (perhaps exaggerated), the general deficiency among us of accessible book-stores, and detailed the experiences of our continental neighbours. Much of the evidence, however, also went to show that: Whereas, in many of the towns of France, Belgium, and Germany, books are lent from their libraries to their inhabitants, gratuitously; and, whereas, such books are in much request among their working-classes, yet, nevertheless, they are not lost or stolen, but are only thumbed and honestly worn out: Therefore it was worth while to consider whether we also might not allow books fairly to be worn out by the fingers of a reading multitude.

The evidence of M. Guizot printed in this Report attracted much attention, and extracts from it were freely inserted in the public journals. M. Guizot was the statesman who

* The true explanation of the formation of pearls in the oyster is to be found in our first Volume, pp. 466-67.

introduced into France a scheme of National Education, possibly too timid, but immeasurably superior to anything we can boast of in our own country. It is to be noted that, at the very time when M. Guizot's law was passed—during the first blaze of our Reformed glory—those who profess the greatest zeal for an unfettered school in England, had overwhelming power, and could have carried any act they pleased. They missed their opportunity. M. Guizot stated many interesting facts. He explained that the very few books lost by mischance under a system of free lending, bear no proportion whatever as a drawback to the great advantage given to the public. He told us how French peasants borrow books of History and Travel, to read in the cottages, together with a great deal more that was duly repeated in our newspapers, and duly pondered by the English nation.

The English nation generally remains a long while in the attitude of pondering. Down in the North, however, in Lancashire, there are a set of men who might be British Yankees, and to whom it is natural immediately to set about the carrying out of an idea, when once they have accepted it as sound. Perhaps some of their crotchets are unsound; Manchester is not infallible, but, right or wrong, whenever the members of this busy community, think a scheme good, they cannot rest until they make a fact of it. So, when the British Yankees read these minutes of the Libraries' Committee, after pondering a little, they went vigorously to work.

Adjoining Manchester is Salford. Salford produced the first result. It happened that a new park (Peel Park) belonging to this town contained a large house, not applied to any use. The very thing! We will make a Library of that, exclaimed the Salford Corporation, and we will put into it also a Natural History Museum; and both of them shall be freely open to the public. This was soon done. In January, 1850, the Library, situated in a People's Park, was thrown open to the People with five thousand three hundred volumes, and some thousand specimens of Natural History. With two thousand pounds in hand, abundant promises of books and pictures, specimens flowing in, and an endowment fund for a librarian, the Salford Free Library began its course. It was not then a lending library, but it was proposed hereafter to contrive so that a lending library should be connected with it.

Was all this done within a mile of Manchester Exchange, while Manchester remained inactive? By no means; the genius of Manchester is never to be seen twiddling her fingers, though she may be seen thrusting them occasionally into pies that don't concern her. Manchester was busy, only she was not so fortunate as to possess a building ready for the books she meant to bring together. The present Mayor of Manchester, who has held that office for two or three years, is a man, even in that town, eminent for energy and public spirit. His dinners are of double-mayor-power; but he does not confine his ambition to the festive garland;—he desires and deserves more worthy laurels. In the inevitable Free Library movement he, in right of his position, took a leading part; he personally canvassed for subscriptions; and, from seventy-six gentlemen and firms obtained a sum total of four thousand three hundred and nineteen pounds. To this, upwards of fifteen hundred pounds have since been added, and the overseers of Manchester contribute two thousand pounds; so that, about eight thousand pounds have been provided up to the present time.

Twelve hundred pounds more, liberally given by a single gentleman, have to be mentioned now. A building occupied by Socialists in Camp Field, Manchester, and called the Hall of Science, had been, in the hands of those scientific gentlemen, during ten years, an expensive property. Eyes wide awake had seen this building, had observed that a spacious room on the ground-floor would make an admirable news-room and lending library, that an equally large room on the first floor would make a reading-room, and library of reference, that there were plenty of small rooms, for lavatories, the librarian, &c., and that under the roof there was abundant space for a mechanical museum. The Socialists were glad to get the building off their hands for twelve hundred pounds; but there remained a question about a chief rent, ninety-one pounds sixteen shillings, due to Sir Oswald Moseley. This was valued at, and was really worth, twenty-four years' purchase, but Sir Oswald Moseley, thoroughly approving of the building's destiny, remitted fourteen years' purchase of his claim; so making to the library a handsome present of twelve hundred pounds.

The Manchester plan is to adapt this building thoroughly to its new purposes; to stucco it, and so forth; to establish on the ground-floor a news-room, having its walls lined with books strongly bound—at first, six or seven thousand, exclusively adapted and intended for circulation out of doors, among the homes of working men; to have a reading-room above that, stored with encyclopædias, atlases, and books of reference, or books in expensive editions that may be presented to the library, of which the cheap editions are employed below; above that to have a museum, and to throw all open, free as air, for ever to the People.

In Liverpool the preparations are less forward, but they are in active progress. The proprietors of the Royal Institution in that town have presented, for the use of the People, a museum very excellent in some departments

of Natural History, besides a Gallery of Art. Liberal assistance is expected by those who are engaged in forming the Liverpool Free Public Library.

Other towns, we have reason to think, are also stirring. In each town to which the movement has not yet extended, one man of influence has only to bestir himself—to sacrifice a little ease and leisure—and he will soon find coadjutors. Abundant aid is to be had in a good work disconnected from all party prejudice.

Meanwhile let us look abroad. There—even no farther off than France—everything appertaining to education presents a favourable contrast to what exists in this country. Paris, for example, abounds with Reading-rooms, which, though not exactly free, are so inexpensive as to be accessible to all readers. A correspondent gives us the following account of one of the finest and most expensive of them:—

"I am," he says, "at this present moment in a *Salon de Lecture*, or public Reading-room, on the first-floor of one of the finest houses on the Boulevard Montmartre, the very centre of Parisian fashion and activity. Comfortably ensconced in one of the numerous writing niches in a sort of archway or unglazed Gothic window, I command, as from a box at a theatre, a view of the principal saloon. It is a large room, furnished and decorated with an elaborate and appropriate elegance. In the centre of the room is a long and broad table, covered, firstly, with green cloth, and, secondly, with newspapers, reviews, magazines, and other periodicals of France, England, Germany, and America, not to mention a few Dutch, Italian, and Spanish publications. In the middle stand a handsome pair of globes and a large china inkstand. The side of the room facing the Boulevard is one vast window from floor to ceiling, whereat, lounging on sofas of dark-green velvet, the idler may contemplate below, perhaps, the most favoured and populous urban promenade in Europe. We know nothing but Regent Street, during the season, and 'Under the Lindens,' at Berlin, to compare to the Boulevards des Italiens and Montmartre.

"The other three sides of the room, with the exception of six archways (two of which form doorways, and four writing-niches), are lined with mirrors, and completely invested by a sumptuous divan covered with velvet, and divided by broad stuffed arms into a row of lounging seats.

"On the chairs around the table, are the real newspaper devourers, men of insatiable appetites for leading articles, debates, law reports, criticisms of new dramas, or reminiscences of old actresses. They are of all nations, Paris being the 'City of strangers.' Every tenth man is either a soldier or a foreigner, say the statists. Thus, at the time I write, I observe an Englishman suppressing a titter over 'Punch;' a German naively grinning over 'Kladeradatsch,' (a desperate attempt on the part of his Fatherland to set up as a humourist), and a French place-hunter frowning savagely at the 'Charivari,' whose stinging humour will occasionally penetrate even the tough hide of reactionary politicians.

"All this we observe; and we turn round upon another room equally spacious, leading into further apartments at present preparing, owing to the rapid increase of readers. Its walls are hung with the latest and most expensive embossed maps. Here, too, is a large green-cloth table covered with periodicals, divans, and at night gas-lamps, with broad shades, to throw the light downwards in the most convenient manner. One end of this room is also entirely of glass;—light is cheap in France.

"This room is never devoid of readers, who, like myself, avail themselves of the library, which offers a considerable choice of classical and popular works in various languages. These books, all handsomely bound, the writer takes down himself, and hunts over at his leisure.

"In an ante-room at a table sits the proprietor or his wife, with a supply of paper, envelopes, &c., for those who wish to write, whilst an intelligent lad is in constant attendence to seek for any books or periodicals the readers may require.

"Having thus described the scene of our labours, I can imagine you exclaiming—

"'What is this, after all, but the drawing-room or library of a London club, with perhaps a somewhat larger assortment of periodicals?'

"A moment's patience. I am tired of writing: I shall get up and take a stroll upon the Boulevards. As I pass the table in the ante-room, I shall take from the pocket four sous—twopence sterling, to be precise—and lay them on the table, with a polite inclination to the dark-eyed lady, who smiles graciously in return, because I am a regular customer; and those four sous are one day's subscription to an establishment which saves many a poorer customer the expense of firing by day, and candles by night, and which provides every frequenter with an amount of personal convenience, amusement, and information, not perhaps attainable by any other conceivable method in which twopence could be disbursed."

The French *Salon de Lecture* differs from the English literary institution in two chief points. Firstly, it gives its subscribers unlimited option as to the duration of their subscription, from a day up to a year, increasing in proportional amount according to the shortness of the period. Secondly, it is a reading-room, pure and simple, as they say of the order of the day in the French Assembly.

There are nearly four hundred of them in Paris, the price of admission to which varies

from one penny to threepence.* Not a single establishment of the sort for English readers exists in London.

NEWS OF NATAL.

The subjoined is extracted from the letter of an emigrated graduate of Oxford to Mr. Samuel Sidney, the author of the "Emigrant's Guide." The writer is well acquainted with English agriculture, and has spent some time in British North America; and is, consequently, not an inexperienced traveller in emigration fields. His opinions, therefore, deserve attention; but we give them solely as his; desiring to take no responsibility upon ourselves. Our readers will judge for themselves between the glowing accounts given of Natal by some travellers, and the depreciation of the correspondent here cited. At the same time, we think it right, to those who may be thinking of emigrating to Natal, to quote the following passage from the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, for the year 1850:—"Early in the year our sanction was requested for emigration to Port Natal in South Africa. So far as our information with regard to the then state of that colony extended, it appeared to be unsuitable for the particular class of persons who usually emigrate under the direction of Boards of Guardians; and we found that our apprehensions upon this point were shared by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners. We therefore declined to give our sanction to the proposal."

The writer of the letter dates from Plaatberg Farm, Vaal River District, Orange River Sovereignty, South Africa.

"I am now sitting in a tent, in as wild a spot as any in Africa, surrounded by lions, hyenas, and all sorts of '*wild*' (as the Dutch call game), the guest of an enterprising young farmer, Mr. Moffat, son of the well-known missionary. I have kept a regular journal, but will not now enter into any farther account of my proceedings, farther than that after I had been about a fortnight at Maritzburgh, I fell in accidentally with a brother of my old friend, D——, who had just come in over the berg (mountains) from Algoa Bay: finding he was about to proceed, with a companion, to the Orange River Sovereignty, with the intention of buying a farm there, I resolved to join them. We accordingly left Maritzburgh on the 1st October: ascended the Drakenberg by the Quagga Pass (close to De Beers) on the 15th, crossing the Umgeni, Mooi, Bushman, and Klip rivers; the latter three times on one route. I slept under the waggon every night, and found it too trying for my shattered constitution, weakened by a disease peculiar to D'Urban, called the Natal sore; a very painful blind boil, which breaks out on the legs and arms of new-comers, one succeeding another, until you are thoroughly acclimated. On reaching the spot whence this letter is dated, about twenty-four miles over the mountain, I could proceed no farther, and was obliged to accept Moffat's kind invitation to remain in his hut, until an opportunity offered of returning to Natal; but I have been here ill, with little intermission, ever since the 18th of October.

"I will now give you my impressions and a few facts that you may depend on, as I have my information from the very best sources; while for *my* impressions, do not rest too much upon them, being in a state of uncertainty myself about them.

"It happens that as yet I have seen more of the Sovereignty than of Natal, although I have travelled diagonally through the latter; but there are one or two things about which there can be no mistake. In the first place, except upon some spots of which I have heard, but not seen, unless just under the Drakenberg, wood is a perfect myth; so much so, as not only to render the great body of the country the most bare, monotonous, and uninteresting I have ever seen, but so as to make the erection of even an outhouse a work of great difficulty, and fences, except garden-hedge of quince and aloe, or sod walls, an illusion of the imagination. This is enough, in my opinion, to prevent all comparison between this part of Africa and other emigration fields. Of all the rivers I have enumerated, only one, the Mooi, is a surface stream, or has the slightest effect on the ground, in its immediate neighbourhood; the rest run in deep channels between steep, high banks, which generally make awful work with a loaded waggon, even with a span of twelve or fourteen fresh oxen.

"*Sprients*, or brooks, are found here and there, which generally fail in the dry season, but not always, which may be turned to irrigating purposes. But if on a farm of six thousand acres, forty are brought into cultivation by such means, it is thought first-rate.

"What improvements English energy and capital may hereafter bring into these matters it is impossible to say. I speak of things as they are. Under these circumstances, the utter absurdity of the twenty-acre scheme must strike you at once. All the inhabitants of the Sovereignty say that Natal can neither raise corn nor sheep, and that the Vaal River district, which can do both, must supply them. This, of course, must be taken *cum grano*; but about corn I confess I have my fears. There is no doubt that all grain will grow, and grow luxuriantly, throughout Natal; but this is the difficulty. The wheat is sown about May, grows well, and looks beautiful. If they can get it ripe, so as to cut it about the end of September or early in October, the harvest may be good; but unfortunately with the sun that ripens, come incessant rains, and with the

* In the case of "Galignani's," five-pence. This, however, is an exclusively English place. The ordinary reading-rooms are not of course furnished in the style we have described.

rain *rust;* so that a farmer's chance of success with this important crop is very precarious. Sheep, I think, will succeed in Natal, but I do not think that the experiment has been fairly tried as yet. The soil is, I think, generally good, except where (as in some of Byrne's lots) it consists of ironstone boulders; but it wants some cooling element mixed with it; the sun and rain throughout the summer making it a perfect-steam bath. As to climate, I have not been able to give it a fair trial; but I am inclined to think that of Natal far superior to that of the Overberg country. You will scarcely believe it when I tell you, that up here I have suffered more from cold than heat, and that in one day I have known an excellent thermometer in the heat vary from sixty-three to ninety-one. Living in a tent, you certainly feel the slightest change of temperature, especially when you are ill. I have not yet tried the sport of Natal, but there is plenty to be had. Buffaloes, hippopotami, and elephants are to be found in Natal; here quaggas, zebras, gnus, and all the game that run in large herds. I separated a young zebra filly from the herd the other day, and succeeded in driving it home to the tent, but, unluckily, one of the Hottentots gave it boiled milk instead of fresh, and killed it. I was much vexed, but hope to get another. I have a screw of a horse, for which I gave ten pounds, which I mean to sell in Maritzburgh, and a splendid dog, which cost me three pounds. Remember, every saddle ought to have a false or double pad to ensure against a sore back; a nuisance to which horses are subject here. My saddles are worth seven pounds here: cost in England, cash, three pounds ten shillings.

"You cannot depend upon any of your maps at home for the geography of this country; the breadth of the land between the mountains and the sea is not great enough; the direction and termination of the Drakenberg range are laid down quite wrong, and the Northern Sovereignty is all *dur malkander* as the Dutch say—all confusion. But an accurate map of South Africa is now in preparation by Captain Hall, of the Ordnance, and Moffatt (son of the missionary) who received in England the education of a civil engineer, and has held the appointment of Surveyor to the Northern Sovereignty, is furnishing him with the materials for a correct map of the Sovereignty and of the country beyond the Vaal River (where the emigrant Boers are) as far as it is known. He has collected the materials with great personal labour, partly by actual observations, and partly by questioning Boers and traders, and testing their accounts by comparison. The great problems still to be solved are the courses eastward of the Limpopo and Elephants' Rivers, and their embouchures. The country there is so unhealthy that few have ventured on the quest, and those have never returned!"

"The Sovereignty is bounded on the S. by the Orange River, on the N. by the Vaal River, on the W. by the junction of the Orange and Vaal, and on the E. by the Drakenberg and Quathlamba mountains (for they are not, as stated on the maps, the same). It has an area of about fifty thousand square miles, and contains some good pasture country, and some fit for agricultural purposes; but for the most part consists of endless plains and undulations, with little water and less wood.

"The Vaal River District is the most northerly, and of course the last settled; it is very cold, so much so, that the emigrant Boers will not stay in it, but it is the moistest and most fertile. Government has determined to colonise it; and Major Warden, the British resident or Lieutenant-Governor of the Sovereignty, appointed some time ago a land commissioner, with power to inspect and allot farms, to confirm or reject, under certain conditions, the claims of certain Dutch occupiers, and to found a '*dorf*' or town, to be called after his Excellency, 'Harrismith.' This town, which is about two hours on horseback (or twelve miles from where I now am), and which contains one house and a half is situated in long. E. 28, 42; lat. S. 28, 12. It is on the Wilger River, a fine stream, which, after a S.W. course of fifty miles, right along the summit of the Drakenberg, turns N.W., and runs right across the district into the Vaal. There are very fine farms in this district; but nothing would induce *me* to live here, which is a hundred times worse than a hundred Salisbury Plains. I would rather have a fifty acre farm in Canada, than twelve thousand acres in any part of Africa I have yet seen. I am told there is some beautiful country down south in Caffre Land; but I have as yet seen nothing to be mentioned in the same day with the wildest part of New Brunswick. Maritzburgh is rather a pretty place, or will be when trees are planted round it. Living is from twenty-five to thirty-five shillings a week. No decent person can stay at the inn, which is filthy, noisy, and low.

"African travelling is the most execrable, slow, tedious, cruel, body-and-mind-destroying occupation that can possibly be devised. It may be all very well in the interior; abounding in game on all sides, and where something occurs every minute to excite and amuse; but to travel for hundred of miles, over the veld, especially in winter and spring, when there is not a blade of grass upon it, at the rate of three miles an hour, scorched by the sun all day, and shivering with cold at night; the scenery eternally the same dreary waste, and the only relief the mid-day outspan, the dinner, and the pipe—solace of many woes; the monotony only varied by the oxen sticking on some steep hill, drift, or *sprient*, when a scene occurs that I have no time to describe now—even were it possible to describe;

your only attendants, beastly, lazy, impudent Hottentots; the only people you meet, a sulky brute of a Dutchman, who scarcely condescends to shake hands, and say, '*Goeden dag?*'—all this is to me very sickening, to say nothing of the awful waste of time and energy, spent in moving about like a snail, with your house on your back. Light waggons, with mules, are the things for this country; they are already superseding bullock-waggons at the Cape, and will here if my example is followed."

INFANCY AND AGE.

SWEET is the light of infancy, and sweet
The glimmering halo round the brows of age!
But mystic more than beautiful are both!—
Mystic with angels' smiles and far-shed gleams
Of something much diviner than the full
Meridian,—something strange with wondrous grace!
And both are kin. The faint horizon round
Which travels the dim globe from West to East
And binds in a ring of tender amethyst
The dying splendour with the dawning rose,
Is but the effluence of that which crowns
Their passage thro' the world; consummate day!
From angels' arms they come, to angels' arms
They go; young eyes that greet the growing beams,
And weary lids that watch them wink and fade,
Behold the same soft twilight of the sky;
The difference is but of morn and eve.
Fresh morn and fading eve! twin mothers dear,
Whose bosoms give the milk of mortal hours
To one and to the other, evermore—
Eternity, nursing them both as babes!
And both are babes!—one rock'd in the lap of life
And one in the lap of death!

LONDON SPARROWS.

A NICE light dinner at my club, to-day—no politics after it—too wise for that—bad for digestion at my age. I will go home at once. As the evening is fine, I will take Cockspur Street in my way, in order to have a look at the window of Squires' (late Colnaghi and Puckle's) print-shop. How it shines with rich effects of light and shade!

Now, let me see. What is that? My spectacles. So, I thought it was his. Carlo Dolce's "Madonna colle Stelle." How beautiful! how more than beautiful! A divine light, like an inward tear, gleams in the eye, as though the soul were melting with grief, too sacred to be allowed to gush forth upon the cheek, far less to fall upon the earth. Moreover, the deep sorrow is tempered with a resigned and loving sweetness—a looking upward to One whose presence to her inspired vision, or rapt and devout imagination, gives balm and consolation to her mute heart's anguish. A window full of prints like this, and those of Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, and one or two others——

But what is this fidgetting behind me—this twitching at my coat-skirts? I turn round. Nobody is behind me. There is nobody close to me. Some people passing by—but not near. I must have fancied it.

Anything new in the window, since I last came by. Yes—"Les Saintes Femmes vont au tombeau du Christ." The painter, judging by those two heads, for I don't recollect the design—must be Raphael. Let me see—my spectacles again. "Charles Landell, *pinxit!*" Astonishing audacity! The deliberate imitation in style and character of two of the heads, and the direct robbery of the third! This latter one is Raphael's "St. Anne." Why, I know it as well as I know my own face, and better. It is in Raphael's "Holy Family" entitled "La Perle," and was, some years ago, in possession of the King of Spain. The cool and barefaced way in which artists continually purloin——

There, again!—certainly something pushed along close behind me; yet there's no crowd, nor any one at my side. To be sure, at the other end of the window-front there is a little urchin looking in at a print. It could not have been he. How earnestly he gazes at Raphael's "Madonna, with the infant Christ!" But now I look again at him, what a face he has! what bad features and expression. How can he feel any sympathy with what he gazes upon. It must be mere curiosity. Yet how intent he seems. He is very diminutive, and cannot be above eight or nine years of age; yet he has the face of a bad man of fifty. He has a sallow complexion, a retreating forehead, with dirty light hair, very coarse and short. No cap; so that I see the shape of his head, which is very small, and compressed in front and at the sides, and rises behind very high, and expands. His nose is mean and pinched, with a sharp ridge, his eyes very small, his cheek-bones and the lower jaw, very large for such a child; his mouth also is large, and projects, and his chin juts out sharply—the little Tartar. But what is this on the other side of me, and close under my elbow? Another poor little imp of about ten years of age. How extremely plain—not to say ugly—street-children often are! Their hard life and the characters of their parents, causes it. This child, who is now staring in at the window upon a print of Sir Robert Peel, and flattening his nose against the glass, has a forehead "villanous low," with dark eyes, and short dark hair, and his diminutive face, both in features and expression, is uncommonly like one end of a cocoa-nut.

What a sad lot for these children to be left thus,—perhaps even turned adrift by their parents, to wander about the streets, and pick up, here and there, a precarious crumb! And now, as I turn round, I see three others, apparently in the same wretched outcast condition—two boys and a girl. The elder boy seems not to care much about it; he has, no doubt, become more accustomed to his lot. He is between twelve and thirteen. His voice

is hoarse, cracked, and discordant; perhaps by some street-cry. He has a large projecting nose, red pulpy lips, a long chin, and a long throat, uncovered. No collar—indeed, now I look again, nò shirt; and he wears a greasy jacket and trowsers, both much too small for him; so that his large red hands and wrists, swollen with chilblains, hang listlessly far below the end of his sleeves; and his long, thin ankles, and large unshapely feet are so far below the end of his trowsers as to give the appearance of the legs and feet of a bird. He is whistling a sort of jig tune, and beating time with one of his heels. Poor boy!—I dare say he would be very glad to work if he had an opportunity. A girl, of about twelve, stands on one side of him. She is so scantily clad as to be scarcely decent. Her shoulder-blades stick up, she is so meagre, and she shivers with the cold. But I do not like the expression of her face; for, though I pity her eager, hungry look, and evidently bad state of health, I cannot help seeing that she has very much the look of a sickly rat. On the other side of the elder boy, stands a younger one—of some ten years of age. He is very pale, and has fair hair, a rueful mouth, rather dropping at the corners, large sad eyes, with very long lashes, and an expression at once timid, yet indifferent—innocent, and guilty. Guilty!—of what can such a child be guilty? They slowly walk away, all three—perhaps in consequence of my observing them so attentively. They quicken their pace as they turn the corner. Why was I so tardy to relieve them? It would have become me, as a Christian, to have thought of relieving their necessities, even for the night, far better than to have speculated upon their physiognomies as a philosopher. But it is time for me to return home. Sad addition to my experience. My wife waiting tea for —— bless my so—— where?—it can't be?—yes, it can—my watch is gone! Slipt down through my pocket—no doubt—there's a hole in it—no—or it fell out while I was stooping to fasten my gaiter-button, in Pall Mall. Most vexatious. A family watch! Gold chain, and seals, too! Well—it can't be helped. In these cases a pinch of snuff often—often—pshaw!—often relieves—relieves one—hillo!—have I been relieved of that, also! Perhaps it's in my side pocket, with my purse—purse! why, my purse is gone! I really begin to think I must have been robbed!

It was but too true. I had been robbed. Nor have I recounted the extent; for, on arriving at home, I found that I had also lost a white cambric handkerchief, and a silk snuff handkerchief; and my wife, making a further examination, discovered that I had lost my gold spectacles and case, a diamond shirt-pin, a box of Tolu lozenges, which I had purchased in the morning, and a handsomely bound edition of Izaak Walton's delightful "Treatise on Angling." But where, and when, I could have lost all these things—by what means, and by whom I could have been robbed—I was utterly at a loss to conjecture.

I remained in this condition of perfect innocence and bewilderment as to the nimble fingers that had picked my pockets, till this morning, when, casually looking over a newspaper, of a week or two back, I alighted upon the following Police Report:—

Precocious Crime and Impudence.—At the Mansion House, three boys, the oldest only eleven, and the two others *under nine* years of age, were charged with picking pockets. A lad had, to his surprise, seen one of them slide a small stick into the pocket of a gentleman, and open it for inspection; and he had seen the process repeated on several succeeding customers, but, as it chanced, without disclosing any prospect of spoil. The two companions kept close, covering their leader's operations, and ready to receive his booty and make off.

"On this statement being made, the smallest of the boys exclaimed, 'Don't you believe a word he says, my Lord; it's all nothing but out-and-out lies.'

"Lord Mayor. 'What did you carry that stick for?'

"Boy. 'What for? why, to keep away any boys that might want to whack me, to be sure.'

"The other urchin, looking the Lord Mayor full in the face, assured him that their accuser was a regular liar, and he would nap it some day for what he said against innocent people. The eldest of the boys said he had neither father nor mother; that he lived with a woman in Mint Street, to whom he paid a penny a-night for his bed; and that he grubbed about for his victuals in the day.

"Lord Mayor. 'I shall cause inquiries to be made about you, and send you to the House of Occupation.'

"Boy. 'Don't do that. If you let me go, you shan't have me any more, I'll promise you.'

"Lord Mayor. 'No; you shall have some protection. As for the other two, they shall be whipped in the presence of their parents, who are here, and discharged.'

A light—a lurid beam, but still a light—broke upon me, as I laid down the paper, and snatched off my spectacles. The children!—the little objects looking in at the print-shop in Cockspur Street—looking in at Sir Robert Peel—and the Madonna—and lurking round about, behind me!—those were the poor innocents who had so adroitly dipped into my pockets, and relieved me of the contents. Those were the London Sparrows, who "grubbed about" the streets for their victuals in the day, and picked up whatever they could find by night! To think of a gentleman at my time of life, being robbed by infants of eight or nine years of age!—and to think of a wise and paternal government being able to devise no better remedy for so shocking an employment for infants, than that of giving them a whipping!

Discoursing on these matters last night at my club, there happened to be present a gentleman (Mr. Joseph Tweezer), a member of the Statistical Society, who had paid much

attention to the subject of infant thieves, and he informed me, that the fact, of which I made so much, though it might be much to me on account of the loss, was a common occurrence.

"Yes, Sir," said I, "but, if I seem to make much of it, you must also add my first shock at such very early depravity—a depravity that makes but one step between the cradle and the gallows! Surely, Mr. Tweezer, you do not call *that* a common occurrence?"

Mr. Tweezer assured me that it was. He told me he had often attended at the Police Courts, and had been an eye and ear-witness to scenes quite equal to the one I mentioned having recently read in a newspaper police report. Only two days ago he was present when a little boy of nine years of age was brought up for examination. It was proved that he had robbed a till in a shop in broad day, and while the shopman was there. He had watched the man till he moved away from behind the counter, and then dropping on all-fours, the diminutive thief crawled along the floor on his hands and knees, got underneath the counter, and raising one hand, softly drew out the till-drawer, and took three shillings and sixpence. He would have got safe off, but for a customer entering the door just as he was creeping out.

"Dreadful precocity!" said I. "My oil and Italian merchant told me that a short time ago three little boys came to his shop door, and begged in the most eloquent terms, for a half-penny, 'to buy a bit of bread.' He did not give them the half-penny, but he gave each of them a piece of bread. They had been gone about five minutes, when he discovered they had stolen a bottle of olives to eat with it. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that the boys, no doubt, took the olives for preserved gooseberries, or nice plums; so that whether they ate them direct out of the bottle, or had a pudding made of them, the expression of face with which he knew they would look at each other on the first mouthful, would well repay him for the loss. But as to the impudence of infant thieves, even in the presence of the magistrate, of which you tell me, surely this is not a common occurrence?"

"It continually happens," replied Mr. Tweezer: "I once saw a little imp, of not more than ten years of age—and very small even for that age—brought before the magistrate for attempting to steal a bundle of dried sprats from a fishmonger's, simply watching a moment when nobody was in the shop. He was caught by a policeman happening to pass the door just as he darted out with his prize. But the sprats were not found upon him. He had contrived to get rid of them, the instant he found himself seized. When the magistrate asked him what he had to say for himself, he replied, 'Ax fifty-two' (the number of the policeman) 'what *he* has to say, your worship, for taking hold on a hinnocent boy in that way, all for nothink?' The magistrate was amazed. 'For nothing! you little rascal,' said he, 'why, did you not steal a bundle of dried sprats?' 'No, your worship, not a bit on it—on my hoath, if I did.' The magistrate fixed his eye upon the little imp. 'Then what did you do in the shop?' said he, 'why did you go in there when nobody else was in sight?' Without an instant's hesitation, the imp aforesaid replied, 'A boy flung my cap into the shop for a lark—and I went arter it—that's all, your worship!'"

"But this," said I, "did not get him off?"

"Of course not," replied Mr. Tweezer; "his defence was received with a burst of laughter, and he was ordered two days' imprisonment, and to be whipped."

"Some private room, then, is attached to the magistrate's office for this summary process of whipping;" said I, "and the boy is afterwards taken to a place of confinement near at hand, I suppose?"

"Oh, by no means," exclaimed Mr. Tweezer; "don't imagine that matters are conducted in any such simple, convenient, and inexpensive form as that. Something elaborate, costly, and quite unnecessary, is the rule on these occasions. There is no private room attached to any magistrates' office for the summary castigation of infant criminals; neither are they confined in any House of Correction near at hand, for the four-and-twenty, or eight-and-forty, hours' imprisonment, which they are sometimes ordered. No, no; a far more imposing paraphernalia is considered requisite. The little urchin—and, of course, it often occurs that there is only one—is duly conducted to the huge, black, close-covered police-van, with its pair of fine horses, coachman, police-guard outside behind, and, perhaps, a second policeman seated inside with 'the prisoner.' Away they drive, in dark solemnity, through the streets, 'the observed of all observers,' and take their way to Westminster, and then through a variety of squalid streets and ways, till they arrive at the great Tothill Fields Bridewell. The massive gates are unlocked—inward rolls the sombre van—more gates are unlocked—the prisoners are ordered to alight—and, behold! out gets a little, dirty, ragged, trembling, half-fledged London Sparrow, and is deposited on the broad gravel-walk leading up to the Governor's house! He is then left standing, with scared looks, staring round at the great stony solitude of dead walls and blind buildings, and walls with black *chevaux-de-frize* of iron along the top of them, till relieved by the arrival of an officer, who 'conducts him to his apartment,' where, in presence of 'his medical attendant,' he is duly introduced by the proper officer to 'his birch-rod,' and is then placed in solitary confinement during the remaining four-and-twenty hours of the term of his sentence!"

"And you have seen all this, sir?" said I.

"No," replied Mr. Tweezer, "not with my own eyes. I have never been to Bridewell;

but I was told it all—in fact, the whole scene was described to me, and many such, by one of the policemen who attended the van, and was, no doubt, indignant at so much trouble, expense, and formality for so insignificant a result. He was a very large-made, powerful man—has since left 'the force,' and gone as porter on the Great Western Railway."

"But, good heavens, Mr. Tweezer!" exclaimed I, "can a wise and paternal government devise no better machinery than all this for the prevention of juvenile and infant crime? Prevention do I say?—why there's no attempt at prevention in this. It is simply a costly arrangement for inflicting small punishments, the effect of which may not, perhaps, be of much longer duration than the period of confinement—unless, indeed, it tends to harden and exasperate, and render the culprits more cunning for the future."

"You are quite right," replied my friend Tweezer, "as to the view you take of these trivial and numerous punishments of the infant thieves; but you are not doing justice to the arrangements of the Tothill Fields Bridewell, if you suppose they do no more than this. In this prison are hundreds of women of all ages, as well as hundreds of boys of all ages, from six to fifteen; many of these are ordered imprisonment for periods of two or three years; and when this is the case, they are each taught to read and write, and are instructed in some trade, according to the aptitude they evince. In many instances—for picking pockets, you know, my dear sir, requires an expert hand, especially when they contrive to take everything a gentleman has about him—in many instances, therefore, the prisoners became skilful workmen, so that on leaving the prison, they are able to earn an honest living. And this, at least fifty per cent. of them are found to do."

"But, my dear sir," said I; "excellent and comforting as all this is, which you tell me, it really seems like beginning at the wrong end. First, the paternal government allows its children to become thieves without a single effort at prevention; and then, when prevention is a work of very great difficulty, and requires a great expenditure of money and time, to produce a doubtful result—or only fifty per cent. of ultimate good—then, only, the idea of education, instruction, and training in moral and personal habits, seems to occur to the sagacious brains of our legislators. Look at the scurvy sum granted for what they dared to call 'National Education!'—and look at the taxes I pay for all sorts of other things! Protection, forsooth! and taxes for the 'Public Service!' why are my contributions to the public service of so little good to me, in respect of the safety of my personal property, that I must needs pay, in addition, the sum total of a gold watch—a silver snuff-box—two handkerchiefs—a diamond shirt-pin—a pair of gold spectacles—a box of Tolu lozenges, and a handsomely bound copy of Izaac Walton's 'Complete Angler,'—in order to be protected, in certain statistical ratios and degrees, from a similar occurrence in future, which may, nevertheless, happen to-morrow!"

THE MARSH FOG AND THE SEA BREEZE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

When I went out to my shrimping, the next morning, I saw the last of the extreme quietness of our beach. Up to this time, it was no unusual thing for Jos and me to have the long range of shore entirely to ourselves; so lazy were the few people who lived there, and so rare was it for any stranger to come near us. After this morning, I never knew it so again. I slipped out of the house before anybody else was awake, carrying my net and basket. It must have been very early; for it was mackarel season then, when the days are long; and, when I looked back from the first headland, my shadow reached almost as far as the houses. I thought I would go over the headland, instead of stepping into the sea to go round it. It was rather further; but I liked the feel of the warm sand where the sea vetch and the slender crop of grass grew, up the steep. It was pleasant treading for bare feet. Two or three little lambs browsed there at this season; and shining green beetles now and then ran about in the sun: and perhaps a rabbit might cock up its white tail. I was soon at the top; and there I found one of the Preventive Service men. His back was towards the sea, and his eye and glass fixed upon the barracks, as I suppose they had been the day before when we were busy about our trading.

He would not answer me for some time, when I asked him what he saw; but at last he put down his glass, and told me that there were to be great doings immediately, which would make a vast alteration in the neighbourhood. He did not know what to think of it; but he supposed we had only to obey, as soldiers and sailors should. It was a new thing, as far as he knew, for soldiers to do building work, and the like; and we should see how they would manage it. A messmate who had strolled up to us here put in his word, saying that it was a regular part of a soldier's business, to build up walls, and dig ditches, and do any work that was necessary for defence; and this was a time and place when such service was much wanted from soldiers who were sent to defend the coast. I asked what they were going to build; and I was told "a sea-wall:" and I was as wise as ever.

As I went on my way the shrimps were very kind, and came into my net in swarms. I soon filled my basket. It was so very heavy that I soon bethought me of throwing out all the very little shrimps, and returning them to the water. When I had done this,

the pools looked so tempting that I could not help going in again; and I got plenty more good-sized shrimps. When my shadow had shortened considerably, so that I thought it was time to be turning my face towards the barracks, I made haste back, round the point of the headland. I had heard a dull sound of knocking before; and now, when I turned the point, I saw several soldiers, in their gaiters and small-clothes, but without their red coats, very busy within sight. Some had pickaxes, and were hewing away at the rocks; a few had barrows, and were gathering stones from the beach. The lazy cottagers had turned out sooner than usual to see the sight; and some of the boys were helping to pick up stones.

My mother was looking out for me impatiently. She had obtained a quantity of mackarel from a boat just come in, and was going with me to the barracks, without having said a word of it to the neighbours. What a load she could carry on her back, in our largest creel! In addition, she and Jos took between them another heavy basket. I had enough to do to carry my shrimps. We left poor little Peter, with a great piece of bread in his hand, to take his chance on the beach. My mother locked her door, and carried away the key, and set Peter down on the sand, with a heap of gay pebbles about him, and a bit of rope to play with, and trusted he would come to no harm. She gave one look back as she left the beach, and said she thought that, with so many people about, he would be safe; and she would make all the haste she could back again.

We walked so fast that we were sadly hot and out of breath when we came upon the moor. My mother stopped to take a sup out of her bottle, and to give us a mouthful with our bread, which we ate as we walked. When we came near the barracks, there were no more the French prisoners, with their eager faces looking out through the rails, and their curious jabber. What we saw through the rails was a line of soldiers on parade; and what we heard was the loud voice of the officer in command, and the jingle of the muskets, as the men changed arms. We soon found that our market was greatly improved. We sold half our mackarel, as soon as the parade was over, and nearly all my shrimps. Another piece of luck befel us. The baker's cart was there, delivering bread; and the baker was willing, for the consideration of a couple of mackarel, to carry Jos and me and the rest of our fish to Dunridge, where we had no doubt of selling off everything. We heaped up the basket in the cart, and saw my mother set off homewards at a brisk trot, with her empty creel on her back, to see as soon as possible whether little Peter was safe. She had not forgotten to leave with Jos the fishy canvas bag into which we were to put our money. The baker told us we must take good care of it, for he had never known such a place as Dunridge was for beggars and thieves. He was obliged, he said, to buy off some of them with a daily allowance of crusts and old bread, to prevent his door being infested by them; and they were growing so saucy now as to say that they did not like stale bread, and should soon make him give them new. His wife was afraid to sit alone in the shop, while he was away, even with the half-door bolted—the poor creatures were so abusive. He said the butcher over the way was under the same difficulty. It was unknown what he gave away every week in odd pieces of meat and bone: and yet the poor sickly wretches looked never the better for it.

Jos asked why the rich people did not take care of the poor, as they ought to do? and the baker answered that he believed the gentry did all they could. They had to pay dearer for their meat and bread, to repay the tradesmen for what was extorted from them; and they could not go ten yards from their own doors, without being beset by abusive beggars, and mobbed if they did not give. The ladies had almost left off taking walks; and even when they went to church, they were not free. The church bells brought out the pale-faced, ragged, desperate-looking beggars from their cellars, and close courts and alleys, to tread on the heels of the gentry as they went through the churchyard, and wait for them when they came out. Last Sunday, indeed, he had seen something which almost made him doubt his eyesight. Some young ladies were in a pew by themselves, and a ghastly-looking man leaned over the door, putting out his hand, and even touching the nearest lady on the shoulder, as she bent her head over her prayer book. The baker said that he had lost no time, after observing this, in finding the beadle; but before he could get to the pew, the ladies had given silver to the beggar, to get rid of him. The constables were afraid to do much, they were overmatched, and the magistracy were perplexed and timid. Nobody saw how the matter was to end; for Dunridge was a wretchedly poor town now. His own opinion was that the unhealthiness of the place was more to blame than the war. People had no strength or spirit to work, when they were having the fever and ague so often; and there was less and less of work and wages, every year, from the decay of the place. It hurt the baker so much to think of this, that he vented his vexation in giving a sharp cut to his horse, which made it spring forward, knocking Jos and me against the back of the cart, and spilling some of our slippery fish.

I was quite ready to cry before, so frightful was the prospect of going among the beggars and thieves; and now I roared, and said I would get out. I believe Jos was nearly as much frightened. The baker must have greatly needed to ease his mind, to pour out all this to two children. Perhaps it had done

him good, for he began to console us, said he had no doubt we should sell our fish well; and that we had only to get into the houses, when we could, so as not to show our money-bag in the streets; and he finished off with the consolatory declaration that we looked so like thieves or beggars ourselves, that he did not think any of that sort of people would hurt us.

When we alighted at the entrance of the town, it would have been a satisfaction to me to stand in the middle of the pavement, and roar, as my family well knew that I could; but I was too desperately alarmed to try. I only whimpered; and I believe this and our bare feet, and tattered clothes were powerful in obtaining for us the patronage of the cellars and small courts. The food we had to sell, really was cheap and excellent, and such as the poor of Dunridge would have been glad of an opportunity of obtaining often; but I think the novelty had something to do with the favour we met in the very first street. Haggard faces, and half naked forms popped up from under the pavement, as it seemed, when Jos strengthened his heart to cry "fresh mackarel." One woman carried away two on half a plate; and another hoisted a boiler from below for two more. A child who could scarcely walk held out a farthing in one hand and stretched out the other for a fish. Two or three cook-maids appeared with dishes at back doors; and Jos then got behind the door to bag his half-pence unperceived. One gentleman whom we met, told us to follow him; and when we got to his house, we found he was a school-master; and he bought so many that he paid us in silver. When we had sold the last, the baker saw us from his door, and asked us if we did not want some bread, as it was such a long way to go home. He had no idea that we should attempt the short cut by the marsh, the townspeople had such a horror of that place. He said he should never see us again alive, if we went into that poisonous hole. This was not the sort of threat to frighten us.

What a pity it was that this marsh was in the way between us and the Dunridge people, who had shown themselves so eager to buy our fish! Jos's bag was so heavy with half-pence, that it tore his old jacket; and then we agreed that, if we came again, we would ask our friend, the baker, to give us silver for our copper: as for our coming again, we agreed that it should be very soon. Excited by our gains, we fancied we could bring a load of fish this way, by swinging a creel between us; wading where we knew the depth, and resting where a bit of rock afforded room. Yet it did not seem easy to me now to cross it without anything to carry but an empty basket. I lost my footing several times, and fell into the slime, so that Jos scolded me; but I could not help it. At first, he refused to lend me a hand, but when he found that I could not get upon the rock where he stood, and when I said I was giddy, he became suddenly very kind, and helped me all he could. I think he remembered what the baker said, and thought I might have come once too often. I was beginning to feel very sick, when a whiff of air passed me, which I think of now as one of the pleasantest things that ever happened to me. The warm, sharp, penetrating, smell of burning tar came on the breeze, and it cured my sickness for the moment. I plunged and staggered on, revived now and then by another whiff, and then turning sick, and feeling strangely again. The last thing I remember is, that I heard some knocking near, and saw some people moving; that Jos pulled me by the arm with all his force to make me get up, while I seemed to be sinking in chilly water, and that I heard gruff voices over me, and Jos saying that it was Molly, and that she would not get up. It seems to me that there was some flickering of flame, but whether it was from my own intense head-ache, or real fire before my eyes, I cannot say. Some of the soldiers were beginning the sea-wall that day, driving piles, and sounding the quicksand, and making preparations for laying the broad foundation of stones, from which the embankments were to arise. They were burning tar, not only for their piles, but to lessen the danger of the bad air of the marsh. The working party saw Jos and me from a distance, and came to the rescue. One of them covered me with his coat, after wringing the water out of my old frock (which finished tearing it to pieces), and carried me home.

My mother's conclusion from the adventure, was that there was bad luck in dealing with the Dunridge people, and that she would never send fish there any more. Considering the weight of Jos's money-bag, and her pleased surprise in laying hold of it, this ought to be considered a remarkable proof of her affection. I knew nothing about that, however, nor about anything else for so long a time, that that summer has always remained a perplexing one to me. All I know is, that I lay in a miserable state, which seemed to me to be stretching on for ever and ever. I was almost too feeble to move under the rug; I could not lie still; I was too weak to cry aloud, and yet I was always crying. The fish that my mother kept under the bed smelled so, that it seemed to suffocate me; and when any body opened the door, my mother scolded if it was not shut again directly. I believe thus much was all real, and so was little Peter's crying, which went through and through my head. But there were worse things that were not real. For hours together, I thought I was going down and down in the sea, and could never get to the bottom; and then it seemed as if somebody pulled me by the hair, and tugged, and pulled, and could not get me up again. I saw terrible monsters, and they, too, seemed to pull at my head.

One day I was so scared that I tried to run away, and got to the door, and stood there a minute before I fell. My mother was coming when she saw me, and she and another woman took me for a ghost, as I stood on the door-step, and set up such a shriek that some of the officers, who were within hearing, turned to see what was the matter. One of them happened to be the surgeon from the barracks —a kind gentleman, as I had afterwards good reason to know. He came at a moment when my mother was so frightened that she let him do whatever he pleased, and frightened indeed she must have been to let him do such things as he did.

She must bring out a clean sheet. She had not such a thing as a sheet in the world; nor was there one among all the cottages. Presently a sheet was borrowed from the nearest Preventive Station. While the messenger was gone about this, the doctor had all the fish taken from under the bed, and the whole floor swept. My mother did this herself, at the first word, lest her smuggled goods should be found out. When the fish was all cleared out of the house, there was still the thatch. The doctor shook his head as he looked up at it, and said he could not answer for anybody's life under such a roof as that. All they could do was to stretch a sail above the bed, as near the roof as they could fasten it. This prevented insects and bits of mouldy thatch from falling upon me as I lay; but it could not cure the smell. To my mother's great surprise (considering the season of the year), the doctor said, I should have a better chance with no roof over me at all, than with such a thatch.

I really think she believed that the doctor meant outright murder when he put me into a tub and poured cold water over me. Still I got better; and one day, after a long sleep, when I woke, I knew quite clearly who they all were, and what they were saying; and I did not fancy that the sea was in the house, or that I was in the sea; or that there were any monsters about the bed. I heard my mother say that I had been bewitched, and that the doctor had washed out the spell: and then the neighbours said, that, after he had once done it himself, anybody else could do it; and that she must not let the evil imp get a hold again; but, as soon as I began to toss and look wild, she must wash out the spell again. She must also let the door stand wide, that, if the imp got in again, there might be plenty of room for him to flee, when the water began to dash. For their part, they promised to leave a free passage, by staying away from the door.

The days grew shorter and shorter, and still I could not walk at all. My mother used to set me down, like a baby, on the door-steps, in the sunny autumn mornings; but the evenings were long and rather dreary, with the firelight flickering on the rafters, and I with nothing to do but to lie on the bed and watch it; and doze, and wake again, till my mother came to bed. One evening, when I was in a pretty deep doze, I heard such a shriek as I shall never forget. It made me shriek before I knew what I was about. Then came a terrible clamour;—men's voices shouting, and children screaming, and the women crying aloud for the Lord to have mercy upon them. Then there was a blaze of light all abroad, which shone in at the window; and this convinced me that "Bony" was come at last. I fixed my eyes on the door, to see him come in. But I could not bear this long. Even if I met him by the way, I must go where every body else was. So I slipped off the bed, all trembling as I was, and held fast by the barrel and the chest that stood against the wall, and got to the door. What a sight it was! The great fire on the rock above our house was kindled; and it blazed away, so that every pebble and sprig of sea-weed on the beach could be seen as in broad day. The boys kept throwing on wood—and a good deal that had been tarred; and up shot the flame, each time, as if it was in spirits at being fed. Then a light appeared on a headland to the east, a great way off: and presently another, so far off that it looked like a flickering yellow star. And the same to the west. The whole coast was lighted up, to receive Bony, at last. I looked round for him; but I saw only faces that I knew. Well, as I knew them, they looked very terrible. My mother was quite wild. When the night breeze brought the clang of the church-bells from the town, where every bell was ringing the alarm, she put her hands to her ears. She sat down, and hid her face in her apron, and kept shaking her head in her own lap, so that I was afraid to speak to her; but, at last, I put my arms round her neck, and said, "Mother, where's Bony?"

She looked up with a dreadful face—all drawn with terror.

"Let's run away," she whispered in a hoarse voice, which I heard in my heart, through all the roar of the flame.

"I can't run," I whimpered, sinking on the sand.

She caught me up in her arms, gave Jos a box on the ear to attract his attention from the beacon-fire, ordered him to carry Peter and follow her, and made for the little dell, which led up into the country. Before we had fled half through it, another dismal yell from behind, and our own name shouted, made us look round. Some brands from the beacon had been blown upon the roof of our cottage, and the thatch had caught. That rotten thatch was doomed, and the whole dwelling with it! My mother put me down, and wrung her hands. Between the fear of Bony, and that of losing the smuggled goods, she was well nigh distracted. But the smuggled goods were not wholly, nor chiefly her own, while her life was: so she took me up again, and continued her flight. Jos, how-

ever, was of a different mind. He made littl Peter take hold of my mother's apron, and ran back to save what he could of our goods. By the help of the neighbours, every thing was dragged out before the rafters fell and nothing was lost but the tobacco, which was poked in under the boards. When our neighbours and partners, Glassford and Oulton, perceived that Bony was not yet actually on the beach, they ventured to secure the goods in their own houses, and hide them cleverly before the officers should come down.

The officers were not long in coming. Amidst the other sounds of that awful night, were the gun fired at intervals from the Preventive Station, and the military music approaching from the barracks; and again (what seemed to me as terrific as anything), the jingling and crashing of the heavy waggons, that came down the lanes from the inland farmsteads, to carry away the women and children, and most valuable goods. My mother hailed two or three of these; but the drivers only inquired whereabouts the French had really landed, and whether we had seen them; and then told us that we must wait, and they would pick us up as they returned.

"Don't, mother, don't!" I said at last, when her loud crying became more than I could bear. "Don't cry so loud. Bony is not here."

She told me that I did not know that; and the words froze my very heart. I hid my face on her shoulder; and of the rest of the night I remember nothing.

The next was a brilliant autumn morning, and I saw the wide stretch of coast, and broad expanse of sea, for the first time for some months. We were brought down to our own beach again. When the heaving sea, with its glittering tract to the eastward, was seen without ship or boat upon it (for the boats were drawn up along the whole coast where the beacon fires had been visible), it was supposed that the French fleet of gun-boats had passed on to the westward: but by degrees it came out that the whole was a prodigious mistake. The soldiers, and the country people whom they had got to help them with the sea-wall, had been in the habit, all the summer, of burning tarred wood, as a safeguard against the stench of the marsh; and on concluding their work, some of the lads had fed the little fire into one so far visible from a distance as to be taken by the townspeople for the kindling of a beacon. Out rang their bells; forth went the news, gathering force and fulness at every step; and the consequence was the firing of the beacons all along the coast. It was a consolation dear to the hearts of many, to their dying day, that the Prime Minister was waked out of his sleep the next night, to hear about our town, and our beacon, and our headland; and that our doings were heard of by King George the Third himself, who was, in fact, almost as much interested in Bony's landing as we were. We were a prouder set of people from that day.

Except that a heap of charred wood lay where our cottage had stood, the scene looked to everybody else just the same as usual. But to me, it was wonderfully changed. Since I had seen it last, the sea-wall had been built, and the whole marsh had quite changed in appearance. No more water had flowed in, and a vast deal had drained out. There were no glittering pools and little streams, and the land was almost as dark as the moor. Along its seaward edge was a broad, firm walk, on which sentries were now placed, and by which we could reach the hard sands to the west in a few minutes, without wetting the soles of our feet. I was told that the towns-people, and the boys of the whole neighbourhood, were so eager about the new work and pay, and so sorry when the sea-wall was finished, that it was thought that another work would answer; and a causeway to the town across the narrowest part of the marsh was planned. It was likely to pay well in time by a very small toll, and as the fishermen along the coast would traffic in the town every day of the week. The shops would have their custom; and the townspeople would be glad of a constant supply of fish. The doctors said the wall and causeway would be paid for presently, if toll was taken from the average number of persons that would have had the fever if the marsh had remained as it was. The mere money-saving from abolishing so much illness, though it was the least part of the good, was such as to justify a free expenditure on such improvements.

What the doctors said was confirmed by experience. From that time, the fever lessened, year by year, as the marsh dried up, till at last (and that was before I was in my teens) it became a matter of public information and serious inquiry when a case of fever occurred in the town. Before that time the marsh had changed its aspect again and again. It was very ugly while it was black, with brown water trickling through its drains, and rusting the sands at low water. Then it was covered by degrees with a woolly bluish grass; and in July we saw it dotted over with rushy ricks of meadow hay, such as cattle would not take if they could get anything better. Then we saw more and more beasts grazing there, and patches of it were manured upon trial. When once a turnip-crop was taken off one corner of it, the improvement went on rapidly. The rent that it yields is rather low still; but I have seen more loads of potatoes and turnips carried from it, than of manure carried to it: and in a few years there were thin crops of oats waving in the breeze. As the fish-carts pass to the town, along the clean sandy causeway, with hedges and green fields on either hand, it is difficult to believe how, within the remembrance of many residents of Dunridge, the

sea eagle hovered over the fishy morass, the only creature that gathered any other harvest there, than that of disease and death.

But I have got on a long way from the morning after the invasion, as the people used to call that panic.

How we who were burnt out were to be housed, was the first question. On a hint from the doctor, I was kindly received in the nearest Preventive Stationhouse. My mother and her other children found corners in the neighbours' houses for a time. In a week's time, I was quite able to take care of myself; and in another week, I was at play on the sands again, and even earning money, in a curious sort of way, on the sea wall. The station-house was as clean as a quaker's meeting; and in a fine air, of course. By day, I lay on the dry grass in the sun; and by night, I slept—and oh! so soundly—on a little mattress, in the corner of a white-washed room, where the floor was cleaner than our plates at home ever were, and where the window was open all day, and left a little open at the top, all night. The first time I walked down to the beach, I met the doctor and another of the officers; and I heard him say that he could never have brought me round entirely, if I had staid among fish garbage, and under rotten thatch; and that it was a good thing for me that we had been burnt out.

"This is the child that has such a sharp sight, you may remember," he said to the other officer.

"What! this little wretch?" asked the lieutenant. "I should not have believed that she was the same child."

"And yet she is plump, compared with what she was ten days since. And I dare say her eyes are as good as ever, by this time."

The gentlemen tried me, and found that at any rate my sea-sight was better than theirs, and that I could see more without the glass, than they could with it. After a few words of consultation, they bade me follow them to the sea-wall; and then the lieutenant promised me a farthing for every sail I could make the sentinel see; and a halfpenny for every sail that he could not see, but that I could bring two witnesses to avouch. This seemed to me strange at the time; a waste of money, though I was to get it; and to some it might seem strange now, after the many years of peace, during which we have been released from looking out for an enemy from the sea. But in those times a strange sail was the daily and nightly thought of all people on the coast, and especially of those who were charged with the defence of our beloved native shores. A good sea-sight was a qualification worth paying for in those times.

The soldiers had managed to make gardens of the bog that surrounded the barracks, and I longed that my mother would do as the soldiers and the other fishwives did, that we might now and then taste fresh vegetables with our dry bread and salt fish. But she did not like the trouble. She sat down anywhere on the sands to clean her fish, and left the stuff all strewed about where she had sat.

We did not see why we should not have a garden of our own, where our sea-weed, ashes, and garbage might grow vegetables for us, without being carried so far as the barracks. I told Jos that if he could get anybody to go into partnership with him about a garden, I would try and get a place in Dunridge, where I might learn to make good soup, and to cook and manage so that we might have something better to eat than dry bread and salt fish.

Perhaps few children of our age would have thought of this, in other circumstances; but, to speak the truth, we were growing very unhappy about my mother's bottle; and we had lately been gathering up notions of comfort which were all the more striking, because they were new.

The notion was so cheering, that I ran over to Dunridge as fast as my feet would carry me; and at the same moment Jos was running as fast in the contrary direction, in an equal hurry about the other half of our scheme. He soon found a man in the Preventive Service who offered to go into partnership with him in his scheme of a garden.

The dell was the proper place; and there Jos and his friend soon fixed on a promising bit of ground, with a south-east aspect; and Butter, his partner, desired Jos to be collecting materials for a fence which would keep out the rabbits, while he obtained the owner's consent to begin to dig. He knew the gentleman well, from having had many a conversation with him about the smugglers and the defence of the coast; and he was sure there would be no difficulty. There was no difficulty. It was a new idea to the proprietor that any thing could be done with that corner of his land; and he was pleased that the experiment should be tried. The rent of the first quarter acre was the merest trifle; but not so since the neighbours have asked for gardens there too. From end to end of that well-tilled dell, now covered with heavy crops of garden produce, and smelling sweet with the beanflower and fragrant pot-herbs in their season, every yard of ground pays rent to the owner, whose father was wont, to the day of his death, to point out Jos to his visitors, when they came down to the coast, as the lad who made the first move towards turning a sink of corruption into a wholesome and fruitful garden.

I have said how eagerly I ran towards the town, with my head full of my new plan. My only idea was to apply to the baker. I had no success the first day; for, besides that the baker's wife did not want a little maid

who needed to be taught everything, no one would think of taking me while my feet were bare, and my clothes in rags, and my hair all tangled and rusted with the weather. My mother was not really poor, I knew; and I coaxed her into a bargain with the butcher's wife, by which a certain quantity of fish was to be delivered in consideration of a suit of clothes for me. My own history has nothing to do, from this time, with that of our hamlet, as I never lived there again. It is enough to say that I have found that "where there's a will there's a way;" that I learned not only to cook, but to read and write, and a good deal besides; and that, having been first a scholar, and then a teacher in the Sunday School of Dunridge, when Sunday schools were first heard of there, I married the best of the teachers, who became master of the Orphan Asylum.

I had not been married long when I had occasion to go to the hamlet, one fine August evening. It was a pleasant walk now by the causeway. There was a low blossomy hedge on either hand, over which one looked upon clover and turnip fields, with the sea beyond, now all golden and glittering with the sunset. On the other side, the reapers were busy, cutting wheat—about the first, I should think, that had been grown where the marsh had been. Where the grain had been carried, the children were driving flocks of geese from the moor into the stubbles, and dressing themselves up with poppies and blue corn-flowers. If they had ventured hither ten years before, they would have been smeared with slime, and sick with stench, and would have gathered nothing better than rushes. The change was striking enough to me, though I had watched its progress: much more so was it to another, who came suddenly upon it.

I was sitting with my mother on the shingle, just as the pale moon came up over the headland, and Peter, now a stout lad, was helping Jos to draw up the boat, after a successful trip, when, chancing to turn my head, I saw a sailor, with a bundle over his shoulder, looking down into the dell from the further end. He came along, staring about him like one bewildered; and he stood still and listened when he heard the creak and jingle of the harvest waggon.

It was my father; and I think we knew him before he was sure that he knew us. He was much aged, but not nearly so much as my mother, who was, indeed, taken by strangers for our grandmother. I saw that my father was shocked. With his children, he was strangely shy at first. He could not order us about, and knock us about as he used to do; and I think he was awkward as to how to speak to us.

I left him sitting beside my mother, and looking about him in great amazement, and asking many questions of the lads, while I cooked his supper. He liked his supper well, and when he heard that I was going to Dunridge on foot that night, he was more puzzled than ever. We told him there was a short and pleasant way now; he would go part of the way with me to see it. He was in the midst of telling me that, during all his wanderings and adventures, he had never once set eyes on Bony, when we came in sight of the harvest fields; as he looked over the hedge, I gathered him a wild rose, and he put it in his hat, saying, it was the last thing he had ever thought of to have a posy from that place. After we had said good night and parted, as the town appeared before us in the moonlight, I heard his whistle so long, that I am sure he must have gone home much more slowly than I did. I saw him twice again before he had to go afloat. He told me that he had not brought home much money, but that he had left what he had with Jos (as Jos was clearly a steady young man), desiring that it might go to make my mother comfortable, for he had a strong belief that he should never see her again. He never did see her again, for she died the next year. He returned to us after a few years. He had wounds, and was too far broken to be a fisherman again, though he went out with his sons, now and then, in warm weather. His chief pleasure was to sit in an arbour in Jos's garden, smoking his pipe and looking at the sea. He knew that Jos's tidy wife did not like that any one should drink spirits in the house, so he sat chiefly in the arbour, except in very cold weather. He said he should like no better than to die among the honeysuckles there; but he died in his bed, as kindly waited upon by Jos's wife, as if she had not disliked some of his ways.

As for our town, whether it is that the schools have made a great difference in the course of a generation, or that the peace did us more good than we knew of at the time, or whether it really is that the improvement in the general health has renewed the place, I cannot say with certainty; but it certainly is not like the same town that it was when I was a child. It is a quiet place still, with no great wealth, or stir of any kind: but nobody now lives in cellars; and it is a rare thing to see a beggar. My husband and I think it is a comfortable and pleasant place to live in—between the fruitfulness of the land, and the beauty of the sea. And this is exactly what Jos says of our old hamlet, and of his own home in the midst of it.

A MYSTERIOUS CITY.

In a Dominican convent near the city of Santa Cruz del Quiché, happened one of the "Incidents of Travel in Central America," which Stephens has so pleasantly recorded. He there met with an eccentric friar, from whom he obtained some curious information respecting the surrounding country. Nothing roused his curiosity so keenly as the Padre's assertion, that, four days' journey on the road

to Mexico, on the other side of the great sierra (chain of mountains), was a large and populous city, occupied by Indians, existing precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. The Padre had heard of it many years before, at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of the sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labour climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city spread over a great space, and with turrets white and glittering in the sun. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is, that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants speak the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around; and, with that fact ever present in their minds, murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, cattle, mules, or other domestic animals, except fowls; and the cocks they keep under ground to prevent their crowing being heard by white travellers.

"There was in all this," says Stephens, "a wild novelty—something that touched the imagination; the old Padre, in the deep stillness of the dimly-lighted convent, with his long black coat like a robe, and his flashing eye, called up an image of the bold and resolute priests who accompanied the armies of the conquerors; and, as he drew a map on the table, and pointed out the sierra to the top of which he had climbed, and the position of the mysterious city, the interest awakened in us was the most thrilling I ever experienced. One look at that city was worth ten years of an every-day life. If he is right, a place is left where Indians and an Indian city exist, as Cortez and Alvarado found them; there are living men who can solve the mystery that hangs over the ruined cities of America; perhaps who can go to Copan, and read the inscriptions on its monuments. No subject more exciting and attractive presents itself to my mind, and the deep impression of that night will never be effaced.

"Can it be true? Being now in my sober senses, I do verily believe there is much ground to suppose that what the Padre told us is authentic. That the region referred to does not acknowledge the authority of Guatemala, has never been explored, and that no white man ever pretends to have entered it, I am satisfied. From other sources, we heard that from that sierra a large *ruined* city was visible; and we were told of another person who had climbed to the top of the sierra, but, on account of the dense cloud resting upon it, had been unable to see anything. At all events, the belief at the village of Chajul is general, and a curiosity is roused that burns to be satisfied. We had a craving desire to reach the mysterious city. No man, even if willing to peril his life, could undertake the enterprise, with any hope of success, without hovering for one or two years on the borders of the country, studying the language and character of the adjoining Indians, and making acquaintance with some of the natives. Five hundred men could probably march directly to the city, and the invasion would be more justifiable than any ever made by the Spaniards; but the government is too much occupied with its own wars, and the knowledge could not be procured except at the price of blood. Two young men of good constitution, and who could afford to spare five years, might succeed."

Upon this hint (as we learn from an advertisement in the Boston newspapers) two young men—one a Mr. Huertis, of Baltimore, in the United States, a man of fortune, who had travelled in Egypt, Persia, and Syria, for the inspection of ancient monuments; the other a civil engineer, from Canada, named Hammond—sailed from New Orleans, in 1848, on this perilous and romantic enterprise. They reached Coban on Christmas day, where they met a Spanish merchant, Pedro Velasquez, of San Salvador. He was well acquainted with the country, and knew several of the dialects of the Indians through whose territories they had to pass. He agreed to accompany them. Providing themselves with mules, provender, and an escort of Indians, they commenced their journey to the unknown city. After many perils, they arrived at the top of the high mountain, from which Stephens's priest saw this City of the Sun. They also beheld its domes, turrets, and walls. They descended, and travelled on till they came near the amphitheatre of hills which they thought enclosed the object of their search. They met small groups of Indians, whose dialect they could not understand, and who seemed amazed at seeing them. One of these, however, made them understand that, "about thirty moons ago," a man of the same race as Hammond (who had a florid complexion and red whiskers) had been sacrificed and eaten by the Maebenachs, or Priests of Iximaya, the great city among the hills.

Presently a troop of horsemen passed them, in red and yellow tunics, armed with spears, and each holding in a leash a brace of Spanish bloodhounds, of the purest breed. Their informer told them this was a detachment of rural guards which had been appointed since the Spanish invasion to hunt down and capture all strangers that should be found within a circle of twelve leagues of the city. An engagement ensued, in which the travellers were victors, thanks to their rifles, which created as great a panic as the fire-arms of Cortez. Huertis explained to their chief that they were friendly strangers, who desired their hospitality, and to see their magnificent city. The chief said his country-

men showed no hospitality to strangers—it was punishable with death by their laws. The peace and independence of his nation depended on these restrictions; but if they would enter it with the intention of never leaving, he would promise them dwellings, wives, and honours. Huertis informed him, by signs and other expedients, that he would enter the city on his own terms.

Accordingly they all marched towards it, carrying Hammond, who had been desperately wounded. They found that it was surrounded by a wall sixty feet high, enclosing an area of twelve miles; a moat one hundred feet wide encompassed the wall, which was crossed by a drawbridge, raised over the gate. At a signal from the chief, the bridge descended, and the cavalcade passed over. At another signal the ponderous gates unfolded, and a vista of solemn magnificence presented itself—an avenue of colossal statues and trees, extending to the opposite side, or western gate; a similar avenue crossed the city from north to south. Arrived at the point where the avenues intersect each other, they were led into a large and lofty hall, surrounded by columns, and displaying three raised seats. These were covered with canopies of rich drapery, on one of which sat the monarch, a person of grave and benignant aspect, of about sixty years' old, who was arrayed in scarlet and gold, having a golden image of the rising sun on the back of his throne.

The interview resulted in giving the strangers their freedom within the limits of the city; and permission for them, under indispensable obligations, to become citizens. In the meantime, they were to be maintained as prisoners of state. With this they were satisfied. The residence assigned them was the wing of a spacious structure, which had been appropriated to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood called Kaanas. Forbidden by inviolably sacred laws from intermarrying with any persons but those of their own caste, these Kaanas had dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature, and imbecile in intellect. They were nevertheless held in high veneration and affection by the Iximayan community—perhaps as specimens of an antique race nearly extinct. Their ancient residence was chiefly occupied by a higher order of priests, called Wabaqoons, who were their legal and sacerdotal guardians. With one of these, Vaalpeor, Velasquez became very intimate, and while Huertis was devoting himself to the antiquities, hieroglyphics, and pantheism of this unknown city, the young pagan was eagerly imbibing a knowledge of the world at large from Velasquez, which proved to him equally enchanting; so that when the Spaniard proposed the escape of the expedition, with Vaalpeor as their companion, he agreed to it. At this time Hammond died of his wounds, and after the funeral they prepared for escape.

When they were ready, Huertis could not be found; two days and nights elapsed; still he did not appear. On searching his rooms, neither his papers nor drawing instruments were to be seen. It was afterwards discovered that Huertis had taken into his confidence one whom he hoped would accompany him, and she had betrayed him. His offence, after his voluntary vows, and his initiation into the sacred mysteries, was unpardonable; his fate could not be doubted. Vaalpeor afterwards admitted that Huertis had been sacrificed in due form on the high altar of the Sun, and that he (Vaalpeor) had beheld the fatal ceremony. As Huertis had not implicated his associates, there was yet a chance for them. After some difficulties, they contrived to escape with Vaalpeor, and the two Aztec or Kaana children of which he was the guardian. In fourteen days, after much suffering, they reached Ocosingo, where Vaalpeor died from the unaccustomed toils and deprivations of the journey. Velasquez, with the two children, reached San Salvador in February. He was advised to send them to the United States, and thence to Europe.

Thus far the story reads more or less glibly; although here and there a suspicion obtrudes itself to cast a hazy shadow of doubt across its authenticity. Against unqualified credence, comes the fact that the two children of the mysterious city have been made a show; and that the account of their origin is derived from their present keeper, who has translated enough of the narrative to explain the children's appearance at Boston: he says the remainder will be published as soon as Velasquez can place the manuscript in proper hands, and inquiries have been made among those who accompanied him.

In a country which boasts of a Barnum, we may be forgiven, therefore, for accompanying the above account of the mysterious city, and the equally mysterious children, with a caution. The friends of Mr. Huertis of Baltimore, and those of Mr. Hammond "of Canada," will, doubtless, be applied to by the curious in the States; and from them could at least be gleaned some materials for authenticating the exhibitor's statements. The existence of such a city is too curious and important to be allowed to remain long in doubt.

The children are described as having a tottering and feeble gait, and idiotic look. Their ages are respectively eight and ten.

It is said that the "Exhibition" is on its way from the United States to rival Madame Tussaud's, and the thousand wonders preparing for the coming Fair of the World. Let us hope that among the first visitors will be a categorical Committee from the Ethnographical Society; and that a deputation from the Royal Geographical Society will exact from the showman a strict account of Don Pedro Velasquez's latitudes and longitudes.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE METROPOLITAN PROTECTIVES.

Nervous old ladies, dyspeptic half-pay officers, suspicious quidnuncs, plot-dreading diplomatists, and grudging rate-payers, all having the fear of the forthcoming Industrial Invasion before their eyes, are becoming very anxious respecting the adequate efficiency of the London Police. Horrible rumours are finding their way into most of the clubs: reports are permeating into the tea-parties of suburban dowagers which darkly shadow forth dire mischief and confusion, the most insignificant result whereof is to be (of course) the overthrow of the British Constitution. Conspiracies of a comprehensive character are being hatched in certain back parlours, in certain back streets behind Mr. Cantelo's Chicken Establishment in Leicester Square. A complicated web of machination is being spun—we have it on the authority of a noble peer—against the integrity of the Austrian Empire, at a small coffee-shop in Soho. Prussia is being menaced by twenty-four determined Poles and Honveds in the attics of a cheap *restaurateur* in the Haymarket. Lots are being cast for the assassination of Louis Napoleon, in the inner parlours of various cigar shops. America, as we learn from that mighty lever of the civilised world, the "New York Weekly Herald"—at whose nod, it is well known, kings tremble on their thrones, and the earth shakes—is of opinion that the time bids fair for a descent of Red Republicans on Manchester. The English policemen have been tampered with, and are suborned. The great Mr. Justice Maule can't find one anywhere. In short, the peace of the entire continent of Europe may be considered as already gone. When the various conspiracies now on foot are ripe, the armies of the disaffected of all nations which are to land at the various British ports under pretence of "assisting" at the Great Glass show, are to be privately and confidentially drilled in secret *Champs de Mars*, and armed with weapons, stealthily abstracted from the Tower of London: while the Metropolitan Police and the Guards, both horse and foot, will fraternise, and (to a man) pretend to be fast asleep.

Neither have our prudent prophets omitted to foretel minor disasters. Gangs of burglars from the counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Lancashire, are also to fraternise in London, and to "rifle, rob, and plunder," as uninterruptedly as if every man's house were a mere Castle of Andalusia. Pickpockets—not in single spies but in whole battalions—are to arrive from Paris and Vienna, and are to fall into compact organisation (through the medium of interpreters) with the united swell-mobs of London, Liverpool, and Manchester!

In short, it would appear that no words can express our fearful condition, so well, as Mr. Croaker's in "The Good Natured Man." "I am so frightened," says he, "that I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps at this moment I am treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds!"

Now, to the end that the prophets and their disciples may rest quietly in *their* beds, we have benevolently abandoned our own bed for some three nights or so, in order to report the results of personal inquiry into the condition and system of the Protective Police of the Metropolis:—the Detective Police has been already described in the first volume of "Household Words." If, after our details of the patience, promptitude, order, vigilance, zeal, and judgment, which watch over the peace of the huge Babylon when she sleeps, the fears of the most apprehensive be not dispelled, we shall have quitted our pillow, and plied our pen in vain! But we have no such distrust.

Although the Metropolitan Police Force consists of nineteen superintendents, one hundred and twenty-four inspectors, five hundred and eighty-five serjeants, and four thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven constables, doing duty at twenty-five stations; yet, so uniform is the order of proceeding in all, and so fairly can the description of what is done at one station be taken as a specimen of what is done at the others, that, without farther preface, we shall take the reader into custody, and convey him at once to the Police Station, in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

A policeman keeping watch and ward at the wicket gives us admission, and we proceed down a long passage into an outer room, where there is a barrack bedstead, on which we observe Police-constable Clark, newly

relieved, asleep, and snoring most portentously—a little exhausted, perhaps, by nine hours' constant walking on his beat. In the right-hand corner of this room—which is a bare room like a guard-house without the drums and muskets—is a dock, or space railed off for prisoners: opposite, a window breast-high at which an Inspector always presides day and night to hear charges. Passing by a corner-door into his office on the other side of this window, we find it much like any other office—inky, dull, and quiet—papers stuck against the walls—perfect library of old charges on shelves overhead—stools and desks—a hall-porter's chair, little used—gaslights—fire—sober clock. At one desk stands a policeman, duly coated and caped, looking stiffly over his glazed stock at a handbill he is copying. Two Inspectors sit near, working away at a great rate with noisy pens that sound like little rattles.

The clock points a quarter before nine. One of the Inspectors takes under his arm a slate, the night's muster roll, and an orderly book. He proceeds to the Yard. The gas jet, shining from the office through its window, and a couple of street lamps indistinctly light the place.

On the appearance of the inspecting officer in the yard, and at the sound of the word "Attention!" about seventy white faces, peering out above half-a-dozen parallel lines of dark figures, fall into military ranks in "open order." A man from each section—a Serjeant—comes forward to form the staff of the commanding officer. The roll is called over, and certain men are told off as a Reserve, to remain at the station for any exigencies that may arise. The book is then opened, and the Inspector reads aloud a series of warnings. P. C. John Jones, J, No. 202, was discovered drunk on duty on such a day, and dismissed the force. Serjeant Jenkins did not report that a robbery had been complained of in such a street, and is suspended for a month. The whole division are then enlightened as to the names, addresses, ages, and heights, of all persons who have been "missing" from a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross (the police definition of the Metropolis) since the previous night; as to the colours of their hair, eyes, and clothes; as to the cut of their coats, the fashion and material of their gowns, the shape of their hats or bonnets, the make of their boots. So minute and definite are all these personal descriptions, that a P. C. (the official ellipsis for Police Constable) must be very sleepy, or unusually dull of observation, if, in the event of his meeting with any of these missing individuals, he does not put them in train of restoration to their anxious friends. Lost articles of property are then enumerated and described with equal exactness. When we reflect that the same routine is being performed at the same moment at the head of every police regiment or division in the Metropolis, it seems extraordinary how any thing or person *can* be lost in London. Among the trifles enumerated as "found," are a horse and cart, a small dog, a brooch, a baby, and a firkin of butter.

Emotion is no part of a policeman's duty. If felt, it must be suppressed: he listens as stolidly to the following account of the baby, as to the history of the horse and cart, the little dog, the brooch, and the butter.

S. DIVISION. Found, at Eight and a quarter P.M., on the 2nd instant, by [a gentleman named], of Bayham Street, Camden Town, on the step of his door, the body of a new-born Infant, tied up in a Holland Bag. Had on a Calico Bed-gown and Muslin Cap, trimmed with Satin Ribbon. Also a Note, stating, "Any one who finds this precious burthen, pay him the last duties which a Mother—much in distress and trouble of mind—is unable to do. May the blessing of God be on you!"

The book is closed. The mother "much in distress and trouble of mind," is shut up with it; and the Inspector proceeds to make his inspection. He marches past each rank. The men, one by one, produce their kit; consisting of lantern, rattle, and staff. He sees that each man is clean and properly provided for the duties of the night. Returning to his former station amidst the serjeants, he gives the word "Close up!"

The men now form a compact body, and the serjeants take their stand at the head of their respective ranks. But, before this efficient body of troops deploy to their various beats, they are addressed by the superior officer much as a colonel harangues his regiment before going into action. The Inspector's speech—sharp and pithily delivered—is something to this effect:

"Now, men, I must again beg of you to be very careful in your examination of empty houses. See that the doors are fast; and, if not, search for any persons unlawfully concealed therein. Number nineteen section will allow no destitute parties to herd together under the Adelphi arches. Section Number twenty-four will be very particular in insisting on all gentlemen's carriages [it is an opera night] keeping the rank, close to the kerb-stone, and in cautioning the coachmen not to leave their horses. Be sure and look sharp after flower-girls. Offering flowers for sale is a pretence. The girls are either beggars or thieves; but you must exercise great caution. You must not interfere with them unless you actually hear them asking charity, or see them trying pockets, or engaged in actual theft. The chief thing, however, is the empty houses; thieves get from them into the adjoining premises, and then there's a burglary.—'Tention, to the left face, march!"

The sections march off in Indian file, and the Inspector returns to his office by one door, while the half-dozen "Reserves" go into the outer-room by another. The former, now buttons on his great coat: and, after supper,

will visit every beat in the division, to see that the men are at their duties. The other Inspector remains, to take the charges.

A small man, who gives his name, Mr. Spills, (or for whom that name will do in this place as well as another), presents himself at the half-open window to complain of a gentleman now present, who is stricken in years, bald, well dressed, staid in countenance, respectable in appearance, and exceedingly drunk. He gazes at his accuser from behind the dock, with lack-lustre penitence, as that gentleman elaborates his grievance to the patient Inspector; who, out of a tangle of digressions and innuendoes dashed with sparkling scraps of club-room oratory, extracts—not without difficulty—the substance of the complaint, and reduces it to a charge of "drunk and disorderly." The culprit, it seems, not half an hour ago—purely by accident—found his way into Craven Street, Strand. Though there are upwards of forty doors in Craven street, he *would* kick, and thump, and batter the complainant's door. No other door would do. The complainant don't know why; the delinquent don't know why; nobody knows why. No entreaty, no expostulation, no threat, could induce him to transfer his favours to any other door in the neighbourhood. He was a perfect stranger to Mr. Spills; yet, when Mr. Spills presented himself at the gate of his castle in answer to the thundering summons, the prisoner insisted on finishing the evening at the domestic supper-table of the Spills family. Finally, the prisoner emphasised his claim on Mr. Spills's hospitality by striking Mr. Spills on the mouth. This led to his being immediately handed over to the custody of a P. C.

The defendant answers the usual questions as to name and condition, with a drowsy indifference peculiar to the muddled. But, when the Inspector asks his age, a faint ray of his spirit shines through him. What is that to the police? Have they anything to do with the census? They may lock him up, fine him, put him in jail, work him on the tread-mill, if they like. All this is in their power; he knows the law well enough, Sir; but they can't make him tell his age—and he won't—won't do it, Sir!—At length, after having been mildly pressed, and cross-examined, and coaxed, he passes his fingers through the few grey hairs that fringe his bald head, and suddenly roars:

"Well then:—Five-and-twenty!"

All the policemen laugh. The prisoner—but now triumphant in his retort—checks himself, endeavours to stand erect, and surveys them with defiance.

"Have you anything about you, you would like us to take care of?" This is the usual apology for searching a drunken prisoner: searches cannot be enforced except in cases of felony.

Before the prisoner can answer, one of the Reserves eases him of his property. Had his adventures been produced in print, they could scarcely have been better described than by the following articles:—a pen-knife, an empty sandwich-box, a bunch of keys, a bird's-eye handkerchief, a sovereign, fivepence in half-pence, a tooth-pick, and a pocket-book. From his neck is drawn a watch-guard, cut through,—*no* watch.

When he is sober, he will be questioned as to his loss; a description of the watch, with its maker's name and number will be extracted from him; it will be sent round to every station; and, by this time to-morrow night, every pawnbroker in the Metropolis will be asked whether such a watch has been offered as a pledge? Most probably it will be recovered and restored before he has time to get tipsy again—and when he has, he will probably lose it again.

"When shall I have to appear before the magistrate?" asks the prosecutor.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow morning,"—and so ends that case.

There is no peace for the Inspector. During the twenty-four hours he is on duty, his window is constantly framing some new picture. For some minutes, a brown face with bright black eyes has been peering impatiently from under a quantity of tangled black hair and a straw hat behind Mr. Spills. It now advances to the window.

"Have you got e'er a gipsy woman here, sir?"

"No gipsy woman to-night."

"Thank'ee, sir:" and the querist retires to repeat this new reading of "Shepherds, I have lost my love," at every other station-house, till he finds her—and bails her.

Most of the constables who have been relieved from duty by the nine o'clock men have now dropped in, and are detailing anything worthy of a report to their respective serjeants. The serjeants enter these occurrences on a printed form. Only one is presented, now:—

"P. C. 67 reports that, at 5½ P.M., a boy, named Philip Isaac was knocked down, in Bow Street, by a horse belonging to Mr. Parks, a Newsvender. He was taken to Charing X Hospital, and sent home, slightly bruised."

The Inspector has not time to file this document before an earnest-looking man comes to the window. Something has happened which evidently causes him more pain than resentment.

"I am afraid we have been robbed. My name is Parker, of the firm of Parker and Tide, Upholsterers. This afternoon at three o'clock, our clerk handed to a young man who is our collector, (he is only nineteen), about ninety-six pounds, to take to the bank. He ought to have been back in about fifteen minutes; but he hadn't come back at six o'clock. I went to the bank to see if the cash had been paid in, and it had *not*."

"Be good enough to describe his person

and dress, sir," says the Inspector, taking out a printed form called "a Route."

These are minutely detailed and, recorded. "Has he any friends or relatives in London?"

The applicant replies by describing the residence and condition of the youth's father and uncle. The Inspector orders "Ninety-two" (one of the Reserves) to go with the gentleman, "and see what he can make of it." The misguided delinquent's chance of escape will be lessened every minute. Not only will his usual haunts be visited in the course of the night by Ninety-two; but his description will be known, before morning, by *every* police officer on duty. This Route,—which is now being copied by a Reserve into a book—will be passed on, presently, to the next station. There, it will again be copied; passed on to the next; copied; forwarded—and so on until it shall have made the circuit of all the Metropolitan stations. In the morning, that description will be read to the men going on duty. "Long neck, light hair, brown clothes, low crowned hat," and so on.

A member of the E division throws a paper on the window-sill, touches his hat, exclaims, "Route, sir!" and departs.

The Routes are coming in all night long. A lady has lost her purse in an omnibus. Here is a description of the supposed thief—a woman who sat next to the lady—and here are the dates and numbers of the bank notes, inscribed on the paper with exactness. On the back, is an entry of the hour at which the paper was received at, and sent away from, every station to which it has yet been. A Reserve is called in to book the memorandum; and in a quarter of an hour he is off with it to the station next on the Route. Not only are these notices read to the men at each relief, but the most important of them are inserted in the "Police Gazette," the especial literary organ of the Force, which is edited by one of its members.

A well dressed youth about eighteen years of age, now leans over the window to bring himself as near to the Inspector as possible. He whispers in a broad Scotch accent:

"I am destitute. I came up from Scotland to find one Saunders M'Alpine, and I *can't* find him, and I have spent all my money. I have not a farthing left. I want a night's lodging."

"Reserve!" The inspector wastes no words in a case like this.

"Sir."

"Go over to the relieving officer and ask him to give this young man a night in the casual ward."

The policeman and the half-shamed suppliant go out together.

"That is a genuine tale," remarks the Inspector.

"Evidently a fortune-seeking young Scotchman," we venture to conjecture, "who has come to London upon too slight an invitation, and with too slender a purse. He has an honest face, and won't know want long. He may die Lord Mayor."

The Inspector is not sanguine in such cases. "He *may*," he says.

There is a great commotion in the outer office. Looking through the window, we see a stout bustling woman who announces herself as a complainant, three female witnesses, and two policemen. This solemn procession moves towards the window; yet we look in vain for a prisoner. The prisoner is in truth invisible on the floor of the dock, so one of his guards is ordered to mount him on a bench. He is a handsome, dirty, curly-headed boy about the age of seven, though he says he is nine. The prosecutrix makes her charge.

"Last Sunday, sir, (if you please, sir, I keep a cigar and stationer's shop,) this here little creetur breaks one of my windows, and the moment after, I loses a box of paints—"

"Value?" asks the Inspector, already entering the charge, after one sharp look at the child.

"Value, sir? Well, I'll say eight-pence. Well, sir, to-night again, just before shutting up, I hears another pane go smash. I looks out, and I sees this same little creetur a running aways. I runs after him, and hands him over to the police."

The child does not exhibit the smallest sign of fear or sorrow. He does not even whimper. He tells his name and address, when asked them, in a straightforward business-like manner, as if he were quite used to the whole proceeding. He is locked up; and the prosecutrix is desired to appear before the Magistrate in the morning to substantiate her charge.

"A child so young, a professional thief!"

"Ah! These are the most distressing cases we have to deal with. The number of children brought here, either as prisoners, or as having been lost, is from five to six thousand per annum. Juvenile crime and its forerunner—the neglect of children by their parents—is still on the increase. That's the experience of the whole Force."

"If some place were provided at which neglected children could be made to pass their time, instead of in the market and streets—say in industrial schools provided by the nation—juvenile delinquency would very much decrease?—"

"I believe, sir, (and I speak the sentiments of many experienced officers in the Force,) that it would be much lessened, and that the expense of such establishments would be saved in a very short time out of the police and county rates. Let alone morality altogether."

And the Inspector resumes his writing. For a little while we are left to think, to the ticking of the clock.

There are six hundred and fifty-six gentlemen in the English House of Commons assembling in London. There is not one of

those gentlemen who may not, in one week, if he choose, acquire as dismal a knowledge of the Hell upon earth in which he lives, in regard of these children, as this Inspector has—as we have—as no man can by possibility shut out, who will walk this town with open eyes observant of what is crying to God in the streets. If we were one of those six hundred and fifty-six, and had the courage to declare that we know the day *must come* when these children must be taken, by the strong hand, out of our shameful public ways, and must be rescued—when the State must (no will, or will not, in the case, but must) take up neglected and ignorant children wheresoever they are found, severely punishing the parents when they can be found, too, and forcing them, if they have any means of existence, to contribute something towards the reclamation of their offspring, but never again entrusting them with the duties they have abandoned;—if we were to say this, and were to add that as the day must come, it cannot come too soon, and had best come now—Red Tape would arise against us in ten thousand shapes of virtuous opposition, and cocks would crow, and donkeys would bray, and owls would hoot, and strangers would be espied, and houses would be counted out, and we should be satisfactorily put down. Meanwhile, in Aberdeen, the horror has risen to that height, that against the law, the authorities have by force swept their streets clear of these unchristian objects, and have, to the utmost extent of their illegal power, successfully done this very thing. Do none of the six hundred and fifty-six know of it—do none of them look into it—do none of them lay down their newspapers when they read of a baby sentenced for the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh time to imprisonment and whipping, and ask themselves the question, "Is there any earthly thing this child can do when this new sentence is fulfilled, but steal again, and be again imprisoned and again flogged, until, a precocious human devil, it is shipped away to corrupt a new world?" Do none of the six hundred and fifty-six, care to walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel—to look into Wentworth Street—to stray into the lanes of Westminster—to go into a prison almost within the shadow of their own Victoria Tower—to see with their eyes and hear with their ears, what such childhood is, and what escape it has from being what it is? Well! Red Tape is easier, and tells for more in blue books, and will give you a committee five years long if you like, to enquire whether the wind ever blows, or the rain ever falls—and then you can talk about it, and do nothing.

Our meditations are suddenly interrupted.

"Here 's a pretty business!" cries a pale man in a breathless hurry, at the window. "Somebody has been tampering with my door-lock!"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, I live round the corner, and I had been to the Play, and I left my door on the lock (it 's a Chubb!) and I come back, and the lock won't act. It has been tampered with. There either are, or have been, thieves in the place!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take another man with you, and a couple of ladders, and see to this gentleman's house."

A sallow anxious little man rushes in.

"O! you haven't seen anything of such a thing as a black and tan spaniel, have you?"

"Is it a spaniel dog we have got in the yard?" the Inspector inquires of the jailer.

"No, sir, it 's a brown tarrier?"

"O! It can't be my dog then. A brown tarrier? O! Good night, gentlemen! Thank you."

"Good night, sir."

The Reserve just now dispatched with the other man and the two ladders, returns, gruff-voiced and a little disgusted.

"Well? what 's up round the corner?"

"Nothing the matter with the lock, sir. I opened it with the key directly!"

We fall into a doze before the fire. Only one little rattle of a pen is springing now, for the other Inspector has put on his great coat and gone out, to make the round of his beat and look after his men. We become aware in our sleep of a scuffling on the pavement outside. It approaches, and becomes noisy and hollow on the boarded floor within. We again repair to the window.

A very ill-looking woman in the dock. A very stupid little gentleman, very much overcome with liquor, and with his head extremely towzled, endeavouring to make out the meaning of two immoveable Policemen, and indistinctly muttering a desire to know "war it 's awr abow."

"Well?" says the Inspector, possessed of the case in a look.

"I was on duty, sir, in Lincoln's Inn Fields just now," says one of the Policemen, "when I see this gent"—

Here, "this gent," with an air of great dignity, again observes, "Mirrer Insperrer, I requesherknow war it 's awr ABOW."

"We 'll hear you presently, sir. Go on!"

—"when I see this gent, in conversation again the railings with this woman. I requested him to move on, and observed his watch-guard hanging loose out of his pocket. 'You 've lost your watch,' I said. Then I turned to her! 'And you 've got it,' I said. 'I an't,' she said. Then she said, turning to him, 'You know you 've been in company with many others to-night, flower-girls, and a lot more.' 'I shall take *you*,' I said, anyhow. Then I turned my lantern on her, and saw this silver watch, with the glass broke, lying behind her on the stones. Then I took her into custody, and the other constable brought the gent along."

"Jailer!" says the Inspector.

"Sir!"

"Keep your eye on her. Take care she don't make away with anything—and send for Mrs. Green."

The accused sits in a corner of the dock, quite composed, with her arms under her dirty shawl, and says nothing. The Inspector folds a charge-sheet, and dips his pen in the ink.

"Now, sir, your name, if you please?"

"Ba—a."

"*That* can't be your name, sir. What name does he say, Constable?"

The second Constable "seriously inclines his ear;" the gent being a short man, and the second constable a tall one. "He says his name's Bat, sir." (Getting at it after a good deal of trouble.)

"Where do you live, Mr. Bat?"

"Lamber."

"And what are you?—what business are you, Mr. Bat?"

"Fesher," says Mr. Bat, again collecting dignity.

"Profession, is it? Very good, sir. What's your profession?"

"Solirrer," returns Mr. Bat.

"Solicitor, of Lambeth. Have you lost anything besides your watch, sir?"

"I am nor aware—lost—any—arrickle—prorrery," says Mr. Bat.

The Inspector has been looking at the watch.

"What do you value this watch at, sir?"

"Ten pound," says Mr. Bat, with unexpected promptitude.

"Hardly worth so much as that, I should think?"

"Five pound five," says Mr. Bat. "I doro how much. I'm not par-TICK-ler," this word costs Mr. Bat a tremendous effort, "abow the war. It's not my war. It's a frez of my."

"If it belongs to a friend of yours, you wouldn't like to lose it, I suppose?"

"I doro," says Mr. Bat, "I'm nor any ways par-TICK-ler abow the war. It's a frez of my;" which he afterwards repeats at intervals, scores of times. Always as an entirely novel idea.

Inspector writes. Brings charge-sheet to window. Reads same to Mr. Bat.

"You charge this woman, sir,"—her name, age, and address have been previously taken—"with robbing you of your watch. I won't trouble you to sign the sheet, as you are not in good writing order. You'll have to be here this morning—it's now two—at a quarter before ten."

"Never get up 'till har par," says Mr. Bat, with decision.

"You'll have to be here this morning," repeats the Inspector placidly, "at a quarter before ten. If you don't come, we shall have to send for you, and that might be unpleasant. Stay a bit. Now, look here. I have written it down. 'Mr. Bat to be in Bow Street, quarter before ten.' Or I'll even say, to make it easier to you, a quarter past. There! 'Quarter past ten.' Now, let me fold this up and put it in your pocket; and when your landlady, or whoever it is at home, finds it there, she'll take care to call you."

All of which is elaborately done for Mr. Bat. A constable who has skilfully taken a writ out of the unconscious Mr. Bat's pocket in the meantime, and has discovered from the indorsement that he has given his name and address correctly, receives instructions to put Mr. Bat into a cab and send him home.

"And, Constable," says the Inspector to the first man, musing over the watch as he speaks, "do you go back to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and look about, and you'll find, somewhere, the little silver pin belonging to the handle. She has done it in the usual way, and twisted the pin right out."

"What mawrer is it?" says Mr. Bat, staggering back again, "T' morrow-mawrer?"

"Not to-morrow morning. This morning."

"*This* mawrer?" says Mr. Bat. "How can it be this mawrer? *War* is this aur abow?"

As there is no present probability of his discovering "what it is all about," he is conveyed to his cab; and a very indignant matron with a very livid face, a trembling lip, and a violently heaving breast, presents herself.

"Which I wishes to complain immediate of Pleeseman forty-two and fifty-three and insistes on the charge being took; and that I will substantiate before the magistrates to-morrow morning, and what is more will prove and which is saying a great deal sir!"

"You needn't be in a passion, you know, here, ma'am. Everything will be done correct."

"Which I *am* not in a passion sir and everythink shalt be done correct, if you please!" drawing herself up with a look designed to freeze the whole division. "I make a charge immediate," very rapidly, "against pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three, and insistes on the charge being took."

"I can't take it 'till I know what it is," returns the patient Inspector, leaning on the window-sill, and making no hopeless effort, as yet, to write it down. "How was it, ma'am?"

"This is how it were, sir. I were standing at the door of my own 'ouse."

"Where is your house, ma'am?"

"*Where* is my house, sir?" with the freezing look.

"Yes, ma'am. Is it in the Strand, for instance."

"No, sir," with indignant triumph. "It is *not* in the Strand!"

"Where then, ma'am?"

"Where then, sir?" with severe sarcasm. "I *ope* it is in Doory Lane."

"In Drury Lane. And what is your name, ma'am?"

"*My* name, sir?" with inconceivable scorn. "My name is Megby."

"Mrs. Megby?"

"Sir, I *ope* so!" with the previous sarcasm.

Then, very rapidly, "I keep a Coffee house, as I will substantiate to-morrow morning and what is more will prove and that is saying a great deal." Then, still more rapidly, "I wish to make a charge immediate against pleesemen forty-two and fifty-three!"

"Well, ma'am, be so good as make it."

"I were standing at my door," falling of a sudden into a genteel and impressive slowness, "in conversation with a friend, a gentleman from the country which his name is Henery Lupvitch, *Es*-quire—"

"Is he here, ma'am?"

"No, sir," with surpassing scorn. He is *not* here!"

"Well, ma'am?"

"With Henery Lupvitch *Es*-quire, and which I had just been hissuing directions to two of my servants, when here come between us a couple of female persons which I know to be the commonest dirt, and pushed against me."

"Both of them pushed against you?"

"No sir," with scorn and triumph, "they did *not*! *One* of 'em pushed against me"—A dead stoppage, expressive of implacable gentility.

"Well, ma'am—did you say anything then?"

"I ask your parding. Did I which, sir?" As compelling herself to fortitude under great provocation.

"Did you say anything?"

"I *ope* I did. I says, how dare you do that ma'am?'".

Stoppage again. Expressive of a severe desire that those words be instantly taken down.

"You said how dare you do that?"

"'Nobody,' continuing to quote with a lofty and abstracted effort of memory, 'never interfered with you.' She replies, 'That's nothink to you, ma'am. Never you mind.'"

Another pause, expressive of the same desire as before. Much incensed at nothing resulting.

"She then turns back between me and Henery Lupvitch *Es*-quire, and commits an assault upon me, which I am not a acquisition and will not endoor or what is more submit to."

What Mrs. Megby means by the particular expression that she is not an acquisition, does not appear; but she turns more livid, and not only her lip but her whole frame trembles as she solemnly repeats, "I am not a acquisition."

"Well, ma'am. Then forty-two and fifty-three came up—"

"No they did *not*, sir; nothink of the sort! —I called 'em up."

"And you said?"

"Sir?" with tremendous calmness.

"You said?"—

"*I made the observation*," with strong emphasis and exactness, "I give this person in charge for assaulting of me. Forty-two says, 'O you're not hurt. Don't make a disturbance here. Fifty-three likewys declines to take the charge. Which," with greater rapidity than ever, "is the two pleesemen I am here to appear against; and will be here at nine to-morrow morning, or at height if needful, or at sivin—hany hour—and as a ouseholder demanding the present charge to be regularly hentered against pleesemen respectually numbered forty-two and fifty-three, which shall be substantiated by day or night or morning—which is more—for I am not a acquisition, and what those pleesemen done sir they shall answer!"

The Inspector—whose patience is not in the least affected—being now possessed of the charge, reduces it to a formal accusation against two P. C's., for neglect of duty, and gravely records it in Mrs. Megby's own words—with such fidelity that, at the end of every sentence when it is read over, Mrs. Megby, comparatively softened, repeats, "Yes, sir, which it is correct!" and afterwards signs, as if her name were not half long enough for her great revenge.

On the removal of Mrs. Megby's person, Mr. Bat, to our great amazement, is revealed behind her.

"I say! Is it t'morrow mawrer?" asks Mr. Bat in confidence.

"He has got out of the cab," says the Inspector, whom nothing surprises, "and will be brought in, in custody, presently! No. This morning. Why don't you go home?"

"*This* mawrer!" says Mr. Bat, profoundly reflecting. "How car it be *this* mawrer. It must be yesserday mawrer."

"You had better make the best of your way home, sir," says the Inspector.

"No offence is interrer," says Mr. Bat. "I happened to be passing—this dirrertion—when—saw door open—kaymin. It's a frez of my—I am nor—" he is quite unequal to the word particular now, so concludes with "you no war I me!—I am aw ri! I shall be here in the mawrer!" and stumbles out again.

The watch stealer, who has been removed, is now brought back. Mrs. Green (the searcher) reports to have found upon her some halfpence, two pawnbroker's duplicates, and a comb. All produced.

"Very good. You can lock her up now. jailer.—What does she say?"

"She says can she have her comb, sir?"

"Oh yes. She can have her comb. Take it!" And away she goes to the cells, a dirty unwholesome object, designing, no doubt, to comb herself out for the magisterial presence in the morning.

"O! Please sir, you have got two French ladies here, in brown shot silk?" says a woman with a basket. (We have changed the scene to the Vine Street Station House, but its general arrangement is just the same).

"Yes."

"Will you send 'em in, this fowl and bread for supper, please?"

"They shall have it. Hand it in."

"Thank'ee, sir. Good night, sir!"

The Inspector has eyed the woman, and now eyes the fowl. He turns it up, opens it neatly with his knife, takes out a little bottle of brandy artfully concealed within it, puts the brandy on a shelf as confiscated, and sends in the rest of the supper.

What is this very neat new trunk in a corner, carefully corded?

It is here on a charge of "drunk and incapable." It was found in Piccadilly to-night (with a young woman sitting on it) and is full of good clothes, evidently belonging to a domestic servant. Those clothes will be rags soon, and the drunken woman will die of gin, or be drowned in the river.

We are dozing by the fire again, and it is past three o'clock when the stillness (only invaded at intervals by the head voices of the two French ladies talking in their cell—no other prisoners seem to be awake,) is broken by the complaints of a woman and the cries of a child. The outer door opens noisily, and the complaints and the cries come nearer, and come into the dock.

"What 's this?" says the Inspector, putting up the window. "Don't cry there, don't cry!"

A rough-headed miserable little boy of four or five years old stops in his crying and looks frightened.

"This woman," says a wet constable, glistening in the gaslight, "has been making a disturbance in the street for hours, on and off. She says she wants relief. I have warned her off my beat over and over again, sir; but it 's of no use. She took at last to rousing the whole neighbourhood."

"You hear what the constable says. What did you do that for?"

"Because I want relief, sir."

"If you want relief, why don't you go to the relieving-officer?"

"I 've been, sir, God knows; but I couldn't get any. I haven't been under a blessed roof for three nights; but have been prowling the streets the whole night long, sir. And I can't do it any more, sir. And my husband has been dead these eight months, sir. And I 've nobody to help me to a shelter or a bit of bread, God knows!"

"You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Drinking, sir? Me, sir?"

"I am afraid you have. Is that your own child?"

"O yes, sir, he 's my child!"

"*He* hasn't been with you in the streets three nights, has he?"

"No, sir. A friend took him in for me, sir; but couldn't afford to keep him any longer, sir, and turned him on my hands this afternoon, sir."

"You didn't fetch him away yourself, to have him to beg with, I suppose?"

"O no, sir! Heavens knows I didn't, sir!"

"Well!" writing on a slip of paper, "I shall send the child to the workhouse until the morning, and keep you here. And then, if your story is true, you can tell it to the magistrate, and it will be inquired into."

"Very well, sir. And God knows I'll be thankful to have it inquired into!"

"Reserve!"

"Sir!"

"Take this child to the workhouse. Here 's the order. You go along with this man, my little fellow, and they 'll put you in a nice warm bed, and give you some breakfast in the morning. There 's a good boy!"

The wretched urchin parts from his mother without a look, and trots contentedly away with the constable. There would be no very strong ties to break here if the constable were taking him to an industrial school. Our honourable friend the member for Red Tape voted for breaking stronger ties than these in workhouses once upon a time. And we seem faintly to remember that he glorified himself upon that measure very much!

We shift the scene to Southwark. It is much the same. We return to Bow Street. Still the same. Excellent method, carefully administered, vigilant in all respects except this main one:—prevention of ignorance, remedy for unnatural neglect of children, punishment of wicked parents, interposition of the State, as a measure of human policy, if not of human pity and accountability, at the very source of crime.

Our Inspectors hold that drunkenness as a cause of crime, is in the ratio of two to one greater than any other cause. We doubt if they make due allowance for the cases in which it is the consequence or companion of crime, and not the cause; but, we do not doubt its extensive influence as a cause alone. Of the seven thousand and eighteen charges entered in the books of Bow Street station during 1850, at least half are against persons of both sexes, for being "drunk and incapable." If offences be included which have been indirectly instigated by intoxication, the proportion rises to at least seventy-five per cent. As a proof of this, it can be demonstrated from the books at head quarters (Scotland Yard) that there was a great and sudden diminution of charges after the wise measure of shutting up public houses at twelve o'clock on Saturday nights.

Towards five o'clock, the number of cases falls off, and the business of the station dwindles down to charges against a few drunken women. We have seen enough, and we retire.

We have not wearied the reader, whom we now discharge, with more than a small part of our experience; we have not related how the two respectable tradesmen, "happening" to get drunk at "the House they used," first fought with one another, then "dropped into" a policeman; as that witness related in evidence, until admonished by his Inspector concerning the Queen's English: nor how one young person resident near Covent Garden, re-

proached another young person in a loud tone of voice at three o'clock in the morning, with being "a shilling minx"—nor how that young person retorted that, allowing herself for the sake of argument to be a minx, she must yet prefer a claim to be a pound minx rather than a shilling one, and so they fell to fighting and were taken into custody—nor how the first minx, piteously declaring that she had "left her place without a bit of key," was consoled, before having the police-key turned upon herself, by the dispatch of a trusty constable to secure her goods and chattels from pillage: nor how the two smiths taken up for "larking" on an extensive scale, were sorely solicitous about "a centre-punch" which one of them had in his pocket; and which, on being searched (according to custom) for knives, they expected never to see more: nor how the drunken gentleman of independent property —who being too drunk to be allowed to buy a railway ticket, and being most properly refused, most improperly "dropped into" the Railway authorities—complained to us, visiting his cell, that he was locked up on a foul charge at which humanity revolted, and was not allowed to send for bail, and was *this* the Bill of Rights? We have seen that an incessant system of communication, day and night, is kept up between every station of the force; we have seen, not only crime speedily detected, but distress quickly relieved; we have seen regard paid to every application, whether it be an enquiry after a gipsy woman, or a black-and-tan spaniel, or a frivolous complaint against a constable; we have seen that everything that occurs is written down, to be forwarded to head quarters; we have seen an extraordinary degree of patience habitually exercised in listening to prolix details, in relieving the kernel of a case from its almost impenetrable husk; we have seen how impossible it is for anything of a serious, of even an unusual, nature to happen without being reported; and that if reported, additional force can be immediately supplied from each station; where from twenty to thirty men are always collected while off duty. We have seen that the whole system is well, intelligently, zealously worked; and we have seen, finally, that the addition of a few extra men will be all-sufficient for any exigencies which may arise from the coming influx of visitors.

Believe us, nervous old lady, dyspeptic half-pay, suspicious quidnunc, plot-dreading diplomatist, you may sleep in peace! As for you, trembling rate-payer, it is not to be doubted that, after what you have read, you will continue to pay your eightpence in the pound without a grudge.

And if, either you nervous old lady, or you dyspeptic half-pay, or you suspicious quidnunc, or you plot-dreading diplomatist, or you ungrudging rate-payer, have ever seen or heard, or read of, a vast city which a solitary watcher might traverse in the dead of night as he may traverse London, you are far wiser than we It is daybreak on this third morning of our vigil—on, it may be, the three thousandth morning of our seeing the pale dawn in these hushed and solemn streets. Sleep in peace! If you have children in your houses, wake to think of, and to act for, the doomed childhood that encircles you out of doors, from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the stars, and sleep in greater peace. There is matter enough for real dread there. It is a higher cause than the cause of any rotten government on the Continent of Europe, that, trembling, hears the Marseillaise in every whisper, and dreads a barricade in ever gathering of men!

THREE MAY-DAYS IN LONDON.

II. MAY FAIR. (1701.)

It is exactly a hundred and fifty years ago since the customs and manners of which we shall attempt to give some faint notion might be witnessed, in the locality now known as May Fair. This region of fashion was, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, a large field, extending from Park Lane almost to Devonshire House, on the West; and comprising the space to the North where the famous Lord Chesterfield, in the middle of that century, built his magnificent mansion, and looked, with pride, upon his spacious garden from the windows of his noble library. The brook of Tyburn ran through this district, so that the place was also called Brook Field, which name is still preserved in Brook Street. In this Brook Field was held an Annual Fair, commencing on the 1st of May, which, without going back into a more remote antiquity, had been not only a market for all commodities, but a place of fashionable resort, in the early years of the Restoration. Mr. Pepys was a visitor there in 1660. Our scene is laid on the 1st of May, 1701.

The general character of May Fair may be gathered from an advertisement of the 27th of April, 1700:—"In Brook Field Market-place, at the East Corner of Hyde Park, is a Fair to be kept for the space of sixteen days, beginning with the 1st of May;—the first three days for live cattle and leather; with the same entertainments as at Bartholomew Fair: where there are shops to be let, ready built, for all manner of tradesmen that annually keep Fairs, and so to continue yearly at the same place."

The surprise that we may feel in thus learning that the business of buying and selling "cattle and leather" was to continue for three days at the extreme West of our Metropolis may be diminished by considering that, the district was essentially a suburb, very thinly peopled; that to the North there were no streets; that where Apsley House now stands was a low inn, called the Hercules Pillars; and a little farther West a road-side watering-la ce, known as the Triumphant

Chariot; that the villagers of Kensington and Chelsea seldom penetrated into London proper; that the Fair of Brook Field was, therefore, a matter of as much convenience as the great Fair of Bury, or any other of the country marts to which dealers brought their commodities. That it was something more than a market for cattle and leather, and a collection of stalls for the sale of gingerbread and beer, we learn from the announcement that "there are shops ready built for all manner of tradesmen." If we turn to the Fair of all Nations of 1851, to be held within half a mile of May Fair, and consider the nature of commercial intercourse in 1701, we may be impressed with a vague sense of what a century and a half have accomplished for England and the world. We shall endeavour to confirm this impression by a very rapid view of the general character of our Industry in the last years of William the Third. But, before we touch upon this, let us turn to the other characteristic of May Fair—"the same entertainments as at Bartholomew Fair."

The observance of May was one of those ancient peculiarities of our national character which required an essential change of manners to eradicate. Enactments could not put down May-poles and morris-dancers. A Parliamentary Ordinance, in 1644, directed all and singular May-poles, that are or shall be erected, to be taken down and removed by the constables of the parishes. The May-pole in the Strand bowed its head to this ruthless command. There, in 1634, had the first stand of hackney-coaches been established—four coaches with men in livery, with fares arranged according to distances. But the May-pole did not fall unhonoured. There was a lament for the May-pole, "which no city, town, nor street can parallel;" and the Cavalier poet sighs over the "happy age," and the "harmless days," "when every village did a May-pole raise;"—"times and men are changed," he says. It was true. The May-pole in the Strand, and the hackney-coaches, were somewhat incongruous companions. After twenty years of strife and blood came the Restoration; and the Cavaliers believed that "times and men" were not changed. A new May-pole was to be raised, in 1661—a "stately cedar" of enormous height, which landsmen were unable to raise; and so the Duke of York commanded seamen "to officiate the business;"—and the May-pole was hoisted up, in four hours, to the sound of drum and trumpet; and a morris-dance was danced, to pipe and tabor, as blithely as in the days of Elizabeth; and "little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying 'Golden days begin to appear.'" In 1672 the mighty May-pole,—"the most prodigious one for height that perhaps was ever seen," says old Aubrey,—was broken by a high wind. The Revolution came, and then the contests of faction, and a foreign war, gave the people graver subjects to think of than "Whitsun ales, and May-games." The broken May-pole of the Strand gradually decayed, and became a nuisance; but it had a higher destiny—typical of the changes of "times and men." In 1717, it was carted away to Wanstead, under the direction of Newton; and there set up to support the largest telescope in the world, which had been presented to the Royal Society by a French member, M. Hugon. The age of morris-dancers was about to be superseded by the age of Science; and in due time would come the age of the mechanical Arts. A century ago, Hume said, "We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be brought to perfection in a nation that is ignorant of astronomy." The power-loom is the natural descendant of the telescope in Wanstead Park.

On May morning, in 1701, it is not unlikely that a few of the busy London population were dancing round the broken May-pole in the Strand. The chimney-sweepers had not yet taken exclusive possession of this festival; but the milk-maids, with their garlands, might be there as the representatives of rural innocence. The great bulk of the holiday-makers would abandon the May-pole for the keener excitement of May Fair. For there (according to the evidence of a letter from Mr. Brian Fairfax, of 1701,) would be attractions for all classes: "I wish you had been at May Fair, where the rope-dancing would have recompensed your labour." There, according to the "Tatler," was Mr. Penkethman, with his tame elephant; and there, were wont to be "many other curiosities of nature." There, were theatres, with "gentlemen and ladies, who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diamonds." There, was "Mrs. Saraband, so famous for her ingenious puppet-show"—the proprietress of "that rake-hell, Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal." There, was the conjuror, and the mountebank, and the fire-eater. But, more attractive than all, there, was "Lady Mary," the dancing lass—a very jewel, according to Brian Fairfax. "All the nobility in town were there. Pray ask my Lord Fairfax after her, who, though not the only lord by twenty, was every night an admirer of her, while the fair lasted." But there were great rarities of Art to be seen—specimens of ingenuity that might rival 1851. "There was the city of Amsterdam, well worth your seeing; every street, every individual house, was carved in wood, in exact proportion, one to another; the Stadthouse was as big as your hand." Liverpool, at the Palace of Industry, is thus only a revival of an old notion. The city of Amsterdam might attract discreet observers, who kept out of the way of the bull-bait and the ducking-pond—polite sports to which Young England, in the last century, was somewhat addicted. Last of all, there was the sober business of the fair—the real work

transacted in the "shops" that were "let, ready-built, for all manner of tradesmen."

Of the commodities exposed for sale in these temporary shops, would, first of all, be clothing. Of woollen fabrics there would be abundance. The great work of legislation was to keep all the wool at home, and to make the people wear nothing but woollen garments. A writer of 1698 says:—"Men are very careful to preserve their rents. But, above all, gentlemen are in the greatest disquiet for their wool. Both the living and the dead must be wrapt in wool; nor is any law wanting to complete the business, but only one;—that our perukes should be made of wool." The great problem of legislation was how to encourage the growth of wool, and the manufacture of wool; and a perpetual controversy was going on between the manufacturers and the agriculturists. The agriculturists were then the Free Traders,—they wanted a foreign market for their wool; the manufacturers would have kept it all at home. But they both agreed that nothing which interfered with wool should be worn in England. Silk buttons were an article of dress: the silk was bought in foreign parts in exchange for our woollen manufacture; but the making of silk buttons, says the Act of 1698, was discouraged by making buttons out of the shreds of cloth,—and thousands of men, women, and children, who made silk buttons with the needle, were impoverished; and so a penalty of forty shillings was to be paid by any unhappy tailor who used his shreds to make buttons. But this microscopic legislation was always working in the dark. In 1697 the importation of foreign lace and needlework was absolutely prohibited, because the importation was "to the great discouragement of the manufactures in this kingdom." In 1699 the Act of 1697 was repealed, on account of the decay of the woollen manufactures, because the prohibition of foreign lace and needlework "has been one great cause thereof, by being the occasion that our woollen manufactures are prohibited to be imported into Flanders." At May Fair, in 1701, there must have been a keen competition amongst the fashionable ladies for the last chance of a purchase in the fair of Indian silks and calicoes; for after the 29th of September, the wearing of all wrought silks of the manufacture of Persia, China, or India, and all coloured calicoes, was absolutely prohibited. The whole principle of our commercial legislation was protection,—to have no real exchange with other countries, and no free industry in our own commodities. The interest of the consumer was never regarded. The perpetual cry was the duty of employing the poor,—in regulating which employment the poor were starved. There was but one man of those days who had discovered the broad truths of commerce, which he promulgated in these words:—"The whole world, as to trade, is but one nation or people, and therein nations are as persons. * * * There can be no trade unprofitable to the people; for if any prove so, men leave it off. * * * No laws can set prices on trade. * * * All favour to one trade or interest is an abuse, and cuts off so much profit from the public." It is a hundred and sixty years ago since the great merchant, Sir Dudley North, proclaimed these principles,—the highest application of which belongs to our day, imperfectly understood as they still may be.

But, with all the defects of the class legislation that prevailed in the first year of the eighteenth century, England was advancing in commercial prosperity. In five years after the peace of Ryswick, the exports were more than doubled, and the mercantile marine more than quadrupled. The exports in 1701 were about six millions, of which about four millions consisted of our own produce and manufactures, one fifteenth part of our present exports. In 1701, the mercantile navy carried about three hundred thousand tons, one fourteenth part of our present tonnage. The Navigation Laws, which it has required the slow growth of political philosophy to abolish, bit by bit during two centuries, were held to be the foundation of our marine superiority. And yet, whilst an exclusive protection was given to English-built vessels worked by English seamen, we utterly lost the old Greenland Whale Fishery for want of skilled crews. At the Revolution, the agriculture of the country required a stimulus; so the bounty system was commenced. Foreign corn could not be brought in, except when scarcity prevailed at home; and the exporters of English wheat received a bounty of five shillings a quarter, when the home price did not exceed forty shillings. The Dutch stored the wheat, which the bounty to the grower enabled them to buy at a cheaper rate than the average European price, and sold it us again in dear seasons, at a large profit. All commerce was a system of restriction, evasion, and compromise; resting upon the belief that one nation's gain was another's loss—and that commercial advantage was only to be measured by the balance of money received for commodities, and not by the exchange of the useful products of industry, varying with the peculiar soil, climate, and manners of the exchangers.

At this period England was not, in any large sense of the term, a manufacturing country. With the exception of our woollen cloths—which amounted to nearly half our exports—some articles of raw produce were our chief shipments to foreign countries. The principal products of our mines were lead and tin, both of which we exported. Tin was in great demand, both at home and abroad, on account of the extension of luxurious habits, which required pewter plates instead of wooden trenchers. We raised and smelted no copper, but imported it unwrought. The greater part of our iron was also imported. No beds of rock-salt had been worked,—edible salt was imported; for the wretched produce

of our brine-pits was nauseous and injurious. And yet salt was of prime necessity at a period when the rotation of crops was unknown, and winter-food for sheep and cattle not being raised, the greater number were killed and salted at Martinmas. The coal mines were limited in their produce,—partly by the want of machinery, and partly by the difficulty of communication. The greater part of the coal consumed in the kingdom was seaborne—hence called sea-coal; but, occasionally, pack-horses travelled with coal inland, for the supply of blacksmiths' forges. Factories, in the modern sense, did not exist. Even the great wool manufacture was, in most of its processes, domestic. Weavers left their shuttles idle in their cottages, when harvest work demanded their labour in the fields; and this, not as a matter of choice, but under legal compulsion.

The Norwich and the Yorkshire looms were the subjects of minute regulation, as to wages and material. We imported spun silk for our Spitalfields looms. John Lombe built his Derby silk-mill in 1717. An ingenious adventurer who made the same attempt in 1702 was ruined. Our linen fabrics were imported from France, Germany, and Holland, and so were our threads. We manufactured hats and glass, only after the accession of William the Third, when the war with France drove us to employ our capital and skill in their production. It was the same with paper. Before the Revolution there was little made in England, except brown paper. We imported our writing and printing papers from France and Holland. We imported our crockery-ware, which retained the name of Delft, even when our Potteries had begun to work. Sheffield produced its old "whittle"—the common knife for all uses; but the finer cutlery was imported from France. We obtained most of our printing-type from Holland—not that England wanted letter-founders, but that their characters were so rude, that our neighbours supplied us, till an ingenious artist, William Caslon, established his London foundry, in 1720. There was a demand then for types—for the age of newspapers was come. When England was restricted to twenty master-printers—as it was before the Revolution—there was little need of skilful type-founders.

In the May Fair of 1701 the news-vendors would be busy. There would be half-a-dozen papers bearing the name of "Intelligence," or "Intelligencer;" there would be similar varieties of the family of "Flying Post," and "Mercury," and "Observator;" there would be "Dawks's News Letter, done upon good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business." Each of these would hold less matter than a column. The writers upon Dawks's "good writing-paper," or any other paper, were not very numerous in a population of five millions. The Postage revenue was about sixty thousand pounds; which, averaging the rate of letters at threepence each (single sheets, carried under eighty miles, were twopence), would give us about a letter annually for each of the population; about two-thirds of the letters now delivered in one week; which show about fourteen letters annually for each of the population. The newspapers in May Fair each had two or three advertisements—some of books, some of luxuries, which are now necessaries of life—such as tea at twenty-four shillings a pound, loaf sugar at eleven shillings, coffee at six shillings. All had advertisements of lotteries. Every description of retail traffic was then carried on by gambling. At the Eagle and Child on Ludgate Hill, all sorts of fine silks and goods were to be had at seven pounds, ten shillings, a ticket; Mrs. Ogle's plate, value twenty pounds, was at sixpence a ticket; Mr. William Morris, "the fairest of dealers," draws his lottery out of two wheels by two parish boys, giving one hundred pounds for half-a-crown. There were lotteries drawing in May Fair, and the thimble-rig was not unknown.

The May morning of 1701 sees the busy concourse in Brookfield of sellers and buyers. There is the Jew from Houndsditch, and the grazier from Finchley. From the distant Bermondsey comes the tanner, with his peltry and his white leather for harness. Beer is freely drunk. Tobacco perfumes the air from one sunrise to another. It is almost difficult to believe that eleven million pounds of tobacco were then annually consumed by a population of five millions; but so say the records. The graziers and the drovers were hungry. They indulged themselves with the seldom-tasted wheaten bread of the luxurious Londoners. They had waded through roads scarcely practicable for horsemen. Pedestrians, who kept the crown of the causeway, on whose sides were perilous sloughs and foul ditches. They travelled in company, for fear of the frequent highwayman and footpad. Happy were they when the sun lighted the highway from Tottenham or Tyburn; for not a lantern was to be seen, and the flickering link made the morning fog seem denser than its reality. That May-day morning has little cheerfulness in its aspect.

The afternoon comes. Then the beasts and the leather are sold—and the revelry begins. It lasts through the night. We need not describe the brutality of the prize-fighting, nor record the licentiousness of the Merry Andrew. All the poetical character of the old May sports was gone. It was a scene of drunkenness and quarrel. May Fair became a nuisance. The Grand Jury presented it seven years after; and the puppets, and the rope-dancers, and the gambling booths, the bruisers, and the thieves had to seek another locality. When Fashion obtained possession of the site the form of profligacy was changed. The thimble-riggers were gone; but Dr. Keith married all comers to

his chapel, "with no questions asked, for a guinea, any time after midnight till four in the afternoon."

GERALDINE.

THERE thou goest, there thou goest,
  In thy virgin robes arrayed;
Pale and drooping, for thou knowest
  What true heart thou hast betrayed;
Hark! thy bridal bells are ringing!
  Do they waken happy tears?
Their exulting peal is flinging
  Discord, torture in my ears;
Are they tuneful unto thine,
Fair and faithless Geraldine?

Now thou standest at the altar,
  Where truth only should be heard;
Dost not inly feel, and falter
  To pronounce one fatal word?
No; I hear thy lips of beauty
  Utter the degrading "Yes,"
And the pastor, as in duty,
  Stretches forth his hands to bless;
Can thy compact be divine,
Fair and faithless Geraldine?

Of the tender vows we plighted,
  Thine are flung in empty air,
And my spirit is benighted
  In the darkness of despair;
Gold has bought thee; will it bless thee?
  Wilt thou find it aught but dross?
Will the hands that now caress thee,
  Pay thee for a true heart's loss?
Time, perchance, will show the sign,
Fair and fickle Geraldine.

Frenzied words! I will not blame thee,
  I, whose soul thy beauty won;
Filial duty overcame thee,
  Made thee do what thou hast done;
Thou hast left a grief within me,
  Grief I may not soon suppress,
But let sweet forgiveness win me
  To desire thy happiness;
Whatsoe'er of pain be mine,
Peace be with thee, Geraldine.

COFFEE PLANTING IN CEYLON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

IN the month of September, 1840, I started from Kandy, the ancient capital of Ceylon, to visit a friend who was in charge of one of the many new coffee clearings then in progress. I was accompanied by a young planter well acquainted with the country and the natives, and who had offered to act as my guide. The clearing was distant about twenty-five miles. The route we took has since become famous. Rebellion and martial law have stalked over it; and concerning it, the largest blue books of last session have been concocted.

We mounted our horses a good hour before day-break, so as to ensure getting over the most exposed [illegible] of our journey before the sun should have risen very high, an important matter for man and beast in tropical countries. Towards noon, we pulled up at a little bazaar, or native shop, and called for "*Hoppers and Coffee.*" I felt that I could have eaten almost anything, and, truly, one needs such an appetite to get down the dreadful black-draught which the Cingalese remorselessly administer to travellers, under the name of coffee.

The sun was high in the horizon when we found ourselves suddenly, at a turn of the road, in the midst of a "clearing." This was quite a novelty to me; so unlike anything one meets with in the low country, or about the vicinity of Kandy. The present clearing lay at an elevation of fully three thousand feet above the sea-level, whilst the altitude of Kandy is not more than sixteen hundred feet. I had never been on a Hill Estate, and the only notions formed by me respecting a plantation of coffee, were of continuous, undulating fields, and gentle slopes. Here it was not difficult to imagine myself amongst the recesses of the Black Forest. Pile on pile of heavy, dark jungle, rose before my astonished sight, looking like grim fortresses defending some hidden city of giants. The spot we had opened upon was at the entrance of a long valley of great width, on one side of which lay the young estate we were bound to. Before us were, as near as I could judge, fifty acres of felled jungle in thickest disorder; just as the monsters of the forest had fallen, so they lay, heap on heap, crushed and splintered into ten thousand fragments. Fine brawny old fellows some of them; trees that had stood many a storm and thunder-peal; trees that had sheltered the wild elephant, the deer, and the buffalo lay there prostrated by a few inches of sharp steel. The "fall" had taken place a good week before, and the trees would be left in this state until the end of October, by which time they would be sufficiently dry for a good "burn." Struggling from trunk to trunk, and leading our horses slowly over the huge rocks that lay thickly around, we at last got through the "fall," and came to a part of the forest where the heavy, quick click of many axes told us there was a working-party busily employed. Before us, a short distance in the jungle, were the swarthy, compact figures of some score or two of low country Cingalese, plying their small axes with a rapidity and precision that was truly marvellous. It made my eyes wink again, to see how quickly their sharp tools flew about, and how near some of them went to their neighbours' heads.

In the midst of these busy people I found my planting friend, superintending operations, in full jungle costume. A sort of wicker helmet was on his head, covered with a long padded white cloth, which hung far down his back, like a baby's quilt. A shooting-jacket and trousers of checked country cloth; immense leech-gaiters fitting close inside the roomy canvas boots; and a Chinese-paper umbrella, made up his curious outfit.

To me it was a pretty, as well as a novel sight, to watch the felling work in progress.

Two axe-men to small trees; three, and sometimes four, to larger ones: their little bright tools flung far back over their shoulders with a proud flourish, and then, with a "whirr," dug deep in the heart of the tree, with such exactitude and in such excellent time, that the scores of axes flying about me seemed impelled by some mechanical contrivance, and sounding but as one or two instruments. I observed that in no instance were the trees cut through, but each one was left with just sufficient of the heart to keep it upright; on looking around, I saw that there were hundreds of them similarly treated. The ground on which we were standing was extremely steep and full of rocks, between which lay embedded rich veins of alluvial soil. Where this is the case, the masses of stone are not an objection; on the contrary, they serve to keep the roots of the young coffee plants cool during the long dry season, and, in the like manner, prevent the light soil from being washed down the hill-side by heavy rains. My planter-friend assured me that, if the trees were to be at once cut down, a few at a time, they would so encumber the place as to render it impossible for the workmen to get access to the adjoining trees, so thickly do they stand together, and so cumbersome are their heavy branches. In reply to my inquiry as to the method of bringing all these cut trees to the ground, I was desired to wait until the cutting on the hill-side was completed, and then I should see the operation finished.

The little axes rang out a merry chime—merrily to the planter's ear, but the death-knell of many a fine old forest tree. In half an hour the signal was made to halt, by blowing a conch shell: obeying the signal of the superintendent, I hastened up the hill as fast as my legs would carry me, over rocks and streams, halting at the top, as I saw the whole party do. Then they were ranged in order, axes in hand, on the upper side of the topmost row of cut trees. I got out of their way, watching anxiously every movement. All being ready, the manager sounded the conch sharply: two score voices raised a shout that made me start again; forty bright axes gleamed high in air, then sank deeply into as many trees, which at once yielded to the sharp steel, groaned heavily, waved their huge branches to and fro, like drowning giants, then toppled over, and fell with a stunning crash upon the trees below them. These having been cut through previously, offered no resistance, but followed the example of their upper neighbours, and fell booming on those beneath. In this way the work of destruction went rapidly on from row to row. Nothing was heard but groaning, crackling, crashing, and splintering; it was some little time before I got the sounds well out of my ears. At the time it appeared as though the whole of the forest-world about me was tumbling to pieces; only those fell, however, which had been cut, and of such not one was left standing. There they would lie until sufficiently dry for the torch that would blacken their massive trunks, and calcine their many branches into dusty heaps of alkali.

By the time this was completed, and the men put on to a fresh "cut," we were ready for our mid-day meal, the planter's breakfast. Away we toiled towards the *Bungalow*. Passing through a few acres of standing forest, and over a stream, we came to a small cleared space well sheltered from wind, and quite snug in every respect. It was thickly sown with what I imagined to be young lettuces, or, perhaps, very juvenile cabbage-plants, but I was told this was the "Nursery," and those tiny green things were intended to form the future Soolookande Estate. On learning that we had reached the "Bungalow," I looked about me to discover its locality, but in vain; there was no building to be seen; but presently my host pointed out to me what I had not noticed before—a small, low-roofed, thatched place, close under a projecting rock, and half hid by thorny creepers. I imagined this to be his fowl-house, or, perhaps, a receptacle for tools; but was not a little astonished when I saw my friends beckon me on, and enter at the low, dark door. This miserable little cabin could not have been more than twelve feet long by about six feet wide, and as high at the walls. This small space was lessened by heaps of tools, coils of string, for "lining" the ground before planting, sundry boxes and baskets, an old rickety table, and one chair. At the farther end—if anything could be far in that hole—was a jungle bedstead, formed by driving green stakes in the floor and walls, and stretching rope across them. I could not help expressing astonishment at the miserable quarter provided for one who had so important a charge, and such costly outlay to make. My host, however, treated the matter very philophically. Everything, he observed, is good or bad by comparison; and wretched as the accommodation appeared to me, who had been accustomed to the large, airy houses of Colombo, he seemed to be quite satisfied; indeed, he told me, that when he had finished putting up this little crib, had moved in his one table and chair, and was seated, cigar in mouth, inside the still damp mud walls, he thought himself the happiest of mortals. I felt somewhat curious to know where he had dwelt previous to the erection of this unique building—whether he had perched up in the forest trees, or in holes in the rocks, like the wild Veddahs of Bintenne.

I was told that his first habitation, when commencing work up there, was then suspended over my head. I looked up to the dark, dusty roof, and perceived a bundle of what I conceived to be [illegible] dirty, brown paper, or parchment-skin. Perceiving my utter ignorance of the arrangement, he took

down the roll, and spread it open outside the door. It turned out to be a huge *Talipot leaf*, which he assured me was the only shelter he had possessed for nearly two months, and that, too, during the rainy season. It might have measured ten feet in length, and possibly six in width; pretty well for a leaf: it was used by fastening a stout pole lengthways to two stakes driven in the ground; the leaf was hung across this ridge-pole, midway, and the corners of it made fast by cords: common mats being hung at each end, and under the leaf.

The "Lines," a long row of mud huts for the coolies, appeared to be much more comfortable than their master's dwelling. But this is necessarily the case, for unless they be well cared for they will not remain on a remote estate, such as this one was then considered. The first thing a good planter sees to is a roomy and dry set of "Lines" for the people: then the "Nursery" of coffee plants, and thirdly, a hut for himself.

The Superintendent assured me that none but those who had opened an estate in a remote district, could form any idea of the difficulties and privations encountered by the planter. "Folks may grumble as they like, down in Colombo, or in England," said my friend, "about the high salaries paid to managers, but if some of them had only a month of it up here, in the rains, I suspect they'd change their notions."

He had had the greatest difficulty at first in keeping but a dozen men on the place to clear ground for lines and nurseries: so strong is the objection felt by Malabars to new and distant plantations. On one occasion he had been quite deserted: even his old cook ran away, and he found himself with only a little Cingalese boy, and his rice, biscuit and dried fish all but exhausted. As for meat, he had not tasted any for many days. There was no help for it, he saw, but to send off the little boy to the nearest village, with a rupee, to buy some food, and try to persuade some of the village people to come up and assist him. When evening came on there was no boy back, and the lonely planter had no fire to boil his rice. Night came on and still he was alone: hungry, cold, and desolate. It was a Sabbath evening, and he pointed out to me the large stone on which he had sat down to think of his friends in the old country; the recollection of his distance from them, and of his then desolate, Crusoe-like, position, came so sadly upon him that he wept like a child. I almost fancied I saw a tear start to his large eye as he related the circumstance.

Ceylon planters are proverbially hospitable: the utmost stranger is at all times sure of a hearty welcome for himself and his horse. On this occasion my jungle friend turned out the best cheer his small store afforded. It is true we had but one chair amongst us, but that only served to give us amusement in making seats of baskets, boxes, and old books. A dish of rice, and curry, made of dry salt fish, two red herrings, and the only fowl on the estate, formed our meal; and poor as the repast may appear to those who have never done a good day's journey in the jungles of Ceylon, I can vouch for the keen relish with which we all partook of it.

In the afternoon we strolled out to inspect the first piece of planting on the Soolookande estate. It was in extent about sixty acres, divided into fields of ten acres by narrow belts of tall trees. This precaution was adopted, I learnt, with a view to protect the young plants from the violence of the wind, which at times rushes over the mountains with terrific fury. Unless thus sheltered by belts or "staking," the young plants get loosened, or are whirled round until the outer bark becomes worn away, and then they sicken and die, or if they live, yield no fruit. "Staking" is simply driving a stout peg in the ground, and fastening the plant steadily to it; but it is an expensive process. The young trees in these fields had been put out during the previous rains of July, and though still very small, looked fresh and healthy. I had always imagined planting out to be a very easy and rough operation; but I now learnt that exceeding care and skill are required in the operation. The holes to receive the young coffee-plant must be wide and deep; they can scarcely be too large; the earth must be kept well about the roots of the seedling in removing it; and care must be taken that the *tap-root* be neither bent, nor planted over any stone or other hard substance; neglect of these important points is fatal to the prosperity of the estate. The yellow drooping leaves, and stunted growth, soon tell the proprietor that his superintendent has done his work carelessly: but alas! it is then too late to apply any remedy, save that of re-planting the ground.

I left this estate impressed with very different notions concerning the life and trials of a planter in the far jungle, from those I had contracted below from mere Colombo gossip; and I felt that superintendents were not so much overpaid for their skill, patience, privations, and hard work.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Having seen almost the commencement of the Soolookande Coffee Estate, I felt a strong desire towards the end of the year 1846, to pay it a second visit, while in its full vigour. I wished to satisfy myself as to the correctness of the many reports I had heard of its heavy crops, of its fine condition, its excellent works, and, not least, of the good management during crop-time. My old acquaintance was no longer in charge; he had been supplanted by a stranger. However, I went armed with a letter from the Colombo agents, which would ensure more attention than a bed and a meal.

I journeyed this time by another and rather shorter route. Instead of taking the

Matelle road, I struck off to the right, past Davy's Tree, celebrated as the scene of the massacre of a large body of British officers and troops by the treacherous Kandians, and crossing the Mahavilla Ganga at Davy's Ferry, made the best of my way across the beautiful vale of Dombera, and thence towards the long range of mountains forming one flank of the Kallibokke Valley. At the period of my former excursion this long tract of fertile country was one unbroken mass of heavy jungle; now a dozen large estates, with bungalows and extensive works, were to be seen, enlivening the journey, and affording a much readier passage for the horseman; for wherever plantations are formed, good jungle paths are sure to be made. The ride was a most interesting one; mile upon mile of coffee lay before and around me, in various stages of growth, from the young seedling just put out, to the full-bearing bush, as heavily laden with red ripe coffee berries as any currant-bush in England with its fruit.

It was then the middle of November, and the very height of the planter's harvest. All appeared busy as I rode along, gathering on the old properties; weeding and "supplying" or filling up failures on the young estates. I halted but once for a cup of good, wholesome coffee, and gladly pushed on, so as to reach my destination in good time for breakfast.

The many lovely prospects opening before me caused some little delay in admiration; and, by the time I had ridden through the last piece of jungle, and pulled up at the upper boundary of "Soolookande," it was not far from midday. The sun was blazing high above me, but its rays were tempered by a cool breeze that swept over from the neighbouring mountain-tops. The prospect from that lofty eminence was lovely in the extreme: steep ridges of coffee extended in all directions, bounded by piles of mossy forest; white spots, here and there, told of bungalows and stores; a tiny cataract rushed down some cleft rock, on one side; on the other, a rippling stream ran gently along, thickly studded with water-cresses. Before me, in the far distance, lay outstretched, like a picture-scroll, the Matello district, with its paddy fields, its villages, and its Vihares, skirted by a ridge of mountains and terminated by the Cave Rocks of Dambool. At my feet, far below, lay the estate, bungalow, and works, and to them I bent my way by a narrow and very steep bridle-path. So precipitous was the land just here that I felt rather nervous on looking down at the white buildings. The pathway, for a great length, was bordered by rose-bushes, or [illegible], in fullest blossom, perfuming the air most fragrantly: as I approached the bungalow, other flowering shrubs and plants were mingled with them, and in such excellent order was everything there that the place appeared to me more like a magnified garden than an estate. How changed since my former visit! I could scarcely recognise it as the same property. The bungalow was an imposing looking building, the very picture of neatness and comfort. How different to the old Talipot-leaf, and the dirty little mud hut! The box of a place I had slept in six years before would have stood, easily, on the dining-table in this bungalow. A wide verandah surrounded the building, the white pillars of which were polished like marble. The windows were more like doors; and, as for the doors, one may speak of them as lawyers do of Acts of Parliament, it would be easy to drive a coach-and-six through them.

The superintendent was a most gentlemanly person, and so was his Bengalee servant. The curry was delightfully hot; the water was deliciously cool. The chairs were like sofas; and so exquisitely comfortable, after my long ride, that, when my host rose and suggested a walk down to the works, I regretted that I had said anything about them, and had half a mind to pretend to be poorly.

The store was a zinc-roofed building, one hundred feet in length, by twenty-five wide; it was boarded below, but the sides upwards were merely stout rails, for ensuring a thorough circulation of air through the interior. It presented a most busy appearance. Long strings of Malabar coolies were flocking in, along narrow paths, from all sides, carrying bags and baskets on their heads, filled with the ripe coffee. These had to pass in at one particular door of the store, into the receiving-floor, in the upper part of the building. A Canghany was stationed there to see each man's gathering fairly measured; and to give a little tin ticket for every bushel, on the production of which the coolies were paid, at the end of the month. Many coolies, who had their wives and children to assist them in the field, brought home very heavy parcels of coffee.

Passing on to the floor where the measuring was in progress, I saw immense heaps of ripe, cherry-looking fruit, waiting to be passed below to the pulpers. All this enormous pile must be disposed of before the morning, or it will not be fit for operating on, and might be damaged. I saw quantities of it already gliding downwards, through little openings in the floor, under which I could hear the noise of some machinery in rapid motion, but giving out sounds like sausage-machines in full "chop." Following my guide, I descended a ladder, between some ugly-looking wheels and shafting, and landed safely on the floor of the pulping-room. "Pulping" is the operation of removing the outer husk, or "cherry," which encloses the parchment-looking husk containing the pair of coffee beans. This is performed by a machine called a "pulper." It is a stout wooden or iron frame, supporting a fly-wheel and barrel of wood, covered with sheet copper, perforated coarsely outwards, very like a huge nutmeg-grater. This barrel is made to revolve rapidly, nearly in contact with two chocks of wood. The coffee in the

cherry being fed on to this by a hopper, is forced between the perforated barrel and the chocks; the projecting copper points tear off the soft cherry, whilst the coffee beans, in their parchment case, fall through the chocks into a large box. These pulpers (four in number) were worked by a water-wheel of great power, and turned out in six hours as much coffee as was gathered by three hundred men during the whole day.

From the pulper-box the parchment coffee is shovelled to the "cisterns"—enormous square wooden vats. In these the new coffee is placed, just covered with water, in which state it is left for periods varying from twelve to eighteen hours, according to the judgment of the manager. The object of this soaking is to produce a slight fermentation of the mucilaginous matter adhering to the "parchment," in order to facilitate its removal, as otherwise it would harden the skin, and render the coffee very difficult to peel or clean. When I inspected the works on Soolookande, several cisterns of fermented coffee were being turned out, to admit other parcels from the pulper, and also to enable the soaked coffee to be washed. Coolies were busily employed shovelling the berries from one cistern to another; others were letting on clean water. Some were busy stirring the contents of the cisterns briskly about; whilst some, again, were letting off the foul water; and a few were engaged in raking the thoroughly-washed coffee from the washing platforms to the barbecues.

The barbecues on this property were very extensive;—about twenty thousand square feet, all gently sloped away from their centres, and smooth as glass. They were of stone, coated over with lime well polished, and so white, that it was with difficulty I could look at them with the sun shining full upon their bright surfaces. Over these drying grounds the coffee, when quite clean and white, is spread, at first thickly, but gradually more thinly, until, on the last day, it is placed only one bean thick. Four days' sunning are usually required, though occasionally many more are necessary before the coffee can be heaped away in the store without risk of spoiling. All that is required is to dry it sufficiently for transport to Kandy, and thence to Colombo, where it undergoes a final curing, previous to having its parchment skin removed, and the faulty and broken berries picked out. Scarcely any estates are enabled to effectually dry their crops, owing to the long continuance of wet weather on the hills.

The "dry floor" of this store resembled very much the inside of a malting-house. It was nicely boarded, and nearly half full of coffee, white and in various stages of dryness. Some of it, at one end, was being measured into two bushel bags, tied up, marked and entered in the "packed" book, ready for despatch to Kandy. Everything was done on a system; the bags were piled up in and the loose coffee was kept in heaps of fixed quantities as a check on the measuring. Bags, rakes, measures, twine, all had their proper places allotted them. Each day's work must be finished off-hand at once; no putting off until to-morrow can be allowed, or confusion and loss will be the consequence. Any heaps of half dried coffee, permitted to remain unturned in the store, or not exposed on the "barbecue," will heat, and become discoloured, and in that condition is known amongst commercial men as "Country Damaged."

The constant ventilation of a coffee store is of primary importance in checking any tendency to fermentation in the uncured beans; an ingenious planter has recently availed himself of this fact, and invented an apparatus which forces an unbroken current of dry, warm air, through the piles of damp coffee, thus continuing the curing process in the midst of the most rainy weather.

When a considerable portion of the gathering is completed, the manager has to see to his means of transport, before his store is too crowded. A well conducted plantation will have its own cattle to assist in conveying the crop to Kandy; it will have roomy and dry cattle-pens, fields of guinea-grass, and pasture grounds attached, as well as a manure-pit, into which all refuse and the husks of the coffee are thrown, to be afterwards turned to valuable account.

The carriage of coffee into Kandy is performed by pack-bullocks, and sometimes by the coolies, who carry it on their heads, but these latter can seldom be employed away from picking during the crop time. By either means, however, transport forms a serious item in the expenses of a good many estates. From some of the distant hill-estates possessing no cattle, and with indifferent jungle-paths, the conveyance of their crops to Kandy will often cost fully six shillings the hundred weight of clean coffee, equal to about threepence per mile. From Kandy to Colombo, by the common bullock-cart of the country, the cost will amount to two or three shillings the clean hundred weight, in all, eight or nine shillings the hundred weight from the plantation to the port of shipment, being twice as much for conveying it less than a hundred miles, as it costs for freight to England, about sixteen thousand miles. One would imagine that it would not require much sagacity to discern that, in such a country as this, a railroad would be an incalculable benefit to the whole community. To make this apparent even to the meanest Cingalese capacity, we may mention that, even at the present time, transit is required from the interior of the island to its seaports, for enough coffee for shipment to Great Britain alone, to cause a railroad to be remunerative. The quantity of coffee imported from British possessions abroad in 1850, was upwards of forty millions of pounds avoirdupois; and a very large proportion of this came from Ceylon. What

additional quantities are required for the especially coffee-bibbing nations which lie between Ceylon and this country, surpasses all present calculation; enough, we should think, sails away from this island in the course of every year, the transit of which to its sea-board, would pay for a regular net-work of railways.

CHIPS.

THE SPADE IN IRELAND.

In the "famine year," of 1846, an application was made to the benevolent public for food and seed by the Irish Presbyterian Home Mission, on behalf of the peasantry of the West of Ireland, and particularly of those in a remote district in the county of Mayo. The usual practical shrewdness of Scotchmen suggested to some gentlemen of Edinburgh the uselessness of aggravating the future destitution of the Irish people, by merely squandering money in doling out rations; which, when exhausted, would leave the recipients more destitute, and with weaker habits of self-reliance than before the period of relief. They had learnt from history the success with which Cromwell had planted Ulster, by the introduction of Saxons and Saxon habits among the population. They were struck with the wisdom and practical views which Sir Robert Peel had developed in his proposals for a renewal and extension of the experiment. Surprised that it received no countenance from Parliament and no encouragement from the authority of other statesmen, they resolved to try, on a small scale, the experiment which might worthily have been expanded in imperial dimensions. An experienced agriculturist from the South of Scotland was dispatched to the proposed scene of operations. From his representation it appeared that the people inhabiting this district, being found to be of a peaceable and industrious character, and little acquainted with the common practice of systematic husbandry, it was afterwards thought, that in place of continuing the temporary assistance which was still required, the money to be so expended, might be thrown into a channel of a more permanent character, by renting a few hundred acres, for the double purpose of introducing an improved system of cultivation, and of affording profitable employment to the destitute. Taking a more enlarged view of the matter, it was considered not unreasonable to expect that if the example were set, and followed out with success, private individuals from England and Scotland, looking out for farms, might be induced to follow such example, and enter upon the cultivation of the thousands of acres which are lying untenanted on all sides.

A lease of Castle and Parkmore farms and the Townland of Ballinglew for twenty-one years, and three lives, has been taken. The land is two miles from the sea-coast, nine from the sea-port of Killala, and sixteen from the market-town of Ballina. It has good roads, abundance of lime and freestone peat for fuel, and sea-weed for manure. It is three hundred and seventy-four statute acres in extent, the rent is only sixty-four pounds, and that rent (only three shillings and sixpence per acre) is higher than that of the surrounding holdings. Although the tenants were greatly in arrear, the lessees wisely procured a remission of the landlord's claims, and paid the holders a handsome premium in consideration for the tenant right, to maintain the policy of conciliating, and giving confidence to the "natives." Useless fences and roads were removed, unnecessary hedges and ditches rooted out and filled up, fields put into convenient shape and dimensions, an immense quality of surface stones removed from the soil, buildings repaired, proper housings and cattle sheds erected, and a thrashing mill, to be driven by water power, is constructed. At the end of the first complete year (1849), sixty-five acres of oats, potatoes, barley, vetches, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, of considerable yield and excellent quality, were gathered, and employment afforded for forty men at sixpence per day, and as many women and children at from threepence to fourpence; thereby securing subsistence to upwards of two hundred individuals.

Scotchmen can do nothing without schools, and the first building which the subscribers erected was a school-house. They had great difficulty in procuring a teacher, being generally told by those to whom they applied, that they declined being shot by wild Irishmen. They, at last, secured the services of an able and enthusiastic Scotch schoolmaster, who understands and can direct all country work, and who finds not only his pupils apt and docile, but his full grown neighbours peaceable and friendly.

The chief burden of the success of the experiment has devolved upon a hard-headed Caledonian farm overseer, one James Carlaw, who has not only the faculty of farming skilfully, and making every one about him work efficiently, but whose natural tact and knowledge of human nature have made him universally acceptable to his labourers, and placed him on the highest terms with his Catholic neighbours, *including the priest*. Nor has this been effected by any compromise of his stiff Presbyterian prejudices. He was "awfully scandalised" by the "heathen disregard of the Sabbath-day;" and remonstrated with all and sundry on the subject. With the caution of his race, he left his family behind him, until by personal residence among the "wild Irish," he had assured himself that they were not so wild as they were called. After due probation, he imported his wife and five children to Ballinglew, the whole hands on the farms having travelled to their sea-port of de-

barkation to receive them, as a mark of respect; and now Mrs. Carlaw manages the dairy, and her children attend the school with the infantry of the district.

These operations had not long proceeded, when the Argus eyes of the constabulary "dropped down" upon the experimental miniature plantation. It is, indeed, from a comprehensive and lucid report, drawn up by a private in that corps, that we derive the information here given.

"I conversed," says the policeman in his report to the head officer in Dublin, "with all the people on the farm, with Mr. Brannigan, the overseer, with labourers, apart, and then with people wholly unconnected with the farm. The former think the concern will pay a large amount of interest, while the latter class say it will take five years before it can pay the sum already expended. They speak approvingly of the farm, its manager, and management. On the whole, decided advantages have arisen to the neighbourhood from the settlement of these people in it. Work has been given, instruction in agriculture to the labourers has been imparted, children have been taught in the school, meat and money in a time of need have been distributed."

The report of the clever Irish P. C., further states, that "the people are perfectly satisfied," and "like the farm work; that Mr. Carlaw gives satisfaction, decidedly. Many of the country people, of a different religious persuasion, speak well of him. He minds his own business—the farm—and nothing else." A glowing description is given of the "old castle, beautifully situated at the bottom of the valley;" of "a lovely cottage, flanked and backed by trees;" and of the "little river, which winds its way through this charming valley." The oats "are the best I have ever seen"—"barley and potatoes excellent; far more than an average crop. The country is perfectly peaceable, and safe for strangers to live in." The whole country turned out to see the wonders of Scotch broad-cast sowing; grass seed rolling in; turnip drilling; boys and girls became expert at the hoe, "and this implement was utterly unknown here before." At school "the average daily attendance was from eighty to one hundred."

Such is the deserved interest which this experiment has excited, that ladies of rank and quality, not contented with subscribing to it, have travelled alone and in mid-winter to the spot, to verify, with their own eyes, the reports of the overseer. Model farm account-books are kept by sturdy James Carlaw, and the sheet of the week's entries regularly transmitted to the Treasurer, at Edinburgh, for examination by the Committee.

The entire Townland of Ballinglew, on which the farm is situated, is to be exposed for sale, under that invaluable measure, the Encumbered Estates Act. The rental, at present, is three hundred and ten pounds; it consists of nearly one thousand five hundred acres; it is tithe and land-tax free; and it is expected that the whole will go for three thousand five hundred, or four thousand pounds! In England the rental would warrant a price of ten thousand pounds, and the acreage eighteen thousand pounds. Amid the cry of Protection and Agricultural Distress, here is an ample field for the enterprise of English and Scotch farmers. No agriculturists in Europe have the advantages of such cheap land and labour as are offered to our bucolic Britons in Ireland. Able-bodied labourers at sixpence; and useful weeders and hoers at threepence per day; with land, bearing fine crops of oats, barley, turnips, and potatoes, at four shillings and eightpence per acre; and to be had, prospectively, at less than three shillings, with a profit to the landlord of five per cent. on a price of four thousand pounds!

We feel convinced that an interview with James Carlaw would soon reassure an English farmer that he may devote his energies to the cultivation of Ireland, without any fear of being "shot from behind a hedge." The vast tide of emigration which is flowing from that country to this island, of the labouring poor—and to the Colonies and United States, of the small farmers—indicates a voluntary relinquishment of the soil by the native occupiers, which may satisfy the reflective that a clear stage is left in the Sister Kingdom for British agricultural enterprise, which could not fail to be crowned with success. Sir Robert Peel suggested the plantation of Ireland, which means its settlement, not by isolated emigrants, but in such numbers as to constitute a neighbourhood; an aggregation of English and Scotch in a district, such as would keep each other in countenance, and cheer their hearts by co-operation. Ireland is yet destined to be our right arm, in place of being our wooden leg; she may be regenerated by green hearts and cheerful hopes, throwing off her leprosy, and recovering her elasticity, "so that her flesh shall become as the flesh of a little child." She has been bled and blistered, sweated, and drugged, to no effect, but to reduce her strength, and aggravate her symptoms. It is time rulers should be asked—as the proprietor of the sorry nag was, under similar circumstances—"Have you ever tried him with oats?" The first trial of the experiment has succeeded at Ballinglew. We hope it will not be the last.

A BRETON WEDDING.

The customs and habits of the Bretons bear a close and striking resemblance to those of their kindred race* in the principality of

* Pitre-Chevalier says, in his "Brittany," ("*La Bretagne*"), "We Celts of Lower Brittany require nothing more to recognise as brothers the primitive inhabitants of Wales, than the ability to salute them in their maternal tongue, after a separation of more than a thousand years."

Wales, as will be seen from the following companion picture of "The Welsh Wedding," in a recent number.

When a marriage in Lower Brittany has been definitely resolved upon, the bride makes choice of a bridesmaid, and the bridegroom of a groomsman. These, accompanied by an inviter, or "bidder," as the personage is called in Wales, bearing a long white wand, invite the members of their respective families to the wedding. On so important and solemn an occasion, no one is forgotten, however humble his condition in life may happen to be; and in no country in the world are the ties of kindred so strong as in Lower Brittany.

These consequently include a very large circle; and it happens that the task of "bidding" very frequently occupies many days. A thousand persons have been known to assist at the wedding of a prosperous farmer.

On the Sunday preceding the wedding-day, every one who has accepted the invitation must send some present to the youthful pair, by one of their farm servants, who has been very carefully dressed, in order to produce a high idea of their consequence. These gifts are sometimes of considerable value, but for the most part confined to some article of domestic use, or of consumption on the wedding-day, which is usually fixed for the following Tuesday.

At an early hour of that day the young men assemble in a village near to the residence of the bride, where the bridegroom meets them. As soon as they are collected in sufficiently imposing number, they depart in procession, preceded by the *basvalan* (ambassador of love), with a band of music, of which the bagpipe is a conspicuous instrument, to take possession of the bride. On arriving at the farm, everything, save the savage wolf-dogs, is in the most profound silence. The doors are closed, and not a soul is to be seen; but on closely surveying the environs of the homestead, there is sufficient indication of an approaching festivity,—chimneys and caldrons are smoking, and long tables ranged in every available space.

The *basvalan* knocks loudly and repeatedly at the door, which at length brings to the threshold the *brotaër* (envoy of the bride's family), who, with a branch of broom in his hand, replies in rhyme, and points out to some neighbouring chateau, where he assures the *basvalan* such a glorious train as his is sure to find welcome on account of its unparalleled splendour and magnificence. This excuse having been foreseen, the *basvalan* answers his rival verse for verse, compliment for compliment, that they are in search of a jewel more brilliant than the stars, and that it is hidden in that "palace."

The *brotaër* withdraws into the interior; but presently leads forth an aged matron, and presents her as the only jewel which they possess.

"Of a verity," retorts the *basvalan*, "a most respectable person; but it appears to us that she is past her festal time: we do not deny the merit of grey hair, especially when it is silvered by age and virtue; but we seek something far more precious. The maiden we demand is at least three times younger—try again—you cannot fail to discover her from the splendour which her unequalled beauty sheds around her."

The *brotaër* then brings forth, in succession, an infant in arms, a widow, a married woman, and the bridesmaid; but the ambassador always rejects the candidates, though without wounding their feelings. At last the dark-eyed blushing bride makes her appearance in her bridal attire.

The party then enters the house, and the *brotaër*, falling on his knees, slowly utters a *Pater* for the living, and a *De profundis* for the dead, and demands the blessing of the family upon the young maiden. Then the scene, recently so joyous, assumes a more affecting character, and the *brotaër* is interrupted by sobs and tears. There is always some sad episode in connexion with all these rustic but poetic festivals in Brittany. How many sympathies has not the following custom excited? At the moment of proceeding to church, the mother severs the end of the bride's sash, and addresses her:—"The tie which has so long united us, my child, is henceforward rent asunder, and I am compelled to yield to another the authority which God gave me over thee. If thou art happy—and may God ever grant it—this will be no longer thy home; but should misfortune visit thee, a mother is still a mother, and her arms ever open for her children. Like thee, I quitted my mother's side to follow a husband. Thy children will leave thee in their turn. When the birds are grown, the maternal nest cannot hold them. May God bless thee, my child, and grant thee as much consolation as he has granted me!" The procession is then formed, and the cavalcade proceeds to the parish church; but every moment it is interrupted in its progress by groups of mendicants, who climb up the slopes bordering the roads—which are extremely deep and narrow—to bar the passage by means of long briars, well armed with prickly thorns, which they hold up before the faces of the wedding party. The groomsman is the individual appointed to lower these importunate barriers; which he does by casting among the medicants small pieces of money. He executes his commission with good temper, and very frequently with liberality; but when the distance is great, these fetters become so numerous that his duties grow exceedingly wearisome and expensive.

After the religious ceremony, comes the feast; which is one of the most incredible things imaginable. Nothing can give an idea of the multitude of guests, of all ages, and of each sex; they form a lively, variegated, and

confused picture. The tables having been laid out the previous day, at the coppers, which are erected in the open air, all the neighbours, and the invited, who have any pretension to the culinary art, are ready with advice and assistance. It is curious to see them, in the blazing atmosphere of the huge fires, watching enormous joints of meat and other comestibles cooking in the numerous and vast utensils; nevertheless, however zealous they may be, there are few who do not desert their post when the firing of guns and the distant sound of the bagpipes announce the return of the wedding procession.

The newly married couple are at the head of the train, preceded by pipers, and fiddlers, and single-stick players, who triumphantly lead the way; the nearest relatives of the young pair next follow; then the rest of the guests, without order, rushing on helter-skelter, each in the varied and picturesque costume of his district, some on foot, some on horseback, most frequently two individuals on the same beast, the man seated upon a stuffed pad which serves as a saddle, and the wife, with arm around his waist, seated upon the crupper;—an every-day sight, not many years ago, in the rural districts of England, when roads were bad, and the gig and taxed-cart uninvented. The mendicants follow at their heels by hundreds, to share the remnants of the feast.

As soon as the confusion occasioned by the arrival of such a multitude has subsided, the guests place themselves at the tables. These are formed of rough and narrow planks, supported by stakes driven into the ground, the benches constructed after the same fashion; and they are raised in proportion to the height of the tables, so that you may have your knees between your plate and yourself; if, in a real Breton wedding, you happen to be supplied with such an article—for a luxury of this description has not yet reached very far into Brittany: the soup is eaten out of a wooden bowl, and the meat cut up and eaten in the hand, or, as the phrase goes, "upon the thumb." Every individual, as a matter of course, carries his own case or pocket knife; the liquids are served in rude earthenware, and each drinks out of a cup apportioned to five or six individuals. It is the height of civility to hand one's cup to a neighbour, so that he may assist in emptying it; and a refusal would be considered extremely rude and insolent.

The husband and his immediate relatives are in waiting, and anticipate every one's wants and wishes—pressing each to take care of himself: they themselves share in no part of the entertainment, save the compliments which are showered, and the cups of cider and wine which civility obliges them to accept. After each course music strikes up, and the whole assembly rise from the tables. One party gets up a wrestling-match; the Bretons are as famous as their cousins in Cornwall at this athletic game—or a match at single-stick; another a foot-race, or a dance; while the dishes are collected together, and handed to the hungry groups of mendicants who are seated in adjoining paddocks. From the tables to rustic games, reels, gavottes, and jabadoos; then to the tables again; and they continue in this manner till midnight announces to the guests that it is time to retire.

The company having diminished by degrees, at length leave the groomsman and the bridesmaid the only strangers remaining, who are bound to disappear the last, and put the bride and bridegroom, with due and proper solemnity, to rest: they then retire singing "Veni Creator." In some districts they are compelled, by custom, to watch during the whole night in the bridal chamber; in others, they hold at the foot of the bed a lighted candle, between the fingers, and do not withdraw until the flame has descended to the palm of the hand. In another locality the groom's-man is bound during the whole long night to throw nuts at the husband, who cracks them, and gives the kernel to his bride to eat. The festivity which a marriage occasions generally lasts three days, and, on Friday, the youthful wife embraces the companions of her childhood and bids them farewell, as if she never meant to return. Indeed, from the period of marriage, a new life commences for the Bretonne, whose days of single blessedness have been days of festivity and freedom; and it would seem that when once the wedding-ring has been placed upon the finger, her only business is the care of her household—her only delight, the peace of her domestic hearth.

THE PALACE OF FLOWERS.

Although in general a very decided supporter of "the movement," and rejoicing in all the inventions of the century, I prefer, for short distances, the omnibus to the rail. The railway flies away with you as the Roc did with Hassan of Balsora, and drops you into the country with a plump. The omnibus enables you to appreciate the gradual dawning of rurality as you leave town. Then there is a human interest in watching the putting down of the suburban proprietors at "Laurel Lodge," and "Magnolia Terrace," &c. When you draw up at the kerb close by an iron gate, and see a little dumpy face that has been watching at the window, suddenly vanish, to rush to the door and meet the stout motherly lady who descends from the seat opposite you, why you feel that the whole omnibus (including yourself) has helped to produce the smiles in the little dumpy face. You feel quite amiable and good humoured; you receive the umbrella of the old gentleman, who enters at the moment, in your ribs, with perfect good temper, and beg him "not to mention it." At least the present writer did so in the Kew omnibus on a recent occasion.

I was visiting Kew, for the purpose of refreshing my recollection of the famous gardens. For there, (even as in London people hatch by heat, chickens) do they hatch—beauty. There, a tropical warmth, maintains tropical plants in genial exuberance. Science obtains knowledge, sentiment, and delectation. HUMBOLDT ranks the "cultivation and arrangement of exotic plants" among the "most precious fruits of European civilisation;" our own BACON begins his essay on gardens, by saying, "God Almighty first planted a garden: and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." But no quotation could be half so convincing on such a subject, as a flower. And who would not care to see what kind of beauties of the sort Nature produces in her richest, hottest regions, where vegetation is Titanic, and there are giants (of flowers) in the land? Now, these gardens are a kind of scientific Paradise in their way. They may be called a Vegetable Seraglio. In them, a very attractive class of exiles finds true English protection, and our country gives amiable shelter to the most charming of refugees!

The day was a clear glittering spring one, sharp as silver, with a veined marbly sky. The Thames was just rippled with a breeze, and lay in the sunlight like a scaly silver fish. As I crossed the bridge, I found the village in very tranquil repose. Turning to the right, I approached the gateway of the gardens—a light airy structure, with an elegant gate, and prettily-carved stone pillars. Before me now spread the green smooth sward dotted with bushes, and shaded by trees. The spring breeze was stirring a Californian Yew on the right. In the distance Kew Palace gave a glimpse of itself, quiet, grave, and red, with an air of homely regality.

This palace was a favourite residence of George the Third, in conformity with those domestic tastes which excited so much pleasantry from Peter Pindar. But now you turn to the right, to Plant-house, Number one. The door opens; a flush of heat steals over you; there is a strange, but not disagreeable, earthy smell; and you have migrated into New Holland! For here dwell the Australian plants, chiefly *Proteaceæ*—so named from our old friend Proteus—they being various in development. Subtle currents of heat permeate their veins; and, though they have a heaven of glass, instead of their own azure, they look thriving and happy. The effect is somewhat like that of a ball-room, on the whole—just a little unnatural, but very pretty. Translate the *Banksias* and *Dryandras* into English female names, and indulge the fancy; over-head, in the centre, the *Acacias* are blossoming, just as airily as the bubbling of champagne. But, if the association be unworthy of those fairy-like blossoms of ghostly primrose-colour, take a literary association instead, and remember that it was down a walk of *Acacias* that Gibbon strolled the evening he finished the last sentence of the last page of his history! As you stroll round the narrow path, fretted with green leaves, you feel something like the south mixing like wine with your blood; but once more the door opens, and out you go into the spring again.

Leaving this plant-house (you will turn round, or you ought to turn round, to look at its handsome architecture), you stroll down the chief promenade. To the left lies another building, which they call the Orangery, now the chosen place of the pines. Here and there are a few orange trees, the fruit glittering like lamps. But the tender pines (*Coniferæ*) are the attraction; here are the famous pines of Norfolk Island—which we derive from that prison of our convicts, and which have a drooping sadness of look worthy of their origin. Pause particularly, and look at the tree called *Dacrydium cupressinum*, falling in rillets of saddest green, most tremulously pendent. What a famous tree is the cypress—in all literatures typical of sorrow!

"In his garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud—"

says Milton of Hymen, at the marriage of the Marchioness of Winchester. Of all the trees you plant, none will follow its brief master but the hated cypress, said Horace. Its use among the ancients was a sign that a house was *funesta*, or afflicted with death, for this reason, says Kirchmann (*de Funeribus*) that slips from it will not grow. How different this tree from its neighbours in this same building—the camellias! The camellia, so green, and symmetrical, and compact, with its flowers at once as fresh as wild roses, and as sharply carved as cameos, looks like a bay-tree with giant roses growing on it. She is the *prima donna* of the East, with a flower in her hair. In this same house, too, are gum-trees, and camphor-trees. The camphor-tree is the laurel of Japan (*Laurus camphora*), and more useful than laurels, *par excellence*, generally. Its pale yellow leaves look like medicine in blossom; they are the very poetry of physic, and might have been worn by Romeo's apothecary.

Once more you pass out of an artificial Eden into the fresh air. There stands before you a Turkey oak, looking like a Pasha. And there are planted, but still in embryo, young deodars—an infant avenue. But of all the trees and shrubs in the open air, none is more beautiful than a certain weeping birch. A comic gentleman would say, that it is natural a tree should weep itself, which is so often the cause of weeping in others! But how its slender and quivering branches sweep the ground like a shower of rain, how it waves like a crape veil over the sward!

But now let us direct our attention to the building, which is the peculiar pride and glory of the gardens—the Palm-House. The sun-light falls on its pale green roof, as we draw near; and approach a light, lofty and

graceful structure. This is a kind of forest-prison—the region of palms and plantains. Entering, I passed at once into the tropics, and recognised all the majesty of the East. There are the specimens of the most magnificent vegetation in the world—expanding in the heat—struggling to the light—warm, rich, graceful and abundant. A flush rises to the brow—you are stepping to a bath—to bathe in beauty! It is a fine genial sensation, as if you were going to shut up, and grow a little, on your own account. You half expect the little girl, who is peering at the plantain, to blossom, too. You begin by walking round the sides, and you gaze upwards at the grand fan-like leaves arching all abroad in a majestic languor. That is a specimen of cocoa-nut. Yon is a gigantic banana with a dense bunch of fruit hustled together, from which descends a kind of bell-rope, bearing a large purple blossom as a handle. At one end of the house you come to a tub of papyrus —with its green stalks or rods. It was from the pith—a white pith—of this, that the ancients prepared thin paper. Note too, the Caffre-bread. Note likewise, the strange *Cycas*, with spiral ladder-like leaves—and note him with interest, for "similar plants," says Sir William Hooker, the Director of the gardens, "have been found fossilised in the oolite formation of England, as at Portland Island." That plant's ancestor, or some of his kin, were dwellers here—and are represented now, by stones, in a formation older than chalk! Turning at the end, you see as you pass along, what looks like a dense frozen block of mud, but above it—like pennons over a castle—round airy green leaves trail: this is *Elephant's Foot*. You will think of our Indian brothers, as you mark also the *Mango-tree*, with pale primrose-coloured blossoms. If you are fond of coffee—you have one chance of seeing it, which in these days of chicory and roasted beans will be agreeable; for our Palm-House has some specimens of it—light and sad-looking, with its berries on it—as a pilgrim bears his beads. But I must strongly particularise one grand specimen of vegetation —the *Pandanus furcatus*, or Screw Pine—throwing up his heavy leaves like a fountain. And our hospitality is excited by a thin, slim tree, of bright brown—the tree known as mahogany.

In the centre of the house there is a spiral stair-case, by which you ascend to the gallery. Round and round you turn, encircled all the way with the green leaves of the *batata*, or sweet potato, which creeps round the railings. So, I climbed, with a sensation like swimming in herbage, as it were, and found myself perched above the forest, all of a sudden, and looking down on it. The palm leaves were slowly swaying, and the feathery tops of the tall bamboos fluttered like the flames of a long church taper. The heat and the coloured light still the fancy into a dreamy mist—but an attendant passes you. You awake to fact; this gallery is the place whence the plants are "watered," and your palm will never be

> "Shed by an Indian for its juicy balm."
> KEATS' "*Isabella*."

—but a wire rope supports it, and artificial aid helps it to sprawl across the roof. I descended the stair-case among the waving climbers—green as the veils of Houris—and was soon again on a level with the sparkling cinnamon-plants, and opposite a scion of the great house of Banyan.

To the northward and westward of the Palm-House is a space of ground called the *Pinetum*, destined to coniferous plants. And near it is a small lake. By the borders a swan was sitting on her eggs, and her faithful mate, who kept sailing about in the neighbourhood, landed with a defiant look as I passed.

I had now a choice between various hot-houses or stoves. Number six is an interesting one, for it is the region of water-lilies. Its tank makes a little lake, and there you see the large round leaves—"anchored to the bottom," as Tennyson says. That little lake is at this time dull; the leaves float like abandoned rafts. But, last year, there was produced here the *Victoria Water-lily*, a gorgeous, grand flower, and floating mass of splendour derived from the seeds of a noble plant that Sir Robert Schomburgk found sleeping in the river Berbice. This Eve of lilies has spread descendants over many collections. Even now in the little lake at Kew, the spirit of life is moving in the waters, and it is expected that a beautiful flower will rise—like Venus—from them this summer.

In Number eight are kept many agaves, or aloes; and here also, some large cactuses. There is a notable aloe, called the *Foureroya gigantea*. For a period, as long as the generations of man, it had remained un-productive. In 1844, however, it went off like a floral rocket —(in company with a friend) shot up to the roof—obliged its proprietors to clear away glass for it; and burst into a blaze of flowers. There is something pathetic in the history; for they who, probably, were among the first of their tribe who visited Europe, sank into exhaustion after this exertion; and only young individuals of the stock are now to be seen.

In several of these houses a graceful, fanciful plant presents itself—one of those which attract by their resemblance to the articles of life. This is the *Nepenthes distillatoria*. I mean the pitcher-plant. With a light playful droop, it holds out a pitcher, as if it was inviting you to drink. The little lid remains open. Insects "drop in" here (literally) for refreshment, and, getting thoroughly "in liquor," are ruined for ever. By the beautiful mechanism of Nature, this little pitcher has a "hook," which prevents it from spilling! Naturalists are not agreed as to the "use" of this fairy pitcher. I think that it may be of great "use," if its form only remind us of the Samaritan at the well!

Number nineteen is called the Cactus House; here the family of Cactus dwell. You will remark specially the *echino-cactus*—rugged and prickly. A variety of cactus is the *prickly pear*, which the Eastern traveller sees on the sides of lanes as he rides along in the afternoon. The *Opuntia cochinillifera* is an important commercial branch of the house. It is cultivated in immense quantities in Mexico, to feed the cochineal insect—a most important crimson and scarlet dye.

But the visitor has much to see in the open air. There is the Turkey oak, which I mentioned before. There are cedars, maples, hickory trees, a weeping willow, from Napoleon's tomb, and a sad young cypress from Mexico. In the circular beds he will see crimson flowers gleaming here and there. I have before mentioned the young *deodars*, or sacred cedars, which will, by-and-by, form a long and shady vista.

The Museum contains, in glass cases, the products of plants in another aspect—their relation to the arts, medicine, and domestic economy. There are all manner of hemps, flax, cloth, rice paper, and palms, as used by the inhabitants of all parts of the globe. There are also drawings, illustrative of interesting and useful plants, many of which, we may here state, were sent from the Himalays, by Dr. Hooker, brother of the Director. There are also some elegant wax models of flowers, the gifts of ladies.—The museum is still, however, in its infancy; but it is an infancy that promises much. It is certainly highly curious to see there, duly labelled in little bottles, rare specimens of so many articles of the food of the human race. Everybody must feel some curiosity, too, to see the implements used for the preparation of opium, which are all to be seen there, with drawings descriptive of the process. And the visitor who prefers strolling in the open air will see, as he wanders near the fence of the fields adjoining the old Palace, an interesting scientific monument—a sun-dial, erected to commemorate Dr. Bradley's discoveries in astronomy, made at the old Observatory of Kew.

Kew Gardens were first formed by that Prince Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George the Second, and father of George the Third, whose singular quarrels with his father, and deadly enmity to his mother, occupy so large a space of the discreditable memoirs of last century. His father scarcely ever spoke of him, but as "a scoundrel" or "a puppy;" he has been abused by Sporus Hervey and Half-Sporus Walpole, and he was a friend of Bubb Doddington—but he does seem to have liked art and gardening in his way. He took a lease of Kew House, and began laying out the grounds and planting trees and exotics. In fact, it was while walking in the gardens that he caught the cold which caused his death in 1751 (just a century before our visit). His widow subsequently interested herself in them; and the exotic department was much favoured by Lord Bute. In 1789 George the Third built the Palace: the Gardens were greatly patronised by Queen Charlotte, aided by Sir Joseph Banks (whose memory lives in the *Banksians*), and in 1840 they were relinquished by the Queen to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. It is a fact, with regard to their being open to the public, that while they have been much visited by all classes, no mischief or misconduct has taken place there—which refutes the vulgar calumny that "the people" spoil things.

Everything about the Gardens bears testimony to careful management and excellent organisation. The brooding heat which keeps life in the veins of the children of the tropics is supplied by dozens of little subterranean pipes, or flues, and fills the places with an equal atmosphere. The due moisture fattens the leaves ever in due time; there are no dead leaves, no decayed blossoms lying about. The gay flower, romantic enough in appearance for the garden of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," is tended and ordered with the precision of mechanism. Beauty is neither sacrificed to organisation, nor injured by neglect. The sweet plant, watched like a prisoner, has the free-blooming look of a Queen. The tree growing near you so sturdily has come hundreds of miles, most likely in a ship when young, addressed, "Secretary of the Admiralty, London: for Sir W. J. Hooker, Royal Gardens, Kew." In fact, the gardens are a sort of bank to which botanical currency flows for transmission. Is something curious or valuable discovered anywhere? Seeds and specimens reach Kew—from thence other great European collections—and so a product of one side of the globe may, through this organisation, be cultivated by us, in the corresponding climate of any of our colonial possessions. It is thus highly valuable to science and to the general prosperity of our race.

But something must be said, too, in favour of the high good done, in another way, by the contemplation of Beauty, and the moral good resulting to the many from such institutions. This is a sort of "fruit" that our "climate" will permit to grow in the open air; and everywhere else, it is to be hoped! I was thinking, as I left the gardens, what a swarm of beautiful blossoms, one might inspect there this summer; and only regretted that I didn't happen to be one of those who

"Saw the water-lily bloom"

in its form of *Victoria Regia* in a way that would have charmed the "Lady of Shalott!"

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

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THREE MAY-DAYS IN LONDON.

III. THE MAY PALACE. (1851).

WHEN Aladdin raised a palace in one night, whose walls were formed, not of layers of bricks, but of gold and silver, and whose hall, with four-and-twenty windows, was adorned with all the riches of the world, he accomplished this wonder by the agency of the Slaves of the Lamp.

Let us consider how many Slaves of the Lamp have been employed in constructing the Palace of Industry—that "fabric huge," which "rose like an exhalation" in the winter of 1850 and the spring of 1851. From the first "fortuitous liquefaction" of saltpetre among the sands of the river Belus, as mentioned by Pliny,* to the production, in three months, of many thousand pounds of sheet-glass, for one building, there have been steps of progress, some faint and many wholly obscured; but which in their results are indications of the general advance of the world in civilisation and happiness.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century light was admitted to dwellings through wooden lattice-work. The houses of the more luxurious had horn lights; but the manufacture of window-glass having been introduced into this country in 1557, a glass-factory was set up in Crutched Friars, London. It was then considered so precious an article, that in 1567 the glass of the windows of Alnwick Castle was "taken down, and laid up in safety," when the great Earl was not residing there; and when he came to his castle, "the same was set up of new, with small charge to his lordship." Glass was then growing into use for windows; but the fixing of the panes was a rude operation. In 1584, we find that "glass is come to be plentiful;" so that lattice and horn had grown into less use. But the little quarry of the sixteenth century was a very different thing from the sheet-glass of which the Exhibition building is composed. It is not more than fourteen years ago since the manufacture of this peculiar species of glass was introduced into England. The factory which first produced, here, that sheet-glass—a material far superior to crown-glass, and far less costly than plate-glass, which has given a finish of beauty to the houses of the middle ranks—has made the material for the Palace of Industry, which gives it the popular name of the Crystal Palace. In 1837 there was a difficulty in making this glass of the length of three feet, at all; but, during last year, there were produced in a few months nine hundred thousand cubic feet of sheet-glass, each pane being forty-nine inches in length. The weight of this glass is four hundred tons. In the first year of this century there were less than three thousand tons of window-glass used in the whole of England; hence, the Crystal Palace has consumed as much glass as one-eighth of Great Britain consumed in 1801. If Science had not been at work in every direction for the last fifty years—Political, as well as Chemical and Mechanical Science—the four hundred tons of sheet-glass could not have been produced. The Genii of the Lamp were at hand, in the form of skilful manufacturers and wise statesmen. Sir Robert Peel, who destroyed the vexatious and burdensome excise upon glass in 1845, is a builder of the Palace of Industry as truly as the Messrs. Chance, who brought to Birmingham the manufacture of German glass, some ten years before. The actual tax upon the glass used in the great building, previous to its total abolition, would have amounted to very nearly thirty thousand pounds; to say nothing of the greatly increased cost that would have been the result of a continued inteference of the exciseman with the manufacture.

The other important material used in the construction of the May Palace, is Iron. The quantity required for it would have astounded our forefathers. The quantity of Iron made in England and Wales in 1740, was estimated at some seventeen thousand tons. To smelt it, charcoal was then employed in the furnaces. Subsequently, iron ore was smelted by means of coke, and at the beginning of the present century, a hundred and fifty thousand tons were made. In 1848, above two million tons of British iron were produced. The demand for iron has been constantly increasing since the days of railroads and iron steamboats; but the price has been as constantly kept down by the agency of Science. Ingenious iron-masters employed every resource of chemical and mechanical

* See "Household Words," Vol. II., page 433.

knowledge to improve the quality, and lessen the cost of production. Labour was more efficiently organised. Improved engines raised coal more economically from the pits; and, sixteen years ago, came the great invention of the hot-blast. The expensive process of converting coal into coke was at once saved. The furnace was supplied with raw coal; and a stream of hot air, equal to the temperature necessary for melting lead, being constantly poured in, the whole process of smelting became one of comparative ease and certainty. The iron bridge of Coalbrookdale was a wonder of the world in 1779. The wonder of 1851 is the iron and glass structure of Hyde Park, with its three thousand three hundred columns, its two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders, its eleven hundred and twenty-eight intermediate bearers, and its thirty-four miles of guttering tube, all of iron. To have produced this structure at all, by any amount of expenditure, would have been an impossibility a century ago. It is a triumph of energy and skill to have produced what all agree to call a palace, at a less cost per cubic foot than that of a barn.

Glass, iron, and wood, are the only materials employed in the construction of this building—"dry material, ready at once for the introduction of articles for the Exhibition." Science has not, ostensibly, done so much for timber, as for glass and iron; but the influence of knowledge upon production is to be traced here, as in everything which largely administers to the conveniences of life. Knowledge has been at work in two ways in diminishing the cost of timber: it has lessened the expense of freight and carriage; it has got rid of enormous protective duties. Canada and Norway have been rendered somewhat more equal in the commercial race. We buy our timber cheaper by one-half; we reckon our consumption of timber by an increase of five hundred per cent. in fifty years.

This, then, is a brief view of the influence of a Lamp, more durable in its effects than that of Aladdin, upon the materials of our May Palace. Let us say a few words upon the labour employed in its construction.

The principle of the whole building—that of a succession of similar parts upon a uniform plan—allowed the very utmost amount of union of forces. Every piece of iron, or wood, or glass, that went to form a whole, was one of many pieces of similar dimensions. There was no measuring or cutting. Machinery was employed in the preparation of sash-bars and gutters, in mortising, and in rough painting; but in all these operations there were no varying applications of ingenuity—scarcely any manipulation. All the elements of cheap production were thus called into action.* But the amount of manual labour, in the actual putting together these materials, was enormous, to have accomplished such a result in six months. Herodotus tells us, that the great Pyramid of Egypt employed a hundred thousand men, for twenty years, in its erection. The Palace of Industry will, most probably, be swept away in a generation or two, whilst another thousand years will leave the great Pyramid unscathed. But the influence of one building and of the other is not to be measured by their comparative duration. The monument of despotism remains, barren as the sands upon which it is reared. We know nothing certain of its construction, beyond the fact recorded by Herodotus, that the food of the labourers cost sixteen hundred talents of silver. The labour employed upon our Palace of Industry, as compared with the labour which raised the Pyramid, is as one to two thousand. Yet, which labour will work the greatest amount of good to the human race? History has nothing to tell of the uses of the Pyramid. When history shall record that a Temple of Peace was erected in London, in 1851, to which all the nations brought the trophies of their arts, it will forget that there were amongst us prophets of evil, who would desire to keep the great family of mankind in jealous isolation; and will remember only the grandeur of the spectacle, when every clime, without distinction of government or religion, sent its ambassadors of industry to the capital of the world, to teach and to learn, to give and to receive.

It was a remarkable sight on the morning of the second of April, the last day for the reception of heavy articles for exhibition, to look upon the long line of waggons, slowly moving westward from Hyde Park Corner, to deposit their loads before nightfall. It was more wonderful to behold the varied industry within the building. It is no exaggeration to say that there were thousands intensely occupied, each with his own work of unloading or unpacking. The great struggle was in the centre of the western aisle, where the heavy British articles of models, or machinery, were deposited. In the Foreign department, the allotted spaces were filled with chests, bearing inscriptions in English, French, German, and Italian. Fragments of sculpture, heads and feet of colossal statues, were spread in wild confusion on the central floor. In the furrows of the glass roof were troops of workmen, repairing the defects of the glazing. Painters hung upon fragile scaffolds, giving their last tints to the massive girders. Bazaars were springing up in the enclosed divisions; and cases were being constructed in the galleries, brilliant with plate-glass, tasteful and substantial. Here and there, ponderous organs began to grow into shape, and the heroes and saints of painted glass to receive due form and proportion. The department of machinery appeared a chaos of unshapeable matter, the disjointed skeletons of mighty powers. The

* For an extended description of the construction of the Palace of Glass, the reader may be referred to page 385 of our second volume.

agricultural implements alone seemed ready for their work; as if they knew they must be up and doing, at a time when skill alone can cultivate to profit, and busy Science must take the place of lazy Protection.

Another fortnight produces a marvellous change in the aspect of the Palace of Industry. On the 16th of April the artisans of the building are nearly gone. The sod, upon which laden wains were crushing together at the beginning of the month, is floored over. The scaffolds are cleared away. A solitary painter, here and there, is finishing the rails of the galleries; but the structure is essentially complete. It is a wondrous fabric; sublime in its magnitude, beautiful in its simplicity. The venerated elms of Hyde Park are budding in their vast conservatory, and their leaves will welcome our May-Day. Singular effects of light are produced by the character of the building; and in the dim perspective of its roofs the prevailing blue shows like an aerial vault. The divisions of the vast area into geographical and industrial departments no longer look cold and formal. The long vista of the central aisle becomes longer to the eye, for the continuous line of sculpture gives a measure to the distance. Draperies are covering the partitions of the side aisle, making ready for the display of every variety of textile fabric—from the shawl of Cashmere to the Bandana handkerchief of Glasgow. Packages are being rapidly opened, and the ponderous chests carted away. The noise of the hammer is still heard; but the workman is now employed in the adjustment of machinery, the fitting of models, or the fixing of counters and glass-cases. In the Austrian division beautiful *parquet* floors of oak are being laid down. In the English, scagliola workers are giving the last polish to their specimens; and ceilings and walls of brilliant paper-hangings are proclaiming our tardy emulation.

Another fortnight brings us to the May-Even of 1851.

It is not our province to write descriptions of the "riches fineless" of our May Palace. Its growth, and the gradual unveiling of its manifold industries, have been suggestive to us of many feelings of admiration of the present, and confidence in the future. It is ennobling to behold any vast co-operation for a great public good. The spirit which prompted this enterprise was generous and noble; the industry which has carried out the scheme is worthy of all praise. But let it not be forgotten that to the Exhibitors belongs the chief collective honour. There never was seen, in the world, such a Museum of the products of industry, and of the instruments of production. It is almost safe to predict that such another will never again be beheld. The cost of the building is insignificant when compared with the expenditure of the Exhibitors. The expenditure upon this Exhibition may be valued by hundreds of thousands. Few will derive any immediate gain in money-value from their anxiety and their outlay. It is a generous emulation that has prompted, for the most part, this wondrous display. There have been principles at work beyond what has been unjustly considered the sole attribute of the commercial character. There is the love of fame—there is the pride of country;—but there is even something more. There is the determination to assert the dignity of labour; to manifest to those who hold that the world is made for the few, that throughout the habitable globe there are the same agencies at work which have given the mechanic of the nineteenth century a greater command of the comforts of life than was possessed by the feudal lord of the sixteenth. Here are the evidences.

We repeat it is not for us to enumerate them. The Shepherd in Homer, when the stars shine clear about the silver moon, beholds the signs that glad his heart; the astronomer catalogues the known stars, and watches for undiscovered planets. We are like the shepherd, in gazing upon the glad signs of human progress. When we look upon the sumptuous furniture that denotes the luxury of the Austrian capital, we turn to the plain school-room desks and chairs of the United States, and learn the comparative importance of the necessities of the humble, and the artificial wants of the great. When we acknowledge that our sculptors (those who have chosen to exhibit here) contrast unfavourably with the bolder artists of France and Germany; or when we see no English carvings equal to those of Florence, and no bronzes to be placed in rivalry with those of France, we specially think of the wondrous processes which have sent tasteful articles of utility into the dwellings of the tradesman and the artisan—we turn to our potteries, our electro-plate works, our glass-houses. In comparison with the block of marble from the Grecian quarry, that gave Phidias the material of his Theseus, we can look upon the same granite that formed Waterloo Bridge. If Rome sends her costly mosaics for the halls of princes, Cornwall shows her serpentine and porphyry for the cheap adornment of our common English hearths. Belgium exhibits her richest laces—it is her ancient and proper pride; India brings her silk and golden shawls; Tunis her embroidered tissues; Persia her gorgeous carpets. But here are also the ribbons of Coventry, the shawls of Paisley, the calicoes of Manchester, the broad-cloths of Leeds. They are for the comfort and the decent ornament of the humblest in the land. And here, too, are the instruments by which the humblest have been enabled to possess them—the spindles and the looms in their most completed organisation. But here are also the scientific instruments which suggested and perfected the spindles and looms; which are the guides of mechanical invention;

which regulate its application. Some of the noblest works of mechanical genius are here before us—not mere models, but in all the grandeur of their perfect action. Under one roof may be seen the whole process of a cotton-factory; and a few yards off the great steam-hammer, which forges an anchor, or cracks an egg-shell, with an equal regulation of its power. Here is the hydraulic machine which lifted the mighty tubes of the Britannia Bridge to their high level; and here the Jacquard loom, which can weave such embroidery in an hour as would demand a life-long labour from the nicest sempstress of the Ind. Here is the steamboat engine, which has brought the produce of the most distant lands to grace this first of May; and here the locomotive, which, the proud equal of the steamboat, has given new ideas of time and space to the civilised world. Here, finally, is the paper-machine, and here the printing-machine—the instruments by which all knowledge is diffused and perpetuated—without the prototypes of which, Bacon might have speculated in vain, and Watt have never invented. In the age which has produced the steamboat, the railroad, and the printing-machine—the three powers which are more and more lessening the inequalities of condition, of locality, of laws, amongst the great family of mankind—the assemblage of the Industry of all Nations, and the people of all nations, in the island whose ships bear the products of the earth to and from every port—whose arts, imitative at first, are now models of every form of labour—whose language and literature are spreading over vast regions, compared with which her area is but a speck on the globe,—such an assemblage appears to us a holy tribute to the Parent of Industry, and of all good. For the mighty Spirit of the universe is one and the same in His manifestations—whether He hold the stars in their eternal courses, or work, through the mind of man, to enrich our May Palace with the produce of arts, which even old worn mythologies, not grossly erring, derived from Heaven; but which a purer religion may teach us to believe are amongst the instruments—in due companionship with pure science, with literature, with "divine philosophy"—by which God is accomplishing the destinies of the human race.

"And what," say some, "is to be a benefit to the visitors of the Exhibition, who are neither artisans nor merchants—who are neither buyers nor sellers,—some of whom think, as Southey proclaimed, 'that the nation which builds on manufactures sleeps upon gunpowder,'—who believe that the age of May-poles might come again, with piping shepherds, and 'knitters in the sun.'" We answer—the enlargement of your minds, and of all minds—that practical education which may teach men to comprehend rightly the past and the present. These are the manifestations of the spirit of an age which is not an age of exclusiveness. These are the works of the heroes of this age. This is *their* May-day celebration. Look upon it reverently. Do homage to the promoters of it, in all love and loyalty. Here is *our* "LADY OF THE MAY." But in this goodly work there is hope beyond performance—hope of "Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

> "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
> The flowery May."

THE LAST OF THE SEA-KINGS.

THE first of the Sea-kings may have been good men of business in their own day, but it is a great many years ago since it was respectable to be a thief—except in poems and romances. The last Sea-kings of the Caucasian race were hunted down, in a tradesman-like manner, by the increasing pack of commerce; and wound up, very generally, the concluding canto of their lives under the gallows, at Execution Dock. The "Asia," in her ten or eleven day passages between New York and Liverpool, has never yet been cannonaded by a ship-load of gentlemen of Fortune. For, in the class *Raptores* of the human race—the men of prey—the genus *Pirate* is much more confined than it has been aforetime in its geographical distribution. It has ceased to be an European family. We have at our elbow certain volumes, printed in "the days when we went pirating, a long time ago," containing lives of pirates, compiled carefully from living testimony; and contemporary records at a time when those exceedingly free gentlemen abounded. Captain Charles Johnson, the biographer of these men, puts upon his title-page a motto, from Horace, about having blended the useful with the sweet. Sweet company he introduces to us, in good sooth! As for the usefulness, we recognise that, even in the present day. Many will cross the seas, to visit us, this year; it will do more than amuse us to consider what obstructions might have stayed their progress in the good old times of George the First or Second. How many of our guests would have been stripped, how many murdered, how many would have eaten their own ears with salt and pepper, we will not stop to imagine. Confining our attention to our own countrymen, who are not meaner and more cruel probably than Greeks, we shall go back a little farther than a century, and sketch the race of British Conrads as they then existed.

At the close of the Continental war, after the peace of Utrecht, privateering—which is legal piracy—lost its excuse, and piracy was undertaken for its own sake, and in defiance of the gallows. The mutinous sailor, thirsting for exemption from restraint, would find associates and plot. Thus Captain Green, of Bristol, in April, 1726, shipped William Fly,

as boatswain, at Jamaica. "Fly, who had insinuated himself with some of the men, whom he found ripe for any villainy, resolved to seize the vessel, murder the captain and mate, and, taking the command on himself, turn pirate." Accordingly, having matured his plot, "and, tucking up his shirt above his elbow, with a cutlass in his hand, he, with Mitchel, went into the captain's cabin, and told him he must turn out. The captain, asking what was the matter, was answered, by Mitchel, they had no time to answer impertinent questions; that, if he would turn out and go upon deck quietly, it would save 'em the trouble of scraping the cabin; if he would not, a few buckets of water and a scraper would take his blood out of the decks." So he was forced up and thrown overboard, together with the mate, and Fly reigned in his stead, the captain of a pirate vessel. Or sometimes, the men being ashore, mastered a ship wherein to commence their trade. So began Philip Roche, with the massacre of Captain Partone and his crew; when, in the words of Roche himself, he and his fellows were "all over as wet with the blood that had been spilt as if they had been dipt in water, or stood in a shower of rain, nor did they regard it any more." They sat down in the cabin when their work was done, "with some rum they found there, and were never merrier in their lives." Or sometimes, a captain, starting on an honest errand, stole his vessel, turning pirate, and set ashore such of his crew as objected to the change of service.

Major Stede Bonnet was a gentleman who took to piracy in desperation because his wife made him uncomfortable. Captain Worley began business by starting from New York, "in a small open boat with eight others." They took with them a few biscuits, and a dry'd tongue or two, a little cag of water, half a dozen old muskets, and ammunition accordingly." The small boat presently would capture something larger, the eight men would be strengthened with recruits. When pirates took a vessel more convenient than their own by reason of its strength and swiftness, they immediately shifted into it. Consorts joined with them sometimes, and thus a bold man from a small beginning robbed his way up in the world of water. Captain Kid had been commander of a Privateer during the war, and being afterwards commissioned to run down some pirates, could not find them; mortified at his ill luck, and seeing merchant ships in plenty, he thought piracy the better trade, and so became, in pirate phrase, a gentleman of forune.

The allurements to Piracy were first a thirst for what was miscalled liberty—for license. The pirates cast off on the high seas all restraint, except so much as was absolutely necessary for their purpose. They would drink without stint, they would have music on board, and the fiddler must play to any one who asked him for a tune, if he desired to keep a whole fiddle and an unbroken head. The Captain must submit to any insolence, and be guided by the will of the crew; only in action or in chasing and giving chase, he became absolute dictator; then he might order what he pleased, shoot whom he pleased, and answer for his conduct afterwards. Exempt from human control, they gloried in defying what they feared beyond the present life. "Come," says one of them (Captain Teach, or Blackbeard), "Come, let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it;" accordingly he, with two or three others, went down into the hold, and closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone, and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air; at length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest. Another of these miserable "heroes," sailing at night through a storm, "the heavens were covered with sheets of lightning, which the sea by the agitation of the saline particles, seemed to imitate; the darkness of the night was such as might be felt; the terrible, hollow roaring of the winds could be only equalled by the repeated, I may say, incessant claps of thunder. . . . They endeavoured by their blasphemies, oaths and horrid imprecations to drown the uproar of jarring elements. Bellamy swore he was sorry he could not run out his guns to return the salute, meaning the thunder." This was the pirate's liberty, begotten of how much despair! Their superstition painted to them horribly enough what they defied, in sober moments of depression, or in the delirium of drunkenness. Here is a scene. Captain Lewis chasing a Carolina vessel lost his fore, and main-top mast; "and he, Lewis, running up the shrouds to the main-top, tore off a handful of hair, and throwing it into the air, used this expression, 'Good devil, take this till I come;' and it was observed, that he came afterwards faster up with the chase, than before the loss of his top-masts." The same Lewis was killed in his cabin one night by Frenchmen, of whose plot negroes had warned him. To those who warned "he answered, he could not withstand his destiny; for the devil told him in the great cabin, he should be murdered that night." Liberty,—such as it was,—the luxury of exercising power, of being feared,—these and the hope of rapid wealth by plunder, were the enticements to a life of piracy.

We now suppose a crew to have determined upon piracy, and to have got possession of a ship. The first work is to clear away any cabin or other arrangement that may spoil their deck, which must be swept into a clear stage for fighting. The pirates then assemble over a large bowl of punch, to make their laws, while somebody extemporises a black flag. Over the punch and pipes, deliberation

is not very long-winded, and every speech, would be by one half shorter if the oaths were absent. There is a captain to be elected, and a quartermaster. The captain is the military chief. The law concerning him is, that he is to be guided by the will of the majority, every man having a vote; but that in action, chasing, or being chased, his power is absolute and his will not to be disputed, without penalty of death. At other times, his cabin is not sacred and his dinner is not safe; he can maintain ascendancy only by superior strength. Blackbeard fired under the table at the legs of comrades dining with him, to remind them who he was. The quartermaster is the civil functionary. All plunder is laid before him when a prize is taken, and he only may divide it. Any man who keeps back plunder of more value than a single dollar, is to be marooned. We will explain marooning presently. Every man has a vote in all affairs of moment, and has equal title to provisions and strong drink, which he may use at pleasure, unless a scarcity induce the whole community to vote retrenchment. This scarcity was very common, as may be supposed. When there was plenty, it was squandered, and want, for a season, often followed. The first man who sees a prize, has the best pair of pistols in it added to his share of spoil. This was the most honourable reward our pirates could imagine. They took great pride in their arms, and would give fancy prices—thirty pounds or forty pounds—for such pistols as they thought desirable. Each man, in action, wore several pair slung before him upon coloured ribbons, after pirate fashion, and there was never need to urge them to the observance of that law of theirs, which enjoined the keeping of guns, pistols, and cutlass, clean and fit for service. No gambling is allowed on board. No blows to pass on board, but quarrels are to be decided, at the first convenient place ashore, by sword and pistol. The captain and quartermaster are to have each two shares of a prize, other officers each a share and a half or a share and a quarter. He who loses a limb in action, is to receive a sum of money, generally about one hundred and fifty pounds. These generally formed the staple of the pirate's articles, which were then sworn to by each man upon a bible, the only one on board, and kept precisely for that purpose; for want of a bible they were sworn to, in one case, upon a hatchet.

Cowardice, desertion, or some other crimes, were capital among the pirates, and their equivalent to what we ashore should call transportation for life, was the punishment called Marooning. This meant that the offender should be put ashore on any desert coast, with a bottle of water and a little biscuit, there to have a tenth chance of escape against nine chances of starvation. Thus, for example, near an uninhabited island, Richard Turnley, and some other men having been robbed and beaten with cutlasses, by pirates, under Captain Rackham, "were stripped naked, and tumbled over the vessel's side into a boat which lay alongside; the oars were all taken out, and they left them nothing to work themselves ashore with, but an old paddle." The next day the pirates came ashore to the shivering men, and called them back, promising clothes. They returned in hope, but only returned to be beaten and tormented, with a view "to discover where some things lay, which they (the pirates) could not readily find, as particularly Mr. Carr's watch and silver snuff-box. Some time after, fancying the pirates to be in better humour, they begged for something to eat, for they had none of them had any nourishment that day or the night before; but all the answer that they received, was, 'that such dogs should not ask such questions.' So they were turned ashore, together with a Captain Greenway, whose sloop had been dismantled, and after suffering more cruelty at the good pleasure of the pirates, saw their tormentors sail away. They found in the sloop an old hatchet, with which they cut themselves some wooden tools, made little rafts, and were busied about the ruin of the sloop, when to their dismay, they saw the pirates standing in again. They made all haste ashore, were fired at, but escaped into the wood, and saved themselves upon the tops of trees. The pirates sought them for a short time, towed the deserted sloop into deep water, where they sunk her, and once more sailed away. In the mean time the poor fugitives were in despair; for seeing their vessel sunk, they had scarce any hopes left of escaping the danger of perishing upon that uninhabited island; there they lived eight days, feeding upon berries and shell-fish, such as cockles and periwinkles, sometimes catching a stingrey, which coming into shoal water, they could wade near them, and by the help of a stick sharpened at the end, which they did by rubbing it against the rock, (for they had not a knife left amongst them), they stuck them as if it had been with a spear. It must be observed that they had no means of striking a fire, and therefore their way of dressing this fish, was by dipping it often in salt water; then laying it in the sun till it became both hard and dry, and then they eat it. After eight days the pirates returned, and the poor fellows again fled to the woods; but the pirates had a qualm of generosity, and shouted to them promises of food and drink if they would come on board. Accordingly they went on board, and were fed by the pirates while they stayed, although at their departure they would not give them a bit to carry on shore; they also gave them three or four blankets amongst them, to cover their nakedness, (for, as we observed, they were quite naked), and let them have some needles and thread, to make them into some form. There was, however, also an

acquaintance of Richard Turnley, who privately gave him a tinder-box, with materials in it for striking fire, which in his circumstances was a greater present than gold or jewels." These marooned men we also quit, being ourselves bound upon a cruise of piracy.

In whose ship shall we sail? Not in Low's, though his rascality and cruelty give him a distinguished position in the brotherhood. Edward Low had the advantage of being born a thief; from a child he would "cheat all he could, and those who pretended to dispute it with him must fight him. The virtues of some of his family were equal to his: one of his brothers was a youth of genius; when he was but seven years old, he used to be carried in a basket upon a porter's back, into a crowd, and snatch hats and wigs. According to the exact chronology of Newgate, he was the first who practised this ingenious trick." That youth had the distinction of ending his days at Tyburn, "in company with Stephen Bunce and the celebrated Jack Hall, the chimney-sweeper." One sample of Richard Low, as pirate, will suffice for us:—He and his crew, having taken a French ship, and condemned it to the flames, "they took all the crew out of her, but the cook, who, they said, being a greasy fellow, would fry well in the fire; so the poor man was bound to the mainmast, and burnt in the ship, to the no small diversion of Low and his myrmidons." So we will not follow Low, but it may be not amiss to see a little vengeance on him in an anecdote admirably illustrative of the free way of these gentlemen of fortune:—Low having taken a vessel, a Portuguese passenger looked unhappy; one of the crew said "he did not like his looks, and thereupon gave him one blow across his belly with his cutlass that cut out his bowels, and he fell down dead without speaking a word. At the same time another of these rogues, cutting at a prisoner, missed his mark, and Captain Low, standing in his way, very opportunely received the stroke upon his under jaw, which laid the teeth bare; upon this the surgeon was called, who immediately stitched up the wound—but Low finding fault with the operation, the surgeon being tolerably drunk, as it was customary for everybody to be, struck Low such a blow with his fist that broke out all the stitches, and then bid him sew up his chops himself and be damned, so that Low made a very pitiful figure for some time after." To have had a surgeon on board at all was something uncommon in Low's vessel. The pirates generally were their own physicians, and for surgeon sometimes, in case of need, "the carpenter was appointed as the most proper man; upon which he fetched up the biggest saw, and taking the limb under his arm, fell to work, and separated it from the body of the patient in as little time as he could have cut a deal board in two; after that he heated his axe red-hot in the fire, and cauterised the wound."

With whom shall we sail? Captain Bartholomew Roberts was a man of note, who took, in the course of his career, four hundred sail. Not getting sufficient ransom, he set a slave-ship on fire, at Wydah, "with eighty of those poor wretches on board, chained two and two together, under the miserable choice of perishing by fire or water: those who jumped overboard from the flames, were seized by sharks, a voracious fish, in plenty in this road, and, in their sight, tore limb from limb, alive." Is there no gentlemanly sea-robber with whom we may sail and see an action? There are one or two not naturally cruel, but even these are forced to commit revolting outrages, in order to retain the allegiance of their crews. We will not, therefore, even in imagination, sail with any of these rascals, but content ourselves with quiet chat about them. Of the cruelty in which power displays itself as exercised by such men we have said enough to shock an ordinary landsman, and we must endeavour to exhibit it no more. Let it be understood that the spite of lawless men upon the sea has rioted in tortures and committed deeds worthy to stand on the same shelf within our heads whereon we thrust away the records of religious bigotry. So let us hide them now, and chatter on.

When pirates met they were cordial friends; their manner of saluting each other was by firing their guns, shotted, into the air. If they formed any partnership, or sailed in company, they rarely failed to quarrel. Tenders and consorts were perpetually slipping off, when they had wealth on board; subordinates, left anywhere in charge of treasure, commonly stole away therewith; the Pirate's Calendar exemplifies but little "honour among thieves!" That bullying bluster about honour, which is a characteristic of most blackguards, pirates shone in. Captain Howel Davis ravaged a district and destroyed a town, because the Governor insulted him by hinting that he was a pirate. Wayward displays of conscientiousness occurred too, now and then; but, founded on no principle, were often ludicrous. Captain Vane, shipwrecked on a small island, was found by an old buccaneer, Holford, an acquaintance: "He thought this a good opportunity to get off, and accordingly applied to his old friend; but he absolutely refused him; saying to him, 'Charles, I shan't trust you aboard my ship, unless I carry you a prisoner; for I shall have you caballing with my men, knock me on the head, and run away with my ship a pyrating.' Vane made all the protestations of honour in the world to him; but it seems Captain Holford was too intimately acquainted with him to repose any confidence at all in his words or oaths. He told him, he might easily find a way to get off, if he had a mind to it. 'I am now going down the bay,' says he, 'and shall return hither in about a month; and if I find you on the island when I come back, I'll carry

you to Jamaica, and hang you.' 'Which way can I get away?' answers Vane. 'Are there not fishermen's dories upon the beach?—can't you take one of them?' replies Holford. 'What,' says Vane, 'would you have me steal a dory, then?' 'Do you make it a matter of conscience,' said Holford, 'to steal a dory, when you have been a common robber and pyrate, stealing ships and cargoes, and plundering all mankind that fell in your way? Stay there, if you are so squeamish!' And so he left him."

Let us describe, now, the stealing of a ship. Tempted by reward and natural desire for gain, all eyes are always on the look-out for a sail. The sail made out is chased, if not a man-of-war. The pirate seldom quails before superior force; for, in his own profession, he is bold to recklessness. If stratagem be necessary, the character of the pirate ship is disguised by hoisting perhaps a French flag, while men are sent below to hide themselves, in order that the crowded decks might not betray their character. When spoken with, their answer to the question whence they come, is "*From the Seas;*" up runs the black flag, "Jolly Roger," then the cannonade is opened, and the boarding-party leaps into the boat. The first boarders receive extra plunder, in the form of a change of clothes for every man. The object of the pirate is to board as soon as possible. The prize taken is searched; torture is used to elicit information as to all its treasures; if the vessel itself be better than their own, the pirates take possession of it for themselves; if not they pillage it, and recklessly throw overboard the greater part of what they do not keep. Those on board the captured vessel are slaves of the captor's will, and take their chance. Sometimes they are all sweated: the pirates form a circle round each one in turn, and prick him as he runs inside it with pins, penknives, forks, &c.; murder, and greater cruelties, we have agreed to forbear describing. Captain Hawkins, prisoner of Captain Spriggs, was sent down to supper; what should the provision be, but a dish of candles, which he was forced to eat, having a naked sword and a pistol held to his breast all the while. His crew were all regaled in the same manner. A friar taken was put upon all fours, and ridden about; a New England saint was made to dance till he was more than weary; a quaker beguiled them by his meek submission to their force; and when, after plundering, they let him go, many engaged a passage in his vessel. He took them without murmuring, and they were surprised to find, on reaching port, that non-resistance under violence was not a doctrine which prevented the mild friend from handing them immediately into the custody of law. They were all hung. The pirates under Captain Roberts took an English clergyman, and out of respect to their own country's cloth restored all that he claimed; "they kept nothing which belonged to the Church, except three prayer-books and a bottle-screw."

Of the fearlessness of these men, and the fear they caused, it will suffice to give a couple of examples. Captain Teach lay, on one occasion, off the bar of Charlestown, taking vessels with impunity, while the whole province of Carolina "abandoned themselves to despair. The vessels in the harbour durst not go out, and the vessels inward bound durst not go in." Teach detained all the ships and prisoners, and, being in want of medicines, resolved to demand a chest from the Government of the province; accordingly, men were sent, and "very insolently made their demands, threatening that if they did not send immediately the chest of medicines, and let the pirate ambassadors return, without offering any violence to their persons, they would murder all their prisoners, send up their heads to the Governor, and set the ships they had taken on fire. While Mr. Marks was making application to the council, Richards, and the rest of the pirates, walked the streets publicly, in the sight of all people, who were fired with the utmost indignation, but durst not so much as think of executing their revenge." The result of this measure was, that the Government "complied with the necessity, and sent aboard a chest, valued at between three hundred and four hundred pounds, and the pirates went back safe to their ships." Captain Davis, before mentioned, performed such marvels by the addition of his own acuteness to the boldness of his men, that they believed him capable of doing anything; so they consented to an expedition against Gambia Castle. "Having come within sight of the place, he ordered all his men under deck, except as many as were absolutely necessary for working the ship, in order that he might pass for a trader, anchored close under the fort, and having ordered out the boat, he commanded six men in her, in old, ordinary jackets, while he himself, with the master and doctor, dressed themselves like gentlemen." They were received without suspicion by the Governor, and bidden to dine with him. They noted the disposition of the soldiers, brought some of their own men at dinner-time ashore, some having orders to sit in the guard-house, so placed as to seize the arms directly they should hear a pistol fired. Two or three entered the dining-room to wait at table. In the course of dinner a pistol was presented to the Governor's head, who remained quiet per force; the arms in that room were seized by the attendant pirates, and Davis fired his pistol from the window. All the plan succeeded, and the fort was captured.

The plunder got by pirates, often great, was always scattered to the winds in senseless waste, or stolen by a comrade, or a landsman. So Avery retired upon a bag of diamonds, which he committed for sale, secretly, into the hands of Bristol "Merchants" who retained them, and threatened to denounce him if he

pressed for payment, so he died miserably, "not worth so much as would buy him a coffin." Those who escaped the gallows, either retired to sink into the dregs of poverty and vice, or settled among savages in Madagascar and elsewhere. Madagascar was a haunt of thieves, but their great rookery was among the ins and outs of the West India Islands; here, in some desert bay or creek, every pirate had his offices. Some rock which marked the entrance to his chambers would be scrawled over, perhaps, with an inscription put up at his departure by the pirate, "'Left this place the 5th of April, to go to Madagascar for Limes,' and this, least (like lawyers and men of business) any visits should be paid in their absence."

A few more anecdotes of life among the pirates, and a word or two about their last scenes, must conclude this gossip. Captain Bellamy had one among his crew, who had strutted, aforetime, as a strolling Hamlet. "This whimsical fellow made a play whilst he was in board, which he called the Royal Pirate." It was played but once, for "the case was this; Alexander the Great, environed by his guards, was examining a pirate who was brought before him; the gunner, who was drunk, took this to be in earnest, and that his messmate was in danger, and hearing Alexander say,

'Knowest thou that death attends thy mighty crimes,
And thou shalt hang to-morrow morn betimes?'

ran into the gun-room where he left three companions over a bowl of rum punch as drunk as himself, told them that they were going to hang honest Jack Spinckes, and if they suffered it they should be all hanged one after another; but (we omit his oaths) they should not hang him, for he'd clear the decks; and taking a grenade with a lighted match, followed by his comrades with their cutlasses, he set fire to the fuze and threw it among the actors. The audience was on the gang-ways and poop, and falling in with their cutlass poor Alexander had his left arm cut off, and Jack Spinckes his leg broke with the bursting of the shell. Alexander the Great revenged the loss of his arm by the death of him who deprived him of his limb." Under these circumstances, the drama was withdrawn.

In the vessel of Captain Roberts, one Glasby had excited suspicion among the crew by his sobriety, for, "in their sense, he was looked upon to be a villain that would not be drunk." In fact, Glasby, with some others, justified suspicion by afterwards attempting to desert; they were taken and brought up for trial on the capital offence. "The place appointed for their Tryals, was the steerage of the ship; in order to which a large bowl of rum-punch was made, and placed upon the table; the pipes and tobacco being ready, the judicial proceedings began; the prisoners were brought forth;" the case was clear, and "they were about to pronounce sentence, when one of the judges moved, that they should first smoak t'other pipe; which was accordingly done." Meanwhile the prisoners implored for mercy; the judges were stern, when one judge, Valentine Ashplant, got up and declared with oaths, "Glasby shall not die," and thereupon sat down and resumed his pipe. His motion was loudly opposed, and Ashplant rose again with a vast number of additional oaths, garnishing the declaration that "'Glasby is an honest fellow notwithstanding this misfortune, and I love him; if he must die, I will die along with him.' And, thereupon, he pulled out a pair of pistols, and presented them to some of the learned judges on the bench; who, perceiving his argument so well supported, thought it reasonable that Glasby should be acquitted; and so they all came over to his opinion, and allowed it to be law." The other offenders were all shot.

What vessel have the pirates now been chasing?—sugar they hope it contains—gunpowder, alas! They see her suddenly bring to, and haul up her lower ports. They strike their black flag in dismay, for they have caught a man-of-war; but instantly they haul their colours up again, and vapour with their cutlasses. We need not describe the engagement: quarter to the pirates is but sparing for a halter; they fight with furious desperation, and are overcome. While the king's ship sends a boat to fetch the prisoners, a blast and smoke pours out of the great cabin. "Half-a-dozen of the most desperate, when they saw all hopes had fled, had drawn themselves round what powder they had left in the steerage, and fired a pistol into it, but it was much too small a quantity to effect anything more than burning them in a frightful manner.". The other men are "gay and brisk, most of them with white shirts, watches and a deal of silk vests." The captain, perhaps, "dressed in a crimson damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain round his neck, with a diamond cross hung to it, and sword in his hand, and two pair of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling, flung over his shoulders (according to the fashion of the pirates);" but a grape shot has struck him in the throat, and he lies dead upon the tackles of a gun. A man terribly disfigured by the blast of powder, just before mentioned, is asked by an officer, "how he came blown up in that frightful manner. 'Why,' says he, 'John Morris fired a pistol into the powder; but' (oaths omitted) 'they are all mad and bewitched, for I have lost a good hat by it. (The hat and he being both blown out of the cabin gallery into the sea.) 'But what signifies a hat, friend?' says the officer. 'Not much,' answered he, the men being busy in stripping him of his shoes and stockings."

The captured pirates are soon carried ashore for trial, where the common plea

among the men is that they were kidnapped and forced into committing acts of piracy; that they dared not refuse the orders of the captain, and the quartermaster. "But," says the President on one occasion, "you elected these men; if you were well disposed, why did you vote for such a captain, and such a quarter-master?"

Here succeed a silence among the prisoners; but at length Fernan very honestly owned that he did not give his vote to Magnes, but to David Sympson, 'For in truth,' says he, 'I took Magnes for too honest a man, and unfit for the business.'"

The next scene is the Execution, of which we are not spectators. We are not, and we could not be; for although we have let our gossip sometimes run into the present tense, these objects of it are completely portions of the past. They are a fragment of those institutions of our ancestors which now have fallen into absolute neglect. England survives. All change is evil; is, in fact, revolutionary; and there is a sad tendency to be utilitarian among us. We have changed the aspect of affairs on the high seas, we have trodden under the heels of trade those dear romantic Corsairs and Red Rovers. The world is getting altogether work-a-day. England survives out of pure obstinacy, nothing else. O, how she would have flourished had she never changed!

CHIPS.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM A CENTURY AGO.

Experience has long since proved the injustice of closing national museums from the great body of the people, under the plea that the public is a most destructive and brutal animal. Nervous gentlemen of the old school threw up their hands in despair when they learnt that Government intended to give the public free and unlimited access to the National Gallery; but the result of the experiment has been here, as elsewhere, a strong and unequivocal contradiction of the old Toryism, that the labourer in corduroy would make as lamentable a figure in a museum or a picture-gallery, as the proverbial bull in the china-shop. Crowds of artisans pace the galleries of the National Gallery and Marlborough House, and yet the glories of Rubens, Claude, and Vandyke are not desecrated—the line of beauty is untouched upon Hogarth's palette. Any injury which the national collection may have suffered, is traceable, according to high critical authority, rather to the appointed guardians of the treasures, than to the rash fingering of artisan visitors. To the minds of many enlightened men, the picture-cleaner, with his scrubbing-brush, is an animal more to be feared than the poor holiday-maker, with his reverence and his seemly bearing.

Curious persons who are anxious to obtain a fair estimate of the progress made by men in authority in their judgment on the moral rectitude of the great industrial class of this country, may form a vivid picture of the old state of feeling which regulated the admission of visitors to the British Museum a century ago.

In the year 1759, the Trustees of this institution published their "Statutes and Rules relating to the Inspection and Use of the British Museum." This instructive document may now pertinently serve to illustrate the darkness from which we are struggling. Those visitors who now consider it rather an affront to be required to give up their cane or umbrella at the entrances to our Museums and Galleries, will be astonished to learn, that in the year 1757, those persons who wished to inspect the national collection, known as the British Museum, were required to make previous application to the porter, in writing, stating their names, condition, and places of abode, as also the day and hour at which they desired to be admitted. Their applications were written down in a register, which was submitted every evening to the librarian or secretary in attendance. If this official, judging from the condition and ostensible character of an applicant, deemed him eligible for admittance, he directed the porter to give him a ticket on the following day. Thus the candidate for admission was compelled to make two visits before he could learn whether or not it was the gracious will of a librarian or secretary that he should be allowed the inestimable privilege of inspecting the national collection. If successful, his trouble did not end with the issuing of the ticket; for it was provided by the trustees that no more than ten tickets should be given out for each hour of admittance. Accordingly, every morning on which the Museum was open, the porter received a company of ten ticket-holders at nine o'clock, ushered them into a waiting-room "till the hour of seeing the Museum had come"—to use the words of the Trustees. This small party was divided into two of five; one under the direction of the under-librarian, and the other under that of the assistant in each department.

Thus attended, the companies traversed the galleries, and on a signal given by the tinkling of a bell, passed from one department of the collection into another—one hour being the utmost time allowed for the inspection of one department. This system calls to mind the dragooning through Westminster Abbey, under the command of the gallant vergers, still in vogue, to the annoyance of leisurely people, ardent but leisurely archæologists. Sometimes, when public curiosity was particularly excited, the number of respectable applicants exceeded the limit of the prescribed issue. In these cases, tickets were given for remote days; and thus, at times, when the lists were heavy, it must have been as impossible for a passing visitor to London to get within the

gateway of the British Museum, as it was to inspect Wren's masterpiece for less than twopence. The Trustees provided, also, that when any person, having obtained tickets, was prevented from making use of them at the appointed time, he was to send them back to the porter, in order "that other persons wanting to see the Museum might not be excluded." Three hours was the limit of the time any company might spend in the Museum; and those who were so unreasonable or inquisitive as to be "desirous of visiting the Museum more than once," might apply for tickets whenever they pleased, "provided that no one person had tickets at the same time for more than one." The names of those persons who, in the course of their visit, wilfully transgressed any of the rules laid down by the Trustees, were written down in a distinct register, and the porter was directed never to issue tickets to them again.

Thus it will be seen that a hundred years ago the "highly respectable" were alone allowed to be inscribed in the visiting list of the national institution in Great Russell-street. The books were hoarded for the undisturbed enjoyment of the worm, whose feast was only at rare intervals disturbed by some student regardless of difficulties. To the poor worn, unheeded authors of those days, serenely starving in garrets, assuredly the British Museum must have been as impenetrable as the old Bastille. The prim under-librarian probably looked with a doubting mind upon the name and addresses of many poor, aspiring, honourable men—men whose "condition," to use the phrase of the Trustees, bespoke not the gentility of that vulgar age. In those days the weaver and the carpenter would as soon have contemplated a visit to St. James's Palace as have hoped for an admission ticket to the national Museum.

The mean precautions of the last century, contrast happily with the enlightened liberty of this. Crowds of all ranks and conditions besiege the doors of the British Museum—especially in holiday time; yet the skeleton of the elephant is spotless—the bottled rattlesnakes pickle in peace. The Elgin marbles have suffered no abatement of their profuse beauty; and the coat of the camelopard is yet without a blemish.

The Yorkshireman has his unrestrained stare at a sphinx; the undertaker spends his day over the mummies, or "Egyptian parties," as he calls them, and no official controls his professional objections to the coffins. The weaver has his observation on the looms of the olden time; the soldier compares the Indian's blunt weapon with his keen and deadly bayonet. The poor needlewoman has her laugh at the rude needles of barbarous tribes; the stonemason ventures to compare his tombs with the sarcophagi of ancient masters. No attendant watches every five visitors with the cold eye of a gaoler; no bell rings the company from one spot to another—all is open, free.

At all events, the two pictures—that of the British Museum a century back, and the Museum of to-day, crowded with holiday visitors, are in happy contrast. And what, in all things, are we to learn from the great sum of accomplished facts, save that in this sum we have an earnest of coming harvests of good?

THE GREAT SOUTHERN REFLECTOR.

In forwarding the rapid progress made of late years by Astronomy, it is notorious that our own country has not been slow. The part of England has been well played by the energy of private men, who labour at their own expense, under the stimulus of a perplexing climate. We are all astronomers enough to look out of our windows, when we find from an advertisement in the almanack that an eclipse is to be performed by sun or moon, and, judging by our past experience, we feel reasonably doubtful whether we shall see much of the performance advertised for next July, although it does take place near noon-day, in the height of summer. While clouds, and mists of morning, evening, or night, are putting out the eyes of our astronomers, and even our clear skies are often spoilt for them by shifting currents in the air, their rivals on the Continent and in America have trebled opportunities of study. The nature of our climate, consequently, has assisted us by stimulating private energy to a perpetual improvement in the telescope; and now our English telescopes are made with a perfection not approached elsewhere. But our most perfect telescopes have even more blind days than humbler instruments; the great Reflector of Lord Rosse, which has already revealed wonders, is so sensitive to atmospheric interference that it can be seldom used.

What man who knows the grandeur of those problems in astronomy, which still remain unsolved, can fail to desire ardently that a first-rate reflector, perfected by our astronomers in England, should be established in a better climate, under English rule? That this might be done, was the joint petition of the Royal Society and British Association to the English Government. They proposed that such a telescope should be sent out to the Australian continent, where a dry climate prevails for months, destitute of night-dews. They offered to superintend carefully the construction of the proposed great Southern Reflector. But the Government politely bowed them down-stairs. Why? If the nation be too poor to pay money on account of stars and telescopes, it might perhaps economise a few pounds out of its expense on stars and garters. To buy a telescope would be no mighty drain upon the public purse. Or does our Government object to the few hundred

pounds of salary which would be paid to an astronomer at the Antipodes? If that appear to be the case, perhaps the crumb will be bestowed in charity, for it will not be felt, out of the public salary received by some kind gentleman at home for looking after falcons; or would our different coloured "sticks" subscribe and make up the amount between them? If the germ of a great nation exists now on the Australian continent, we know not how we could exert more humanising influence upon its future character, than by filling its first annals with such wholesome glory as attends the victories of science.

Captain Jacobs, the East India Company's Astronomer at Madras, has also recently requested the Directors to establish a well-finished reflecting telescope on the Nilgherry Hills: there, raised above the lower shifting air-currents and clouds, under a bright sky, the finest occupied point of observation in the world, probably, would be at his command. The Company has permitted him to erect such a telescope, but gives him to understand that he must do so at his own expense. True to science, the philosopher will pinch his purse, and screw out of his salary the money that will purchase knowledge for the human race. Some cosy Director, perhaps, hints that if the post of observation be so good, the star-gazer will be repaid by fame. But fame, unluckily, will neither roast, nor fry, nor boil. Man is composed of two parts, mind and body, one of which likes fame, the other mutton. Fame is not paid out of any corporate exchequer, and a man can no more repay service with that commodity, than with a gift of sunshine. Contracts of service all depend on the necessities of flesh and blood; minds do the work, but bodies want the payment. The East India Company is usually liberal towards its servants, and we trust that it will think twice in the present instance.

THE BLAST OF WAR.

BROODING for ages o'er the darken'd earth,
Like some gigantic Roc of Eastern fable,
It long has fill'd it with a moral dearth,
Shading Love's sunshine with a wing of sable.

Coeval with the fatal birth of Sin,
It grew and strengthen'd with the spread of nations;
Blighting each region with the strife of kin,
Where founders of new empires fix'd their stations.

It dropp'd its poison on the heart of man,
And fired his hot distemper'd blood to madness;
Through all the race the deadly plague-spot ran,
And thickly sow'd the seeds of woe and sadness.

Widows and orphans reap'd the fruit they bore;
Homes were made desolate in field and city;
And tears of mourners mingled with the gore
Which foes shed freely, without ruth or pity.

But now the monster waxes faint with age;
Its wings droop feebly, which were once expanded;
Love streaming down has melted martial rage;
Those meet in peace, who once for fight were banded.

SOMNAMBULISM.

THAT a person deeply immersed in thought, should, like Dominie Sampson, walk along in a state of "prodigious" unconsciousness, excites no surprise, from the frequency of the occurrence; but that any one should, when fast asleep, go through a series of complicated actions which seem to demand the assistance of the senses while closed against ordinary external impressions is, indeed, marvellous. Less to account for this mysterious state of being, than to arrange such a series of facts as may help further inquiry into the subject, we have assembled several curious circumstances regarding somnambulism.

Not many years ago a case occurred at the Police-office at Southwark, of a woman who was charged with robbing a man while he was walking in his sleep during the daytime along High Street, in the Borough, when it was proved in evidence that he was in the habit of walking in his somnambulic fits through crowded thoroughfares. He was a plasterer by trade, and it was stated in court that it was not an uncommon thing for him to fall asleep while at work on the scaffold, yet he never met with any accident, and would answer questions put to him as if he were awake. In like manner, we are informed that Dr. Haycock, the Professor of Medicine at Oxford, would, in a fit of somnambulism, preach an eloquent discourse; and some of the Sermons of a lady who was in the habit of preaching in her sleep have been deemed worthy of publication.

We remember meeting with the case of an Italian servant, who was a somnambulist, and and who enjoyed the character of being a better waiter when he was asleep than when he was awake. Every book on the subject repeats the anecdote which has been recorded of the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock, who, on one occasion, rose from his bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, and then retired to his bed; and when he awoke, had not the least recollection of what he had done. Here, however, on the very threshold of the mystery, we meet with this difficulty—were these persons, when they performed the actions described, partially awake, or were they really in a state of profound sleep? In solving this problem, we shall proceed to consider some of the phenomena of somnambulism, premising only that if we avail ourselves of cases which the reader may before have met with, it is to throw light on what we may, perhaps,

call the physiology of this very curious affection.

There can be no doubt that somnambulism is hereditary. Horstius mentions three brothers, who were affected with it at the same period; and Dr. Willis knew a whole family subject to it. It is considered by all medical men as a peculiar form of disease. It seldom manifests itself before the age of six, and scarcely ever continues beyond the sixtieth year. It depends physically upon the susceptibility or delicacy of the nervous system; and on this account females are more liable to it than males; and in youth it manifests itself more frequently than in mature age. It is caused mentally by any violent and profound emotion; as well as by excessive study, and over-fatiguing the intellectual faculties. Some persons walk periodically in their sleep; the fit returns at stated intervals —perhaps two or three times only in the month. It has been also observed—although we by no means vouch for the fact—by an eminent German physician, that some persons walk at the full, others at the new moon, but especially at its changes. One German authority—Burdach—goes the comical length of asserting that the propensity of somnambulists to walk on the roofs of houses is owing to the attraction of the moon, and that they have a peculiar pleasure in contemplating the moon, even in the day time. Whatever may be the cause of the affection, somnambulism undoubtedly assumes different degrees of intensity. The first degree evinces itself by the movements we have referred to, and by sleep-talking. This stage is said to be marked by an impossibility of opening the eyes, which are as if glued together. There are many curious circumstances to be observed concerning sleep-talking. The intonation of the voice differs from the waking state, and persons for the most part express themselves with unusual facility.

We were acquainted with a young lady accustomed to sit up in bed and recite poetry in her sleep, whose mother assured us that she sometimes took cognisance of circumstances which she could not, in any way, account for. On one occasion they had been to a ball; and, after the daughter was in bed and asleep, her mother went quietly into her room, and taking away her dress and gloves deposited them in another room. Presently, as usual, the fair somnambule began talking in her sleep; her mother entered, as usual, into conversation with her; and, at length, asked, "But what have you done with your new ball-dress?" "Why, you know," replied she, "you have laid it on the couch in the drawing-room." "Yes," continued the mother, "but your gloves—what have you done with them?" "You know well enough," she answered, in an angry tone, "you have locked them up in your jewel-box." Both answers were correct; and it may be here observed that somnambulists, if equivocated with in conversation, or in any way played upon, will express themselves annoyed, and betray angry feelings. The truthfulness of sleep-talking may, we apprehend, always be relied on. In this state there is no attempt at evasion; no ingenuity exercised to disguise anything. The master-mind of Shakespeare—which seems to have divined the secrets of Nature, and illustrated scientific principles before they were discovered by philosophers—recognised this fact, in making Iago thus rouse the jealousy of Othello:—

> "There are a kind of men so loose of soul
> That in their sleep will mutter their affairs;—
> One of this kind is Cassio.
> In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
> Let us be wary.'"

Hitherto Othello had borne up manfully against the cruel insinuations of Iago—but this sleep-revelation "denoted a foregone conclusion," and carried with it irresistible conviction. Upon the same principle, Lord Byron founded the story of "Parisina." Not long ago a robbery was committed in Scotland, which was discovered by one of the guilty parties being overheard muttering some facts connected with it in his sleep. Mental anxiety will, almost at any age, give rise to sleep-talking. The ideas of children during sleep are often very vivid; nor is there anything more common than to hear them utter exclamations of distress, connected, particularly, with any fears that may, unwisely, have been impressed on the waking mind. The case of a little girl came lately under our notice, who exhibited the most alarming symptoms during sleep; sobbing and imploring help, under the imagination that she was being pursued by an evil spirit; in consequence of a foolish, fanatical person having frightened her with threats of this description, while the child, before going to bed, was saying her prayers. Very much convulsed inwardly, she was with difficulty awakened, and for some time afterwards remained in a state of agitation bordering on delirium. Assuredly parents cannot be too careful in endeavouring to make very young children go to bed with composed and happy minds, otherwise they know not what hideous phantom may draw aside the curtain of their sleep; and, by terrifying the imagination, produce fits, that may be incurable in after-life. We believe it quite possible that epilepsy, itself, may be so produced.

In schools sleep-talking is very common; anxious pupils, in their sleep, will frequently repeat a lesson they cannot remember when awake. The son of the eminent linguist and commentator, Doctor Adam Clarke, tells us that his father overheard him, in his sleep, repeat a Greek verb which he was endeavouring to learn, and which, the following morning, he was unable to remember. This is a curious fact—he knew his lesson in his sleep, but did not do so when he was awake; the faculty of memory, however, in a state of somnambulism

undergoes many singular modifications. Thus, persons who talk in their sleep, may, by conversation, be brought to remember a dream within a dream; and it is very common, in the higher stages of somnambulism, for a person to recollect what happened in the preceding fit, and be unconscious of any interval having elapsed between them. A somnambulist, at Berlin, in one of her paroxysms, wandering in her sleep, was guilty of an indiscretion which she had no recollection of in her waking hours; but, when she again became somnambulic, she communicated all the circumstances to her mother. During the next convalescent interval, they again escaped her memory. The case is related, by Treviranus, of a young student who when he fell asleep began to repeat aloud a continuous and connected dream, which began each night precisely where it left off the preceding night. This reminds us of the story of the drunken Porter, who in a fit of intoxication left a parcel at a wrong house; when he became sober he could not recollect where he had left it, but the next time he got drunk he remembered the house, and called and recovered it.

In persons disposed to somnambulism, dreams of a very striking and exciting nature call into action, in the early stage of this affection, the muscles of the voice before those which are implicated in the movement of rising and walking; and it is worthy of notice that the muscles, upon which the voice is dependent, are very numerous and exquisitely delicate; the result of which is, that they are affected by all mental emotions. Hence, the tones of the voice truly indicate the character of certain passions and feelings, for which reason, on the stage, the intonation given by the actor, whether it be the distressed cry of a Belvidera, or the pathetic singing of an Ophelia, will carry along the sympathies of the audience, albeit, the exact words may not be understood. A particular tone of voice causes, without reference to words, a corresponding feeling, just as the vibration of one instrument will harmonise with the vibration of another: but this is not all, the voice is the first organ which is affected by any excitement of the brain. It betrays the wine-bibber having drunk to excess while he is yet perfectly rational; it is, therefore, by no means surprising that persons in their sleep when excited by dreams, should moan, mutter, or even speak articulately. In this state, the mind seems to struggle, in its connection with the body, to give utterance to its emotions; and it is reasonable to believe the greater the intensity of the dream-conception, the clearer will be the articulation of the voice, and the greater, also, the precision of the somnambulic movements. Hence, apparently, it is only in very profound sleep that persons will rise, dress themselves, walk about, &c.; while, in less profound sleep, their vivid dreams only agitate and make them restless. One of the most interesting, and indeed affecting, cases on record, is that of Laura Bridgman, who, at a very early age, was afflicted with an inflammatory disease, which ended in the disorganisation and loss of the contents of her eyes and ears; in consequence of which calamity she grew up blind, deaf, and dumb. Now, it is quite certain that persons who have once enjoyed the use of their senses, and then lost them, have very vivid dreams, in which they recal the impressions of their earliest infancy. So was it with the blind poet, Dr. Blacklock; and so also was it with Laura Bridgman, and it is a very interesting fact that she, being unable to speak, when asleep used the finger alphabet. This she did sometimes in a very confused manner, the irregularity of her finger-signs corresponding with that defective articulation which persons give utterance to, when they murmur and mutter indistinctly their dream-impressions. It was, be it observed, when she was disturbed in her sleep that she ran over her finger alphabet confusedly, like one who, playing on a stringed instrument, has not the attention sufficiently fixed to give precision and expression to the performance. The minstrel, described by Sir Walter Scott, with his fingers wandering wildly through the strings of his harp, resembles poor Laura giving utterance, thus imperfectly, to her bewildered dreams.

When the somnambulic state becomes more intense, the voluntary muscles of the limbs are excited into action; the somnambulist rises; dresses himself; and in pursuing his dream-imagery, wanders about, or sits down steadily to execute some task, which, however difficult in his waking hours, he now accomplishes with facility. The condition of the body in a physiological point of view becomes now a solemn mystery: the eyes are open, but insensible to light; the portals of the ears, also, but the report of a pistol will, in some cases, not rouse the sense of hearing; the sense of smell, too, is frequently strangely altered, and that of taste likewise becomes perverted, or, perhaps, entirely suspended. The sensibility of the surface of the body is often remarkably impaired; and, for the time, partially, or entirely abolished. In the case of a female somnambulist described in "The Philosophy of Natural History," by Dr. Smellie, he tells us that, when she was in one of her paroxysms, he ran a pin repeatedly into her arm—but not a muscle moved, nor was any symptom of pain discoverable. Here we may observe an important and interesting fact, that, as a general principle, in proportion as the mind concentrates its powers and energises itself within, the sensibility of the body diminishes. The soldier, in his excitement on the battle-field, feels not his wounds; he will faint from loss of blood before he knows that he has been "hit." The unconsciousness of danger is often the best protection against it. On looking down

a precipice, a sense of apprehension instantly suggests itself; the nervous system recoils; the circulation of the blood within the brain on a sudden becomes irregular; dizziness ensues and a total loss of command over the voluntary muscles. Man is probably the only being in whom this occurs; the stag, the goat, the antelope, will gaze unmoved down the chasms of the deepest Alpine precipices. The dizziness which is felt on ascending an elevation, arises undoubtedly from mental alarm, which modifies the impressions received by the eye, which no longer correctly estimates the relations of distance. Accordingly we are told by Mr. Wilkinson in his "Tour to the British Mountains," that a blind man, who was the scientific and philosophic Mr. Gough, ascended with him to the summit of one of the Cumberland Mountains; and in walking along, he described to him the fearful precipices which he pretended surrounded him; but soon he repented his inventive picturesque description, for the blind man, mentally affected by the supposed peril of his situation, became suddenly dizzy, and screaming with the apprehension that he was tumbling down the rocks into the abyss below, fell upon the ground. In cases of sleep-walking upon dangerous heights, there is no apprehension or fear—the mind is intently absorbed in the object pursued; all the muscular movements are performed with confidence and with unerring precision; and under these circumstances the gravitation of the body is supported on the most slender basis.

One of the most curious and indeed inexplicable phenomena connected with somnambulism is, that persons in this condition are said to derive a knowledge of surrounding objects independent of the organs of the external senses. The Archbishop of Bordeaux attested the case of a young ecclesiastic, who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, taking pen, ink, and paper, and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished one page he would read aloud what he had written, and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes, the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper, upon which he was writing; but he continued to write on without being in the least degree incommoded. He also, in this state, copied out pieces of music, and when it happened that the words were written in too large a character, and did not stand over the corresponding notes, he perceived his error, blotted them out, and wrote them over again with great exactness. A somnambulist is mentioned by Gassendi, who used to dress himself in his sleep, go down into the cellar, draw wine from a cask, in perfect darkness—but if he awoke in the cellar, he had then a difficulty in groping his way through the passages back to his bed-room. The state of the eyes during somnambulism is found to vary considerably—they are sometimes closed—sometimes half closed—and frequently quite open; the pupil is sometimes widely dilated, sometimes contracted, sometimes natural, and for the most part insensible to light. This, however, is not always the case. The servant girl, whose case was so well described by Dr. Dyce, of Aberdeen, when this state was impending felt drowsy—a pain in the head, usually slight, but on one occasion very intense, then succeeded—and afterwards a cloudiness or mistiness came over her eyes. Occasionally her sensations were highly acute; the eyelids appeared shut, though not entirely closed; the pupils were much contracted, and there was great intolerance of light. She could not name objects when the light of the candle or fire shone fully on them, but pointed them out correctly in the shade, or when they were dimly illuminated. At other times, however, the pupil of the eye was quite insensible to light. Her feelings also appear to have been very excitable. During one of her paroxyms she was taken to church; attended to the service with every appearance of devotion, and was at one time so much affected by the sermon, that she shed tears. The sensibility of the eye was also observed, in the case of Dr. Bilden; when a degree of light, so slight as not to affect the experimenter, was directed to the lids of this somnambulist, it caused a shock equal to that of electricity, and induced him to exclaim, "Why do you wish to shoot me in the eyes?" These are exceptions; as a general rule, the eye during somnambulism is insensible, and the pupil will not contract, though the most vivid flash of light be directed upon it. It also should be observed that although somnambulists will light a candle, it does not follow that they are guided by its light; or that they really see anything by it. Their movements may still be purely automatic. This curious circumstance is finely illustrated by Shakespeare, who describes the Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep with a lighted taper in her hand:—

> "*Gentlewoman.*—Lo, you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life, fast asleep.
> "*Doctor.*—How came she by that light?
> "*Gentlewoman.*—Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually—'tis her command.
> "*Doctor.*—You see her eyes are open—
> "*Gentlewoman.*—Aye—but their sense is shut."

It is related of Negretti, a sleep-walker, that he would sometimes carry about with him a candle as if to give him light in his employment; but on a bottle being substituted, he took it and carried it, fancying that it was a candle. Castelli, another somnambulist, was found by Dr. Soane, translating Italian into French, and looking out the words in his dictionary. His candle being purposely extinguished, he immediately began groping about, as if in the dark, and although other candles were in the room, he did not resume

his occupation until he had relighted his candle at the fire. In this case we may observe that he could not see, excepting with the candle he had himself lighted, and he was insensible to every other, excepting that on which his attention was fixed.

How are these curious anomalies to be explained? There is, it appears to us, a striking analogy between the actions as they are performed by the blind and those executed by somnambulists, who are insensible to light; the exaltation of the sense of touch, in blindness, is so great that some physiologists have conceived the existence of a *sixth* sense—the muscular sense—which communicates the impression before the actual contact of objects. This muscular sense is supposed by Dr. Fowler to adjust the voice, the eye, and the ear, to the distances at which sounds are to be heard, and objects seen. It may, perhaps, be described as a peculiar exaltation of the sense of feeling. A lady during her somnambulism, observed to Despine, her physician, "You think that I do not know what is passing around me; but you are mistaken. I see nothing; but I *feel* something that makes an impression on me, which I cannot explain." Another somnambulist, a patient of Hufeland, used to say invariably, "I feel"—"I am conscious" of the existence of this or that object. The blind girl, Jane Sullivan, described by Dr. Fowler, could, without a guide, feel her way to every part of the workhouse, and recognise all its inmates by the feel of their hand and clothes. It is said of Laura Bridgman, that she could, in walking through a passage, with her hands spread before her, recognise her companions, and could in this way distinguish even their different degrees of intellect; nay, that she would regard with contempt a new-comer, after discovering her weakness of mind. It has been also observed, that the pupils in the Manchester Asylum for the Blind are aware, by this muscular sense, of their approach, even to a lamp-post, before actually coming against or up to it. May not the somnambulist walking through intricate passages and performing complicated manual operations in the dark have his movements guided by this sense? May he not, in like manner, be sensible of his approach to obstructing obstacles, and may not this sense, in a higher degree of development, lead to perceptions, which are ordinarily conveyed to the mind through their appropriate and respective organs?

The sense of hearing in somnambulism is not often suspended, for, generally speaking, somnambulists will answer questions and carry on conversation; but it is remarkable that the same ear which may be deaf to the loudest noises, will perceive even a whisper from one particular person with whom the sleeper may alone appear to hold communion. In the "Transactions of the Medical Society" at Breslau, we meet with the case of a somnambulist who did not hear even the report of a pistol fired close to him. In another instance, that of Signor Augustin, an Italian nobleman, his servants could not arouse him from his sleep by any description of noise—even blowing a trumpet in his ear. On the other hand, the same individual would, in another paroxysm, apply his ear to the key-hole of the door, and listen attentively to noises which he heard in the kitchen. The sense of smell, as we have observed, is frequently altered. Brimstone and phosphorus are said to have a pleasant scent to the somnambulist, but sometimes it appears completely abolished. In one case, a snuff-box, filled with coffee, was given to a somnambulist, who took it as he would have taken snuff, without perceiving the difference. So also is it with taste. Some somnambulists have not been able to distinguish wine from water.

Another very remarkable circumstance has been observed in somnambulism; it is, that persons in this state have exhibited an extraordinary exaltation of knowledge. Two females mentioned by Bertrand, expressed themselves, during the paroxyms, very distinctly in Latin; although they afterwards admitted having an imperfect acquaintance with this language. An ignorant servant girl, described by Dr. Dewar, evinced an astonishing knowledge of astronomy and geography, and expressed herself in her own language in a manner which, though often ludicrous, showed an understanding of the subject. It was afterwards discovered that her notions on these subjects had been derived from hearing a tutor giving instructions to the young people of the family. A woman in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, on account of an affection of this kind, during her somnambulism, mimicked the manner of the physicians, and repeated correctly some of their prescriptions in the Latin language. Many of these apparent wonders are referable to the circumstance of old associations being vividly recalled to the mind; this very frequently happens also in the delirium of fever. There is nothing miraculous in such cases, although upon them are founded a host of stories descriptive of persons in their sleep speaking unknown languages, predicting future events, and being suddenly possessed of inspiration.

Not only are the mental powers intensified in this state, but the physical energies are unwontedly increased. Horstius relates the case of a young nobleman living in the Citadel of Breslau, who used to steal out of his window during his sleep, muffled up in a cloak, and, by great muscular exertion, ascend the roof of the building where, one night, he tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped up the little ones in his cloak, and then returned to bed; and, on the following morning, related the circumstances as having occurred in a dream, nor could he be persuaded of its reality until the magpies in the cloak were shown to him. In the "Biblio-

thèque de Médecine" we find the account of a somnambulist who got out of his bed in the middle of the night and went into a neighbouring house which was in ruins, and of which the bare walls, with a few insecure rafters running between them, alone remained; nevertheless he climbed to the top of the wall, and clambered about from one beam to another without once missing his hold. It is affirmed that somnambulists will maintain their footing in the most perilous situations with perfect safety, so long as they remain in a state of somnambulism; but when they are disturbed or awakened in such positions, they are then taken by surprise, and instantly lose self-possession. A young lady was observed at Dresden walking one night in her sleep upon the roof of a house; an alarm being given, crowds of people assembled in the street, and beds and mattresses were laid upon the ground, in the hope of saving her life in case of her falling. Unconscious of danger, the poor girl advanced to the very edge of the roof, smiling and bowing to the multitude below, and occasionally arranging her hair and her dress. The spectators watched her with great anxiety. After moving along thus unconcernedly for some time, she proceeded towards the window from which she had made her exit. A light had been placed in it by her distressed family; but the moment she approached it, she started, and suddenly awakening, fell into the street, and was killed on the spot. Upon this incident Bellini founded the charming opera of "La Sonnambula."

The actions of the somnambulist are, doubtless, prompted and governed by those dream-impulses which the imaginary incidents passing through the sleeper's mind suggest. He is a dreamer able to act his dreams. This we learn from those exceptional cases in which the somnambulist, upon awaking, has remembered the details of his dreams; in illustration of which we find an anecdote, related with much vivacity, by Brillat-Savarin, in the "Physiology of Taste." The narrator is a M. Duhagel, who was the prior of a Carthusian Monastery, and he thus tells us the story:—"We had in the monastery in which I was formerly prior, a monk of melancholic temperament and sombre character, who was known to be a somnambulist. He would sometimes, in his fits, go out of his cell and return into it directly; but at other times he would wander about, until it became necessary to guide him back again. Medical advice was sought, and various remedies administered, under which the paroxysms so much diminished in frequency, that we at length ceased to think about them. One night, not having retired to bed at my usual hour, I was seated at my desk occupied in examining some papers, when the door of the apartment, which I never kept locked, opened, and I beheld the monk enter in a state of profound somnambulism. His eyes were open, but fixed; he had only his night-shirt on; in one hand he held his cell lamp, in his other, a long and sharp-bladed knife. He then advanced to my bed, upon reaching which he put down the lamp, and felt and patted it with his hand, to satisfy himself he was right, and then plunged the knife, as if through my body, violently through the bed clothes, piercing even the mat which supplied, with us, the place of a mattress. Having done this, he again took up his lamp and turned round to retrace his steps, when I observed that his countenance, which was before contracted and frowning, was lighted up with a peculiar expression of satisfaction at the imaginary blow he had struck. The light of the two lamps burning on my desk did not attract his notice; slowly and steadily he walked back, carefully opening and shutting the double door of my apartment, and quietly retired to his cell. You may imagine the state of my feelings while I watched this terrible apparition; I shuddered with horror at beholding the danger I had escaped, and offered up my prayers and thanksgiving to the Almighty; but it was utterly impossible for me to close my eyes for the remainder of the night.

"The next morning I sent for the somnambulist, and asked him, without any apparent emotion, of what he had dreamt the preceding night? He was agitated at the question, and answered, 'Father—I had a dream, so strange, that it would give me the deepest pain were I to relate it to you.' 'But I command you to do so; a dream is involuntary; it is a mere illusion,' said I; 'tell it me without reserve. 'Father,' continued he, 'no sooner had I fallen asleep than I dreamt that you had killed my mother, and I thought her outraged spirit appeared before me, demanding satisfaction for the horrid deed. At beholding this, I was transported with such fury, that—so it seemed to me—I hurried, like a madman, into your apartment, and, finding you in bed there, murdered you with a knife. Thereupon I awoke in a fright, horrified at having made such an attempt, and then thanked God it was only a dream, and that so great a crime had not been committed.' 'The act has been committed,' I then observed, 'further than you suppose.' And thereupon I related what passed, exhibiting at the same time the cuts intended to be inflicted upon me which had penetrated the bed-clothes; upon which the monk fell prostrate at my feet, weeping and sobbing, and imploring to know what act of penance I should sentence him to undergo. 'None; none!' I exclaimed. 'I would not punish you for an involuntary act; but I will dispense with your performing in the holy offices at night for the future; and I give you notice that the door of your cell shall be bolted on the outside when you retire, every evening, and not opened until we assemble to our family matins at break of day.'"

Here we may recur to the question with which we set out;—whether persons in som-

nambulism are partially awake, or in a state of unusually and preternaturally profound sleep? The phenomena we have above referred to—particularly those connected with the insensibility of the body and the organs of the senses—lead us to believe, that in somnambulism there is an increased intensity of sleep, producing an extreme degree of unconsciousness in regard to the physical organisation, very similar to that which we find in hysterical, cataleptic, and many other nervous affections. The mental phenomena exhibited in this state are those connected with exaggerated dreams, and as the physiology of dreams is by no means well understood in the healthy state, still less can they be explained under the aspect of disease.

It may be asked, How somnambulism, being an affection likely to entail more serious diseases upon persons subject to it, is to be cured? When the general health is affected, the family doctor, we apprehend, will very speedily put an end to metaphysical mystery; but in young persons, even where it is hereditary, attention must be paid to diet, regimen, and a due amount of bodily exercise. The shower-bath has sometimes been found serviceable. It is thought, also, that it may be resisted by a strong effort of the will, inasmuch as, in young persons, it has been suppressed by the fear of punishment; but this, on the other hand, may have a very contrary effect, disturbing and exciting, rather than composing, the nervous system. In the North of Scotland the following plan is in some schools adopted. The youthful somnambulist is put to sleep in bed with a companion who is not affected, and the leg of the one boy is linked by a pretty long band of ribbon or tape to the leg of the other. Presently, the one disposed to ramble in his sleep gets out of bed, and, in so doing, does not proceed far before he awakens the non-somnambulist, who in resisting being dragged after him, generally throws the other down, which has the effect of awakening him. In this way we have been assured that several such cases have been effectually cured: But is it always safe thus to awake a person during the paroxysm? Macnish relates the case of a lady who being observed walking in her sleep into the garden, one of the family followed her, and laying hold of her, awaked her, when the shock was so great that she fell down insensible, and shortly afterwards expired.

We feel satisfied that all sudden and abrupt transitions should be avoided. The state of sleep, apart from somnambulism, is one of nature's repose; the organs of the body have their various functions appropriately modified; and we cannot help thinking that to interrupt abruptly the course of Nature, and throw, as it were, a dazzling light upon the brain, the functions of which are in abeyance, is unwise, and may prove injurious. Many persons suddenly awakened out of a deep sleep, complain afterwards of severe headache. We conceive, therefore, that somnambulists who may be considered in a state of preternaturally profound sleep, ought not to be forcibly awakened. It is true that some somnambulists, like the servant girl described by Doctor Fleming, above referred to, have been awakened without after ill consequence, but as a general rule, the nervous system ought not to be subjected to any rude or unnecessary shock. The management of, and treatment of the somnambulist, must, it is obvious, depend very much on age, sex, temperament, and upon the causes, in particular,—whether physical or mental,—to which the affection may be ascribed. The most interesting circumstance connected with somnambulism is that it brings palpably under our observation a preternatural state of being, in which the body is seen moving about, executing a variety of complicated actions, in the condition, physically, of a living automaton, while the lamp of the human soul is burning inwardly, as it were, with increased intensity; and this very exaltation of the mental faculties proves, incontestably, that the mind is independent of the body, and has an existence in a world peculiar to itself.

A NEW PLEA FOR A NEW FOOD.

When the great question of the day and year was, how to feed the Irish in their extremity of hunger, large quantities of the cheapest flour that could be found were imported. Indian meal was brought over from America. The Irish ate it, because they must eat it or starve; and many were the English poor who did the same. The English rich tried it at their tables, with a real anxiety to recognise in it a wholesome and pleasant article of food. How impossible this was found, Mr. Carlyle and others have told the world. Under the best management, under the most careful disguises, the food was found unpalateable. It was sour, or bitter, or musty; sometimes all these.

The reason was this. The moisture contained in the grain is an acid. When the shell of the grain is broken, this moisture forms an oxide, all the sweet qualities of the grain disappear, and a bad flavour is substituted. Whether the meal came over ground, or merely broken, or kiln-dried, before it sailed, the effect was much the same, and people naturally concluded that the mischief was done by bringing the meal over the sea. The case was thus supposed to be hopeless, and the "yellow meal," as the Irish call it, was regarded as a mere refuge, and an odious one, from starvation.

This is now found to be a mistake; and, long as it will probably take to remove an impression so reasonable, it may be worth while to declare that Indian-corn flour may now be had in a perfect state, as wholesome and pleasant as any other flour, and so cheap

as to make it an object of serious importance to establish the facts of the case.

A Mr. Stafford, in America, discovered the cause of the mischief, and invented a process by which the acid moisture of the grain is evaporated, without injury to any of its other constituents. The meal is passed over warm cylinders, and comes away almost as incapable of deterioration as sand. It has been shut up in a garret for two years; it has been carried round the world, without losing its sweetness and delicate flavour. This meal can now be sold at two-thirds of the price of the best wheaten flour. With the addition of the cost of carriage into the country, it may be reckoned at less than three-fourths of the price of wheaten flour. Owing to the exertions of the American Minister, and others in London, an extensive trial is in progress there; and here and there, in country districts, a cask has been distributed among neighbours, who immediately become anxious to know how they may obtain the flour regularly. But, as yet, little is done towards introducing it where it is most wanted—among the Irish, who are still lingering on towards the grave, and the Scotch, who are in some parts sinking under the prospect of death by famine. In the island of Skye, the weather was tempestuous last summer. The harvest season was wet; the potatoes failed, as completely as in Ireland in 1847; few of the peasantry have seed corn or potatoes, and those few are daily driven to consume that which is their only hope for another year. A gloom hangs over the bare land, and over the sinking people. On the other side of the sea, the great American valleys are producing a vast surplus of this meal, over and above what the inhabitants can consume, or have, as yet, sold; and in London are the means of communication between those who abound and those who need.

The inventor of the new process has printed instructions and other advice to teach how the Indian-corn flour may be dressed. Our present notice would not be entertaining if it should take the form of an extract from a receipt-book; and we will, therefore, merely say, in regard to the cookery branch of the subject, that the ordinary English taste appears to be best met by a half-and-half mixture of the meal with wheaten flour, or two-thirds of wheaten to one of Indian flour. We cannot, however, refrain from giving the receipt for the true American pudding, which, though rarely or never described in receipt-books, is exceedingly grateful to the palates of tourists as well as natives:—

Six tablespoonfuls of Indian-corn flour; one pint of milk scalded with an ounce of butter (or suet); stir in the milk and butter to the flour, and also two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and a very little salt; lemon-peel or citron is an improvement. Tie up in a basin, with a thick cloth, and boil four hours. If baked, it will take two hours. Eat with butter, molasses, or lemon. The flour should always be worked up with boiling water or milk. And, finally, the Americans in England complain of the varying qualities of our yeast, which they declare to be never the same from any two breweries, and therefore difficult to prescribe about in their receipt-books. They are glad when we use the dried German yeast, as giving the experiment of their flour the fairest chance.

Considering how many anxious persons are considering what can best be done for those emaciated Highlanders, who are ready to eat the very sea-weed under their feet, if it would only nourish them; considering how many new owners of Irish estates, and old owners of released estates, are pondering, day and night, what can best be done for the peasantry—may we not hope that the opportunity of introducing a fourth or third more good food for the same money will not be overlooked? May not the prevalent disrelish of the "yellow meal" be overcome by an explanation, that the flour under Stafford's patent is not the same article, nor anything like it? Is it not pretty certain that the food which is relished throughout the American navy, and at the tables of gentlemen in London, and tradesmen in country towns, would be well received among those who know, by personal experience, what dearth is in Scotland, and famine in Ireland? Dare we refuse to try?

Everyone may begin the experiment as he pleases, of course. One was tried in this way. A box arrived at a country town, containing several packages of the flour, done up in weight of seven pounds each. One was sent to the clergyman; one to each inn; one each, to three or four houses where good cooks were kept: and, again, to several shopkeepers. Various labourers were asked, as a favour, to accept a hot pudding, or a loaf, and give a perfectly honest account, whether they liked it or not. In every case but one, the report was favourable. Tradesmen and labourers came to the house to know how they could get more, without running the risk of expensive carriage, by ordering of the flour-dealers. The patron of the experiment sent to London for a cask, out of which, after paying the carriage by luggage-train, the flour will issue at little more than half the present price of wheaten flour in that somewhat expensive little town. As it is by no means the wish of the patron to steal the trade of the baker and flour-dealer, they will come up, bringing their own scales and weights, if they like, and weigh out for themselves; and then, if they please their customers, they can henceforth send their own orders to London. It appears that two or three pounds a year will be saved to the patron's purse by the adoption, to a certain extent, of this new food; and many and many a hard-earned shilling to the labouring man.

More than this,—how many shillings may be, not only saved, but brought to the labouring man, if a large importation of American meal should take place! The more food we take from America, the more of our manufactures will the Americans, or somebody else, take in payment for it. We all know how serious have been the alarm and the mischief of the varying and the enhanced price of cotton within the last three years, and how earnestly some capitalists are now setting to work to grow flax in England and Ireland, in order to render us somewhat less dependent on the United States for the staple of our largest manufacture. What a vast amount of risk may be saved if we divide with that country the production of that staple and of food! By such a method, there may be a vast and most moral and politic reduction of the gambling character of our manufacture and commerce, and of that worst of gambling which involves the state of human virtue and human life. Instead of our having all cotton from America, and all food (as regards America) grown at home, let us have some cotton and some food from America, and some flax and some food at home (with cotton from India by and by), and our operatives may find their lives equalised, somewhat in the same way that foreign commerce is deprived of much of its gambling character by marine insurance; the illustration, however, being a comparison of small things with great.

There is another view of the matter,—not so generally interesting as it should be, but profoundly so to those who understand and appreciate the case. Cotton is grown by slave-labour: Indian corn is grown by the labour of freemen. A great struggle,—one of the most serious in principle, and in its certain consequences, whenever they occur, that the human race has ever been engaged in,—is now going on, between the slave-power in the Southern States of America, which grow the cotton, and Abolition principles, in the free States in the North, which grow the food. Every increased demand for cotton on our part rivets the chains of the slave. Every increased demand for corn on our part strengthens the hands of those who would free the slave. Among the best—the most effectual—friends of the slave, are those who promote the growth of cotton in India, and of flax at home, and who encourage the demand of agricultural produce from the American States north of the Ohio. It is but to few, perhaps, that this plea will be interesting; but to those few, the interest will be supreme; for it is they who are aware that, of all the great political questions now stirring in the world, no one involves so many principles important to the welfare of the whole human race, as that of the abolition of slavery in the United States. Every moralist,—even every politician,—knows that the abolition is certain. It is the time alone that is uncertain: and that time will be hastened,—whether little or much,—by the extensive use of this humble article,—this cheap Indian-corn flour,—in our islands.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Canute left three sons, by name Sweyn, Harold, and Hardicanute; but his Queen, Emma, once the Flower of Normandy, was the mother of only Hardicanute. Canute had wished his dominions to be divided between the three, and had wished Harold to have England; but the Saxon people in the South of England headed by a nobleman with great possessions, called the powerful Earl Godwin, (who is said to have been originally a poor cow-boy,) opposed this, and desired to have, instead, either Hardicanute, or one of the two exiled Princes who were over in Normandy. It seemed so certain that there would be more bloodshed to settle this dispute, that many people left their homes, and took refuge in the woods and swamps. Happily, however, it was agreed to refer the whole question to a great meeting at Oxford, which decided that Harold should have all the country north of the Thames, with London for his capital city, and that Hardicanute should have all the south. The quarrel was so arranged; and, as Hardicanute was in Denmark troubling himself very little about anything but eating and getting drunk, his mother and Earl Godwin governed the south for him.

They had hardly begun to do so, and the trembling people who had hid themselves were scarcely at home again, when Edward, the elder of the two exiled Princes, came over from Normandy with a few followers, to claim the English Crown. His mother Emma, however, who only cared for her last son Hardicanute, instead of assisting him, as he expected, opposed him so strongly with all her influence that he was very soon glad to get safely back. His brother Alfred was not so fortunate. Believing in an affectionate letter, written some time afterwards to him and his brother, in his mother's name, (but whether really with or without his mother's knowledge is now unknown,) he allowed himself to be tempted over to England, with a good force of soldiers, and landing on the Kentish coast, and being met and welcomed by Earl Godwin, proceeded into Surrey, as far as the town of Guildford. Here, he and his men halted in the evening to rest, having still the Earl in their company, who had ordered lodgings and good cheer for them. But, in the dead of night, when they were off their guard, being divided into small parties sleeping soundly after a long march and a plentiful supper in different houses, they were set upon by the King's troops, and taken prisoners. Next morning they were drawn out in a line, to the number of six hundred men, and were barbarously tortured and killed, with the exception of every tenth man, who was sold

into slavery. As to the wretched Prince Alfred, he was stripped naked, tied to a horse, and sent away into the Isle of Ely, where his eyes were torn out of his head, and where, in a few days, he miserably died. I am not certain that the Earl had wilfully entrapped him, but I suspect it very strongly.

Harold was now King all over England, though it is doubtful whether the Archbishop of Canterbury (the greater part of the priests were Saxons, and not friendly to the Danes) ever consented to crown him. Crowned or uncrowned, with the Archbishop's leave or without it, he was King for four years: after which short reign he died, and was buried; having never done much in life but go a hunting. He was such a fast runner at this, his favorite sport, that the people called him Harold Harefoot.

Hardicanute was then at Bruges, in Flanders, plotting, with his step-mother Emma, (who had gone over there after the cruel murder of Prince Alfred), for the invasion of England. The Danes and Saxons finding themselves without a King, and dreading new disputes, made common cause, and joined in inviting him to occupy the Throne. He consented, and soon troubled them enough, for he brought over numbers of Danes, and taxed the people so insupportably, to enrich those greedy favorites, that there were many insurrections, especially one at Worcester, where the citizens rose and killed his tax-collectors; in revenge for which he burned their city. He was a brutal King, whose first public act was to order the dead body of poor Harold Harefoot to be dug up, beheaded, and thrown into the river. His end was worthy of such a beginning. He fell down drunk, with a goblet of wine in his hand, at a wedding-feast at Lambeth, given in honor of the marriage of his standard-bearer, a Dane named Towed the Proud. And he never spoke again.

Edward, afterwards called by the monks The Confessor, succeeded; and his first act was to oblige his mother Emma, who had favored him so little, to retire into the country, where she died some ten years afterwards. He was the exiled prince whose brother Alfred had been so foully killed. He had been invited over from Normandy by Hardicanute, in the course of his short reign of two years, and had been handsomely treated at court. His cause was now favored by the powerful Earl Godwin, and he was soon made King. This Earl had been suspected by the people, ever since Prince Alfred's cruel death; he had even been tried in the last reign for the Prince's murder, but had been pronounced not guilty—chiefly, as it was supposed, because of a present he had made to the swinish King, of a gilded ship with a figure-head of solid gold, and a crew of eighty splendidly armed men. It was his interest to help the new King with his power, if the new King would help him against the popular distrust and hatred. So they made a bargain. Edward the Confessor got the Throne. The Earl got more power and more land, and his daughter Editha was made queen; for it was a part of their compact that the King should take her for his wife.

But, although she was a gentle lady, in all things worthy to be beloved—good, beautiful, sensible, and kind—the King from the first neglected her. Her father and her six proud brothers, resenting this cold treatment, harassed the King greatly, by exerting all their power to make him unpopular. Having lived so long in Normandy, he preferred the Normans to the English. He made a Norman Archbishop, and Norman Bishops; his great officers and favorites were all Normans; he introduced the Norman fashions and the Norman language; in imitation of the state custom of Normandy, he attached a great seal to his state documents, instead of merely marking them, as the Saxon Kings had done, with the sign of the cross—just as poor people who have never been taught to write, now make the same mark for their names. All this, the powerful Earl Godwin and his six proud sons represented to the people, as disfavor shown towards the English; and thus they daily increased their own power, and diminished the power of the King.

They were greatly helped by an event that occurred when he had reigned eight years. Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, who had married the King's sister, came to England on a visit. After staying at the court some time, he set forth, with his numerous train of attendants, to return home. They were to embark at Dover. Entering that peaceful town in armour, they took possession of the best houses, and noisily demanded to be lodged and entertained without payment. One of the bold men of Dover, who would not endure to have these domineering strangers jingling their heavy swords and iron corslets up and down his house, eating his meat, and drinking his strong liquor, stood in his doorway and refused admission to the first armed man who came there. The armed man drew, and wounded him. The man of Dover struck the armed man dead. Intelligence of what he had done, spreading through the streets to where the Count Eustace and his men were standing by their horses, bridle in hand, they passionately mounted, galloped to the house, surrounded it, forced their way in (the doors and windows being closed when they came up), and killed the man of Dover at his own fire-side. They then clattered through the streets, cutting down and riding over men, women, and children. This did not last long, you may believe. The men of Dover rose with great fury, killed nineteen of the foreigners, wounded many more, and blockading the road to the port, so that they should not embark, beat them out of the town by the way they had come. Hereupon, Count Eustace rides as hard as man can ride to Gloucester, where

Edward is surrounded by Norman monks and Norman lords. "Justice!" cries the Count, "upon the men of Dover, who have set upon and slain my people!" The King sends immediately for the powerful Earl Godwin, who happens to be near—reminds him that Dover is under his government—and orders him to repair to Dover and do military execution on the inhabitants. "It does not become you," says the proud Earl in reply, "to condemn without a hearing those whom you have sworn to protect. I refuse to do it."

The King, therefore, summoned the Earl, on pain of banishment and the loss of his titles and property, to appear before the court to answer this disobedience. The Earl refused to appear. He, his eldest son Harold, and his second son Sweyn, hastily raised as many fighting men as their utmost power could collect, and demanded to have Count Eustace and his followers surrendered to the justice of the country. The King, in his turn, refused to give them up, and raised a strong force. After some treaty and delay, the troops of the great Earl and his sons began to fall off. The Earl, with a part of his family and abundance of treasure, sailed to Flanders; Harold escaped to Ireland; and the power of the great family was for that time gone in England. But, the people did not forget them.

Then, Edward the Confessor, with the true meanness of a mean spirit, visited his dislike of the once powerful father and sons upon the helpless daughter and sister, his unoffending wife, whom all who saw her (her husband and his monks excepted) loved. He seized rapaciously upon her fortune and her jewels, and allowing her only one attendant, confined her in a gloomy convent, of which a sister of his, no doubt an unpleasant lady after his own heart, was abbess or jailer.

Having got Earl Godwin and his six sons well out of his way, the King favored the Normans more than ever. He invited over WILLIAM, DUKE OF NORMANDY, the son of that Duke who had received him and his murdered brother long ago, and of a peasant girl, a tanner's daughter, with whom that Duke had fallen in love for her beauty, as he saw her washing clothes in a brook. William, who was a great warrior, with a passion for fine horses, dogs, and arms, accepted the invitation; and the Normans in England, finding themselves more numerous than ever when he arrived with his retinue, and held in still greater honour at court than before, became more and more haughty towards the people, and were more and more disliked by them.

The old Earl Godwin, though he was abroad, knew well how the people felt; for, with part of the treasure he had carried away with him, he kept spies and agents in his pay all over England. Accordingly, he thought the time was come for fitting out a great expedition against the Norman-loving King. With it, he sailed to the Isle of Wight, where he was joined by his son Harold, the most gallant and brave of all his family. And so the father and son came sailing up the Thames to Southwark; great numbers of the people declaring for them, and shouting for the English Earl and the English Harold, against the Norman favorites!

The King was at first as blind and stubborn as kings usually have been whensoever they have been in the hands of monks. But, the people rallied so thickly round the old Earl and his son, and the old Earl was so steady in demanding, without bloodshed, the restoration of himself and his family to their rights, that at last the court took the alarm. The Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Norman Bishop of London, surrounded by their retainers, fought their way out of London, and escaped from Essex in a fishing-boat to France. The other Norman favorites dispersed in all directions. The old Earl and his sons (except Sweyn, who had committed crimes against the law) were restored to their possessions and dignities. And Editha, the virtuous and lovely Queen of the insensible King, was triumphantly released from her prison, the convent, and once more sat in her chair of state, arrayed in the jewels of which, when she had no champion to support her rights, her mean cold-blooded husband had deprived her.

The old Earl Godwin did not long enjoy his restored fortune. He fell down in a fit at the King's table, and died upon the third day afterwards. Harold succeeded to his power, and to a far higher place in the attachment of the people than his father had ever held. By his valor he subdued the King's enemies in many bloody fights. He was vigorous against rebels in Scotland—this was the time when Macbeth slew Duncan: upon which event our English Shakespeare, hundreds of years afterwards, wrote his great tragedy—and he killed the restless Welsh King GRIFFITH, and brought his head to England.

What Harold was doing at sea, when he was driven on the French coast by a tempest, is not at all certain; nor does it at all matter. That his ship was, by a storm, forced on that shore, and that he was taken prisoner, there is no doubt. In those barbarous days, all shipwrecked strangers were taken prisoner, and obliged to pay ransom. So, a certain Count Guy, who was the Lord of Ponthieu, where Harold's disaster happened, seized him, instead of relieving him like a hospitable and Christian lord as he ought to have done, and expected to make a very good thing of it.

But, Harold sent off immediately to Duke William of Normandy, complaining of this treatment, and the Duke no sooner heard of it than he ordered Harold to be escorted to the ancient town of Rouen, where he then was, and where he received him as an honored guest. Now, some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor, who was by this time old and had no children, had made a will, appointing Duke William of Normandy his successor, and had informed the Duke of his having done so. There is no doubt that he was

anxious about his successor, because he had even invited over, from abroad, EDWARD THE OUTLAW, a son of Ironside, who had come to England with his wife and three children, but whom the King had strangely refused to see when he did come, and who had died in London suddenly (princes were terribly liable to sudden death in those days), and had been buried in Saint Paul's Cathedral. The King might possibly have made such a will, or, having always been fond of the Normans, he might have encouraged Norman William to aspire to the English crown, by something that he said to him when he was staying at the English court. But, certainly William did now aspire to it; and knowing that Harold would be a powerful rival, he called together a great assembly of his nobles, offered Harold his daughter ADELE in marriage, informed him that he meant on King Edward's death to claim the English crown as his inheritance, and required Harold then and there to swear to aid him. Harold, being in the Duke's power, took this oath upon the Missal, or Prayer-book. It is a good example of the degrading superstitions of the monks, that this Missal, instead of being placed upon a table, was placed upon a tub: which, when Harold had sworn, was uncovered, and shown to be full of dead men's bones—bones, as the monks pretended, of saints. This was supposed to make Harold's oath a great deal more impressive and binding. As if the great name of the Creator of Heaven and earth could be made more solemn by a knuckle-bone, or a double-tooth, or a finger-nail of Dunstan!

Within a week or two after Harold's return to England, the dreary old Confessor was found to be dying. After wandering in his mind like a very weak old man, he died. As he had put himself entirely in the hands of the monks when he was alive, they praised him loudly when he was dead. They had gone so far, already, as to persuade him that he could work miracles, and had brought people afflicted with a bad disorder of the skin, to him, to be touched and cured. This was called "touching for the King's Evil," which afterwards became a royal custom. You know, however, who really touched the sick, and healed them; and you know His sacred name is not among the dusty line of human kings.

Harold was crowned King of England on the very day of the maudlin Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath, and resign the Crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. The Pope sent to Normandy a consecrated banner, and a ring, containing a hair which he warranted to have grown on the head of Saint Peter. He blessed the enterprise, and cursed Harold, and requested that the Normans would pay "Peter's Pence"—or a tax to himself of a penny a year on every house—a little more regularly in future, if they could make it convenient.

King Harold (the second of the name) had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of HAROLD HARDRADA, King of Norway. This brother, and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled, and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The King of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold, "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him, if he withdraw his troops, he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away, and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend the King of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back!" said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight!"

He did so, very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, and the Norwegian King, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian King's son, Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground came hurrying in, to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds; some of their ships had been wrecked; a part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies; but they had once more made sail, led by the Duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing towards England. By day, the banner

of the three Lions of Normandy, the diverse-coloured sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her mast-head. And, now encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week, his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find good soldiers in those priests!"

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's out-posts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day, they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst, the Royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army, every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-axe. On an opposite hill, in three lines, archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen, was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman Knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English Knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this Knight's hand. Another English Knight rode out, and he fell too. But, then, a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in one great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and, with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter. "Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks around their King. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces!"

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armour had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the Royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded King. The King received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

O what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead—and the Warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood—and the three Norman Lions kept watch over the field!

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE are reasons, sufficiently obvious to our readers without explanation, which render the present a fitting place for a few words of remark on the proposed Institution bearing this name.

Its objects, as stated in the public advertisement, are, "to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both, as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties."

The authors and artists associated in this endeavour would be but indifferent students of human nature, and would be but poorly qualified for the pursuit of their art, if they supposed it possible to originate any scheme that would be free from objection. They have neither the right, nor the desire, to take offence at any discussion of the details of their plan. All that they claim, is, such consideration for it as their character and position may justly demand, and such moderate restraint in regard of misconception or misrepresentation as is due to any body of gentlemen disinterestedly associated for an honourable purpose.

It is proposed to form a Society of Authors and Artists by profession, who shall all effect some kind of Insurance on their lives;—whether for a hundred pounds or a thousand pounds—whether on high premiums terminable at a certain age, or on premiums payable through the whole of life—whether for deferred annuities, or for pensions to widows, or for the accumulation of sums destined to the education or portioning of children—is in this, as in all other cases, at the discretion of the individual insuring. The foundation of a New Life Insurance Office, expressly for these purposes, would be, obviously, a rash proceeding, wholly unjustifiable in the infancy of such a design. Therefore its proposers recommend one existing Insurance Office—firstly, because its constitution appears to secure to its insurers better terms than they can meet with elsewhere; secondly, because in Life Insurance, as in most other things, a body of persons can obtain advantages which individuals cannot. The chief advantage thus obtained in this instance, is stated in the printed Prospectus as a deduction of five per cent from all the premiums paid by Members of the Society to that particular office. It is needless to add, that if an author or an artist be already insured in another office, or if he have any peculiar liking, in effecting a new insurance, for paying five per cent more than he need, he is at perfect liberty to insure where he pleases, and in right of any insurance whatever to become a Member of the Society if he will.

But, there may be cases in which, on account of impaired health or of advanced age at the present time, individuals desirous of joining the Society, may be quite unable to obtain acceptance at any Life Office. In such instances the required qualification of Life Insurance will be dispensed with. In cases of proved temporary inability to meet a periodical payment due on an Insurance, the Society proposes to assist the insurer from its funds.

"In connexion with this Society," the Prospectus proceeds, "by which it is intended to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly, or mainly, derived from the precarious profit of a profession, it is proposed to establish and endow an Institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of Endowment will consist:

"First,—Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of two hundred pounds a year;

"Second,—Of Members, with a house and one hundred and seventy pounds, or, without a house, two hundred pounds a year;

"Third,—Of Associates, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

"For these offices all who are Insurers in the Society above mentioned are qualified to offer themselves as Candidates. Such Insurance is to be considered an indispensable qualification, saving in exceptional cases (should any such arise) where an individual can prove that he has made every effort, but

insure his life, but cannot find acceptance at any Life Office, by reason of impaired health, or of advanced age, at the date of this prospectus.

"Each Member will be required to give, either personally or by a proxy selected from the Associates, with the approval of the Warden, three lectures in each year—one in London, the others at the Mechanics' Institutes, or some public building suited for the purpose, in the principal provincial towns. Considering the many duties exacting time and attention that will devolve on the Warden, he will not be required to give more than one lecture annually (which, if delivered by a proxy, he will, health permitting, be expected to compose himself), and that in the Metropolis.

"These lectures will be subject to the direction and control of the managing body of the Endowment. They will usually relate to Letters or Art, and will invariably avoid all debateable ground of Politics or Theology. It will be the endeavour of the Committee to address them to points on which the public may be presumed to be interested, and to require dispassionate and reliable information—to make them, in short, an educational and improving feature of the time.

"The duties of Associates will be defined and fixed by the Council (consisting of the Warden, the Members, and a certain number of the Associates themselves), according to the previous studies and peculiar talent of each—whether in gratuitous assistance to any learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of knowledge, &c., or, as funds increase, and the utilities of the Institution develope themselves, in co-operating towards works of national interest and importance, but on subjects of a nature more popular, and at a price more accessible, than those which usually emanate from professed academies. It is well to add, that while, on every account, it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labour, either of Member or Associate, as to deprive the public of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.

"The design of the Institution proposed, is, to select for the appointment of Members (who will be elected for life) those Writers and Artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honorable desire; while the office of Associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of one hundred pounds a year may be of essential and permanent service. There are few men professionally engaged in Art or Letters, even though their labours may have raised them into comparative wealth, who cannot look back to some period of struggle in which an income so humble would have saved them from many a pang, and, perhaps, from the necessity of stooping their ambition to occupations at variance with the higher aims of their career.

"An Associate may, therefore, be chosen for life, or for one or more years, according to the nature of his claims, and the discretion of the Electors."

With the view of bringing this project into general notice, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (besides a gift of land) has written a new comedy, and presented it to the friends associated with him in the origination of the scheme. They will act it, first, before Her Majesty at Devonshire House, and afterwards publicly. Over and above the profits that may arise from these dramatic representations, the copyright of the comedy, both for acting and publishing, being unconditionally given to the Association, has already enabled it to realise a handsome sum of money.

Many of our readers are aware that this company of amateur actors has been for some time in existence. Its public existence was accidental. It was originally formed for the private amusement of a leisure hour. Yielding to urgent entreaty, it then had the good fortune to render service to the Sanatorium, one of the most useful and most necessary Institutions ever founded in this country. It was subsequently enabled to yield timely assistance to three distinguished literary men, all of whom Her Majesty has since placed on the Pension List, and entirely to support one of them for nearly three years. It is now about to renew its exertions for the cause we have set forth. To say that its members do not merely seek their own entertainment and display (easily attainable by far less troublesome and responsible means) is to award them the not very exalted praise of being neither fools nor impostors.

The Guild of Literature and Art may be a good name or a bad name; the details of this endowment—mere suggestions at present, and not to be proceeded with, until much work shall have been patiently done—may be perfect or most imperfect; the retirement proposed, may be taken for granted to be everything that it is not intended to be; and still we conceive the real question to remain untouched. It is, whether Literature shall continue to be an exception from all other professions and pursuits, in having no resource for its distressed and divided followers but in eleemosynary aid; or, whether it is good that they should be provident, united, helpful of one another, and independent.

No child can suppose that the profits of the comedy alone will be sufficient for such an Endowment as is sought to be established. It

is expressly stated in the Prospectus that "for farther support to the Endowment by subscription, and especially by annual subscription, it is intended to appeal to the Public." If the Public will disembarrass the question of any little cobwebs that may be spun about it, and will confine it to this, it will be faithful to its ever generous and honest nature.

There is no reason for affecting to conceal that the writer of these few remarks is active in the project, and is impelled by a zealous desire to advance what he knows to be a worthy object. He would be false to the trust placed in him by the friends with whom he is associated, and to the secret experience of his daily life, and of the calling to which he belongs, if he had any dainty reserve in such a matter. He is one of an order beyond which he affects to be nothing, and aspires to be nothing. He knows—few men can know, he thinks, with better reason—that he does his duty to it in taking this part: and he wishes his personal testimony to tell for what it is worth.

CAIN IN THE FIELDS.

In the sweet green fields of the rural districts of England, where the sun, and the trees and the hedge-rows, distribute their light and shade in regular succession of the seasons; where the pure air gives means of pure vitality to all creatures that inhale it; and where all the objects of nature in the surrounding scenery offer to man the purest models of a simple life in harmony with the fields and all that they inherit,—must we not, amidst such contemplations, stand perplexed and distressed at beholding the springing up of weeds, the most hideous as well as most uncongenial to the soil—and dismayed at the utter futility and perversion of those influences directly proffered by the hand of a beneficent Creator?

The shady lane, scented with wild flowers that remind us of our childhood; the winding pathway over soft moss through the tangled wood; the sweet-briar walk; the fresh and breezy upland, that ever courts the light of heaven; or the pleasant vale that seems to dream in the noontide rays, and glimmer with smiles in the changeful loveliness of the setting sun: these woods, these dales, and lanes, and lawny uplands, have they not always been associated with love, with lovers' glowing thoughts and sighing hopes, with heartfelt vows and sweet caresses? But now, what are we to feel or think, in beholding all this reversed? How can we endure the frightful outrage to all our earliest associations, our tenderest and purest emotions? By what new scale shall we measure the denizen of the green fields, who, in the guise of an accepted lover—and one already bound by the closest ties to the girl who had relied upon his affection—leads his confiding sweetheart to a lonely spot—seats himself beside her on a green bank: the stock-dove and the blackbird, perhaps, singing near them—and, softly placing one arm round her neck, as though to kiss her, secretly passes the cord of a damson-basket round her throat, and suddenly strangles her!

This was the young, smooth-faced farmer, the selfish and illiterate fiend of the fields, who displayed no remorse for his crime, and made no confession until all chance of escape was gone, even out of his dazed mind, and the day for his execution fixed. This was he, who, when the cord was about to be passed round his own throat, advanced with drooping head, a ghastly paleness, closed eyes, quivering in every limb and every joint, and ejaculating in broken accents, "This is a faithful saying, and *worthy of all acceptation*, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—of whom *I* am the chief, of whom *I* am the chief!" It was, probably, worthy of acceptation, in the mind of this most selfish and cruel beast, because the person to be saved was himself; nay, we may conjecture that there was within him a vague, blasphemous notion, that Our Saviour came into the world, solely for the purpose of saving such wretches as he—and, as he was the chief of wretches, then chiefly for his especial salvation. It looks awfully like this, and may be regarded as the matchless climax of that intense "selfishness" which a writer in the "Times" suggests as the fundamental principle of his character, and which accounts for the enormity of his crime, as compared with the smallness of his motive. The life of another was nothing when it stood in the way of his least personal interest or inconvenience. If he must suffer death for taking care of himself, then he considers that, in proportion to the greatness of his assumed offence, so great is his claim to the benefits derivable from the death of the Saviour. And, at the last, he no more cares for, or thinks of, the death of his victim, or the mediation that shall be made for *her*, than he thought of her love or of her agony, when he twisted the neck that bent itself to his pretended embrace.

But, if the green fields, with all their innocent and soothing influences, can yet produce as by a monstrous growth such a ruffian as this, we might not only be tempted, but anxious, to regard it as an accident, of a kind which the statistics of crime for centuries might not again produce, did we not unfortunately know that this revolting wickedness has very recently been almost paralleled by others which have also occurred in hamlets and villages surrounded by pastoral scenes. The feeling, or the want of it, displayed by the peasantry and other country people, on the occasion of the "execution" of this murderer, must not pass unnoticed.

For this interesting event everybody made holiday. Not only the inhabitants of the adjacent villages and towns, but the night-

seers of the whole district, flocked to the exciting scene, all dressed "in their best," having made up pleasure-parties of threes, and fives, and sevens, in gigs and taxed-carts, and market-carts—with large parties in light waggons and covered vans, as if to a gipsey-ing or "the races,"—and all in the highest glee. But, the mass of the assemblage consisted principally of smockfrocked labourers, their highlows and gaiters spattered with mud, and their steps heavy with the number of miles they had travelled to "the hanging." There were hardly any respectable people observable in the crowd, but a most disgusting number of women. Some of these had gay flowers in their bonnets, and evidently set up for rustic belles; others were mothers with their infants in their arms; others were elderly *matrons, presiding at the head of their families*, and from the elevation of the domestic spring-cart *pointing out to their young daughters how they could best see the execution.* All this we find distinctly stated in the reports of eye-witnesses; and a weekly contemporary (the "Atlas") makes the following additional comments:

"Were legislation to cease altogether, we believe that the force of private example and the improvement of society would of itself work a gradual and decided amelioration in the towns. The country does nothing of itself, and legislation hitherto has left it alone. In the country, we are convinced, lies the great difficulty of future statesmen—a difficulty increased by the absence of information, the temper of country people, the want of organisation, and the passions, prejudices, and interests of five hundred years. As if the country were not bad enough when left to itself, our admirable judicial regulations have supplied one of the most perfect assistances to crime which human ingenuity could well hit upon. In London, the very position of the place of execution prevents the perfection of the enjoyment of the show. Newgate front is sombre, the space is confined; there are many drawbacks on the public enjoyment. Springfield gaol is in a fine open space, some way from the town; the fresh breezes of the country are to be inhaled round about it; the crowd have room to give vent to the exuberance of their mirth, and to enjoy in perfection the pleasure of their holiday. Perhaps our legislators will take all this into consideration, and make Springfield gaol the fixed place of execution for all the criminals in the surrounding counties, the metropolitan, of course, included. As executions are to be matters of diversion, let the principle be carried out, and the diversion made as perfect as possible."

There is no escape from this. If executions ought to be public, they cannot be too public; if they ought to be private, they cannot be too private. If it be wrong for the people to come to them, why are the people invited to come? If I set Hodge Styles a moral lesson and make perorations in the House of Commons to show that it can on no account be dispensed with, surely I ought rather to praise than blame Hodge for coming a long way in his high-lows and gaiters to learn it!

Of domestic poisonings, violent murders, and other barbarities, in the country, the last two months have presented us a frightful harvest. The great Metropolis, with all its vices and crimes, dwindles to nothing in the comparison. Daniel Gibbs Hathway, of Chipping Sudbury, Gloucestershire, poisons his wife—to all appearance, because she stands between him and his servant-girl, whom he much prefers. He is acquitted for want of sufficiently direct evidence. Daniel Monday, of Wootton-under-Edge, beats and kicks his wife in the most brutal manner, so that she dies. By the magic spell of some legal reference to "the decision in Regina *versus* Bird," this interesting member of society is acquitted. Joseph Clarke, of Bath, having murdered his wife, is found guilty of the mitigated crime of manslaughter. Esther Curtis, of Gloucester, goes to a public-house, where her husband is drinking, to beg of him to come home. She complains that, while she works hard, he spends harder at the alehouse. Whereupon he goes outside with her, and, taking her into the garden, flings her, doubled up, across an iron rail—throws his whole weight upon her—and beats her with his clenched fist until she dies on the spot. When this gentleman is informed that his wife is really dead, he makes an exulting remark, too coarse to be repeated. A jury, out of tender consideration for his irresponsible condition (the poor man being drunk, and all drunken men, howsoever amiable when sober, being necessarily impelled to murder their wives when in liquor) designate this manslaughter. Several wives, at the time we write, are under trial for the poisoning of their husbands. We shall see if the same favour be shown to them. Perhaps the difference usually to be observed in these cases, may be accounted for, by the jury being all men. If the jury were formed of women (we are not proposing such a thing, be it observed, but only supposing it,) the verdicts might as often be the other way. Another distinction also strikes us. The fact of a woman being the lawful wife of a man, appears to impress certain preposterous juries with some notion of a kind of right in the man to maltreat her brutally, even when this causes her death; but, if she be not yet married, the case assumes a different aspect in their minds—a man has then no right to murder a woman—and a verdict of murder is found accordingly. George Carnt's case is one of the last instances of this kind. George Carnt, an agricultural labourer of Lawshall in Norfolk, is in love with Elizabeth Bainbridge. She refuses to have him. They have a meeting in the fields—some painful scene, (not a quarrel, according to his confession) takes place between them—she threatens suicide—and, in result, he murders her. He had previously borne a good character. He makes no attempt to escape. He is at once

found guilty, and sentenced to death. Compare this case with that of Curtis, and compare the verdicts.

The recent murder of Margaret Fahey, at Warrington; of John Bunker, in Devonshire; the poisoning case of Ann Avernent, of Leverington; and the suspected poisoning of the five children of Robert James Holworthy, of Wymeswold; are cases with which all newspaper readers are acquainted.

But, perhaps the most striking of all these rural atrocities, and the one which presents the greatest variety of features, as displaying the depravity and cunning that haunt the fields, is the murder of the Reverend Mr. Hollest of Frimley. A man beloved by his parishioners, dwelling in a peaceful parsonage-house, surrounded by lawn and garden, and grove and green commons—a man whose office as a pastor might have induced some reverent feeling, and whose ministry among the poor might have been expected to gain some consideration for his person and his dwelling—is the victim. To his parsonage-house, at dead of night, come a party of armed burglars, who after due consultation and a little refreshment of bread and cheese under a cypress tree in his garden, break into his abode, and proceed to display the results of their country education. Having a considerable contempt for the common rustic fare of bread and cheese, they coolly commence by making a proper repast, more befitting persons of their calling and importance in the district. They regale themselves with beef, bread, and butter, and whatever else the larder chances to afford: together with wine and spirits. One of their gang having been left in the garden as a sentinel under the cypress tree, they send out to him a decanter full of wine, and an umbrella, as some rain is falling; so, what with the foliage of the tree, and these additional luxuries of civilisation, it is to be hoped that his comforts are sufficiently attended to by his considerate comrades. After supper, they proceed upstairs, enter the clergyman's bedroom, and in result, the clergyman is murdered. After this, we hear of retreats to various agreeable rural localities, until between the "Wheatsheaf" and the "Rose," where some of the gentlemen take tea, they are arrested. A reward is offered to any of them who will give evidence against the others, the man who fired the shot being excepted;—and accordingly a man "with a calm countenance," who has previously been arrested on various charges of felony and atrocity, but who has always most cunningly escaped, steps forth, and impeaches the others. He himself is an innocent country hawker; he does not know what is the meaning of an "accomplice;" he does not know what is meant by "peaching;" he did not know what he was going to the clergyman's house for; he did not know why they had pistols; he thought they might intend to shoot sparrows with them; he does not know why he has the nickname of the "Flyman;" he believes his father (who was "sent away" when he was very young) was named Trowler; he knows nothing whatever about the highway robbery for which he (the Flyman) was tried some time ago; he does not know what "chuck" means, nor that he ever made use of the word—if he said it, he said it; but, certainly if the bills are acted upon, which offer one hundred and fifty pounds to any of the parties who will turn evidence, and also Her Majesty's most gracious pardon—of course he expects the pardon; and if he were to *get* the reward, of course he should have it, &c.

Here is a country hawker, and "what not"—of whose life much has passed in fields, and hamlets or villages; can the worst streets of London produce anything to beat this specimen of low cunning and depravity?

We have adverted to this midnight murder at the peaceful parsonage of a country clergyman, as about the most shocking in its moral features of any of the late visits of the red-handed descendants of Cain to our fields. It is not least shocking, as it strikes us, in the closing scene, when the murderers have become Pet Prisoners, and graciously declare that they die "forgiving everybody"—placing, we presume, the names of Mrs. Hollest and her fatherless children, numbers one, two, and three, on the list of their Christian clemency.

Words of forgiveness were spoken in the shadow of the Cross; but not (as we remember) by the two thieves.

One other crime has lately been committed in the country, which by its direct perversion of the strongest instincts of nature—the maternal—must be considered to "top the climax." Maria Clarke, of Wingfield, in Suffolk, left Pelham Workhouse (where, we believe, she had been confined), in the expectation of being married to a labouring man, to whom she was attached. He knew nothing of the birth of her child. Suddenly (or she says suddenly) the thought crossed her that when he became aware of the circumstance he would not marry her, and she immediately resolved on making away with the infant. She took a spade, and going into a meadow,—but let her own confession tell the tale. "I took the spade—went into the meadow—dug a hole—and laid my child in." She appears, in the first instance, to have deluded herself, as to the legal consequences she incurred, with some half delirious sophistry about not directly murdering the child, but only getting rid of it out of the way. "I then covered the child over with earth." But the child screams, and then all other human feeling vanishes in terror for herself. "To stifle its screams," says she, "I stamped upon the sod. *When the child was covered up with the earth, I heard it cry!*" Can anything ever yet recorded of crime, exceed this? We think not. It has been shown that Maria Clarke had recently had a peculiarly distracting class of fever, and

efforts are making to obtain a commutation of her sentence, on the ground of insanity. What evidence there may be to demonstrate a moral condition of irresponsibility, we have no right to consider at this time.

But, while this last Suffolk horror surpasses all others in the fruitful country, we must not allow its peculiar enormity to blind us to the more alarming fact of the extraordinary increase of crime in the district. In the year 1847, there were five hundred and thirty-two commitments; in 1848, there was an increase of one hundred and thirty; 1849 shows an increase of only twenty; but 1850 displays an increase of nearly one hundred, and it is stated that "the numbers for the last quarter of the present year are comparatively much greater than those of any previous year—in fact, nearly double."

Other crimes, either of savage murder, poisoning, or atrocious violence, have also been very recently committed in the neighbourhoods of Ilford, Warrington, Eastwood, Lincoln, and at the little village of Rose-market near Haverfordwest. But we forbear to add to our already too dreadful catalogue of crimes—awful visits of Cain to our green fields.

It may be said of one bad character in a village, that he is like one bad sheep, and taints half the flock. There are no regular "schools" of thieves, no large gangs with regular haunts, in the country, as there are in great cities; but, on the other hand, there are the acquaintance one man has with another in every village, and the frequent association. The simple ploughboy, who goes, with his honest shining face and shining can, to the hedge alehouse for beer to take to the men at work in the "nine-acre," may at any time come across the most notorious poacher, who is boasting of his midnight prowlings, his successes and profits; or may overhear the drunken conversation of burglars, and see them sport their gold and silver on the ale-dabbled table. The ploughboy returns to his friends at the plough with a different mind. Evil has entered into him, and who can tell what may spring up from such seed?

Now, among the causes of this wickedness in the country—which word we use in this paper as the common generic name for the rural parts of England—we do nothing original in placing foremost, ignorance, bad cottages, the holding of assizes at too long intervals, and an inefficient rural constabulary.

In the last published reports of the Inspectors of Schools, the two counties of Essex and Suffolk, in which the most atrocious of the crimes to which we have referred were committed (to say nothing of others to which we have not referred) are marked as very deficient in public instruction. The criminals were densely ignorant and stupid. The monster who killed his sweetheart supposed that because no one saw him do it, he must necessarily escape. The woman who killed her child supposed that there was a legal distinction between burying it alive and burying it after she had murdered it—though for the matter of that, there are not a few legal distinctions quite as outrageous to common sense. Nor does this plain kind of evidence stop short with the criminals. The Juries, in such ignorant districts, write themselves down asses in their verdicts; and the men in the box are too often on an equal intellectual footing with the man at the bar.

The agricultural population, far below the manufacturing in intelligence, and far less vigilantly checked by police, are particularly exposed to the degrading influences of crowded homes. However fresh and good the air without, it is too often foul within. Into the secrets of cottage life, where there is no possibility of decent and natural separation, it is not for a journal like this to enter. It is enough to say that the domestic histories arising out of them are too often repellant to every human feeling, and suppressive of every human virtue.

In such a state of things, with game preserves and beer-shops close at hand, the constable a long way off (and of no use if he were near), and the trampers and vagabonds whom an active town police have driven forth, infesting every little haunt of village dissipation, the down-hill way is smoothed to the commission of a first crime. The offender is committed to the county jail for trial. There, under the comparatively lax regulations to which untried prisoners, whose guilt is not yet proved, can be subjected, he lies, for months together, morally rotting. All his associates and associations are of the vilest character, and he breathes an atmosphere of contagion and pollution. Has he a good mother, a virtuous sister, a steady industrious father or brother? These are all labouring for their bread, and the jail is miles and miles distant from the hamlet where they live. It would not be an easy matter to go to the county town and return within the compass of their only day of rest, even if they could see their lost relation on that day, and could make the journey without expense. When he is tried and punished (sometimes slightly, for a trivial offence, in consideration of his long imprisonment—as if anything could undo its effects) he is turned out on society, a man forbid, a sullen dangerous brute with his hand against every human creature, and every human creature's against him. He is perfected in the only real practical education he has had.

We do not dwell on these sad truths to irritate or reproach. We know that very many English gentlemen, of all opinions, the most upright and conscientious gentlemen in the world, do munificently apply themselves, on their own estates, to the remedy and prevention of these great evils, regardless of cost and trouble. But, what we would indicate to the whole Country party is, that herein lies the true "Protection"—that it were, O how much better steadily to battle with these

menacing realities, than to chase, under whatever sounding names, the phantoms of dead and buried policy!

Twelve years have passed since the first report of the constabulary commissioners revealed the existence, in the rural districts, of such effective crime and such ineffective means of prevention or detection, as reasonable men might have supposed would have startled any legislature under the sun. Crowds of audacious robbers roving free on the one hand, and, on the other, a few wooden-headed little farmers or shopkeepers, made constables in spite of themselves, and refusing to turn out of bed for the apprehension of criminals, because their wives wouldn't let them come, but sending their constables' staves instead, under the impression that there was some mysterious potency in those talismans, formed the mildest contrast in the picture. How long have we heard, how often do we hear, and on what strong evidence, of huts where the families of English labourers are so huddled together, that from childhood they become inured to what would shock the South Sea savages! Is anything on earth more certain than the fact that there is among such people frightful ignorance? And who, a hundred years hence, will not stand amazed, tracking such traces of Cain in the Fields as we have here enumerated, to read, in the same records which preserve them for posterity, of Country-party dinners, Country-party meetings, Country-party speeches, Country-party facts and figures without end, middle, or beginning—and not one Country-party effort directed at the plainest causes of these bloody footprints on the grass!

Within the last month, several rural crimes have ended in the spectacle of death upon the scaffold, presented to rural crowds. We believe that no worse spectacle could, by any ingenuity, be exhibited to such beholders. Many Home Secretaries will come and go, no doubt, resisting solemn private executions, never seeing any public execution, knowing all the while that in one of our own possessions, and under our own flag, it has been necessary to make executions private (because of their corrupting influence) and with the best effect. The time will come, for all this, when the horrible shows will cease.

But, in the interval, it is much to be hoped that the intelligent and accomplished gentlemen who conduct the daily newspapers of this era, and who make them one of the great estates of the realm, will observe and correct a patronising inclination to introduce the hangman personally to their readers, which has latterly taken an increasing hold on the recorders of executions. An odious introduction of this functionary by name—an offensively familiar mention of "Calcraft," on all possible occasions—a special notice of how "Calcraft" came from London, being specially retained—how "Calcraft" pinioned, placed, adjusted, drew the bolt, and the like—is not, we would with deference submit, a needful or a wholesome thing. It is not good for the hangman to flourish in the papers like the toastmaster at a public dinner. He is best as a horrible shadow, obscure and shunned. He should not be brought into the light as a public character, with whom any one may be Hail-fellow well met. The executioner never has been so much individualized in print, to the best of our knowledge, as he has been lately, since his name was SAMSON and he worked a Guillotine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF CHLOROFORM.

THE globe whereon we live, called habitable, has now pretensions to that epithet which it could not boast of, in former times. Science, continually developing its capabilities, is daily rendering it a more eligible residence for a gentleman—a more commodious dwelling-place, indeed, to all. Say that the path of life is thorny still; yet, what with gutta percha—for soles and other things—steam, electricity, and other helps and appliances, it has become a decidedly more passable thoroughfare than it was. Philosophers, by simply giving their minds to the study of Nature, have obtained results more valuable than the considerations for which, according to the myths of the middle ages, their predecessors were glad to dispose of their souls. The amount of human comfort has been greatly augmented; the sum of human wretchedness has been diminished by a very large figure. Among the reductions of this kind that have been accomplished in modern times, the most signal, unquestionably, is the abolition of physical pain, in so far as it has been effected by the discovery of the anæsthetical property of chloroform; that is, of the remarkable power possessed by that substance, when inhaled, of annulling, for a time of greater or less duration, the sensibility of animal bodies.

Of the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, one, by no means the least grievous, is the contingency of having to part with an unsound limb, or otherwise to undergo the process of being dissected alive, commonly called a surgical operation. It has long been an axiom in chirurgical science, that the operator should endeavour, to the extent of his ability, to perform his vivisection "*tuto, cito, et jucunde*"—safely, speedily, and *pleasantly*. Modern advancement in anatomy and physiology, and refinement in dexterity, had enabled surgeons to comply, in a great measure, with the two former requisitions; the latter still remained certainly unfulfilled. The horrors of ancient surgery had been mitigated; but all that skill and knowledge could do or suggest failed, signally, to make things pleasant, in any considerable degree, to the individual under the scalpel. So far agreeable, however, as the prospect of a comfortable

doze, with the expectation of awakening relieved of a torment or a burden, can make a surgical operation, it has, at last, been rendered. Everybody is aware that, during the extraordinary slumber induced by the inhalation of chloroform, operations of the first magnitude and the greatest difficulty may be painlessly undergone. Consciousness is suspended, sensation placed in abeyance. Muscles, tendons, bones, even nerves, are cut and sawn through with little or no inconvenience to their proprietor. A man is lopped and pruned like a tree; he is carved and hewn, and squared, as if he were a log; and is, indeed, the mere apathetic subject of medical carpentry.

Whilst the bodily edifice is under surgical repair, for the advantage of being enabled to avoid the annoyance attending the cognizance of that process, by taking, with ease and convenience, an excursion into the land of sleep, every lifeholder of the tenement in question is indebted to Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh. The peculiar power of chloroform to produce insensibility, was determined by his researches. For some time previously, sulphuric ether, the discovery of Dr. Jackson and Mr. Morton of Boston, in America, had been in use for the same purpose. There were, however, objections to its employment. A larger quantity of it than was consistent with safety, required occasionally to be administered to produce the desired effect. Its odour was disagreeably strong and permanent; and, what was worse, it not unfrequently excited irritation in the chest. In search, therefore, of a more safe and commodious anæsthetic agent, Dr. Simpson tried a series of experiments, principally on his own person, with a variety of volatile substances; and the result was, his announcement, in 1847, of the desideratum as being supplied by chloroform.

The existence of this substance, chloroform, had been known to chemists since 1831, in which year it was discovered by Soubeiran. Very little later, in 1832, an independent discovery of it was made by Liebig. Dumas, in 1835, was the first to ascertain its exact chemical composition.

When, in our nursery days, we used to read of some wonderful balsam, by means whereof well-disposed magicians and benevolent fairies were wont to charm away the pain of injuries inflicted by dragons and ogres on the persons of good knights and serviceable giant-killers, a very natural desire arose in our minds for information concerning the nature and composition of the marvellous remedy. Those who are not conversant with chemical details, and who may, in spite of hope to the contrary, one day have a tooth to be extracted, or a nail to be plucked out—not to suggest more formidable interference of a manual or anatomical description with the living mechanism—will probably feel a similar, and at least an equal curiosity, with regard to the rather more practically interesting subject of chloroform.

Chloroform is a bright colourless liquid, in appearance resembling spirit of wine, which it further resembles in being extremely volatile, but differs from it remarkably in being much more dense; for it is considerably heavier than water, in which it sinks. Unlike spirit of wine, too, it is not inflammable. It has an agreeable, fragrant, etherial, fruit-like smell, very similar to that of a ripe apple; and a sweet taste. Chloroform boils at one hundred and forty one degrees, and its vapour exceeds in density that of the atmosphere in somewhat above the proportion of four to one. The ready volatility of a fluid comparatively so ponderous as chloroform may appear singular.

Chloroform, considered as a noun-substantive, may be said to be an abbreviation—not to employ the more equivocal expression, *alias*. In legal phraseology—according to the statutes of chemistry—it is called per-chloride of formyle, signifying formyle united with its *maximum* of chlorine. More strictly still, it is denominated ter-chloride instead of per-chloride, to denote that the proportions in which the chlorine is combined with the formyle are three of the former to one of the latter. Now, formyle is a substance supposed to be the base, or fundamental, or essential constituent part of an acid called formic acid. Formic acid is so termed from having been first discovered in red ants, the Latin for ant being *formica*; it consists of three proportions of oxygen, in combination with one of hydrogen and two of carbon. But if such is the composition of formic acid, what, it will be asked, was meant by the statement that its base is formyle? This seeming puzzle is solved by the explanation, that formyle is not conceived to be a simple element, but a substance analogous to one, constituted by the two proportionals of carbon and one of hydrogen in the formic acid. Here it must be remembered that a chemical compound differs essentially from a mechanical mixture. Things mixed mechanically are separable particle from particle; sulphur from charcoal; chalk from cheese. In a chemical compound, the least particle that can be got by mechanical subdivision contains the same chemical constituents as the whole mass. The smallest conceivable quantity, for instance, of formyle, consists of carbon and hydrogen. Formyle has never been produced separately, so as to be shown by itself; but chemists, on certain theoretical grounds, conclude that the carbon and the hydrogen of the formic acid exist therein in a state of special combination, as a distinct thing; so that formic acid consists not in a mutual partnership between carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen individually, but of a particular arrangement of carbon and hydrogen on the one hand—making formyle—with respect to oxygen on the other. In like manner, also, Chloroform is ultimately resolvable into chlorine, hydrogen, and carbon: the formyle, to which the three parts of

chlorine are adjoined, consisting of a peculiar union of two of carbon with one of hydrogen. Formyle is called, technically, a compound radical; that is, a substance resembling an element, but chemically divisible. Further remark on the radical principle of chloroform must be left to the professed chemist—and punster.

It is, however, worthy of observation that, as Dr. Simpson has pointed out, the discovery by Soubeiran, Liebig, and Dumas, of the formation and composition of chloroform, resulted from inquiries and experiments instituted by them, with the sole object of investigating a point in philosophical chemistry. They had no notion, no surmise, of the wonderful agency of chloroform on the animal system. Had they been asked to what practical purpose they expected their researches would tend, they could only have answered, generally, that every addition to the stock of human knowledge is of some use or other, although we may be unable to conjecture or foresee its precise utility. Such a reply would have seemed great foolishness to those rather numerous sages of every-day life who are continually asking what is the good of this or that scientific investigation, and who would have triumphed gloriously in the fancied superiority of their "common sense," if no definite and categorical answer could have been given to this sagacious demand of theirs, in reference, as they, perhaps, would facetiously have said, to Chlori-and-ter-formo-what-dye-call-it.

There are several methods of obtaining chloroform, the best is that of distilling a mixture of rectified spirit of wine, water, and chloride of calcium. Four pounds of the last-named substance, are mingled, in a large retort or still, with twelve pounds of water, and twelve ounces of spirit, and distilled as long as a dense liquid, which sinks in the water that it comes over with, is produced. This is chloroform—in the rough. It is rectified by re-distillation at the temperature of boiling water, freed from moisture by digestion with chloride of calcium, and finally distilled with sulphuric acid. Its purity is indicated by perfect transparency and want of colour. The admixture of water would give it a milky appearance; the presence of chlorine, a yellowish tint. As chlorine is a substance most acrid and irritating to the air-tubes, and one of which the inhalation, even in a small quantity, would be fatal, it is, of course, in the highest degree essential that chloroform should contain no vestige of it, in a free or uncombined state; that is, over and above the three proportionals in union with, and neutralised by, the one proportional of formyle.

The production of chloroform by the process just described, is the result of a somewhat complex decomposition. Suffice it here to state that the carbon, hydrogen, and chlorine, which constitute that substance, exist in the spirit, water, and chloride of calcium, and that the action of heat, in the distillation of the mixture, causes those elements to rearrange themselves in the shape of the terchloride of formyle.

And now, the chemist having placed chloroform in the surgeon's hands, in what manner does the latter proceed to employ the gift? Chloroform is most conveniently administered on a sponge, placed in a small silver or plated vessel, with flexible edges, made to fit accurately over the nose and mouth, which have been first anointed with a little cold cream. A small quantity—say one or two tea-spoonfuls—of the liquid is dropped upon the sponge and the instrument is adapted to the face of the patient, who is directed to breathe gently and quietly into and out of it. If no inhaler is at hand, a hollow sponge, or a handkerchief rolled into a cup-like form, will suffice. In a short time the eyes become suffused, occasionally a slight struggling, not from pain, but from a species of intoxication, ensues; then the muscles become relaxed, the breathing sonorous, and total insensibility and unconsciousness supervene. Loss of consciousness, however, does not invariably accompany cessation of bodily feeling; insensibility to pain being sometimes caused, the patient, nevertheless, remaining aware of what is going on. There are a few cases in which mere excitement is produced, and which must be considered failures. In the majority of instances, both consciousness, sensibility, and the power of voluntary motion are alike suspended; and in this happy state of oblivion, the subject of an operation may be carved without caring about it more than if he were a leg of mutton; may have a limb removed with no greater inconvenience than he would suffer from having his hair cut. Some persons, under the influence of chloroform, even during the most terrible stages of a capital operation, fall into a state of sleep-waking or somnambulism, imagine themselves on a visit, or a journey, and actually spend in an agreeable dream the time which the surgeon is occupying in their dismemberment. The delight of a sufferer who, after weeks and months of torture, is cast into a quiet slumber, and after having enjoyed a particularly pleasant nap, finds that he has left his misery behind him on the operating table, may be imagined.

Not the least remarkable peculiarity of chloroform is its peculiarity of being applied in obstetric practice; for, most singularly, whilst, when so employed, it fully produces its anæsthetic effect on the system; it does not at all interfere with that peculiar muscular action which is requisite for the performance of the process adverted to. The question of the propriety or impropriety, in a medical sense, of its general administration in obstetric cases, is a professional one, which cannot be discussed here; it may, however, be remarked, that the fact that it has been successfully employed in any cases of the kind, must narrow that question to the consideration of

what and how many such may be eligible for recourse to it. Against its use in that department of medical practice, however, objections have been urged with which it certainly is within the province of common sense and common morality to deal. The prevention of the sufferings attendant on parturition, by anæsthetic agents, has been denounced as "unscriptural" and "irreligious;" an attempt to contravene the judgment of Providence on the mother of all living. This objection was not started by the prejudice and imbecility of ordinary fanaticism; it was gravely advanced by educated and even by scientific persons; nay, it was actually put forward in the "Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal," for July, 1847. Dr. Simpson found himself obliged to write a pamphlet in reply to it: and he certainly most fully exposed its unsoundness and absurdity. For this demonstration, a very moderate amount of argumentation is, however, sufficient. The severity which has inflicted bodily suffering is qualified by the mercy which has granted medicines and remedies, without prescribing any limit to their employment, whether for cure or for alleviation. If it is morally wrong to use chloroform in obstetricy, it is also wrong to give a common anodyne, or composing draught: nay, it is sinful to administer any kind of medicine whatever to any sick person: sickness, alike with all other evils, being presumed to be the penalty of transgression. Compound extract of colocynth is an impiety at this rate, and black draughts are irreligious. But, apart from particulars, what are we to think of the understanding that could conceive the *evasion* of a penalty imposed by *Infinite* Power and Wisdom? The Edinburgh mind, at any rate, is not that which, one would suppose, could have imagined the possibility of frustrating a decree of Omnipotence and Omniscience.

There is, moreover, another description of cases in which the power of chloroform are available for the purposes of the medical practitioner. The relaxation of the muscles of the limbs which it affects, renders it eminently serviceable in reducing dislocations. A powerful man, some such a Hercules as one of those sturdy specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race in the employ of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins, meets with an accident which violently dislodges the head of the shoulder-bone or the thigh-bone from its socket. This accident, if not remedied, would deprive him of the means of earning his bread. The bone being out of its place, the business of the surgeon is to pull it in again. But this duty is more easily prescribed than accomplished. All the powerful muscles surrounding the joint, contracting violently, are exerting their whole force to retain the head of the bone in its unnatural position. Under the most favourable circumstances of the case, as treated by old-fashioned surgery, the reduction of the dislocation is effected with the aid of pulleys, by slowly tiring out the opposing muscles, till at last they yield from very fatigue, and allow the bone to return to its place. But this is not always practicable, and it has not unfrequently been judged necessary by surgeons to subdue the muscular action by bleeding, and the administration of remedies, such as tartrate of antimony, which produce an extreme and overwhelming prostration of the vital powers. Downright intoxication, even, has been recommended by some authors for this purpose. By the inhalation of chloroform, the required muscular conditions are readily obtained; the patient sinks into insensibility, declaring that he feels "quite jolly," and the pulleys having been previously adjusted to the limb, the dislocation is reduced without force, difficulty, or pain.

Still more striking must be the service of chloroform in a case wherein the object is a reduction of displaced parts, which, if not practicable by ordinary means, must be effected by an operation,—a step to which any seriously exhaustive measures are very undesirable preliminaries. Chloroform, moreover, affords most valuable assistance in the performance of operations, perhaps of a difficult and delicate nature, upon infants, whose acquiescence in the surgeon's proceedings is extremely to be wished for, and not usually to be obtained. To say nothing of the real blessing to mothers, and all humane persons, involved in the prevention of the poor little creature's suffering.

Chloroform has also been administered with advantage in cases of less serious interest, which sometimes occur in hospital practice. A specimen of the disorder in question is that of Mr. Simpcox, related by Shakspeare, in the second act of "Henry the Sixth." In short, the cases alluded to are cases of shamming. A knave desirous of hospital diet and accommodation, and hospital leisure, presents himself with a stiff knee or elbow joint. A little chloroform is administered for the relief of this affliction; and the rogue, having been reduced to a state of insensibility, awakes with his limb precisely in that position in which he protested that he could not place it by any means.

It is also worthy of mention that the benefit of chloroform has been extended to the brute creation. During the unconsciousness it produces, a leopard has had a leg amputated. So remarkably savage a species of beast, indeed, has it charms to soothe, that even bears, under its tranquillising influence, have been relieved of cataract—couched, if the phrase may be hazarded, in slumber.

But are there no objections to the use of chloroform deserving of serious consideration? There are, indeed, some very grave objections to its use. An advanced stage of pulmonary disease, malformation or disease of the heart, or tendency to apoplexy, would be objections of this nature; and an objection which comprehends them all, would be the employment

of this agent by an incompetent person; that is, by anybody not thoroughly acquainted with medical science. The practical value of these objections may be estimated from the fact, that, out of ten thousand cases of operation in which it was employed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, not one death took place in consequence of its administration. Were this all we knew, however, the question of its influence on the ultimate result of operations, would have still to be settled; but surgeons do not appear to consider that it acts at all prejudicially in the manner here indicated.

It is alleged that the whole number of recorded "Deaths from Chloroform" does not exceed twenty. In some of these no medical man was present; in others, it was administered without precaution, and in excess; in some, again, death seems to have been owing to other causes. There appears to be no reason for supposing that stupefaction by chloroform would be at all more likely to be followed by fatal results, than casual intoxication, as contradistinguished from habitual drunkenness.

The other objections to the use of chloroform are such as were raised against the circulation of the blood, and vaccination, and, possibly, against rhubarb and senna, at their first discovery. They partly proceed from a lazy dislike to learn anything; partly from that conservative instinct, which in some minds supplies the place of intelligent circumspection as a safeguard against the dangers of innovation.

The alleged abuse of chloroform for criminal ends has attracted the attention of the Legislature, and a Bill for the Prevention of Offences has been presented to the House of Peers by Lord Campbell, in which rather prominent and discreditable mention is made of that anæsthetic fluid. A well-written pamphlet, by Dr. John Snow, will place this subject in a rational light before any one desirous of investigating it. Here it is sufficient to remark that chloroform, in order to prove effectual, requires a voluntary inhalation of some length; that animals, to be affected by it, must be caused to breathe it by main force; and that, in short, it is no more easy to stupify any one against his will by means of chloroform, than it is by means of brandy-and-water. There can be little doubt, that the persons who represent themselves to have been robbed under its influence were mistaken as to the cause of their anæsthesia, which was, in all probability, traceable, not to the terchloride of formyle, but to a certain combination of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, termed technically hydrate of oxide of ethyle—otherwise alcohol, otherwise ardent spirit, in some one or other of its various forms and combinations. No doubt, a rogue may employ the terchloride of formyle in furtherance of his base designs; but it must be with that concurrence on the part of his victim which the juvenile bird-catcher finds necessary in the application of the chloride of sodium, or common salt, to fowling purposes.

It may be inquired, in what manner does chloroform produce its extraordinary effect on the nervous system? The chloride of hydrocarbon, the nitrate of ethyle, benzin, which is a bicarburet of hydrogen, aldehyde, bisulphuret of carbon, and sulphuric ether all differ from it more or less; the nitrous oxide or protoxide of nitrogen, differs from it entirely in chemical composition; yet they agree with it in a greater or less degree in the property of producing insensibility to pain. Our ignorance on this subject is not perhaps to be wondered at, when we consider that philosophers, notwithstanding considerable experience, have not as yet succeeded in forming a perfectly satisfactory theory of ordinary intoxication.

The discovery of chloroform is one of the many proofs which we are daily receiving of the advantage which is derived from the modern method of applying the intellect to the investigation of natural science, instead of abusing it in visionary speculations. In this discovery, the application of which to the relief of mortal suffering has been denounced by superstition, as an infringement of piety, a truly Christian philosophy should surely discern a recompense of the pursuit of truth, conducted in the desire and affection of good; and should behold an earnest of similar rewards to follow upon perseverance in the same course and spirit. Who knows to what extent the revelation of Nature's secrets may progressively increase the amount of human comfort and happiness?—seeing in how large a measure the knowledge of chloroform has stilled the shriek of agony and pain, which is so direful a discord in "the still sad music of humanity."

WORK AWAY!

Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying,
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels, confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold:
Work away!

Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between:
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true;
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungle swamp and thicket shade
Give to day!
O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smoothe the rocky stair—
They that follow, far behind
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk o' day,
Work away!
Scouts upon the mountain's peak—
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!

Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and Day!
WORK AND PRAY!
Pray! and Work will be completer;
Work! and Prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and Prayer and Work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!
Fear not lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us,
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit, and sing to us, while quickest
On their task the fingers move,
While the outward din wars thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for Lord and Peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our Holiday,
Work away!

EPPING FOREST.

There are few things which, for a long time, have come upon us with a more unpleasant surprise than the announcement, in Parliament, by the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, of his intention to bring in a bill, this Session, for the enclosure of Epping and Hainault Forests. Is there, then, really to be no more Epping Forest? Is that old metropolitan chase to vanish as a thing of no more earthly use, and to become only a name? Are we so abundantly provided with open, free spaces for the healthy exercise and recreation of our enormously increasing London population, that we can afford to destroy and blot out for ever this noblest of all our parks about the capital? Are we casting about how to rectify the mistakes of our ancestors; for which they themselves paid severely by the terrific visitations of the Plague, and by which they have left us a dismal heritage of cholera and typhus? Are we purchasing land at large cost, and pulling down houses at still greater cost, to open up the dense and death-producing masses of wretched tenements, to furnish breathing places to our metropolitan millions, in the heart of the city, at Victoria Park and at Battersea—and are we actually contemplating, at the very same time, the annihilation of the most inestimable expanse of open land which nature and circumstances have left us? Are we closing all our city burial-grounds, and organising a magnificent scheme for preventing, in future, the pestiferous presence of corpses amongst us; and are we, with the same hands, about, simultaneously, to close up by hedge and ditch, and all the obstructive influences of private property, the *only* spot of any extent, where our pale and brick-and-mortar haunted population can catch a glimpse of real nature, and wander amid woods and heaths, where they can feel themselves really in the country?

For ourselves, putting these most conflicting things together, we could scarcely believe our eyes when we read that all the woods are to be felled the very next autumn and winter, preparatory to the process of enclosure. We trust that there are tens of thousands who, like us, regard the destruction of these suburban forests as one of the severest and most irreparable injuries which could befall London. Let us recollect that, once done, this thing can never be undone. A forest, with all its air of antiquity, and its associations, is not the growth of a day, a year, a century, but of thousands of years. We may run up piles of brick and mortar, and cover scores of square miles with them, but we cannot thus run up noble trees.

We have no species of architecture by which we can erect oaks and beeches at will; nor spread out their airy branches towards heaven, clothe their giant boles with the scars of a thousand tempests, and the wrinkles of a thousand years. We may weave Kidderminster carpets, but we cannot weave a carpet of heather and moss, and pour over it those delicate scents, the secret of which mother Nature has reserved in her own keeping, to cheer the souls and invigorate the nerves of those who love her We may manufacture gas, and send it through all the wondrous hidden veins of this huge Babel; but the free elastic air which sweeps

over the open expanses of the earth, lives there alone, ready to send its bracing spirit through the blood of the jaded visitant, and to peal its sublime organ tune from the tops of the hoary woods in the ears of the pale poets of the thousand workshops of the vast city, and tell them that there is still a God and a Nature beyond their gigantic haunt of trade, of hurry, and of noise. We may create commerce, stretch an iron road from sea to sea, tunnel mountains, and carry bridges over the straits of the roaring ocean; but the more we do this, and thus redouble at the centre of all this life and power the struggle and the stir of a vehement and wondrous existence, the more we have need to guard the few remaining avenues to health and quiet. We must, therefore, jealously maintain these avenues and escapes to the needful relaxation of the strained physical system, and sweet tone of the over-excited mind. And, we repeat it, that while we can create ships and colonies, railways and mercantile traffic, to an amazing and magnificent extent, we cannot create at all the very means which are necessary to give the requisite counterpoise to all this development of moil and toil. Where there is augmented art, there must be equally available nature. The more we extend our wildernesses of brick and mortar, of gas-lights and stone pavements, the more must we take care that there is another kind of wilderness beyond, which is accessible. There must be left traces, and goodly traces too, liberal and sufficing slices of the unappropriated earth, where the sun shines through a blue sky, and upon noble woods and dewy heaths,—where there is quiet, and a soothing repose, and a breeze blowing on the uncovered brow, guiltless of smoke from millions of chimnies, and exhausted air from millions of lungs. We must have this, if we do not mean, with all our straining at the powers of life, and all our piling up of ever-new loads of labour and excitement on the brains and sinews of the city population, to have a proportionate revelation of disease, demoralisation, insanity, and death.

The Board of Health should look to this. Its Commissioners know, and the medical profession knows, that already there are diseases of a singular and subtle kind—and some of them especially attacking the female portion of the metropolitan population—which were totally unknown to our ancestors, and for which no cause can be assigned, except our more sedentary and restricted habits, originating in the decreased facilities for natural exercise.

Now, if there be one tract of open country more requisite than another for a counterpoise to the monstrous growth of London baked clay—to the ever-extending brick cells of the human insect—to the daily augmenting amount of labour and bustle within the metropolis—it is just this Forest of Waltham, more commonly known by the names of Epping and Hainault Forests.

It is strange that a small encroachment upon Kensington Gardens seems to have diverted public attention from the impending fate of the Essex Forest. How is this? Have we all such a *westward* tendency that we are totally ignorant of the immense importance of these forests to London? With all our sanitary philosophy, can it be possible that it can have escaped us, that while the Government have been spending upwards of fifty thousand pounds for the creation of Victoria Park, for the resort of the swarming population of Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and Bethnal Green, London has already stretched out its giant arms, its ever-lengthening and forward-feeling polypus tubes, to the very edge of these very forests? From the park of Victoria itself—deemed so necessary to this side of London as to have to be bought and created—you have only to look across the valley of the Lea, and there stands the wooded margin of Hainault Forest, saying as impressively as "the still, small," but yet omnipotent "voice" of nature can, that London, with all its means of life, and all its mighty need, will soon fling its arms around it.

We are convinced that whatever may be the knowledge of a considerable portion of our plodding population, of the real importance of this forest to the London health and recreation, the Ministers themselves cannot be aware of it. We cannot, and will not, believe that a *sanitary* Government—a Government which has done so much, and is contemplating so much more to improve the condition of the capital, and to confer on it all possible means of health and enjoyment—can be aware of the real state of this question. They cannot be aware of the immense extent to which the resort to these forests is enjoyed. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are, as we have said, of vast advantage to their side of London; but we cannot forget that were they actually destroyed, the greater portion of those who daily enjoy them, would, for more than half the year, have all the world beside at their command. Parliament over, the gay season closed, away they can speed by railroad, yacht, and steamer, to the Alps or Apennines, to the shores of the Mediterranean, or the mountains and forests of Scandinavia; to the beautiful hills, and halls, and moorland streams, of our own country. But to the bulk of the population of London, and especially of the city, which most needs it, there is no single thing like a forest, which they reach at little time and expense, except those of Epping and Hainault. Greenwich and Richmond are well enough, and the people show, by their constant outpourings thither, that they know and feel it well enough, and, indeed, delightful for a direct step out of the brick-dust world into the green. But if the great mass of the working people want to see something like a real forest-tract, where is there such

a thing within their reach but this one solitary forest of Waltham, which is menaced by the axe and the spade by our own SANITARY GOVERNMENT? When the souls of thousands and tens of thousands whom we are building improved houses for, and creating parks for, and establishing ragged schools for, and others whom we are educating in mechanics' libraries, people's libraries, Whittington clubs, and by lectures and popular journals, to a higher and purer taste, to a feeling for art, and an appreciation of our great poets and historians,—when the many souls of these long for sight of free nature and a breathing of her free wind, where are they to find them except in these forests?

But do the people really estimate the privileges of visiting these forest regions? Do they frequent them in any numbers? Do they enjoy them in any extraordinary degree? Let us take the evidence of an eye-witness. Mr. Howitt, who has lived for years on that side of London, in his "Year-book of the Country," gives many statements of the avidity with which all classes stream into these forests all summer long. He describes happy families driving children in their handsome carriages, till the whole Lea-Bridge road is alive with them. Speaking in the name of the large and wealthy middle class, the trading class of the city, he says:—

"The bells burst forth with a joyous peal, and remind us that it is Whitsuntide—Whitsuntide in London! At once a world of glad and beautiful things rushes over our hearts and our memories. * * * With the pealing bells we break the spell of town dreariness, and are once more in the midst of the woods. We take our first flight into the near Forest of Epping; we walk for miles in green glades, and beneath the close covert of the green boughs of the hornbeam trees; we pass on, and wonder where are the people who in caravans have gaily driven from town to enjoy the forest freshness.

"Once more we are seated in a pleasant opening of the forest, at our pastoral dinner. Our friend, Henry C. Wright, sits, as he sate twelve months ago, amongst a group of children opposite us, and tells them of the different scenery and creatures of the vast forests of America. After an hour spent more delightfully than in any city, or in any king's palace, we arise and stroll into the brown solitude of High-Beech. There, bare ground, the scattered leaves of the last year, the old and noble beeches, carry us away to many a forest scene in the old and beloved Germany. We walk and dream—and miles of profoundly solitary woods, and old solitary Jäger-houses, and primitive villages in deep, remote glens, and antiquated inns in rarely visited regions, rise before us as we go. But the gipsy, who would fain tell you your fortune, though you know too much of it already, and the laughter of parties of young people pic-nicing here and there, with lots of baskets, and some fiddles, and heaps of cloaks, and horses still harnessed to gigs and chaises, hanging their heads in sleepy posture near, awake us from our pleasant reveries, and we take one long view from a hill-top of the far-spread country, and mount our own vehicles, and away. Away! but whither? To the Old Lodge of Queen Bess!

"Old Lodge! the hand of the past is impressed upon thee, and has given thee a character. It has invested thee with the poetry of nature. Storms roaring through the huge elms that stand near—old companions; fierce winters beating on thy steep, gabled roof, and tinting thy framed walls; autumns and springs, and hot-baking summers—a long series—come across the imagination, as we think of thee. The broad, easy oaken stair-case up which the heroine of the Armada, and the Queen of Scots' tragedy, is said to have ridden to her dining-room, the tapestried chamber, and the banquetting-hall please me; but, far more, the ancient desolateness without and around."

Now, we ask the large class, also, of the wealthy and educated, whether they are prepared to see these old places, with all their historic associations, suddenly, and for ever, destroyed? But there is another and still more numerous class whom the same observer notices on their way to the Forest. They are daily in summer pouring out of London in vans:—

"With their looped-up curtains, their streaming ribands, their bright colours, on they go, in trains of ten and twenty, filled with happy people. Sometimes whole troops of school-boys, or school girls, fill them, who sing all together as they go out of the great Babel into free nature. Sometimes they are servants, youths and maidens, who have subscribed their penny a week to the association to which they belong, for those rural excursions. Sometimes they are young people of another class, mixed with husbands and wives, and even little children. They are all bound for Hampton Court, or Bushy Park, or the still more favourite haunt of Epping Forest. They have music. It plays as they go; and they sing as they go. When the music is not heard, or the singing, there is a merry clatter of voices, of laughter, and of jokes. What lords and princes are half so happy? Away they stream, van after van, with their sumpter wagon well stored, trotting on behind. All doors are crowded, as they pass, to catch a glimpse of so much human happiness. Behind them lies the great brick-and-mortar wilderness, with all its labours and cares; before them, for one long day, the green Forest. Anon, they pour into it; they drive up to some well-known public-house. They descend, form into knots of twos, threes, and half-dozens, or scores, and away into the woods. Then, it were a long story to describe all their wonderings, peerings, wanderings, acclamations, leaping over bushes, slinging at

holes of trees, chasing of squirrels, fun, and laughter. Some seat themselves in the shade; some tender souls stroll on through shady and mossy-winding way, lost in one another. But the time for dinner is come, and is not forgotten. There it is spread under a great tree; and round gather the throng, and there is much mirth over getting seated. And then for the clatter of knives and forks; the popping of porter and ginger-beer bottles, and foaming of Bass's pale ale. After dinner, pipes and cigars are lit, and the smoke curls up among the green boughs, with a true holiday curl. Talk, and laughter, and jokes abound. After a while there is a challenge for a leaping match; another for a race. The music plays, the day rolls on, and it is time to go. With green boughs, stripped, vigorously and somewhat riotously, from many a tree, they dress and adorn their several vans, ascend, and away. If they sing in coming, they sing tenfold in going back. All sing—men and women—every heart is elate; with a humming, chiming, sonorous sound, as of so many great cages of singing birds, they roll back into the great engulfing city."

But there is another and lower class which, still more numerous, make its annual pilgrimages into this forest, and who, if they are penned in by the destruction of such places, and the access to such innocent and healthy excitement, will find excitements more serious, and swell more voluminously the outbreak of disorder and crime. We will take one more scene and that from this class:—

"Through the whole length and breadth of the workshops of London; through all Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, through the Minories, and along Tower Hill, and up Shoreditch and Clerkenwell, and to the very purlieus of the Seven Dials, and across the water in Southwark, has the important news flown that blackberries are ripe, and mushrooms in the forest turf. Like an electric thrill, it has darted in far and wide; and the great workshop soul, whether sweating over hot iron, or steaming in dye-houses and hatteries, whether darting the shuttle amongst silken threads, or moulding bread for the living, or clenching nails in coffins for the dead, amid the hum of the old vampire song,—

"For when a dead man learns to draw a nail,
He soon will burst an iron bar in two,"

everywhere there is but one thought—blackberries—and one imagination, that of cool breezes, the smell of fresh turf, and sounds of the quivering leaves.

"It is a fever, a contagion, a frenzy. Try to cure it, to crush it, to turn it aside; it is vain! At midnight on Saturdays, and the eves of holidays, out pour thousands of boys, boy-men, and men-boys. Thousands of them have never taken a moment's rest, but have rushed forth from smutty shop and fœtid alley, to collect their forces, and are off. All night, from twelve o'clock, I have heard them, and have occasionally risen to have a look at them in the light, gas-lit road. The breeze may blow them, and the shower may wash them, if they will, but that is all the cleaning and the washing that they wait for. And thus they stream along, the true rising generation of swelterers and boilers, in cap and jacket, and with basket on arm, or thrown over the shoulder on a stick. * * *

"Good luck to them all! If blackberries grew on every twig of every bush and tree in all Epping Forest, what were they among so many? But what of that? There is the Forest, and freedom, and fresh air, and the exhilaration of a great day, when thousands on thousands are gone out on a holiday visit to old Mother Nature! Anon you shall see them coming back, filling all the road for miles, and their baskets not over loaded, though some of them are carrying them on a stick between two, like the messengers with the bunch of grapes, returning from the Promised Land."

And all this popular enjoyment, and enjoyment of the true, healthy sort, is to vanish from before an act of Parliament! For what, and whose benefit? That is the question. No doubt a great portion of the Crown lands might, with great public advantage. Both the public purse and the agricultural interest of the nation would be the better for it. Sherwood Forest, the renowned retreat of Robin Hood, has long been utilised into a common; and, as a common, is now undergoing enclosure. A large tract of the New Forest, which is a naked waste, might, with equal advantage, be converted into fields, and that without hurting the more beautiful woodland portion. The Forest of Dean, and some others, offer tempting tracts for enclosure, against which not a voice would be raised. But why is this *London forest*—this actual London park—thus singled out alone for dissection? Were large pecuniary advantages to accrue from the enclosure to the nation, our objection, in this particular instance, would remain precisely the same; for no amount of money is for a moment to be put in competition with the health, the recreation, and the morals of the people.

But let the public remember that this is their own lawful property, and that if they say nay—no power on earth can deprive them of it. They have purchased all the royal forests of the crown, by an agreement, to give to it a far better annual income than all these lands can produce. Every yard of land, every leaf in the forests, is the people's own: and if this project is still pursued, it will be for them to speak out, and demand that it shall remain inviolate. We grievously suspect that the real motive for the enclosure lies amongst the proprietors of estates in the Forest itself. These estates—originally encroachments on the people's property, or obtained in bargains from the Crown in times of past corruption, the conditions of which are best kept in the back-

ground, for the honour of those concerned in them—are numerous, and many of them very delightful. Does the lust of swallowing the remainder of the people's estate, stimulate these proprietors? We envy them not their inviolable 'locations," but let them hanker not after the portion which still belongs to the public. So far as the government value of these forests is concerned, we find, in the return of the Commissioners in 1848, that the income was eight hundred and ninety-six pounds, and the expense of management five hundred and eighty-four pounds. Any purchase-money accruing to the Treasury, based on that valuation, must be small indeed; while the public loss would be enormous, most melancholy, and irreparable.

We have uttered our opinion—now let the public of London utter theirs. The same spirit which crushed, on the instant, all attempts to enclose Hampstead Heath, can effectually dissipate all designs against the suburban forests, if it be firmly, wholesomely, and temperately manifested. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests may, perhaps, think they are acting quite poetically in saying with Milton, in "Comus,"—

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new;"

but "fresh fields and pastures new," obtained by the destruction of the only metropolitan forest, would be a metamorphosis which the London public would never cease to deplore.

CHIPS.

THE SAILOR AT HOME.

A WELL-KNOWN adage gives to sailors "a home in every port;" and the proverb is, we are happy to say, being fast realised. In addition to the "Sailors' Homes" mentioned in our recent article with that title, we learn that several others have been established not only in various parts of the United Kingdom, but in the United States. Indeed these institutions originated in America. So far back as 1839, "Sailors' Homes" were in full operation in most of the sea-ports. The first effort to establish a home in America was in 1833, at Charleston, in South Carolina, where it answered so well, and proved so great a blessing, that, since that period, others have been established with equal success in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other ports.

For the establishment of Sailors' Homes in British ports, the nautical public are most indebted to Captain Hall. When that officer commanded the "Dragon" steam frigate on the Irish station, he was instrumental in establishing a "Home" in Dublin, which was opened in 1849 by the Earl of Clarendon; it has since continued in full operation, and the reports are most encouraging.

On a late tour Captain Hall visited Belfast, where a meeting was held, and a committee formed to carry out this object. After visiting other ports in Ireland, he proceeded to Scotland, and at Greenock and Glasgow he was so successful, that large subscriptions have been raised by the citizens of each place.

At Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, he received the assistance of Sir James Matheson, who with a princely liberality had previously expended sixty thousand pounds, in one winter, for the relief of the poor in the islands of which he is proprietor. Sir James co-operated with Captain Hall, and the result was the immediate establishment of a "Home."

There is also every reason to hope that at Inverness, Banff, Peterhead, Arbroath Kirkcaldy, Dundee, Aberdeen, Montrose, &c., &c., "Homes" on a small and economical scale will be got up. Lastly, on the 23rd of April a "Sailors' Home" was opened at Portsmouth under most brilliant auspices; so that the reproach, that we have hitherto neglected our Sailors, can happily no longer exist.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

JAPAN.

WE may as well go by the North-west Passage as by any other, on our phantom voyage to Japan. Behring Straits shall be the door by which we enter the Pacific Ocean. We are soon flitting between islands; from the American peninsula of Aliaska runs a chain of islands,—the Aleutian,—which lie sprinkled upon our track, like a train of crumbs dropped by some Tom Thumb among the giants, who may aforetime have been led astray, not in the wood, but on the water. If he landed on Kamtchatka, from the point of that peninsula he made a fresh start, dropping more crumbs,—the Kurile Islands,—till he dropped some larger pieces, and a whole slice for the main island of Japan, before he again reached the continent and landed finally on the Corea. In sailing by these islands, we have abundant reason to observe that they indicate main lines of volcanic action. From Behring Strait, in fact, we enter the Pacific, between two great batteries of subterranean fire. Steering for Japan, we pass, on the Kamchatkan coast, the loftiest volcano in the old world, Kamtchatskaja (fifteen thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three feet). Following the course of the volcanic chain of Kurile Islands, of which the most northerly belong to Russia, the southern Kuriles are the first land we encounter subject to Japan. We do not go ashore here, to be sent to prison like Golownin, for we are content, at present, to remember that the natives of these islands are the hairiest among men. We sail on, too polite to outrage Japanese propriety by landing, even from a Phantom Ship, on the main island; so we sail to Kiusiu, and run into the bay of Nagasaki. The isles of Japan, calling rocks islands, are in number three thousand, eight hundred and fifty. The main island, Nippon, is larger than Ireland, and is important enough to have been justly called the England of the Pacific Ocean.

Only there is a mighty difference between this England, talking about liberty, or cherishing free trade, and that Dai Nippon; in which not a soul does as he pleases, and from which the commerce of the whole world is shut out. Dai (or great) Nippon is the name of the whole state, which the Chinese modify into Jih-pun, and which we have further altered to Japan. On Kiusiu, a large southern island, Nagasaki is the only port into which, on any possible excuse, a foreign vessel is allowed to enter. This port we are now approaching; the dark rocks of the coast line are reflected from a brilliant sea; we pass a mountain island, cultivated to the very summit, terrace above terrace; green hills invite us to our haven, and blue mountains in the distance tempt us to an onward journey. There are white houses shining among cedars; there are pointed temple roofs, boats with their sails up make the water near us lively; surely we shall like Japan. We enter the bay now, and approach Nagasaki between fruitful hills and temple groves, steeps clothed with evergreen oak, cedars, and laurels; picturesque rocks, attacked by man, and wheedled out of practicable ground for corn and cabbages. There is Nagasaki on a hill side, regularly built, every house peeping from its little nest of greens; and there is the Dutch factory, named Dezima. Zima in Japanese means "island," for this factory is built upon an island. No Europeans but the Dutch; no Dutch except these managers of trade who are locked up in Dezima, may traffic with Japan; and these may traffic to the extent only of two ships yearly, subject to all manner of restrictions. As for the resident Dutch, they are locked up in Dezima, which is an island made on purpose for them. As if three thousand, eight hundred and fifty were not enough, another little island, fan-shaped, was built up out of the sea a few yards from the shore of Nagasaki. There the Dutchmen live; a bridge connects their island with the mainland, but a high gate and a guard of soldiers prevent all unseasonable rambles. In another part of the town there is a factory allowed to the Chinese. Other strangers entering this port are treated courteously, are supplied gratuitously with such necessaries as they want, but are on no account allowed to see the town, still less to penetrate into the country, and are required to be gone about their business as soon as possible. Strangers attempting entry at any other port belonging to Japan, are without ceremony fired upon as enemies. The admitted Dutch traders are rigorously searched; everything betraying Christianity is locked up; money and arms are removed, and hostages are taken. Every man undergoes personal scrutiny. The Dutch are allowed no money. The Japanese authorities manage all sales for them; pay the minutest items of expenditure, and charge it on the profits of their trade, which are then placed on the return vessel, not in money, but in goods. The Japanese deal justly, even generously, in their way; but it is their way to allow the foreigners no money power. They restrict their exports almost wholly to camphor and copper, and allow no native workmanship to go abroad. Yet among themselves, as between one island and another, commerce is encouraged to the utmost. The Japanese territories range in the temperate zone through a good many degrees, and include all shades of climate between that of Liverpool and that of Constantinople. Between island and island, therefore, busy interchange takes place by means of junks, like these which now surround us in the Nagasaki harbour. You can observe how weak they look about the sterns, with rudders insecure. The law compels them to be so: for that is an acute device by which they are prevented from travelling too far; they dare not trust themselves too boldly to the mercy of the sea, and as it is, many wrecked men accuse the prudence of their lawgivers. But life is cheap: the population of Japan is probably near thirty million,—and who should care for a few dozen mariners!

If you please, we will now walk up into Nagasaki, with our phantom cloaks about us. Being in a region visited by earthquakes, of course we find the houses of one story lightly built; they are built here of wood and clay with chopped straw,—coated over, like our town suburban villas, with cement. Paper, instead of glass, for window panes. Venetian blinds, and around each house a verandah, we observe at once. But our attention is attracted from the houses to the people. How very awkwardly they slip along! With so much energy and vigour in their faces, how is it that they never thought of putting reasonable shoes upon their feet? They wear instead of shoes mere soles of wood or matting, held to the foot each by a peg which runs between the great toe and its neighbour, through a hole made for that purpose in the sock. These clouts they put away on entering a house, as we should put away umbrellas, and wear only socks in-doors. Nevertheless the people here look handsome in their loose, wide gowns, bound by a girdle round the waist, with long sleeves, of which, by the bye, you may perceive that the dependent ends are Japanese coat-pockets. Thence you see yonder gentleman drawing his nose-paper,—one of the little squares of clean white paper always ready in the sleeve-pocket to serve the purpose of our handkerchief. That little square when used is, you see, thrown away; but if the gentleman were in a house he would return it to his pocket, to be got rid of in a more convenient place. The women's robes are like those of the men in form, but richer in material, more various with gold and colour. As to the head equipment, we observe, however, a great difference between the sexes. The men shave their own heads, leaving hair only at the back part and upon the temples, which they gather forward, and tie up into a tuft. The

women keep their entire crop of hair standing, and they make the most of it; they spread it out into a turban, and stick through it not a few pieces of polished tortoiseshell, as big as office rulers.* Inviting admiration, the young beauty of Japan paints her face red and white, and puts a purple stain upon her lips; but the remaining touches are forbidden to a damsel till her heart is lost. The swain who seeks to marry her, fixes outside her father's house a certain shrub; if this be taken in-doors by the family, his suit he knows to be accepted; and when next he gets a peep at his beloved, he watches with a palpitating heart the movement of her lips, to see whether her teeth be blackened; for by blackened teeth she manifests the reciprocal affection. Only after marriage, however, is the lady glorified with a permission not only to have black teeth, but also to pull out her eyebrows

Those are not little beggars yonder trotting by that lady who is so magnificently dressed; they are her children. The children of the Japanese are all dressed meanly, upon moral grounds. Notice those gentlemen who bow to one another; the ends of a scarf worn by each of them exactly meet the ground, yet one bows lower than another, and they go on walking in the bowed position until each has lost the other from his sight. Those scarfs are regulated by the law; each man must bow so that his scarf shall touch the ground, and it is so made long or short, that he may humble himself more or less profoundly in exact accordance with his rank.

Of rank there are eight classes after the Mikado and the Ziogoon, whom we shall come to visit in our travels presently. There are, one, the princes; two, the nobles, who owe feudal service to the prince, or the empire; three, the priests; and four, the soldiers; these four form the higher orders, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and petticoat trousers. Class five counts as respectable; inferior officials and doctors constitute this class, and wear one sword with the trousers. Merchants and respectable tradesmen form class six, whose legs may not pollute the trousers, though, by entering themselves as domestics to a man of rank, they may enjoy the privilege of carrying one sword. These are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated. Class seven—artists, artisans, and petty shopkeepers. Class eight—day labourers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, &c., are excluded from classification. They are defiled, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own, so thoroughly unrecognised, that Japanese authority, in measuring the miles along a road, breaks off at the entrance of a currier's village, leaves it excluded from his measurement, which is resumed upon the other side. So, if we travel post, we get through leather-sellers' villages for nothing.

These houses in Nagasaki, which at a distance looked so much like mansions, are the store-rooms wherein tradesmen keep their valuable stock, and families their valuable furniture. For desolating fires are common in the towns and cities of Japan; so common, that almost every house is prudently provided with a fire-proof store-room, having copper shutters to the windows, and the walls covered a foot thick with clay. Attached to each is a large vessel of liquid mud, with which the whole building is smeared on an alarm of fire; and this method of fire-insurance is exceedingly effective, where there is nothing like a Sun or Atlas Company to fall upon, and the most abstemious of fires eats up, at any rate, a street.

That door is open, and there is no horse-shoe over it—there's not an iron horse-shoe in Japan,—so two ghosts slip into the house unperceived. First, here is a portico for palanquins, shoes, and umbrellas; into this the kitchens open. In the back apartments we shall find the family. We walk into the drawing-room, and there the master sits. It is most fortunate that we are now invisible; for, did we visit in the flesh, we should be teased by the necessities of Japanese civility. That gentleman would sit upon his heels before us; we should sit on our heels before him; we should then all bow our heads as low as possible. Then we should make compliments to one another, the answer to each being "*He, he, he!*" Then pipes and tea would be brought in; after this we might begin to talk. Before we left we should receive sweetmeats on a sheet of white paper, in which it would be our duty to fold up whatever we did not eat, and put it in our pockets. Eat what you like, and pocket what remains, is Japanese good-breeding. At a dinner-party the servant of each guest brings baskets, that he may take away his master's portion of the feast. This master, however, is unconscious of our shadowy appearance, and continues busy with his book. It is Laplace, translated into Japanese, through Dutch. The Japanese are thoroughly alive to the advanced state of European science, and on those fixed occasions when the Dutchmen from the factory visit the capital, the Dutch physician is invariably visited by the native physicians, naturalists, and astronomers, who display on their own parts wonderful acumen, and most dexterously pump for European knowledge. Scientific books in the Dutch language they translate and publish into Japanese. The country has not been shut up out of contempt for foreigners, and native men of science have so diligently profited by opportunities afforded from without, that they construct by their own artificers, barometers, telescopes, make their own almanacks, and calculate their

* Hats are not used by either sex except in rainy weather, but every Japanese carries a fan; even the beggar yonder holds his fan to that young lady, whereupon she drops her charitable gift.

own eclipses. Hovering about this gentleman, our eyes detect at once that the impression on his page is taken from a woodcut imitation of hand-writing; moveable types are not yet introduced into Japan. The writing, like Chinese, is up and down the page, and not across it. Three or four different characters seem to be used indiscriminately, and some of them are certainly Chinese. The good folks of Dai Nippon are indebted to the Chinese for the first strong impulse to their civilisation; not being themselves of Chinese origin, but a distinct branch of the Mongolian family. Their language is quite different, and has exceedingly long words, instead of being built up, like Chinese, of monosyllables. Japanese written in Chinese character is understood by any Chinaman; but so would English be, since Chinese writing represents ideas. So, if a Spaniard writes five, an Englishman reads it as "five," and understands correctly, yet the Spaniard would tell you that he wrote not "five," but "cinco."

Hovering still about this gentleman, and beguiled, by the strangeness of all things we see, into a curiosity like that of children, we admire his sword. The hilt is very beautiful, composed of various metals blended into a fine enamel. This enamel is used in Japan where Europeans would use jewels, because the art of cutting precious stones is not known to the Japanese. For the blade of this sword it is not impossible that a sum has been given not unlike a hundred pounds, the tempering of steel is carried to perfection in Japan, where gentlemen are connoisseurs in sword-blades. Young nobles lend their maiden swords to the executioner (who is always chosen from the defiled leather-selling race) that they may be tried upon real flesh and blood; as executions in Japan are generally cruel, and some criminals are hacked to death, rather than killed outright, the swords on such occasions are refreshed with a fair taste of blood. The mats upon the floor are the next things we notice, a thick matting of straw forms a substratum, over which are spread the fine mats, elegantly fringed. To see that lackered work inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which we familiarly call Japan, in its perfection, we must evidently visit it at home. Anything of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as this little table, is not to be found in Europe. Whatever trinkets pass out of these islands into Europe, do so *nayboen*,—that is, with secret connivance,—but the first-rate manufactures are in no way suffered to come to us. Without *nayboen*, life would be insupportable in a minute wilderness of rules and customs. People even die *nayboen;* that is, a man lies unburied, and is said to be alive, when his death otherwise would lead to disagreeable results. Here, as elsewhere, when rules are made intolerably strict, evasion is habitual. The amount that cannot be evaded is astonishing enough, as we shall see ere we return to England; now we are in the house of this gentleman at Nagasaki. His wife enters, and by their mutual behaviour, it is evident that ladies in Japan are to their husbands very much what ladies are in England. This lady passes to the garden; the room ends with a projecting angle open to the garden on each side, a sort of bay, which every house has; and if there be no more ground than just the supplementary triangles on each side to complete the square, still there is always that; and that is always quite enough, for want of more. It is enough to spend a fortune upon, in dwarf trees and vegetable curiosities. The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Meylan saw growing, a fir, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste? O dear, no; every drawing room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves, in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put. One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every case. It is the Japanese "Use of the globes" to ladies' schools. To boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good-breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the hara-kiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honour of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practise all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appears inevitable, he

appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connexions, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before shame came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from that participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent. Now we must leave this house, in which we have spent perhaps a little too much time: yet in the whole time we did not once hear the squalling of a baby, though a baby was there certainly. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Meek, he is informed that in Japan, children, until they are three years old, are not allowed to wear anything tight about their persons.

Now we are once more in the streets of Nagasaki, and observe, that for a gentleman to turn his back upon a friend, is true politeness, in this most original of lands. It signifies that he who so turns is unworthy to behold the face, &c. A bridal procession passes us; the bride in her long white veil. There is a touch of poetry connected with that veil; it literally is the shroud in which she will be buried.

We are out of town now, and delighting in the open country. Exquisite views of hill, and dale, and wood, and water, tempt the sight. Rice fields, of course, we pass; rice is a staple article of diet to the Japanese, as to so many other millions of the human race. It is the vegetable food that finds its way into more mouths than any other. There is wheat, also, in Japan, used chiefly for making cakes and soy; barley for feeding cattle. The cattle being used as beasts of draught and burden, it is thought improper to kill them, or to deprive the young calves of their milk; the Japanese, therefore, refrain from milk and beef. They eat great quantities of fish, poultry, and venison. In the country gardens we see quinces, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, oranges, and citrons too: bean-fields abound, and farms, of which the hedges are all tea. Where soil and climate favour, many a hill side, in Japan, is cultivated as a tea plantation; but beyond this, the tea plant is used by the farmers generally as a hedge, from which they gather their own leaves, and dry tea for home use, just as our farmers brew their own October beer. Now we are flitting under cedar groves, now under firs, now under mulberry plantations for the silk-worm; every good point in the landscape is occupied by a temple, which is composed of one large edifice and many little ones, the little ones are used by pleasure parties. There is a snake, and there you see in the tree a long-tailed monkey (*Inuus speciosus*); there is no other kind of monkey in these islands, and the snakes are all of species found nowhere else. The tree frog and the eatable frog live in the north of Nippon. Here we have squirrels. There are no lions and tigers; there is not a single animal of the cat tribe known upon these islands; you can meet with nothing worse than a wild boar. Great pains are taken to destroy the foxes. Here are pheasants without game-laws, and the peacock yonder looks as if he felt himself at home. Several palanquins have passed us on the road, varying much in shape and minor details. The shape of the palanquin, the length of the poles, their position, the way in which they are held, and the number of holders, all are fixed so as to accord precisely with the rank of the good gentleman inside. The number of attendants in the train, even of an inconsiderable man, is startling; and as for a prince, he might be setting out to conquer China. The roads are good, and there is no lack of horsemen, but we have not seen draught carriages; perhaps these hills are an impediment to travelling by such conveyance; roads over hills and mountains being simply flights of steps.

Hollo! What couple scampers by in such a hurry? 'Tis the post; the greatest princes must put by their etiquette, and get out of its way. One man runs with the letters, and another keeps pace with him to supply his place in case of illness or accident; if both posts fail, the nearest man, whatever be his dignity, must do their work for them. These posts are never horsed; but each pair, at the conclusion of a stage, finds the next couple waiting to catch the important bundle thrown to them, and set off instantly, before the spent runners have reached the spot where they may halt and get their wind again. Goods are conveyed on pack-horses or oxen over land; but water transit by lakes, rivers, or canals, is much more common. The roads are well swept, for the farmers on each side diligently scrape up all manure; and as men with brooms clear the way before a traveller of rank, the highway is kept in a very neat condition. Men selling straw clouts for travellers, and straw shoes for the horses, which require, of course, frequent renewal, pick up a living by the roadside, and we pass them frequently. Observe that mighty camphor-tree, which every traveller has mentioned. To Kæmpfer it was venerable for its age in the year 1691; still it is healthy, and so large that fifteen men can stand within its hollow. Hot springs, of course, we pass in a volcanic country. There is a coal-mine also here, though charcoal is the fuel usually burned.

We have now crossed Kiusiu, and reached the seaport of Kokura, where we find our Phantom Ship in readiness to take us through a sea covered with islets, to the large island of Nippon. We shall disembark, and travel very rapidly through Ohosaka to Miyako, where the divine Mikado holds his court. We pass some strange-looking men covered with matting, each of whom has in his hand a long wooden spoon. The spoon is their cockle-shell, for they are pilgrims travelling in the most pious form, as beggars, to the shrine of their own goddess. This pilgrimage

is made by all good Japanese—the oftener the better, especially as they grow old, because they get each time full absolution from the priests for their past sins.

The sun goddess and the Mikado are allied together; and as we now are journeying towards a seat of government, we can do nothing better than discuss the Japanese religion. It begins with an Oriental "once upon a time," of gods who reigned for a few millions of years apiece, above whom there was, and is, and ever will be, one supreme God, free from care. The last of seven royal gods said to his wife one day, "There's earth somewhere, I'm sure!" and so he poked about with his spear in the water, feeling for it. Drops falling from his spear point made the islands of Japan. Then this god made eight millions of other gods, and also created the ten thousand things. Having ordered matters to his satisfaction, he made a present of his Japanese earth to his pet daughter, the sun goddess. The sun goddess reigned only two hundred and fifty thousand years, and her four successors filled the next two million; the last of the four, being the great-great-grandson of the sun goddess, framed a mortal life, and left a mortal boy, who reigned on earth, and was the first Mikado: from him all Mikados are descended. This is the native Japanese religion, called Sintoo; worshipping the sun goddess, and *Kami*, which are minor gods, or saints. The Sintoos bow before no images, but put as emblems in their temples a sheet of white paper and a mirror, to denote the soul pure and incapable of stain. The worshipper kneels, gazes at the mirror, offers sacrifice of fruit or rice, deposits money, and retires. Upon this creed Buddhism has been grafted; but the religion of the learned Japanese is Sintoo—a philosophic moral doctrine which they cherish secretly, while outwardly observing rites prescribed by custom.

But *revenons à nos Mikados:* the first Mikado, though of fabulous descent, is an historical person, Zin-mu-ten-woo, and with him Japanese history begins—at a period from whence we date rational annals in some other countries, about 660 B.C. We will note those points of history that are essential to a comprehension of the present government. Mikados followed each other, sole rulers and powerful, until they fell into a trick of abdicating in favour of their children, and then doing the duty without being annoyed by the ceremonies of their office. That had its inconvenient results, for presently came one Mikado who married the daughter of a powerful papa; and when the time came for retirement, and he had abdicated in favour of a son three years old, the powerful papa thrust him aside into a prison, and usurped the regency. A civil war was the result of this; Yoritomo leaped up as champion of the imprisoned man, so recently a king, released him, and restored him to the regency over his infant son. For this essential service good Yoritomo was made a sort of field-marshal, or Ziogoon. The ex-Mikado dying, left Yoritomo the guardian of his son; and so for twenty years the Ziogoon was regent. Infant Mikados still continuing to be the fashion, regency became hereditary to the Ziogoons; and these last being men, it eventually came to pass that the Mikado was stripped of all power, and converted into a magnificent doll, while the real court was transferred to Jeddo, where the Ziogoons reside. Retributive justice we shall meet with in a little while, but we have now reached Miyako, the Mikado's residence, and nominally still the capital of Nippon.

Poor Mikado, what a miserable honour he must think it is to be divine! He represents the sun goddess on earth, and is required to sit upon his throne quite still, and without moving his head for several hours every day, lest the whole earth should be unsteady. When not sitting, he must leave his crown upon the throne to keep watch in his absence. Being so very holy, he is deprived of all use of his legs; earth is not worthy of his tread. His nails and hair are never cut—for who may mutilate a god? Every article of dress that he puts on must be bran new; his plates, and cups, and dishes, everything he touches at a meal—even the kitchen utensils used in cooking for him—must not be used twice, and of course no profane man may employ what has been sanctified by the Mikado's use. Whatever clothes he puts off are immediately burned; his pots and vessels are destroyed. This hourly waste being a heavy pull on the finances of the Ziogoon, the divine victim gets only the coarsest slops to dress in, and eats off the cheapest crockery. No wonder that he still keeps up the fashion of resigning. His palace is circumscribed with palisades, and an officer residing without the gate spies all his actions, and reports them to the Ziogoon. Still the poor fellow is divine. The gods, it is believed, all spend a month at his place, during which month they are not at home in their own temples, and worship is accordingly suspended. The Mikado grants religious titles, fixes feasts and fasts, and settles doctrinal disputes. Thus there arose once schism in Japan about the colour of the devil. Four factions respectively declared him to be black, white, red, and green. The theologic knot was given to the Mikado that day to unravel, who, knowing the obstinacy of theologians well, declared all parties to be right; and so the devil of Japan remains to this day a four-coloured monster. Offices of state in the Mikado's court—the Dairi it is called—are above all in honour, objects of ambition even to the Ziogoon. The dwellers in the Dairi with the holy prisoner, both male and female, are the most refined and cultivated Japanese. From their ranks are supplied the poets of the land, who sing the beauties of the rapid Oyewaga, or legends of the snow-capped Foesi.

Miyako is the classic ground, the Athens, of Japan. But we must go on to the Japanese

London, Jeddo, the real capital, a grand metropolis, with about one million, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course there is a wilderness of suburb; there are endless streets; there is a river through the town which flows into the bay, from which this capital is not far distant. There are bridges; there is a vast multitude of people thronging to and fro; there are shops, signs, inscriptions. We will walk into a theatre; for here, as in the days of Æschylus, performances take place by day. There is a pit, and there are tiers of elegant seats, which answer to our boxes; the scenery and dresses are handsome, only in scene-painting there is no perspective. As in the early European drama, the subjects illustrated are the deeds of gods and heroes: not more than two speakers occupy the scene at once; boys act the female characters. Several pieces are performed, each piece divided into acts, and the plan is to give after Act I. of the first play, Act I. of the second, and then to begin the third, before taking the series of second acts. As each actor in each piece plays also several parts, one might consider this arrangement to be rather puzzling. Gentlemen go out after the act of any piece they wish to hear, and attend to other matters till the next act of the same piece shall come on; but ladies sit with pleasure through the whole. Dear souls! they steal a march upon our feminine box ornaments; for they bring with them a collection of dresses to the play, slip out during each pause to change their clothes, and reappear, to catch the admiration of beholders, every time in a new costume.

The palace of the Ziogoon covers much ground, being in fact a rural scene—a palace and a park, locked up within the town. As for the Ziogoon, he also is locked up within his trenches. To understand how he is fettered, and, at the same time, how all the people of Japan have come to be locked up, we must pursue our little thread of history. Yoritomo established, as we said, the power of the Ziogoons, which flourished for a long time. Kublah Khan endeavoured to make Nippon subject to him; but without success, winds and waves fighting with the Japanese Mongolians were forbidden then to touch Japanese ground, but a century later friendly relations were restored with China. In 1543, two Portuguese, Antonio Mota and Francesco Zeimoto, landed in Japan, exciting great interest among a mercantile people, trading at that time, it is said, with sixteen foreign nations. The Portuguese taught new arts, they brought new wares, and they were welcomed eagerly; some of them settled, and were married in Japan. The Jesuits came, too, with Christianity, and their preaching was abundantly successful. Now, it so happened that about the same time, when the Portuguese first arrived, a civil war was waged between two brothers, for the dignity of Ziogoon. Both brothers perished in this war, and then the vassal princes fought over the fallen bone. Nobunaga, the most powerful of these, was aided by a person of obscure birth, named Hide-yosi. Nobunaga became Ziogoon, favoured the Christians, and invested Hide-yosi with high military rank. An usurper murdered Nobunaga, was then himself murdered, and left vacant a seat which Hide-yosi was now strong enough to seize. He took the name of Tayko, and is the great hero of the annals of Japan. He it was who continued the robbery of the Mikado's power, and secured himself against revolt by establishing a system of check over the princes, which prevails to this day. He left a son bearing the name of Hide-yosi, six years old, and to secure his power, married him to the daughter of Jyeyas, a strong papa. Jyeyas played the usurper, of course, and a large faction supported the young Hide-yosi, whom he had sworn to guard. The boy was Christian at heart; his cause, also, was just; the Jesuits, therefore, and the great body of the Christians warmly took his part. Had he maintained his right successfully, Christianity would have become the state religion in Japan. Jyeyas conquered, and the Christians, persecuted, afterwards rebelling, they were rooted out—regarded as a sect politically hostile. Their rebellion broke loose in the principality of Arima; the Prince of Arima drove the insurgents, seventy thousand in number, to the peninsula of Simabara, where they stood at bay. Since they were not to be dislodged, the Dutch, then settled at Firato, were desired to aid the government; accordingly they sent a man-of-war, which fired upon the Christians and sealed their fate. To this service the Dutch were indebted for their permission to retain one factory. All other Christians were destroyed or expelled, and since those days every stranger has been required, exempting the Dutch factory, to trample on an image of the Saviour, as an evidence of his not being a Christian interloper.

To finish our history we must record that Jyeyas, having established his own usurpation, completed the reduction of the Mikado to a state of helplessness; completed the fettering of the princes, and the protective system of espial; and being deified, on death, under the name of Gongen, was the founder of the Gongen dynasty of Ziogoons, which still rules in Japan, and still adheres to the protective system. But in course of time the power of the Ziogoons has waned; the Ziogoon himself is now a puppet to his council, which is governed by a president, who by no means is able to do what he likes.

Let us now see how all the Japanese are tied and bound, and kept in profound peace. In the first place, nearly half the population are officials in pay, and the whole empire is sprinkled thickly with spies, some public and official, who may intrude where they please, others concealed and not acknowledged, although paid, by government. Furthermore, every householder is required to watch

the actions of his five intermediate neighbours, and to keep a sharp eye upon movements opposite. Every prince is assisted in his government by two secretaries, whom the court appoints, one to reside with him, and the other to reside at Jeddo. These take every act of government out of his hands. The secretary, who lives with him, watches him, and acts upon instructions from the secretary who resides at Jeddo, who again is prompted by the council. Not only does the prince live surrounded by a mob of unknown spies, but he is obliged, every alternate year, to leave his principality and to reside at Jeddo; his wife and family are always kept at Jeddo in the character of hostages. Furthermore, pains are taken to prevent a prince from being rich. He is required at Jeddo to impoverish himself by displays of pomp; and if his purse be long, the Ziogoon invites himself to dinner with him; an honour great enough to ruin any noble in Japan. Similar checks are upon all governors of towns and all officials. Any neglect reported by a spy, any infraction of a rule, threatens disgrace, and makes it necessary to perform the act of suicide before described. So it was not without cause that they were taught at school the hara-kiri. Perhaps you think the council is omnipotent. Far from it. The council may, indeed, make any law, which will be submitted by the president for sanction to the Ziogoon. Then, should the Ziogoon refuse his signature, and differ in opinion from the council, if he blame the law, the question is submitted to the Ziogoon's three next of kin, and they are umpires. If these decide against the Ziogoon, he is deposed immediately; if they decide against the council, then its president and members must rip themselves up.

Yet still this tyranny of custom, which would seem to be so burdensome to all, goes on, because all are so bound that none can begin to stir. The Japanese, as we have partly been able to see, are an acute race—they have original and thinking minds; with a dash of Asiatic fierceness, they are generous, joyous, sympathetic. They love picnic parties and music, with a buffoon; who first encourages them to throw off restraint, to laugh and riot in good-nature; and, assuming then his second office, draws himself up demurely, to give all a lesson in politeness. The buffoons who go for hire to promote mirth with a pleasure-party, go also as masters of the ceremonies. The treatment of Golownin, as a prisoner, will also illustrate the nature of the Japanese. In moving from one prison to another, he walked, bound so tightly with thin cords that they cut wounds into his flesh. These wounds the soldiers dressed every evening, but did not slacken any string; they said that he was fettered in the customary way. Yet these men willingly would take him on their backs, to carry him, when he was footsore; people in the villages were gladly suffered to show sympathy by feeding him with pleasant things as he passed through; and when he had made efforts to escape; which, if successful, would have entailed hara-kiri on his guards; they still showed no abatement of good-nature.

Under the main bridge of Jeddo lies our Phantom Ship, and from the heart of that great city of the East we float out to the sea. It does not take us long to get to Tower Stairs;—and now a Phantom Cab will take you home.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

The Alhambra, Camberwell, 1851.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I CANNOT help thinking that yours is among those valuable publications whose columns are ever thrown open to the complaints of the intelligent "Father of a family." You sympathise with these men, already past the prime of life, in their struggles with the unrefined omnibus driver; you weep over the tale of their daughters, perpetually insulted in public places; in a word, you are a man and a Briton, and fond of fair play. Sir, I am both intelligent and the father of a family, and this must form my apology for troubling you.

About a month ago, blessed with the society of a noble and strong-minded woman, I was as happy as the days—and, permit me to add, the evenings—were long. The Alhambra, Camberwell, is my place of residence, and before the untoward events which I am about to narrate, its doors were perpetually thrown open to the exercise of liberality, as my friends of the Stock Exchange are willing to testify. My two eldest boys, Albert and Wellesley, whom I have destined to succeed me, are at present at school, making rapid progress in the dead languages; our three younger cherubs are still in the heaven of the nursery. Our establishment included—besides a nurse—Gaspar the page, Sarah the housemaid, and Mary the cook. If there was anything upon which my wife prided herself, it was on her art in managing and keeping in order these retainers; and, I must do her the justice to say, that she reigned supreme in the kitchen, though not, as some of my enemies have maliciously asserted, in the parlour.

It was on the evening of the 20th of March—a day never to be forgotten—that I stood at my dining-room window, looking out into the front garden. Twilight was beginning to wrap Camberwell in its dusky mantle; I know not why, but a vague feeling of awe insensibly stole over me. I had not looked long, when I observed a dark figure steal in through the gate and hover about the garden. It approached the door and stood there for a moment or two apparently feeling for something. I opened the window and called out to it. It made no reply, but rapidly slipped something into the letter-slit, once more traversed the garden, and disappeared through

the Moorish archway as mysteriously as it had entered.

I hastened up to the front door, and found in the box a little bit of paper. This was the squib which the enemy had flung into our peaceful camp—the firebrand which was to consume us and our hopes. Why, oh, why, was it not accompanied with a smell of sulphur, as is usual on such occasions!

Need I say that I allude to the CENSUS PAPER?

Let me here pause and solicit the laugh of any Turk or Russian whose eye this interesting letter chances to meet. The tender female who may be exposed to present her back to the knout, or her neck to the bowstring, will solace herself with the thought that not even the ingenuity of Eastern despots has hit upon the expedient of making her give her *real* age. Where is this to stop? It is not long since the tradesman and domestic servants of Camberwell rejoiced in the knowledge of the exact state of my income. They now gloat over the age of my wife. But I anticipate.

On the morning of the thirty-first, there was of course a family council held, to decide how the tyrannical mandate of the Government could be best avoided or complied with. That we should ourselves first sign, and so submit the real age of my Helen to the inquisitive glance of the servants, was not to be dreamt of. It may be mentioned in confidence, that she has for some time worn a luxurious crop of some other lady's ringlets; and, that the theory is that her age goes back, while mine advances, like the male and female in the barometer. But though availing herself of the well-known privilege of the sex to retail small fibs, as occasion may require, she would yet scorn to misinform the Government on an important particular. Besides, these trifling discrepancies between fact and fiction, are not for the kitchen. I, accordingly, transmitted the document to the lower regions.

Days passed on. A fat man with red hair kept continually calling, and still the paper was not filled up. At last a polite message was sent to me, to the effect that if it failed to be ready by that time next day, the Government was prepared to put every engine at their command in play. I should be dragged before two myrmidons of justice. There was no help for it, and so I summoned up the servants in a body. After considerable persuasion on my part, aided by a few threats on that of my wife, we succeeded in extracting from them a confession of their respective ages. Gaspar was twenty-two; the housemaid was nineteen; the cook was twenty-five, and the nurse was thirty. "Thirty!" exclaimed my wife. "Yes, ma'am, just turned thirty," she replied, unabashed. It may be remarked, that my own impression is, that the page is seventeen; Sarah twenty-seven; cook thirty-one; and as for the last-named old woman, if she ever sees forty-eight again, it will be in her dreams. However, that was no business of ours. For our own part, it is needless to say that we were above such petty deception. So, signing our correct ages (forty-seven for myself, and thirty-nine for my wife) I delivered the paper into the hands of the red-haired man in the hall, and saw him place it, amongst others, carefully in his pocket. "See him to the gate, Charles," said Mrs. S. But I had my slippers on, and did not like to venture on the gravel. Oh, the fatal result of disobedience! Young men, take warning by me and obey your wives, as you are sworn to do, in *all* things!

Not to detain you too long, sir, about five minutes afterwards, my wife, in the course of her perambulations, happening to catch the sound of suppressed laughter in the kitchen, had the following scraps of conversation involuntarily forced upon her ear. "Thirty nine!" exclaimed the page in great glee; "why I heerd her tell Mrs. Jones the other day, at dinner, as she was thirty-one. Ha! ha! ha!" "Oh, the vanity of them old women!" put in the nurse. "The 'air on her 'ead must be false," laughed the cook. "Mrs. Pry give me a shilling to take round the paper to her when it was signed," exclaimed the red-haired fiend, "and I 'm a going now." And then came another peal of "ha! ha! ha!" excruciating to hear.

It is needless to say that these wretches all received one month' notice on the spot, but the effects of this disastrous incident are not so easily enumerated. During the remainder of the month the page has been frequently seen to look at my wife, and then touch his head and grin at the cook during prayers; the lips of the nurse have been observed to form themselves into the sound of "thirty-nine," as she stood conversing with an acquaintance at the gate. Mrs. Pry smirks odiously when we meet at church. Even the demure little curate has commenced talking to my wife about certain extra spiritual exertions which she ought to enter upon "at her time of life." The miscreants have departed, and a new batch of servants has replaced them, but the same malicious grin flits over the faces of the new-comers. They have heard the tale with a thousand embellishments; it will be transmitted in the kitchen from generation to generation, ready to pop out whenever there is a little tiff or quarrel with the powers above. The draper's apprentice says that dark-coloured ribbons are most suitable for "elderly" ladies. Our life is rendered miserable, and all on account of the odious and tyrannical CENSUS PAPER. If you will exert yourself to show, Sir, that we are not living under a free government so long as this monstrous abuse is hovering over the heads of our families, ready to burst every ten years and scatter ruin in its path, I shall not regret having poured my complaint into your friendly ear. Meanwhile, I can add no more, but remain your very disconsolate friend and subscriber.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 60.] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1851. [Price 2*d*.

THE FINISHING SCHOOLMASTER.

It was recently supposed and feared that a vacancy had occurred in this great national office. One of the very few public Instructors—we had almost written the only one—as to whose moral lessons all sorts of Administrations and Cabinets are united in having no kind of doubt, was so much engaged in enlightening the people of England, that an occasion for his services arose, when it was dreaded they could not be rendered. It is scarcely necessary to say who this special public instructor is. Our administrative legislators cannot agree on the teaching of The Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, the Christian History; but they are all quite clear as to the public teaching of the Hangman. The scaffold is the blessed neutral ground on which conflicting Governments may all accord, and Mr. John Ketch is the great state Schoolmaster.

Maria Clarke was left for execution at Ipswich, Suffolk, on Tuesday the 22nd of April. It was Easter Tuesday; and besides the decent compliment to the Festival of Easter that may be supposed to be involved in a Public Execution at that time, it was important that the woman should be hanged upon a holiday, as so many country people were then at leisure to profit by the improving spectacle. It happened, however, that the great finishing Schoolmaster was pre-engaged to lecture, that morning, to other pupils in another part of the country, and thus a paragraph found its way into the newspapers announcing that his humanising office might, perhaps, be open for the nonce to competition.

A gentleman of the county, distinguished for his truth and goodness, has placed in our hands copies of the letters addressed to the Sheriff by the various candidates for this post of instruction. We proceed to lay them before our readers, as we have received them, without names or addresses. In all other respects they are exact copies from the originals. This is no jest, we beg it to be understood. The letters we present, are literal transcripts of the letters written to the High Sheriff of Suffolk, on the occasion in question.

The first, is in the form of a polite note, and has an air of genteel common-place—like an invitation, or an answer to one.

> Mr.   residing at   Southwark will accept the office unavoidably declined by Calcraft on Wednesday next viz to execute Maria Clarke a speedy answer will oblige stating terms say not less than £20.
>
> *To the High Sheriff of Suffolk.*

The second, has a Pecksniffian morality in it, which is very edifying.

> Sir   20 *April*
>
> This day i Was Reading the newspaper When i saw the advertiso for A hangman for that unfortunate Woman if there is not A person come fored and and that you cannot Get no one by the time i Will come as A suBstitute to finish that wich the law require
>
> Yours respect fully
>
> *for the Governer of the*
> *prepaid*   *ipsWich Goal*
> *Suffolk*

The third, is respectful towards the great finishing Schoolmaster, though—such is fame!—it mis-spells a name, with which (as we have elsewhere observed) the public has become familiarised.

> Sir   *Saturday April* 19/51
>
> Seeing a statement in the Times of this day that you wanted a person to execute Maria Clarke & you could not get a substitute as Mr. Calcroft was engagd on Wednesday next if well Paid I am Redey to do it myself an early communication will oblige yours   &c
>
> P S. You must pay all expences Down as I am in Desperate Circumstances hoping this is in secrecy I am

In the fourth, the writer modestly recommends himself as a self-reliant trustworthy person.

> Sir   *April th*21/51
>
> having understood you Want a Man on Wednesday Morning to Perform the Office Of hangman i beg most respectfully To Offer Myself to your Notice feeling Confident i Am Abel to undertake it.
>
> From your obedient
> Servant   No
> Street   Square
> White Chappel

The fifth, appears to know his value as Public Instructor, and Head of the National System of Education, if elected.

Southwark London

Mr Sherriff *April 20th* 1851

Sir I will perform the duties of Hangman for the execution of Maria Clarke on Wednesday in consideration of sixty pounds for my services

Yours respectfully

to the High Sheriff of
Suffolk
on haste
to the
High Sheriff for the
County of Suffolk
p paid *Ipswhich*

The sixth, is workmanlike.

Honoured Sir *Deal April* 21/51

Understanding that you cannot get a man to take the job of hanging the Woman on Wednesday next I will volunteer to do the business if the terms are liberal and suit me

I remain your respected
Servant

The seventh, is also business-like, and is more particular. The writer's mention of himself as a married man shows considerable delicacy.

Sir *Manchester April* 19/51

Seeing the enclosed printed paper in the Newspaper if it is a fact I am your man if your terms will suit me that is what am I to have for the work and how am I to get there

I am yours &c

P S my height is 5 feet 5 and my age is 52 years—and I am a married man

The writer of the eighth, is, we may infer from his tone respecting the eminent "Calcraft," a Constant Reader.

To the Sheriff of Ipswitch
Sir *April* 20

Hearing that Calcraft is unable to attend on Wednesday next to execute Maria Clarke I offer myself as a substitute being able and competent to fulfill his place on this occasion upon the same terms as Calcraft if you think proper to engage me a note addressed to me
will meet with immediate attention

Your humble Servant

The ninth, is cautious and decisive, though it evidently proceeds from a Saxon and is characteristically unjust toward the only part of the earth which is in no way responsible for its own doings.

Honoured Sir *April 20th*/51.

Seeing that you ware at present in some difficulty to find an Executioner to perform your Duties on the person of Maria Clarke whose execution is fixed for Wednesday next I beg to offer to perform the office of hangsman on that occasion for the sum of £50 to be paid on the completion of the same In order to prevent the public from Knowing my real name and address I shall request you to address to M L care of should you accede to my proposal an answer per return of Post will reach me on Tuesday morning which will afford me time to make the Journey per Rail

I of course shall expect my expences paid in addition to the sum named

This is no idle offer as I shall most Certainly attend to perform the duties imposed on you, at the time required Should you accept this offer

I have the Honor to be
Honored Sir
Your Obt Servt

To the High Sheriff
of the County of Suffolk

P S I of course expect the name to be kept a secret should you not accept the offer And if the offer be accepted I shall assume the name of Patrick Maloy of Kildare Ireland

The tenth is proceeding from an individual who is honored with the acquaintance of the real Simon Pure, Schoolmaster and who, even aspires to succeed him, claims great respect. If we select any particular beauty from the rest, it would be his mention of the post as a "birth."

Gentlemen *April 19th* 1851

Seeing a paragraph in the paper of this day that you are in want of an executioner in the place of Calcraft I have taken the liberty to inform you that you can have me the writer of this note I have been for some time after the birth and am well acquainted with calcraft and I wonder he did not mention my name when you dispatched a messenger to him I made application the same morning for the last job there but Calcraft attended himself Gentlemen if you should think fit to nominate me for the job you will find me a fitt and proper person to fulfill it

An Answer to this application
will oblidge
Your most Humble Servant

And will meet with immediate attention

Gentⁿ

Should this meet your approbation you will oblidge by sending me instructions when and how to come down

You will be kind enough to communicate this to the High Sheriff as soon as Convenient

To the Governor
of Ipswich Gaol

The connexion of "the said office," in the eleventh with "the amount," unites a heart of sentiment with an eye to business.

Cockermouth Apl 21 1851

Sir having seen in the paper that Calcraft cannot come up I will undertake the said Office if well remunciated and as time is short please to say the amount and I will come by return of Post you may depend on me

Yours.

This is the twelfth and last—from a plain man accustomed to job work.

Sir *Wigan April* 20 1851

Having seen in the Newspaper that you was in want of a Man to oficiate in the place of

Calcraft at the execution of Maria Clarke if you will pay my expences from Wigan & Back & 5 pounds for the Job Please to send my expences from Wigan to Ipswich & direct to the

& he will let me Know
Your obedient Servant

These letters, we repeat, are genuine. They may set our readers thinking. It may be well to think a little now and then, however distasteful it be to do so, of this public teaching by the finishing Schoolmaster, and to consider how often he has at once begun and ended—and how long he should continue to begin and end—the only State Education the State can adjust to the perfect satisfaction of its conscience.

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.

COMMITTEE ROOM, WITH CLOSED DOORS.

Yesterday the members of this Committee assembled at twelve o'clock, the Hon. Frank Tossup in the chair. The proceedings were taken down in sound-ciphers, by Messrs. Johnstone's newly-invented Speech-reporter.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore opened the case for the petitioners, by stating that Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys, the sitting member, was disqualified at the time of election by reason of gross bribery and corruption, and that Sir John Fairfield was justly entitled to be regarded as the successful candidate in the recent arduous contest. He called it arduous—he might use a stronger term, and call it abominable; nay, he should be justified in applying a still stronger expression, and designating it as infamous.

The Hon. Chairman. The learned counsel is *not* justified in using such an expression.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore withdrew the term "infamous," and would substitute the term "famous," with the understanding that there were very opposite sorts of fame in the world—good fame, ill-fame, and so on, down to the case in point. As to any statements and allegations he had to make, seventeen witnesses had been summoned, each of whom could prove some important point; but out of this number, no less than sixteen had absconded, or been abducted—kidnapped, as he was prepared to prove—by agents directly or indirectly employed by the sitting member—the infamous—he begged pardon—the famously successful candidate, Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys. Some of these kidnapped witnesses had since been traced, hunted down, dragged out, or fished up, from various cunning, dark, and otherwise deep and unparliamentary holes and corners. It would be requisite to the clear understanding of these nefarious transactions, that he should state a few preliminary facts. Four distinct political parties existed in the old borough of Rotton-cum-Bandelore. There was the yellow party, the piebald party, the pea-green, and the pepper-and-salt. The first was characterised by a fixed resistance against all reforms and changes in our political, social, moral, and religious institutions, with a thorough-going system of dealing in voters by wholesale and retail. Now, he would say, that of this party, the "successful candidate," Mr. Plumtree——

The Hon. Chairman. I cannot allow this to be said of the sitting member, after your definition of the party.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. The Honourable Chairman will permit me to withdraw my definition of the party, and then say that Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys is the head of that party.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. But my learned friend cannot withdraw the offensive impression from the minds of those who heard it, and therefore, as counsel for the sitting member, I must decidedly object to the name of Mr. Yellowboys being attached to the party in question.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. I agree with the learned gentleman. I cannot withdraw the impression from the minds of those who heard it. I will therefore proceed with my statement. (*Murmurs.*) The second, or piebald party, the learned serjeant went on to explain, was characterised by a two-sided policy. By turning each side alternately to the light, as suited its immediate interests, it was enabled, with a pretence of conscience, to swear a thing was black, or white, or neither, or both, while in point of fact it was yellow at heart like the first party. (*Sensation.*) The pea green party was a simple-minded and not a very numerous set, who thought that honesty was the best policy, and that the British Constitution having provided all the means of a real and unsophistical election by popular choice, was content to rest a cause upon the result of a majority of votes from independent electors. (*A laugh.*) Sir John Fairfield was at the head of the party. As for the pepper-and-salt party, it might be described as a pretty numerous class who formed the rabble of elections, a sort of public-house and hustings mob, whose sole object was to pelt or tickle, to deride or applaud, to laugh, shout, or hiss, according as they had been set on, and according, also, to their humour, and the fumes of beer, and gin, and tobacco, which they had imbibed.

The Hon. Chairman. I trust these descriptions are mere oratorical displays. The learned gentleman will now, perhaps, proceed with his statement.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. A few days previous to the recent election, the good old town of Rotton was filled by an immense concourse of people, and one night—a very dark and favourable night—Theophilus M'Squinney, who had since absconded, hired a house in Leapfrog Court, which had recently been a butcher's shop, having a slaughter-house at the back, opening into Lambkin's Mews. Down this Mews the sheep and cattle used to be driven, and so into the back premises of this house,

where they were slaughtered and dressed, before being carried off to be hung up for show in the market.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. Is this the question?

Mr. Serjeant Battledore would come to that immediately. This M'Squinney was the agent of the sitting member, Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. He was the agent of Mr. Yellowboys for the sale of corn and other land produce.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore And other land-produce, no doubt—not only corn and grass, but the flesh that was made from them. All this he was prepared to prove, and requested his learned friend would not again interrupt him. M'Squinney hired the house in his own name, and for the space of one month only, let that be observed; but was obliged to pay for it in advance, which he did with a cheque signed by Mr. Yellowboys. In this house, M'Squinney appropriated the ground-floor as a general receiving place for voters. Two rooms were thrown into one, and fitted up with tables and benches, and the floor sanded like the coffee room of a country inn. A bar-window was made by a rough hole knocked into the kitchen, and through this, hot joints, and stakes, and stews, and pies, and vegetables, and ale, and pipes, and bread and cheese, and brandy, and gin, and slices of cold plum-pudding, were served continually. The electors called for what they liked; and when a man was asked to pay, he put his thumb up to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and shut one eye. This was considered as payment. Here the question of voting was discussed; two men, who were among the abducted witnesses, being always present, who led the conversation in that direction, and who made special report to Mr. M'Squinney in the upper floor —the "sweet little cherub who sat up aloft," as he was called—as soon as any voter was ripe. This lower room, after a few days, when its office became generally understood, was commonly designated as the "sifting-room" by the townspeople, and the "winnowing-room" by the country party. (*Laughter*).

The Hon. Chairman What is the meaning of the term "winnowing?"

The learned gentleman explained that it was the separation of the corn from the chaff by means of a fanning wind. (*Renewed laughter.*) A good vote was corn, but there were many who came to enjoy themselves who were either unqualified as electors, or who came for equivocal purposes—in fact, there was a great deal of chaffing. But plenty of "business" was done, notwithstanding. As soon, then, as one of the very pleasant gentlemen who acted as a sort of examining master below, had found a voter to be good corn—or if that expression be displeasing to his learned friend, would say as soon as the pear was ripe enough to fall, being probably somewhat mellow, if not sleepy, by reason of the ale and punch he had drunk, one of the facetious personages just described would propose to show him up-stairs, and introduce him to a gentleman from whom he would hear of something to his advantage. The mellow pear, aforesaid, was then taken up to the floor above, and in the front room he found Mr. M'Squinney seated at a table and writing-desk, with a tumbler of water on one side of him, and a prayer-book on the other. This gentleman usually began his little ceremony by asking the other to hold up as many fingers as his vote was worth. Most of the voters held up ten fingers, but were informed that one hand only was to be used. Five, therefore, were held up. The man was then asked who he meant to vote for; and Mr. M'Squinney usually held up the prayer-book as he asked this question, with one eye fixed on the ceiling, and the other on the voter. His eyes had a special faculty for doing this. As soon as the voter had pronounced the name of Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys, he was told to walk into the back room. On his doing so, the door was immediately closed, and he found himself alone in a room, with a small table before him, on which was a sheet of foolscap, with his name written upon it at full length, and five sovereigns placed upon it. Having pocketed the gold, the voter found the door he entered by was locked, but another door was open, over which was written, "The way down." This led, by a narrow passage, to a back flight of stairs, very dark, very dismal, and very much like the way "down;" and these he had to descend until he arrived at a door in the lower regions, which opened by pushing, and the voter then found himself in Lambkin's Mews. The door closed behind him with a secret spring, and could not be opened from the outside. It had formerly been a side entrance to the slaughter-house, through which the sheep were driven. Under all these circumstances, Mr. Serjeant Battledore considered that the votes obtained by Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys in the late elections were void and thrown away. Sir John Fairfield was entitled to the seat.

The Hon Chairman said all this was so far so bad, in respect of a system of secret bribery and corruption. The thing for the learned counsel to do now, was to prove a special case.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. And then to prove Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys implicated in that case, if such a thing be possible.

Peter Bothmore was now called and examined. Deposed to having been engaged to play a trombone in front of the "Glorious Constitution" public-house. Was one of a band that played there all day long. The yellow party held out at that inn. Meant by "holding out" that they eat and drank there. Also that they made speeches there, and sang songs. Also that nobody paid for anything as was had—it was all gracious-like

Also that many men, and women, too, got drunk there every day of the election. Well, he supposes they were drunk, because some of them could not speak plain, nor see very well, nor walk neither, nor stand steady a moment. Has seen several carried home in wheelbarrows, and once on a window-shutter. Was engaged to play the trombone by Mr. M'Squinney.

By Mr. Serjeant Pike. The wheelbarrows were not little road or railway-barrows, but deep garden-barrows. The voter as was sent home in that way, sank down in the barrow with his chin resting on his breast. He was usually followed by boys shouting, and some of them waved little yellow flags, and blew penny trumpets. Has seen women carried off in this way. Has seen this twice. Once saw a man and his wife carried home at the same time. They had two wheelbarrows, which were wheeled away side by side. It was called a "family party." The woman had a child in her arms about three years old. Thinks the child was drunk too, as it screamed all the way, and had a face like the scarlet fever.

Jacob Spoonbill. Was also one of the band. Played the clarionet. Was engaged by Mr. M'Squinney. Knew Peter Bothmore. Had good reason, because Bothmore did not know a note of music, and played any bass he had a mind to. He, Spoonbill, had complained to Mr. M'Squinney, who said it did not matter a rap, so as he played loud enough, and told him (witness) to mind his own business, and he would pay the piper. Has seen men, women, and children come out of the "Glorious Constitution" quite drunk. Has seen them carried off in wheelbarrows and market-carts; such carts as bring calves and pigs to market. Heard a voter say, as he came out one day, as how he'd vote for the devil if he paid him like a gentleman.

Philip Smith. Is a journeyman shoemaker. Often stood in front of the "Glorious Constitution" to see the game as was going on. Saw Mr. Yellowboys drive up to the door, one day, in an open carriage with four white horses. Knows Mr. Yellowboys. He has a large blue-bottle nose, small bright eyes, sandy hair, oiled and curled, and very much like an uncommon handsome wig, large white teeth, dresses very plain and loose, in a brown frock-coat and large light waistcoat, with a big diamond shirt-pin, and wears very indifferent-made boots, for such a gentleman. Mr. Yellowboys did not go into the "Glorious Constitution" the day witness saw him, but stood up in his carriage in front of the house, and drank a pot of beer as was handed up to him by a voter, bowing all round, while everybody in the inn and all outside cheered him, and cried "Yellowboys for ever!"—and he still a-bowing and a-smiling all round, and a-laying his hand upon his heart as he was druv away, amidst the cheering and the band playing. Saw Mr. M'Squinney up at a open window, grinning and looking so uncommon pleased. Heard one of the voters call him a Cheshire cat.

William Plumworth. Keeps a shop in the sweet business. Means that he sells rock, and toffee, and bull's eyes, and all-sorts, and such like. Did not know where Lambkin's Mews was. Knew the house in Leapfrog Court. Had once been in it, as far as the passage, but were never into the sifting-room. Thought it was called the sifting-room because cinders were sifted there. Has seen Mr. M'Squinney once or twice. Never received any money from him. Never had money about him, except a few halfpence. The sweet business were not so good as it used to be, and were specially bad in election times. At all events, people didn't care for his sugar-plums at such times. Went somewhere else for them, he supposed. Never wrote a note to Mr. Yellowboys, saying he had a wife dying of the measles, and seven small children, most of them still in arms. Is a tea-totaller.

By Mr. Serjeant Pike. Did not recollect receiving a present of a hundred-weight of loaf sugar and a box of Jordan almonds, the day before the election. Had no idea at all who they came from, if he did. Thought the sifting-room was used for sifting cinders, because he saw Mark Miles, the sweep and dust-contractor, go in there one Saturday evening. Never drank dog's-nose in the sifting-room. Has heard that dog's-nose was made of gin and porter, but never drunk any. Made him sick to think on it. Always took tea with his dinner. Had spent sixpence or sevenpence during the election. Spent it in medicine for his wife. Does not know what medicine. It were not in pills; it were a draught.

Thomas Pavit, greengrocer, of Leapfrog Street, deposed that Plumworth, the last witness, told him, on the first day of the election, that his wife had tumbled over a door-scraper and hurt her knee, and that Mr. M'Squinney had sent him a little lump-sugar, as were very good for it (*laughter*). Plumworth had also written to Mr. Yellowboys, to tell him of his domestic afflictions, and had received, next day, three sovereigns from M'Squinney, who said it was to put his dear wife upon her legs again. Advised witness to put *his* dear wife upon *her* legs, and lose no time. Witness told him he had no wife, but Plumworth said what did that signify? Went with Plumworth to the "Glorious Constitution." Plumworth treated him to ham and beef, very freely, and also treated several others to hot sausages and grub, and whatever they liked. Said, expense was no object; he could have as much gold as he liked for his votes. Went with Plumworth, on the second day of the election, to the house in Leapfrog Street. Plumworth's wife and a child of three year old came there to them. They all drank dog's-nose, child and all. Plumworth and his wife each drunk three pints of it, and more. The child sucked it up through a straw. Plumworth was asked to sing a song.

It was the "Death of Abercrombie," but he could get no further than "his last wound," he was so unkimmon drunk. The three was druv home in wheelbarrows. They was called the "family party." Mr. M'Squinney met the first barrow as it was a-going round the corner, and said, "Steady, coachman!" Plumworth owned three small houses in Prospect Lane.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore (to the last witness). When Plumworth said he could have as much gold as he liked for his votes, you, of course, asked him from whom it was to come. What answer did he make?

Mr. Serjeant Racket. As counsel for the sitting member, I decidedly object to this question.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. I must infer that my learned friend's reason for objecting is, because the sitting member would be named.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. You may infer whatever you please, as a matter of private amusement; but you have no legal right to put the question.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. What possible amusement does the learned gentleman suppose I can derive from hearing the dulcet sound of Yellowboys, from the lips of Pavit, as the echo of Plumworth?

Mr. Serjeant Racket (with great solemnity). I protest against the name of any nobleman or gentleman being mentioned in this case, and I contend that such a question should not be put to the witness.

The Hon. Chairman. It seems to me that the answer of this witness to the question as to who furnished the money for the votes, would settle the whole matter at once.

The Committee, after a long discussion, arrived at the conclusion that, inasmuch as a reply from the last witness to this question would, in all probability, put an end to the proceedings in a summary and satisfactory manner, contrary to all precedent in committees and courts of law, such question should on no account be put.

This decision was followed by some murmurs, and ejaculations of indignation and surprise.

The Hon. Chairman. Suppress that vulgar and indecent interruption.

James Podgers, printer and news-agent, and part proprietor of the Rotton "Weekly Illuminator and Nor'-West Advertiser." Knew Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys by sight only. Was acquainted with Mr. M'Squinney, slightly. Knew the "Glorious Constitution" public-house, of course, as an inhabitant. Had his beer from it, like others. Had seen the house, No. 17, in Leapfrog Street. Knew it, as he knew Nos. 18 and 19, as a matter of eyesight. Had seen gold in the hands of voters who were not used to have much gold pass through their hands, except on market-days, when they spent it freely enough. Was a voter himself. Had voted for Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys, on principle.

By the Committee. Was a married man. His age was thirty-six, or thereabouts. Had a small field at the back of his printing-office. No garden. Kept a cow. Was subject to the toothache. Witness was—not the cow. Went to the Established Church on Sundays sometimes. Was not a bookseller. Had never been an exciseman.

By Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Had generally voted with the yellow party of Rotton. Not always. Could not recollect when he had not, nor why. Was aware that money was really sometimes given for votes in that borough, but had never happened to see any instance of it. Never received any bribe himself for his vote. Would not demean himself to such a thing. Was acquainted with Mr. M'Squinney. Had known him for years; was, in fact, a friend. Considered him a very respectable man. Had smoked a pipe with him at the "Glorious Constitution" during the election. Had smoked two. Thought he might have smoked three. Had not counted them. Hoped there was no harm in it if he had smoked half a dozen, during election time. Could not swear that he had not smoked a dozen and a half with Mr. M'Squinney during election time; but is quite prepared to say that it was not at one sitting. Did once smoke half a pipe of mild tobacco at No. 17, Leapfrog Street. Heard people talk about voting and so forth—all quite natural at election time. Never drank any dog's nose; though he once had been induced to partake of a tumbler of negus. Forgets who it was with. It might have been with Mr. M'Squinney. Had always considered him a very respectable man. Did not know what business Mr. M'Squinney followed. Believes he had once been a dealer in sheep-skins. Thought he had also been an upholsterer—means a broker—sold second-hand furniture. Never knew if he had been a pork-butcher, but had heard that he used to furnish pork of various kinds for Mr. Yellowboys (*laughter*). Meant legs and loins, not whole carcases, except at election time (*loud laughter*). Mr. Yellowboys kept a good table, and had many friends. Witness never received a single guinea for his vote from anybody, nor *more* than a *single* guinea. Had done a little printing for Mr. M'Squinney. It related to election matters for Mr. Yellowboys—handbills, placards, squibs; quite the usual sort of things. Was never paid over and above his bill except the odd shillings. Furnished the "Weekly Illuminator and Nor'-West Advertiser" to Mr. Yellowboys. It contained all the local news, all about the elections, of course—speeches and so on. The general circulation of the paper was fifteen hundred, and about two thousand five hundred at election times. Never was in Lambkin's Mews. Knew there was such a place. Had seen lambs and cattle driven down to be slaughtered there somewhere; but this was before Mr. M'Squinney had anything to do with No. 17. Does not know exactly what he

had to do with the house. Furnished copies of the "Weekly Illuminator" to Mr. Yellowboys during the election. The number was about a thousand. The order was larger; the number ordered was ten thousand copies. Witness could not furnish so many. Was told to make out his bill. Does not understand the question.

Mr. Serjeant Racket (*in a most impressive manner*). I object to this question about the bill. It is inquisitorial to ask a tradesman how he makes out his bill.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. But I have a right to ask if he is paid for ten thousand copies, when he only furnishes one thousand.

Mr Serjeant Racket. I object to the question as inquisitorial, and touching upon the liberty of the subject. The witness could not furnish the ten thousand copies all at once.

By the Committee. Witness said he could not furnish more than one thousand copies to begin with, and had been paid for the other nine thousand in advance. That was all.

Jacob Tolly. Is a cutler and whitesmith. Deposed to having furnished twelve dozen of knives and forks to Mr M'Squinney, all of which were taken to No. 17, Leapfrog Street. Saw voters constantly going in and out there. Once saw a cold round of beef go in. Often saw things go in. A market-cart called at the door every morning, he believed, with butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, and greens. Has seen such a cart two or three times while passing. Saw turnips and carrots and a side of bacon handed in one morning.

By Mr. Serjeant Pike. The knives and forks were paid for by M'Squinney, with a cheque signed by Mr. Yellowboys. Witness also sent some razors to Mr. Yellowboys. Sent a good many, as Mr. Yellowboys said he wished to shave particularly well at election time (*a laugh*), and had no objection to pay for it. Sent home two dozen razors to him, also a dozen oyster-knives, and seventeen corkscrews.

Mary Dean. A cook—an occasional cook, as to going out—is a regular cook by eddication these forty years. Deposed to having gone out a-cooking to Mr. M'Squinney's house, at No. 17, Leapfrog Street, and a precious time she had of it, she'd warrant. Never knew what it was to have the clothes off her back for three or four days and nights together, much as she needed it in that little, hot, stived-up place, not fit to be called a kitchen. It ought to have been ten times as big for the number she had to cook for, by good rights. Was called upon to roast and boil meat and vegetables, and fry and stew, and bake pork-pies and mutton-pies, and broil bacon, and cut sandwiches, and not forgetting cold joints when wanted, she'd warrant you—and all this in such a poking corner, with only one kitchen-maid, who didn't know her business, to help her, and two girls as dipped their fingers into everything, with no proper kitchen things and no scullery. To do all as she was required, she ought to have had a long range—no, her name was *not* "Warner," but "Dean"—"Mary Dean;" she didn't like no jokes in sich a business. She ought to have had a very long range to admit of so many saucepans and stewpans, and likewise for roasting, and broiling and frying, and likewise a good-sized oven and boiler; but there was very little, if any, of all this; the place was never intended for it; nor no good scullery to set down saucepans and things before dishing up. There was only a common kitchen range, with not half enough of anything, and a little bit of a wash-us to use as a scullery, where you couldn't swing a cat.

By the Committee. Witness had to cook a dinner for a hordinary three times a day—at one o'clock—at two o'clock—and another at three. Could any christian woman do this, and keep herself cool and steady-like? Not to speak of cold joints and things; and then at nine o'clock there was a hot supper, as went on till midnight and more. Witness would like to ha' put any gentleman of the Committee in her place, and then see what *he* could do. Had no blessed moment to take her breath, and shake out her feathers.

By Mr Serjeant Pike. Was well paid for all this; wouldn't deny that; the money was not stinted. Had a guinea a day, and more. Don't just exactly recollect how much more. Might have been two guineas. Was sure it was not three guineas. Was allowed perquisites of fat and stuff—in course. Made something by that, all in the usual way. M'Squinney paid her. Had seen Mr. Yellowboys many's the good time. He *was* a gentleman, and Heaven bless him, say I—a greater gentleman than ever *you* will be. Witness had been a widow woman any time these ten years. Never said Sir John [illegible]-held was a goose.

Hezekiah Doler, a jobbing tailor. Preached sometimes in a private meeting-house. The house belonged to John Vick, the tinman. Knew nothing whatsomever of any of these here things. His thoughts were far away. Was a fearful man. Meant he feared the Heaven of Heavens, and eschewed the works of man and all his sins and manifolds. When he did not preach at meeting, gave out the hymn and led off; but not always. Sometimes held a candle for him as did lead.

By Mr. Serjeant Pike. Witness knew Mr. M'Squinney by sight. Had spoken to him a few times. Had received money from him for mending a pair of smalls. Thinks it was ten shillings or fifteen shillings. Does not remember finding a sovereign in one of the side pockets. Is sure he never returned Mr. M'Squinney a sovereign. Had a glass of weak gin-and-water one day at the "Glorious Constitution." Saw Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys there a-shaking hands all round, and treating people. Saw him with money in his hand before he shook hands with some on 'em.

Did not see the money in his hand afterwards. Had been called up one night out of his bed to go and pray by a sick fellow-creatur. Had lost his way with the man who took him, the night being so dark. Was so frightened he almost lost his senses. When he recovered his wits, he found himself sitting in the back workshop of John Vick, the tinman, all along with new saucepans and bright tin shavings, with one shoe lost, and a glass of weak gin-and-water in his hand. Felt very ill and confused. Was unable to leave the house for a few days—six or seven days—perhaps longer. Always kept in the back workshop. Lived very well all the time. Was afflicted in his mind at the ways of men. John Vick did all he could to keep up his spirits. Asked him if he shouldn't like to be a tinman. Often had fowls for dinner, with a little gin-and-water after—he felt so partickler weak. Does not know what an "abducted witness" means. Knows what kidnapping is—it means to steal a babe unborn, or such like.

William Hook, officer of the House of Commons. Said that having got a clue to the retreat of Hezekiah Doler, one of the abducted witnesses, had gone to the house of John Vick, the tinman, and apprehended Doler in the back workshop. It was a little off-shop behind the principal work-place. Doler was lying underneath a tinman's bench, half-covered over with bits of old carpet, a broken hamper, and some tin shavings. He pretended to be asleep. A broken pipe, and a tumbler with the leg off, were lying on the floor, close by.

Peter Leak. Kept a chandler's shop. Voted for Mr. Yellowboys. Recollects pledging a gold ring for two guineas. Came honestly by it. Mr. Yellowboys gave it to him. Does not know what for; only because he was a good fellow. Often dined at the one o'clock "hordinary," at 17, Leapfrog Street, and had supper there too. Hoped there was no harm in that. Saw John Vick the tinman, there one evening a-talking politics with three others who listened. Vick was a good horator. About ten o'clock Mr. Yellowboys came in, folded up in a large cloak and comforter. Mr. Yellowboys took Vick up into one corner, and pulled out a long purse, very heavy, seemingly. Heard him say to Vick, "You're a sensible man, and you know the world, and I've a great regard for you, and I'm sure I may rely upon you in all respects, and I am very much obliged to you for your votes and those you've got me, and all you've done besides; and how's trade?—saucepans looking up?—and how's all your dear children, and your wife, and her mother? and will you allow me to beg your acceptance of twenty sovereigns?" Heard Vick say "Yes," and saw him pocket the tin. (*Loud laughter.*)

William Hook, officer of the House of Commons. Had not yet been able to apprehend John Vick, who was a difficult subject; but had sent messengers in various directions. Had apprehended yesterday the woman in whose house he had hidden himself when he first absconded—one Jane Higginbottom. Had found her crouched down in a copper in the wash-house; with damp clothes laid over her, and the lid laid on loosely.

The Hon. Chairman. Call in Jane Higginbottom.

This witness came in trembling very much, and making courtesies at every step.

Jane Higginbottom. Sells tripe and lets lodgings. Is a widow. Knows John Vick; has good reason. Wishes she had never seen him. Came to her house late one night, and took her first-floor. Said the rent was no object. Paid her a week in advance, and gave her money for coals and candle, and the tripe he had for supper. Saw lots of gold in his hand while he was looking out the shillings and sixpences. Remarked that it was a blessed thing to be rich. Vick said, "Yes it was, perviso there was peace of mind with it like his." Told her he had got a prize in the lottery. Said he was anxious to live very secluded and undisturbed for a few days to make his calculations for the next lottery. Promised to get her grandson into the Blue-coat School. Never went outside the door while he was in her house. Said the fresh air was bad for his complaint. Found out his name was not "George Fox," but John Vick, by reason of a letter that came in the latter name, and she was a-sending the post away, when he called out from the top of the stairs how it was for him. Promised to be the very making of her if she was only discreet and kept silent, and minded her eye. Knows Mr. M'Squinney, who called several times—a nice gentleman—and Mr. Yellowboys, too—both very nice gentlemen, specially Mr. Yellowboys. Knew he was a member of the Government. Began to think Vick was also a sort of Parliament man. But one morning she was woke out of a sweet sleep at four or five o'clock, when it was just day-break, and raining hard, by Dick Spelt, the donkey-keeper, a-throwing up gravel and dirt at John Vick's window. John Vick opened his window, and looking out, when Dick Spelt calls up to him in a whisper, "The Speaker's a-coming arter you. Mr. M'Squinney says you must come away along a-me, di-reckly!" So down scampered John Vick in his shirt, with some more decent clothes under his arm, and opened the front door, and began to dress a little in the passage. "Then I, all in a fright, and not knowing but I had harboured a murderer, and should get took up myself for burglary and sacrifice, huddled on some clothes, and ran down calling out, "Mind, I've nothing to do with you, Mr. Vick; if you've sold the country to Mr. Yellowboys, keep me clear—that's all." Just when Vick had got into the donkey-cart, and was a-pulling up his stockings, who should come gallopping to the door but Mr. M'Squinney!

"Now, my good dear woman," says he, "be advised, and get out of the way for a day or two, as there's a lawsuit at stake upon the winner of the election races, and no harm will happen to you, if the jockey does not see you." "The jockey!" says I; "what jockey?" "The Speaker," says he. "Oh, what is all this to me?" says I, "a poor innocent woman!" But before I knew where I was, Dick Spelt and Mr. Vick hurried me into the donkey-cart, with money put into my hand, and the silver all dropping about over the wheels and into the straw, and my cloak was hustled over my head, to keep off the rain; and Mr. Vick pulled me to sit on his knee, as there was no room for three on the seat; and away went the donkey clappering over the stones, and round the first corner, and off into the green lanes. John Vick then got up and jumped out, and I seed him scramble up a bank and get through a hedge, and run across a turnip-field on t'other side. I wanted to get out and follow after him, thinking he was a good judge of what was safest, and I didn't like to be left to be caught; but Dick Spelt lashed on the donkey so suddenly, that I tumbled back'ards into the straw behind, and lost my senses. When I came to, I saw I was sitting in a little cottage on the road-side, and a gentleman standing in front of me a stirring a hot cup of tea. "Drink this, my good woman," says he, "and make your mind easy, and put on your shawl and clothes a little better, and then we'll take a little quiet drive home together." This was the officer as brought me here—the Speaker—who wanted to catch John Vick, and took an innocent widow woman in mistake of him, so please your Worships." Does not know how she got into the copper where the officer says he found her.

The Hon. Chairman. Jane Higginbottom, you may retire. [The witness retired, stepping backward, with a courtesy at every step.]

Richard Spelt. Lets out donkeys. Deposed to having carried off John Vick and Jane Higginbottom on the morning in question, for a little country air. Had been engaged to do so by Mr. M'Squinney, who had given him thirty shillings and a new hat for the job; and told him, if he did it well, and kept it all secret, Mr. Yellowboys would perhaps get him a commission in the Horse Guards. Had intended to put a brown cob in the cart 'stead of a donkey; but Mr. M'Squinney suddenly came, and took it away for himself. Had never seen him nor the cob since. Hoped to gracious goodness he should, though. Was a hard-working man, with a large family. Had a wife and six donkeys to keep. Does not know why he was apprehended for doing his ordinary work. The Parliament gentlemen was nothing to him, nor the Speaker neither, 'cept as they had a call for donkeys.

The Hon. Chairman. Has no intelligence been yet obtained of M'Squinney?

William Hook. None whatever, at present; nor of John Vick.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. The evidence already obtained from most of the witnesses, is so clear and conclusive, that I think no doubt can exist in the mind of any one who has heard such evidence, of the fact of bribery and corruption having been used, in order to obtain the election of the successful candidate, Mr. Plumptree Yellowboys.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. By whom has bribery and corruption been used? By the witnesses just examined?

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. By some of them.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. Then, prove it by other witnesses against them, and punish them.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Chiefly by M'Squinney, the agent of Mr. Yellowboys, and, so deeply is M'Squinney implicated, that he may be said to be the chief party who is legally responsible for the whole affair.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. Then, make him responsible.

The Hon. Chairman. But we can't get hold of him! (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Serjeant Racket. You cannot, therefore, take any proceedings in that direction.

An Officer here entered the Committee Room, and announced that M'Squinney had been found, and was now in waiting outside. Order was given for him to be brought in.

The Witness entered with a grave countenance and a respectful bow. His face and hands had evidently not been washed for some days, and his clothes were covered with small grey and blue feathers and white down. His face looked feverish, though he evidently made a firm effort to keep himself calm and collected.

Thomas Day, the officer. Had traced M'Squinney to a farm-house belonging to one of the tenants of Mr. Yellowboys. Had searched the house for him in vain, and the yard, and barns, and pigstyes. Had found him at last up in a pigeon-house. M'Squinney had got up there by a ladder, and then had the ladder carried away. He had a fishing line with him, by means of which he hauled up his supplies of food. He had been there two days and nights. M'Squinney was very polite when he was got down, and said he was not sorry he was took, as he had been driven half frantic by the fleas up there.

By Mr. Serjeant Pike. Did not know where John Vick was, nor anything about his intentions. Had not heard that he was gone for a trip to New York. It was possible, not improbable. These persecutions made men do foolish things.

[Mr. M'Squinney is now examined.]

By Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Was the agent of Mr Plumtree Yellowboys. Had been his agent for the purchase of furniture, and had done various things for him. Took the house at No. 17, Leapfrog Street during election

time. Did so to invite his *own* friends and connections, wishing them to vote for Mr. Yellowboys. Took an interest in the election, as was natural at such a time; and took an interest in Mr. Yellowboys, as was natural, too. Was indebted to that gentleman for various acts of kindness. Could name several.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. You are not obliged to answer anything that will involve you in legal consequences.

The Hon. Chairman. Pray be careful.

By the Committee. Witness could name several acts of kindness received from Mr. Yellowboys. Had once made him a present of a pound of snuff. One Christmas he sent him a hamper full of things, fowls and a turkey, with a Yorkshire ham. When his wife lay ill, Mr. Yellowboys had sent his own physician to her, and witness appealed to every family man if that was not enough to attach him to so kind a patron.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. You took the house in Leapfrog Street in order to treat voters, and engage their votes for Mr. Yellowboys.

Witness Did I?

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. You treated voters also at the "Glorious Constitution," and gave them money there, and at Leapfrog Street, for the same purpose.

Witness. Did I?

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Did you *not?*

Mr Serjeant Racket. I object to this form of putting the question. The witness must not be entrapped into such an admission.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. I will answer for you. You did both, as several witnesses have already most fully attested. Now tell me, what was the average price of a vote?

Witness I do not know that Mr Yellowboys, or Sir John Fairfield, had any set price for votes. They both gave money to treat people, as usual at elections—particularly country voters, who come from a distance, and ought not to be put to expense on such an occasion.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Do you know that Sir John Fairfield had any price at all, or that he gave money at all for votes?

Witness. I certainly do not. He might.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Do you know that Mr. Yellowboys had any average price, or that he gave money at all for votes?

Witness. He might have done so.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Don't you know very well that he did so?

No answer.

Mr. Serjeant Racket. You are not obliged to answer that question.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Why is this witness brought before the Committee?

Mr. Serjeant Racket. To answer any questions, within the rule of law.

The Hon. Chairman. Any questions, in fact, such as will criminate himself.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Did not Mr. Yellowboys expend twenty thousand pounds, and upwards, in canvassing, contesting, treating, making presents, and so forth, during the election?

Witness. I believe he did. He was very free and generous. Very liberal—with his money, I mean.

Mr. Serjeant Battledore. Did not a great part of these twenty thousand pounds pass through your hands?

Mr. Serjeant Racket. I decidedly object to that question.

The Hon. Chairman. This would probably settle the point as to bribery and corruption, but then it would inculpate the witness, I fear.

A long discussion here took place, at the conclusion of which, Mr. Serjeant Racket declared that it was evident no further examination of M'Squinney, on the point of money, could take place without his being made to involve himself in legal consequences; therefore the rule of law was, that he should not be examined any more.

A fresh discussion took place on this point; at the close of which, the Committee decided that this witness could not be examined any further on the question of money.

The Hon. Chairman. Mr. M'Squinney, you may retire.

The Speaker was here announced to be at prayers, and the Committee adjourned.

We copy the following paragraph from the Rotton "Weekly Illuminator and Nor'-West Advertiser:"—

"Yesterday presented one of those scenes for which this borough is celebrated, but one which on the present occasion far exceeded all its predecessors in brilliancy and triumphant rejoicing. The town had been in a ferment all the morning, from an early hour. Every inn, public house, gin-shop, and beer shop was crowded, and so were the streets. At half past one P.M., the splendid barouche of Mr. Plumtree Yellowboys, drawn by four milk white horses, highly caparisoned, and the postilions with blue silk jackets and white satin rosettes, came slowly down the main street. Mr. Yellowboys, attended by Mr M'Squinney and two ladies most elegantly attired, stood up in the middle of the carriage, and bowed from side to side as he passed. All windows were open and crowded, bouquets were thrown into the carriage, from many fair hands, and shouts rent the air from the whole town, so frequently as only to enable us to hear the band who walked in front, coming in at intervals with a few bars of 'See the Conquering Hero comes!'

"The festivities of the day were most amusingly concluded by the summary punishment of Robert Forth, the old schoolmaster of a neighbouring village. He had got upon a wall near the market-place, and actually had the unparalleled mendacity to denounce the Successful Candidate for bribery and corruption; whereupon a number of the justly indignant electors of Rotton pulled him headlong from the wall, and dragging him to the great pump in Peter Street, gave him a

good half hour's drenching, to the infinite merriment of all the inhabitants. At night, Sir John Fairfield was burnt in effigy amidst a large bonfire made in a meadow just outside the town.

LONDON MUSICAL CLUBS.

Mr. Lavrock was an old bachelor, dry and reserved, until you mounted him on his hobby. He lived in Gerrard Street, Soho, played the tenor fiddle, attended two notorious quartette clubs in the neighbourhood, and was personally known to most London musical men. He was a member of the Philharmonic, of the Sacred Harmonic Society, of the Madrigal Society, of the Catch Club, of the Melodists' Club, of the Glee Club, of the Round Catch and Canon Club, to a dinner of which last he had invited me. We were in a spacious well-furnished apartment in his house, half-library, half-dining-room, leading into a smaller dressing-room, to which Mr. Lavrock retreated to arrange his cravat and hat, dust his boots, and assume his walking-cane and gloves. A bust of Handel dominated the book-case; a portrait of Samuel Webbe, the celebrated glee-writer, surmounted the fire-place; and two violins in their cases lay upon the oak shelves of a "what-not," ensconced on three sides by music racks and large tomes of printed and manuscript compositions. Mr. Lavrock came out properly disposed, and, taking my arm, proceeded in his talk as we walked to our destination at the Freemasons Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, London.

"The club, my dear Sir, to which we are bound," said the old gentleman, "pursues the old English custom of crowning its avocations with the social festivities of the dinner-table. The charities, the guilds or companies, the professions, the authorities of our Great Metropolis, do nothing creditably without public dinners. The Ministers enjoy the clatter of plates at their Whitebait anniversaries. The people welcome their favourite orators at their favourite dining taverns. The Mansion House convivialities are, to the citizens, the landmarks of the year's progress. Under the sacred mahogany tree assemble the Sewers, Navigation, Bridge Approaches, Irish Estates, Paving and Lighting, and Drainage Committees. Lawyers congratulate the new Judge at the Albion; Doctors hold their mystic banquets at the Thatched House. The Literary Fund refreshes itself at the Freemasons Tavern; while the Royal Academy feasts its patrons in state in "the premises" at Trafalgar Square. So, in its humble fashion, does our Musical Club invigorate its energies and purpose by a series of dinners. Our members are professional and non-professional, and we all pay for admission, to preserve that proper equality which can alone sustain such meetings. The season subscription for professionals is three guineas; for non-professionals five guineas. Our season commences with well-brewed beer in October, and ends with oysters in March or April.

"There are two-and-thirty members: our officers are a Chancellor of the Exchequer (actually our Treasurer), a Librarian (who keeps our music), and a Clerk of the Records, who notes the attendance, &c., of members, and the performances of the Society. The dinners are plain: soup, fish, and joints, one pint of sherry or port, for each member—such being included in our subscription. He who drinks more, pays more. But you will best appreciate our arrangements, when you have tasted our hospitality.

"We do not arrogate to ourselves," musingly, resumed Mr. Lavrock, who had been interrupted by an appeal from a crossing-sweeper, "we do not arrogate to ourselves a very respectable age; we are but some ten or twelve years old; but we flatter ourselves with our precocity; and some of our members cry up our superiority above all the other musical clubs in town. There's the Madrigal Society, born 1771, begotten by a reduced attorney, a Mr. John Immyns, who maintained himself as amanuensis to Dr. Pepusch, and copyist to the Society. 'He sought,' says an intelligent writer in Mr. Charles Knight's 'London,' 'for disciples at the loom and in the workshop. They met at the Twelve Bells in Bride Lane; and their expenses for music, books, paper, and refreshments, were all defrayed by a quarterly subscription of five shillings. Their performance of the glorious madrigals written a century or so previously, attracted all the first musical men of the day; and on their books appear the names of Dr. Arne, Sir J. Hawkins, Drs. Cooke and Calcott.'

"There's the Catch Club, founded on the pleasant evenings of Purcell, Eccles, and W[illegible], and other *viveurs* in King Charles the Second's time, where, if any member between the sittings of the Club come to a fortune or wife, he makes the members share in his good luck, by paying a fine into the common treasury. There's the Glee Club, too, which came into existence in 1787, under the auspices of Samuel Webbe, whose portrait adorns my rooms. This Samuel Webbe, let me tell you, was a truly great man, in reversing his own destiny; he was originally apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, but he abjured the trade and clave to Polyhymnia; self educated, a German, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin scholar, he danced, fenced, and wrote prize glees with the same elegance and character."

We arrived at the Freemasons Tavern. The gentleman who sits in the hall chair pulled open the door and shouted out, "Show the Clarence!" and we were ushered up-stairs to the dining-room bearing that distinguished appellation. The room was well lighted with wax candles ("much pleasanter to the eye and head than gas," whispered Mr. Lavrock). Most of the members were arrived; there was the usual recognition, congratulation,

profound commentary on the state of the weather and the wind's quarter, followed by anticipations of a pleasant evening.

I observed that Mr. Lavrock was received with a respect and deference, which he accepted with a quiet ease and self possession, indicating a desert of such homage. His seat was at the upper end of the room, within two of the chair of the President or Speaker. Gradually all the seats were occupied, and, at half-past five precisely, the Speaker for the evening took his chair. All rose, and a grace was chanted; the attendance of professional members was full, and the Sanctification one of Dr. Greene's. So solemnly and gracefully was the service sung, that I felt moved beyond degree; none of the noise, chatter, or indifference of a public dinner-table was there, and it seemed to me a very pleasant earnest way of fore-hallowing a meal. Before each was a pint decanter of wine, and, after the first courses of soups and fish, (the carrot soup is to be commended here) a general health-drinking ensued, friendly and familiarly performed.

"Our dinners are very plain, sir," said a cheery-voiced neighbour on my right hand, "but we are renowned for our boiled beef, Irish stew, and beefsteak pudding. Till they arrive, the pleasure of a glass of wine?" I bowed —and my neighbour, Mr. ——, the great music publisher, of Regent Street, continued, "Haunch of mutton at the Thatched House; black puddings at the Piazza; Irish stew at the Cheshire Cheese, are also three celebrities, which to my fancy rank equally high."

Of course, after this gentleman's suggestion, I made my dinner off beefsteak pudding, and am bound to say that Mr. Cuff's cook well deserves his reputation.

The thanksgiving, "*Non nobis*," closed the meal; as fine a canon as ever was written, and of which the Italians at various times tried to despoil us.

The Chairman, or Speaker, after proposing "The Health of the Queen," presently announced the first glee of the evening—old Webbe's glorious "Come thou Monarch of the Vine." The words are those of Shakspeare's song before Cæsar Augustus, Lepidus, Pompey, and Marc Antony, in the revel scene of "Antony and Cleopatra." The members sang it nobly: they fulfilled Enobarbus's prologue—"The holding every man shall bear, as loud as his strong sides can volley." Anon came the "Prince Consort and the Royal Family," succeeded by Dr. Calcott's tender and earnest harmony to Southey's words from Kehama, "Thou art beautiful, Queen of the Valley." The counter-tenor (the voice which bears the strain of the glee) on this occasion was one of the most delicate and perfectly controlled voices I have ever heard—"a mellifluous voice, as I am true knight." The next toast deserved the heartiness with which it was received; and I know I drank to it in thorough sincerity—"Prosperity to the Round Catch and Canon Club." Afterwards came a harmonised version of the merry trolling song of Amiens, "Under the greenwood Tree," which Jaques so fantastically commends—"O, I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." I regret my inability to commend the next part of the entertainment; such an opportunity to some men is the cream of enjoyment: but for myself, I would at any time as soon be pilloried as be called upon to make a speech; and, to my horror, I found myself specially named to return thanks for "the visitors." I leapt into the gulf, like Curtius. I could but thank the Club, I said, in the name of the company, for their "sweet voices;" and I thought we must needs ask for more, as we had enjoyed what they had already given us: it was better for us to hear them sing, than for them to hear us talk, and so I would at once be silent, and resume my seat. "Very neatly done," said Mr. Lavrock.

The two glees subsequently sung were Stevens's "Cloud-capt Towers," and Mr. Horsley's "By Celia's Arbour," both exquisite glees; and then we had Baildon's famous catch—"Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late." This catch imitates a scene in the Lower House of Parliament. A member rises, and sings "Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late, I must lengthen the debate." A second gets up, and repeats this announcement, whilst the first voice cries "Question! Question! Hear him! Hear him! Sir, I shall name you, if you stir." A third member appears, to claim the attention of the Speaker. The second voice continues —"Question! Question!" &c, whilst the first voice exclaims "Order! Order! Pray support the Chair." All the members gradually take up the parts. The confusion, outcry, press, and throng of voices—the uprising of each member to catch the Speaker's eye—give dramatic action to the catch. One member made a great sensation, by ascending from his chair on to the table, in the height of his energy. During the rest of the evening we had Dr. Cooke's "Hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings!"—that affecting round of Battishill (a musician who sickened and died, they say, of a broken heart), "I loved thee, beautiful and kind"—Dr. Harrington's capital catch for three old crones on the death of a neighbour, "Look, neighbours, look! here lies poor Thomas Day;"—the glee for five voices enriching Sheridan's compliment to his wife, the beautiful Miss Linley of Bath, "Mark'd you her eye of heavenly blue?"—Lord Mornington's "Here in cool Grot" (the composer was the father of the Duke of Wellington, and gained the gold medal for this glee from the Catch Club in 1799; and at the conclusion Dean Aldrich's "Hark the bonny Christ Church Bells." I venture to particularize them as an acknowledgment of the good taste which had provided such a varied and excellent choice.

As we walked home, Mr. Lavrock of course sought my commendation of the evening's

amusement, which I unfeignedly gave. He naturally rhapsodized about its intellectual and humanising tendency, and affirmed, like Mons. Jourdain's music-master, that the advancement, study, and progress of music would go far to lessen brawls of every description—international and intestine quarrels—and to keep the nations of the world in tune with each other, better than Lord Palmerston's most successful diplomacy. I don't say I agreed to all, but it pleased me much to call to the old gentleman's recollection the efforts worthily made during the last few years to popularise musical education—Mr. Hullah's schools—M. Jullien's cheap concerts—class teaching in the Army (some regiments of which, I have heard, are advanced enough to take part in the Church services)—the arrangement and distribution of Dibdin's songs for the use of the Navy—with Her Majesty's special encouragement of glee-singing by the crew of the Royal yacht,—the extraordinary success of the Sacred Harmonic Society, entirely a middle class foundation, were all cited; and I satisfied the old gentleman, as we parted at his door, by agreeing that manners were all the better for music, and that the Latin grammar was right respecting the emollient for the brutal tastes and habits of the people.

THE LEGEND OF THE LADYE'S CROSS.*

It was a lovely evening—the glare of day was past,
But the rosy flush of sunset was still lingering to the last;
The flowers were blushing in their cells, in every shape and hue,
And the fevered earth was thirsting for the offering of the dew;
When with her small feet glancing, as a young and startled fawn,
She sped—the Lady Ethel—like a gleam across the lawn.

The birds were singing gaily—there was gladness in the air—
And she was queen of all the lands that spread around her there;
Queen of the leveret and the fawn, the lapwing and the dove,
An empress in her innocence, her beauty, and her love;
Queen of the grand old Forest, which ages still have trod—
The spirit of its solitudes, the Lady of its sod.

Her heart was beating quickly, and her pulses kept their tune,
As the fountain to the marble, or the ocean to the moon;
A glad free sense of motion, with a cadence soft and sweet,
As the tinkling of the silver bells to the arrowy glancing feet;
And that rich flush of sunset, whose instant blushes teach
The warm blood all its eloquence, the mute heart all its speech.

There was one that stood beside her, in the shadow of the glade,
When the fulness of deep feeling had a stiller silence made,
For the love like bounding waters, that go brawling o'er the plain,
But echoes back in merriment its shallowness of brain;
While the deep, still, calm affection, like the under-current steals,
And but in strong emotions shows the Magnate that it feels.

He had wooed her—not for riches—for of kingly race he came—
He had wooed her—not for beauty, not for conquest, or for fame.
In his father's court were high-born dames, of kindred and degree;
But none like Lady Ethel in all her purity.
As a young gazelle that stealeth in her glad and sweet surprise,
She met her timid confidence within those trusting eyes.

She had been wooed by others:—there was Reginald de Blore—
The deeper, haughtier, grew his love, as she repulsed him more;
Till with despair his brain was fired, and vengeance lit the pile—
A deep, dark plot of villany, of treachery, and guile.
So as the thought grew madness—his hurried steps he bent,
A slave to work the powers of ill a mightier demon lent.

The silver birch was weeping with its fair and graceful stems,
And the emerald moss was wreathing all the rugged oak with gems,
And the flowers were growing drowsy with the heat of day opprest.
And were waiting eve's libations ere they closed their lids to rest;
When like a foul, dark spirit amid the gleams of light,
He passed adown the forest-glade, and vanished from their sight.

'Neath a fair oak the lovers sat—a mossy turf o'ergrown—
And there the Lady Ethel had made her sportive throne;
And at her feet Prince Richard knelt, mute with excess of bliss,
And owned the kingdoms of a world were naught compared to this;
While the dark glade the shadow swept, one flash of golden light,
That seemed as severed from the sky, hung hovering o'er the night.

All—as it marked them for its own—that last bright sunset fell,
Glowing (as ever brightest things) *most* brightly in Farewell!

* New Forest, Hampshire.

And on her raven hair it cast its flickering threads of gold,
And in a mazy garb of light her fairy form enrolled;
And placed a halo on her brow, and wreathed her lips with smiles;—
So the good angels deck the bride whom destiny beguiles.

Then from the neighbouring thicket the stroke of fate went forth,
And in her own blood weltering, she sunk upon the earth.
Faithful in death, her arms have clasped Prince Richard firmly round,
When the shaft—sped his life to end—a fairer victim found.
So she who loved "in death sleeps well:"—how could one wish to die
More sweetly than with love thus crowned—in robes of purity!

This is the tale that travellers tell in evening's witching hour,
When all the Forest owns the spell of her pervading power;
And thus they point the "Ladye's Cross" Prince Richard helped to raise;
And for the bliss of that sweet soul the holy pilgrim prays;—
And long may blessings such as these still crown the faith of youth,
And hallow in their memory the impress of their truth!

A SHORT TRIP INTO BOSNIA.

Bosnia has, for a long time, been the most unsettled part of the Turkish Empire. Inhabited as it is by a majority of Greek Christian serfs, and a minority of the most arrogant and violent Moslemin, the war of oppression has been carried on ever since the former was called into a disputed political existence, by the decrees of the late reforming Sultans. Since that time, the immunities granted to the Rajahs were contested by the Turkish gentry, and petty insurrections of the Rajahs against their oppressors, or of the Moslemin chiefs against the Sultan's authority, have unceasingly disturbed the peace of the East, and courted the interference of meddling neighbours. The disaffection and confusion of conflicting interests in the Bosna Vilajet, has become proverbial amongst the Turks. It has defied the cunning of their diplomatists and the courage of their generals. The last Vizirs, in particular, were mere tools in the hands of the reactionary Bosnian aristocracy; but when it was found that the Porte insisted on extending its liberal reforms to the Bosnian Rajahs, the chiefs of the province rose in arms, by the connivance, and all but the protection, of the Sultan's lieutenant. Ali Redir, a Bosnian landholder, is the most active and talented among the insurgents; and, thanks for his intrigues, the cities, and among them Pridor and Banjaluka, declared for the insurrection. Attacked by the Sultan's general, Omer Pasha, the Bosnian chief has suffered severe defeats; and there is a likelihood of his being put *hors de combat* for a time, but they have been temporary. Other chiefs have started up, and at the time we write, the insurgents are again in arms. It is about the commencement of the struggle that our trip took place.

The night was dark, and not too calm. Staniza, an old, unbaptised, obstinate Servian, who had brought me to the very borders of the Turkish frontier, sat with me by the fire, while Richard, my friend and travelling companion, slept on a bed of straw by our side. The storm, which shook the light Servian cottage in which we sat, blew into Bosnia; it was but natural that our conversation should follow it. My curiosity was great, and so was Staniza's desire to recount the wonders of the country "on the other side;" and while I questioned him, and while he talked, he smoked his pipe with that concentrated gravity which marks a true believer: he said, at length, "Would you like to go across?"

"I should; but I have no money."

"True! Your Swabian* bits of paper—your *notes*—are of no use when you leave these territories."

"How, then, can I go to Sarajewo?"

"Have you not a friend on the other side?"

"Ahmed Beg?"

"Yes; that's the man! He will lend you *silver*. I will find you in horses and food."

When Richard awoke, I recounted our project; and after some persuasion he consented to accompany us. Staniza brought three horses, and various good-sized packages. We mounted, and set off in high spirits, although without passports or money.

A short ride brought us to Ahmed Beg's village, where we were received by a large party of dogs, which escorted us, yelling and barking, to my friend's house. Some boys, who were playing at the door, raised a shout which effectually scared the dogs; but they, in their turn, surrounded us, yelling, and laughing, and expressing by unmistakeable signs their astonishment and disgust at the spectacles which adorned my face. Staniza collared one of the shrieking imps, and asked for Ahmed Beg.

"He is gone to Bijelastjena," said the boy, sullenly.

This was bad news; for we looked to Ahmed Beg for everything we wanted; for protection, advice, and money. Staniza, however, seemed by no means inclined to sympathise with our despondency. "When did Ahmed go?" said he.

"Yesterday."

"And when will he come back?"

"This evening."

"I thought as much," said Staniza; "for

* In Servia and Bosnia every thing Austrian is known as *Swabian*.

Bijelastjena is hardly more than half a day's ride from this place."

We dismounted, and introduced our horses into Ahmed Beg's Konak, or house, where we found half-a-dozen men and women servants and others, walking and sitting about. None of them spoke to us. They neither welcomed us, nor did they condescend to ask where we came from, and on what business? At length the urchin to whom we had spoken before made his appearance, and told us to tie the horses to a post, and take a seat in Ahmed Beg's parlour. He led the way into a dark apartment, lighted the fire on the hearthstone, and a torch of firwood in the centre of the room; and having performed these domestic functions, he retired, silent as a dumb-waiter."

We were now at leisure to examine the place. The room was clean and airy. It had an old discoloured piece of carpet by way of hearth-rug, and a heap of clean straw and blankets in a corner. A small cask of exquisite tobacco, and a choice collection of chibuks, or pipes, completed the list of the rest of the furniture.

"This air of Bosnia," said I, "has Turkified us. Here we sit staring and moping, and why? We are not prisoners, surely, and if it so pleases us, we can go back."

"I say, Swaba," said Staniza, "methinks thou art afraid."

"Afraid!" cried Richard, to whom this soft impeachment was applied, "what is there to be afraid of?"

"Never mind, *dragi* (my dear), I know you. You are bold-spoken, but—"

"The Swabçad is not a nation of cowards," said I to Staniza, "and my friend is less afraid than disgusted. The Swabe travel with great comfort, and—"

"I know all about it, Doctor. They have coaches and plenty of money."

"Just so. Now we have no coaches and no money." Staniza nodded. In another moment Ahmed Beg entered with a hearty *Selamun aleiküm ün.* His presence changed the aspect of the place. Coffee was brought in. We sat and smoked the most precious tobacco, and drank solid hot mokka from the smallest cups imaginable. While we smoked and drank, we were grave, thoughtful, and silent, in the true Oriental fashion.

At length I spoke. I informed Ahmed Beg of our intentions, and asked him for funds. He said neither yes nor no; but told us of his journey to Bijelastjena, where he had transacted some business with the Kadi[illegible].

E[illegible] the morning Ahmed Beg stepped up to us, and, with a kind nod, he handed me a large bag.

"Here," he said, "is your money. It's the whole of a Kesa,* and here is a Teskera,† if you should stand in need of it."

* Purse † Passport.

I gave him my best thanks, and asked when he would require me to return the money.

"If it were mine own," replied Ahmed Beg, "I would say, give it back when most convenient. But I have just borrowed it from my neighbour, Sefir-Aga, and he will want it in autumn."

I held out my hand. He took it, and the affair was concluded in the true Turkish manner, without bond, or indeed a single scratch of the pen.

We had breakfast, and a deal of information and advice. Thus prepared for the journey, we took leave of our host, and, with a large crowd of little Turks yelling and shouting at our heels, we proceeded in the direction of Jasenica.

We passed over a forest-covered plain, broken here and there by fine meadows and fields of maize. Hares and rabbits crossed our road; the bushes were alive. The air was so pure, and the greenwood so fresh, melodious, and merry, that, recollecting the nursery tales of Turks and Pagans, and their doings, I could not, for the life of me, believe that we were really and truly on Turkish ground. Besides, we saw no human biped who might have recalled me to a sense of my situation. After a hard ride of six hours, we crossed the Irna, a small river, but full of falls and rapids; on the opposite bank we dismounted, and turned the horses away to graze in the forest. A gigantic oak was selected as the most convenient place for our bivouack, and Staniza produced our provisions from the gaudy-coloured Bisago. A capital caterer he proved himself to be, this unchristened Staniza. There was a ham, a lamb roasted whole, a large cake, and a *cutura* filled with black Dalmatian wine. A six hours' ride over Turkish plains and through forests, and the fresh, racy spring air, is the very thing to prepare one for such a repast. We enjoyed our pic-nic amazingly. We ate, and joked, and drank, until, suddenly turning round, I remarked a Turk squatted down at my elbow. I stared at the new comer, who scarcely returned the compliment. He smoked his pipe with exemplary gravity; until, noticing the remains of our dinner, he dropped his chibuk, drew his knife, and coolly helped himself to a slice of roast lamb.

"Do you like it, komiga?"—that is to say, neighbour—said I.

"Your bread is good."

"Take another piece, then."

He took another piece, and another; and having finished his repast, he said "Horala!"—thanks!

There was a lengthened pause. Question and answer is, indeed, essential in Turkish conversational etiquette.

"Whither are you going?" said our new friend, at length.

"To Jasenica."

"Hm!"

There was another long pause.

"You cannot reach it this day. It is late now, and there is no moonlight."

"Hm! This is bad."

"Hm!"

Another pause.

"Have you met men who were journeying towards Krupa?"

"No!"

"Hm!"

In this instance there was a remarkably long pause.

"Ele Jusuf!" said Staniza at last, "methinks *you* are going to Krupa!"

"No, Stara lisice," (old fox), replied Jusuf, "for once you are in the wrong. I saw you, and came down from my Konak."

Staniza laughed.

"You honour us much!" said he. I did not think you would stir for our sakes."

Jusuf smiled.

"Listen, old giour!" said he, "wilt thou swear on thy book to give an honest answer to an honest question?"

"Boga mi!—my answer shall be as honest as thy question."

"Evala!" said the Turk. "Tell me from whence did you come this day."

"From Jarak."

"Hm!—Did you see Ahmed Beg?"

"We slept in his house."

"Hm!"

"Did he give you orders for the Capitan of Jasenica?"

"No."

"Did he give you a Teskera?"

This question was uttered with peculiar emphasis, and accompanied by a very searching glance.

"He did;" said Staniza. "Shall I show thee the Teskera?"

"Hm? No! Ahmed Beg is of our party. Why should I see it?"

"Show it him!" said Staniza, and I produced the paper, with its crabbed Turkish characters.

"It is well!" said the Turk. "I will go with you to Jasenica; I can confide in you."

"Where is thy horse?"

"It is at home. Your way lies past my Konak."

Saying which he rose and disappeared in the forest.

"He has confidence in us," said I, "but I am not quite sure whether we can return him the compliment."

"Sveta ti Vjera, covjece!" replied Staniza. "Why should not one man be trusted by three? Think you a Turk has two tongues in one mouth like a Swaba? Are we not armed? Whom *I* trust, you may surely confide in. Saddle your horses and let us be gone!"

We proceeded on our road, and were soon afterwards overtaken by Jusuf. Staniza and Richard led the way, and I followed with Jusuf, partly for the purpose of watching him, and partly because my horse, on which Staniza had been pleased to pack all our luggage, seemed almost unequal to the double burden. Neither of the party spoke for some hours. All of a sudden—bang! went the report of a musket, and close at my side too. Staniza taking a pistol from his belt, turned upon the Turk; who, as I now saw, had dismounted, and discharged his piece at an enormous eagle, which sat on a tree by the road side. He had evidently hit it, for the feathers were flying about. Seeing this, Staniza fired at the bird, which came down with a plaintive cry, flapping the ground with its enormous wings in so furious a manner that Staniza and Jusuf thought it proper to keep at a respectful distance. But Richard, a keen sportsman, intended evidently to deal with the eagle as he would have done with a partridge, or black cock. He stooped to take it up, but the very next moment he measured his length on the ground. The eagle had hit him in the face.

"Ludi Kriste!" (Stupid christian!) said Jusuf to my discomfited friend. "I was not afraid; and now thou knowest why I stood aloof from the bird."

The wounded eagle had meanwhile breathed its last. Jusuf and Staniza plucked the largest feathers, and fastened them to their bridles.

"Do you know, Turc," said Staniza; "whom I thought of shooting with my pistol?"

"I saw it," said the Turk.

"The eagle's feathers which flew about my face, saved you. Had it not been for them, even your Prophet would not have saved your life."

The Turk was silent.

"Didst thou mistake it for a signal?" said he, after a while.

"I did."

"Ludi Kucko," said Jusuf with great scorn. "Dost think me a Christian?"

"Never mind, Turc, don't I know you?"

And we moved on, until the darkness of the night, and the dense impenetrable underwood in our way, convinced us of the uselessness of our effort to reach Jasenica in the course of that night. So we stopped and looked out for a resting-place in the forest.

Staniza secured the horses, and Jusuf lighted a fire, round which we squatted smoking and despatching the remains of our dinner. The evening passed very much as an evening in the woods may be expected to pass, whether it be in Pagan countries or in Christendom, and as the night grew dark and the fire burned with a low and flickering flame, the chibuks dropped from our mouths, and leaning our heads in our knees, we were fast in meditation—or sleep.

The neighing of our horses roused us. I took my pistols, and Richard, with all the

head-strongness of somnolency, insisted on being told what was the matter! Staniza, too, got up.

"I hear the sounds of hoofs!" said he.

"Be quiet! They will be down upon us in a minute."

He was right. Almost immediately afterwards we were surrounded by a troop of armed horsemen.

"What are you doing here?" said a young Turk, in the Padisha's coat.

"We are on our road to Jasenica," replied Jusuf dogmatically, "and it is here we pass the night."

At this juncture another Turk joined the conversation.

"Ah! said he, this is Staniza, the old fox. Tell us, why didst thou creep from thy cave?"

"Did you not hear it?" said Staniza. "We are going to Jasenica. It's nothing to *you*, I hope."

"And who are these fellows?" said the young soldier, with a significant look at Richard and myself.

"They are men, just the same as you and I," replied Staniza.

"Take care, old fellow! I will make you howl for your impertinence."

"You threaten because you fear!"

Saying which, Staniza grasped the handle of his handjar.

Some of the new comers had, meanwhile, dismounted. They interfered.

"Leave him alone, Mehmed," said they. We know old Staniza; he is one of ours."

Their conciliatory efforts produced a temporary suspension of hostilities. A fresh supply of dry wood was thrown on the fire, and the Turks squatted round it. The chibuks were lighted.

"What is your business in Jasenica?" asked one of the horsemen after a long pause.

"We are going to Sarajevo."

"Hm! Have you a Teskera?"

"Most certainly."

"Show it."

The paper was produced, and carefully examined by the young officer, who did not, however, appear much edified by its contents. At length he said:—

"This will not help you on. It is not from the Porte, it is the Teskera of the insurgents"

All the Turks started to their feet.

"What!" cried they, "are these rogues of the insurgents' camp!"

"Ludi covjece! You fool!" shouted Staniza in his turn. "Is not this Teskera signed by Ahmed Beg, of Jarak? And was Ahmed Beg ever known to stand by the insurgents?"

"Who is Ahmed Beg?" said the officer.

"It is he who, some days ago, gained Bijelastjena for our party. It was he who expelled the old Disdar from Vranogra."

"Hm! But who knows whether it was he who signed this Teskera?" said the officer.

"Ama!" cried all the Turks, "thou art right, who knows whether Ahmed Beg ever saw this Teskera?"

"So be it! Who knows whether these rogues did not mean to impose upon us?"

"Ama! who knows it?"

Upon this the officer whispered to his neighbour, and the latter nodded his head.

"Yes!" said the fellow, "they want to impose upon us!"

"Ama! so they do," roared the whole of the troop in chorus.

One of the captors had long fixed an intent and earnest gaze upon my friend's watchguard. He now stretched out his hand, and coolly helped himself to Richard's watch and chain.

"Ah!" said the officer. "That's it, is it? They are Swabe and spies. Seize them!"

"They are Swabe!"

"Let us seize them!"

"What can they want?"

"Down with the dogs!"

And in an instant we were overpowered and disarmed. Resistance was quite out of the question, for we were three against seventeen.

"Let them go!" said Jusuf. "They are indeed Swabe, but they are peaceable men, and never did *you* any harm."

"They are Swabe. What an enormity! What can they want here?"

"Mussa!" said Staniza, addressing one of the Turks. "I know you well enough, and you know that I am quite as good a Turk as you are."

"Is he a Turk?"

"Ama! I have known him these many years; he is," replied Mussa.

"So much the worse for him," said the officer. "He is one of the insurgents, and he shall suffer for it."

"Ama, let him suffer for it; why should he not? Let us take him to Jasenica, and let the Capitan deal with him as he pleases."

"Jok, by no means!" said the officer. "Jok, tie him up on the spot."

Staniza remained calm and collected. He knew the men he had to deal with. Protests, threats, prayers, and entreaties were alike lost upon them.

"Very well," said he; "tie me up. I die because such is my fate. But let my friends go their ways."

"Never mind them," said Mehmed. "I'll hang them by thy side."

This was not a comfortable assurance. The Turks were serious and determined; they wanted our money. And this desire of theirs seemed to seal our doom. Still I tried to imitate Staniza's equanimity. I looked at him.

"Let me say a word to that little Swaba," said Staniza to the Turk who held him, and coming up to me, he asked me to purchase my own life and Richard's, from the Turks. As for himself, he said, if it was his doom, he was prepared to die. The old man's

generosity touched me to the heart, and with something like a choking sensation in my throat, I said I would do my best.

I went up to the officer.

"Listen, Turk! We have some money with us. Let us go away, and it is yours."

"Hm!"

"I will give you all we have—the money and the watches. Do you understand me?"

"Hm! How much have you got?"

"I hardly know. But you shall have all as a ransom for us four."

"I believe you. But why shouldst thou give me what is mine already?"

"I see!" said I. "Your right is as good as any other robber's. Take it, and let us go."

"No, I cannot do that."

"Evalah! then take me to Jasenica."

"Why to Jasenica?"

"Because there I can give you ten purses more, which I lent to Capitan Sulejman Effendi, when he was at the Kastell, and—"

"Listen, old man!" said the officer, addressing Staniza. "What man is this Swabo?"

"A Doctor."

"A Doctor? We want a Doctor!" cried all the Turks.

"Ama!" said the officer, who had already become enamoured of the ten purses. "Let us give the dog his life and take him with us."

"I'll go," said I, "wherever you like; but my friends must go along with me."

The officer threw a quick glance at his men. His cupidity had now fairly overrun his discretion.

"Hm! Why should it matter?" said he. "We are not afraid of four men."

"Evalah!—we fear them not!"

"Well!—we take these four men to Jasenica."

Staniza and I lighted our pipes, and the officers rifled all our pockets. Day was just breaking when the troops formed, and we, surrounded by our captors, proceeded on our way to Jasenica.

"If the Capitan hears of this night's proceedings, know," said the officer, showing me his pistols, "that all the Sultan's treasures shall not avail to redeem thy life. Dost thou understand me?"

"Perfectly!" said I.

We reached Jasenica early in the afternoon, and were somewhat displeased with its appearance. To speak plainly, the place is an abomination of filth and misery; and the fortress, or castellated hovel, which bears that pompous title, has the wretched tumble-down appearance which struck me as the chief characteristic of all Bosnian architecture. With the exception of those eternal dogs, which haunt all Turkish places, there was not a single living being visible in the one street of the city. We were taken to the Capitan's Kula, and my honest friend, the officer, dismounted and entered it. I was afflicted with an uncomfortable sensation, when I thought of the Capitan, Sulejman Effendi, whom I had never seen, though I had heard his name mentioned; and to whom I had never lent, and much less given, those ten purses, the offer of which had saved my life. Saved it? A fine saving, indeed! In a few minutes Mehmed must learn that I had imposed upon his credulity; and he ——

"May the Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated I, as Mehmed reappeared with the blackest looks imaginable even for a Turk.

"Confound you, Swaba!" said he. "Sulejman Effendi is gone to Pridor. He went yesterday!"

"Hm! did I send him?" said I, breathing more freely.

He collared me, and dragged me up the steep stairs. Jusuf, Staniza, and Richard were left to follow, without his kind assistance.

The Bimbasha, who officiated in the Capitan's absence, sat in the centre of the room, on his crossed legs, smoking. He was a gloomy-looking old man; and his eyes, as they fell on us, expressed vexation and distrust.

"What crime have they committed?" said he, at last, looking at the officer.

"None, sir," said I; "none whatever. We were on our road to Sarajewo, and last night, in the forest, these people came and offered ——"

Here honest Mehmed interrupted me.

"We captured them because they are of the Insurgent party!"

"Mashallah!" cried I, "this is not true. Have I not a Teskera from Ahmed Beg?—and did not Ahmed Beg expel the Dydar of Vranograc from Bijelastjena?"

"Show me the Teskera!" said the Bimbasha. I handed it to him, and he examined it carefully.

"It is our own Teskera!" said he. "Let them go! Peace be with them!"

Mehmed looked daggers at me, but I defied him; and, turning to the Bimbasha, I thanked him, in Turkish, having at once understood, from his peculiar accent, that he was not Bosnian born. The sounds of his own language caused him to brighten up, and he called for coffee and chibuks.

"Valah!" said he. "This is the first time I hear Turkish from a Swaba. Who could have thought it!"

"Valah!" replied I, with rather a strong tinge of conceit, "I understand Turkish and Arabic."

"Can you read the Citab?"*

"Certainly."

He mused for a time; and then, as if struck with a very bright idea, started up, and ordered one of the soldiers to run for the Hodza, or teacher. "Tell him," added he, "to bring the Book."

It was not long before the Hodza made his appearance. He stooped low before the Bimbasha.

* That is to say, the Coran.

"Ama!" said that potentate; "hand the Book to the little giour; he will sing to us."

The pious man, looking at me with a curious mixture of hatred, scorn, and envy, protested that no unbeliever dared to touch the sacred volume. But the Bimbasha insisted on the Book being given into my hands; "For," said he, "you must show me how you can sing the Citab."

I submitted to my fate, and opening the Book, after I had duly applied my lips to it, I fell to singing the "Bismillah errahman errahim," in pure orthodox Turkish fashion. It so happened that I had lighted on a chapter, which I had read over and over again in the course of my Arabic studies; and I, consequently, acquitted myself to perfection. The old Turk was amused, and the Hodza admitted that my singing was as good as that of the truest believer.

"I wish that little Giour would embrace the true faith!" said the Bimbasha; "I would gladly keep him here as Hekim Effendi!" and, turning full upon me, he said, in a louder but a most alarmingly insinuating tone:

"Art thou a horseman?"

"Yes!"

"And a smoker of chibuks and a drinker of coffee?"

"Most certainly."

"Behold, these shall be thy labours. Stay with me! Thou shalt live in my own kula, eat at thy Master's table, and ride about with me. Thou shalt have plenty of money and horses, and if thy heart be set upon wedlock, thou mayest marry girls as many as thou pleasest. What canst thou want more?"

I listened with astonishment to this oration—for so it was for a Turk—and, in reply, begged to decline the Bimbasha's generous offer with my warmest thanks, adding:—"I have a house and a wife in my own country, nor must I leave them behind: and I acknowledge no master except God and his law."

"Hm!—I understand you: you would be your own master. Such things may be in your own country; but *here*," added the Bimbasha, energetically—"here there is no master except me—and the Sultan."

All the Turks in the room crossed their arms and bowed, while we thought it time to make our adieux. Mehmed and our escort seemed inclined to see us off, but a peremptory order from the Bimbasha kept them back.

In another moment we were on horseback, dashing, at a mad gallop, down the single street of the famous city of Jasenica.

"Allah küvvet versün!—May the Lord give us strength!"—prayed Jusuf, as he spurred his lean horse in advance of the fugitive party. A retreat is the severest trial of human courage; and ours, I grieve to say, was found signally wanting. Each of us urged the others on by the furious speed into which he lashed his own horse, and in this manner, panting, foaming, and all but exhausted, we reached Jusuf's house at nightfall. Early next morning, we proceeded to Jarak, and recounted our adventures and sufferings to the patient ears of Ahmed Beg.

"It is what I expected," said he. "But I thought you had considered the danger, and as my advice was not asked for, I did not give it."

Thus terminated my first and last trip into Bosnia.

CHIPS.

A CARD.

The Conductor of "Household Words" presents his compliments to the forty-two Ladies who, during the week which ended on the 8th instant, were so good as to forward epic, didactic, dithyrambic, and lyrical poems, on the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and begs to assure them that a conscientious perusal of all their compositions has produced a state of mind that leaves him quite unequal to the pleasure of answering their communications separately. The eleven Gentlemen who have obliged him with copies of verses on the same subject, will also, perhaps, accept this general acknowledgment of their poetic zeal.

The result will, he fears, prove unsatisfactory to all parties; for, to the fatigue of perusal, he has now to add the pain of rejection. Not one of the fifty-three productions has he been able to print with the faintest hope of gratifying his readers.

MR BUBB'S VISIT TO THE MOON.

Mr. Bubbs after his visit to the Sun (as described in a former number) was too much excited by the solar policemen—to rest long in a state of inactivity; so he thought that before he went to see the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park—and all the wonderful things *there*—that he would take a nice quiet ride in the moon, and see what sort of fun it was *there*: and as the moon is about four hundred times nearer to the Earth than the sun, Mr. Bubbs had little difficulty in locating himself upon one of the high hills of the moon—high it appeared to Mr. Bubbs, for although it was only some four or five miles high—not higher than the Himalaya—yet as the moon has a diameter equal only to about one fourth of that of the earth, Mr. Bubbs thought that comparatively—a very decent height.

There was one curious thing, Mr. B. remarked, with reference to the earth, moon, and sun: and that was—if the earth were cut in half—like an orange, and the matter scooped out of one of these halves, so as to form a kind of hollow bell, and the sun put in the centre of this, that the moon would be easily able to go round us, just the same as usual; and this too, with the shell over us all—in fact, that this shell would only form a

portable cover, and when Mr. B. recollected that the earth was two hundred thousand miles from the moon—he thought that it would be a very good-sized cover, and no mistake.

But the most important thing that the industrious Mr. Bubbs beheld was, that as he rode round the earth on the moon (and it took him about a month to go round) the waves of the ocean on the earth, seemed always to follow him; it was high water at the nearest places on the earth, but low water at the sides; and then again it was high water at the places on the earth, the very farthest from him. Now Mr. Bubbs had heard of magnetism, (and animal magnetism, too, but he didn't believe in *that*,) and of Mahomet's coffin being suspended in the air by means of magnets, and he saw that the effect on the water was exactly the same as if it had been attracted by the moon; at the nearest places, the water was drawn up high towards him, and naturally dragged away from the sides, to make up the deficiency—*that* was plain enough—but the water was high on the very opposite and remote side of the earth. How could that be? in this way: "If the moon attracts the water on the earth, why should'nt it also attract the earth itself?" Mr. Bubbs was right, and saw well enough how it was, that it was high tide the farthest side of the earth, as well as the nearest. "Let N. be the water nearest the earth," said Mr. B.; "E. the earth itself, and F. the water farthest, then the moon will evidently pull N. towards itself most, (being nearest,) and away from E., and also E. away from F.,—or the same thing—F. away from E. *in the other direction*, and so it will be high tide both sides of the earth at the same time, the nearest and farthest, and low tide at the other two sides." When Mr. Bubbs had thus explained the theory of tides to himself to his own great satisfaction, he said, "Well done, Mr. Bubbs, you'll do, after all, and if you had only lived a couple of centuries ago, and thought of this *then*—you would have made as great a discovery as Newton—when he discovered the law of Universal Gravitation."

TRUE ANECDOTE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

"More than sixty years ago," said my friend—a lady, whom I am proud to call by that name, in memory of my deceased friend, her husband, the Master of English Wit and Sense—"my mother and sister were robbed by two highwaymen—myself a little girl, in the carriage with them. The robbery naturally became a subject of conversation for some time among our country neighbours. Our adventure called forth similar narratives; and among them, one case of personal identity which is very remarkable. It was related by our neighbour, Mr. Manners, (I will call him Mr. Manners) to my mother.

"Mr. Manners was walking over Westminster Bridge with his intimate friend Mr. Deacon, (I substitute another name for a real one), when suddenly a stage-coachman sprang from his box, rushed at Mr. Deacon, and seized him by the collar.

"'You rascal! You are the man who robbed the mail, I drove on such a night.'

"Mr. Deacon smiling, said, 'My good man, you are quite wrong; this friend of mine will soon convince you that I am a gentleman, and totally incapable of such an act.'

"'No, no! that 's no go—that won't do for me. I thought it was you the moment I seed you; but now, when I hear you speak, I am positive of it. You must and shall go with me before a Magistrate.'

"The two gentlemen unhesitatingly went with him. The coachman swore so positively to Mr. Deacon being the man, that the magistrate had no alternative but to commit him for trial. (In those days, as you know, a convicted highwayman was hanged.)

"Mr. Deacon was sent to Newgate. As he was a man of careless habits, he could by no means recal the unimportant monotonous events of the lounging life he led; but he and his friends felt that the affair began to assume so serious an aspect, that he directed all his papers might be conveyed to him, in order that he might make every desirable preparation in case of the worst that might ensue. His friend Mr. Manners often said,

"'Is it impossible for you to recollect where you were on this day?'

"'I cannot recollect; it is above six weeks since, and I never kept any journal.'

"The day appointed for the trial was drawing near. On turning over some apparently unimportant papers in his prison, Mr. Deacon met with one, on the outside of which he had noted his having dined with a party of friends, and that they had not separated till *one* o'clock in the morning (he was a man of very early habits). The mail was robbed at twelve. Here was a complete *alibi*; but every one of the parties present at this convivial meeting were in Scotland. The trial was postponed, with difficulty, until they could be summoned.

"In the meantime Sir Lionell Lloyd's coachman was taken up for robbing his master. Sir Lionell Lloyd was awakened one night by a man at his bed-side, who, holding a pistol to his head, commanded him, on pain of death, to deliver his keys and property. He had lately received his rents. The man's face was striped with black. Sir Lionell, unresistingly, gave him his keys; but he said, 'I beg you will make no noise, for I have an old and valuable servant, my coachman, who is very ill, and I am very unwilling that he should be unnecessarily agitated.' The man went to the bureau, rifled it of its valuable contents, and silently withdrew. The next day Sir Lionell, looking over the scattered wreck of his papers, found on the ground, where many of them had been thrown, a

printed envelope that had contained Court Plaster. He instantly recollected the black stripes on the robber's face. He walked to the village shop, and asked if they had lately sold any quantity of Court Plaster? 'O yes, sir, we sold several papers to your coachman.'

"A constable was sent for, and an hour after Sir Lionell had driven to the shop, the man was identified and seized.

"'I came into your room,' he afterwards said, 'with a fixed determination to kill you, but your interceding for me in my supposed illness quite disarmed me.'

When committed to Newgate, upon this clear statement of robbery, he subsequently owned that it was he who had committed the robbery of which Mr. Deacon was accused. Mr. Deacon was therefore released. When he was about to quit the prison, Mr. Manners, his faithful friend, said, 'Before leaving this dreadful place we *must* see your likeness.' They were admitted to his cell. The moment Mr. Deacon saw him he fainted away, as if he had been shot. Mr. Manners, when his friend recovered, said to him, 'Although I am so intimate with you, I could not have believed, had I met this man anywhere, that it was not yourself. Had any doubt crossed me, the moment I heard him speak, I could no longer have had one.'

"The real culprit, I need not add, was hanged."

COOLNESS AMONG THIEVES.

Some years ago, I went, says the governor of a metropolitan prison, as was my daily custom, to the "Reception Ward," which contained the prisoners committed on the preceding day, who yet retained their own clothes. Amongst a herd—for the most part of dirty vagabonds—stood a well-dressed young man, about twenty-five years of age, of fine stature, mild and intelligent countenance. Struck by his appearance, I inquired the cause of his committal.

"A lamentable mistake," he replied. "I am accused of having picked the pocket of an officer of the Guards, at a Bazaar; but I am a *gentleman*, connected with one of the best families in the country. My name is Hawkesbury. My father is a Major in the Army; and he will be thrown into a state of great distress by my apprehension."

His address was so free from the affectation of distress or excitement, that I really thought there had been some error. I consequently whispered words of consolation; advised an appeal to the Home Secretary, by his relatives, assuring the young man of promp redress, should he have been committed wrongfully. He sighed deeply, modestly expressed his thanks; and I left him with the persuasion that he was the victim of a mistake. He told me his father had been made acquainted with his arrest, and that steps would forthwith be taken to insure his release.

The prisoner was, in due course, clothed in the prison dress, and consigned to the ward allotted to "rogues and vagabonds." On that very forenoon I was seated in my office, when a stranger, apparently fifty years of age, of elegant exterior, and seeming to labour under irrepressible emotion, was shown in. Sobs seemed to choke his utterance, and some minutes elapsed before he could convey to me that he was "the father of an unhappy young man named Hawkesbury."

Then ensued the reiteration of family connexions (a baronet was affirmed to be a relative), of the deplorable error of so disgraceful a charge against a gentleman of good station, and of the terrible consequences which might result from the communication to certain members of the family. To my recommendation to address himself to the Secretary of State, the agonised father replied that the exposure of the family name would be a grave infliction—"the thing was impossible!" After a prolonged scene of mental distress, Hawkesbury was left to undergo his sentence of six weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour; and I was implored to treat him with all possible lenity. The young man observed the most unexceptionable conduct, and was in due time discharged.

About two years had rolled on since this occurrence, when daily duty took me again to the Reception Ward; and there, again, amongst the host of delinquents, stood the fashionable "Hawkes*worth*," now no longer "Hawkes*bury*." I started with astonishment, and again had occasion to remark his calm and stoical imperturbability. I received his former protestations of mistake, family connections, &c., &c., with avowed incredulity; and, assuring him that he should not impose upon me a second time, I consigned him to the treadwheel without a grain of my origin.. remorse. He was, on this last occasion, sentenced to imprisonment for three months, for picking a gentleman's pocket at the Italian Opera.

The outer gate of the prison is furnished with ponderous knockers; and, while in conversation with a county magistrate, in my office, we were both startled by a knock, so long and loud, that it made the whole building reverberate. Presently in stepped a well-dressed man, who, in the loudest accents, and with the loftiest carriage, demanded, "Is the Governor within?" The gatekeeper doffed his hat, and with the utmost respect answered in the affirmative. The stranger was accordingly admitted, and rushing up to me, and addressing me by name, seized my hand eagerly, and shook it with the cordiality of an old friend. I was amazed. "You have the advantage of me, Sir," said I; "I have not the pleasure to remember you."

"No?" said he, with an assumption of gravity. "Why, I had the misfortune to have to seek your good offices two years ago, in behalf of an unfortunate young man, who—"

Here I recognised the "Major." Suddenly interrupting him, I said, "You don't come to me again about that young man Hawkesworth, do you?"

"That is exactly my errand, Sir!"

"Then," I said, indignantly, "you will be kind enough, another time, not to take me by the hand, nor to address me with such unauthorised familiarity."

"Not take *you* by the hand, and why not, Sir? My name is Howard. I am a Royal Academician. I reside at Cloudesley Terrace, Hammersmith; and I often have the honour to take Sir Robert Peel by the hand, and to dine at his table."

I charged the fellow with having personated the Major, the father of Hawkesbury, and the relative of a baronet. With unblushing hardihood, he affirmed that I laboured under a delusion. He had never stated himself to be "the *father*" of the young man, but "the intimate *friend* of the father," and, turning to the magistrate (whom I had addressed by name in his hearing), he solicited the honour of a visit from him at "Cloudesley Terrace, Hammersmith," where he should be happy to see him, and disabuse his mind of all suspicion, by proving to him his real name and station. Thereupon, making me a cold and stately bow, he withdrew.

As I had supposed, on sending to inquire, neither Cloudesley Terrace, nor Mr. Howard, were to be found in or near Hammersmith. The subsequent career of these two worthies is soon told. They went on thriftily in their nefarious calling for a few years longer, until, at length, they were apprehended, at Cowes, for picking pockets at a ball of the Yacht Club, to which, doubtless, they had gained admission by finesse. They were taken before the local magistracy, and committed for trial at the ensuing session or assizes. With great despatch they sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and were, in consequence, taken before a Judge in Chambers, in London, who allowed them to be bailed; but the two fashionable scoundrels decamped to America, doubtless preferring the sacrifice of their bonds to the all but inevitable certainty of transportation.

A BALL AT THE BARRIERS.

The visitor to Paris who has only seen the lions, has seen nothing. Though he hunt them with the avidity of Mr. Gordon Cumming, it is with this difference—that he kills nothing but time. For all the knowledge he gains of his own species, he might as well remain by his own fireside, cramming Galignani's "Guide" for his facts, and cultivating his French accent by means of a pronouncing dictionary. Let him who would gain a knowledge of national characteristics, seek it—not in the English hotels—not even at the "best houses" in private society; for, in the first, he will find himself in only a transplanted Piccadilly; and in the second, as among the better classes of all nations, he will observe no very perceptible difference of manners and customs. Indeed, these places are in what the author of "Eöthen" would call a state of "utter civilisation;" the knives, for instance, are positively fit for use, and even salt-spoons are not absolutely unknown. Let the student of character betake himself, then, to the haunts of the "common people," with whom, if it is in the Quartier Latin, the students are usually associated. Here, in the quarter in question, the aborigines unite with a few civilised customs the charm and simplicity of savage life. The contaminating influence of railroads and steamboats, and the diffusion of knowledge, have been scarcely felt. The people talk, walk, and—shall we say?—dress, as if they had never heard of the Champs Elysées, or even of the Palais Royal. The conventional is unrespected or unknown. Human nature falls back upon itself; lives in seventh stories; keeps its hands in its pockets; spurns pomade; and addicts itself to short pipes. The general characteristics of the neighbourhood, in short, are those of an Arcadia, with gas-lights and a dash of slang.

The mention of Arcadia, by the way, is suggestive of the pastoral amusement of dancing; and dancing, by an association of ideas inevitable in the Quartier Latin, leads us direct to the outside of one of the Barriers, whence, leaving the last taint of the city behind, we emerge into a paradise of rustic simplicity and cheap wine. Of these two attractions, by the way, it must be confessed that the latter has the greatest number of votaries in the quarter: certain it is, that while deriving equal benefit from the *ordinaire* wine and *extraordinaire* simplicity of the locality, the visitor generally brings home with him a larger amount of the one than of the other.

Let us suppose the particular paradise to be the *Barrière du Mont Parnasse*, and the particular occasion a ball-night. The inevitable impression of the Englishman who knows what he conceives to be a turnpike turned into a barrack, is that he is entering Greenwich Fair. To be sure, there are neither booths nor beer (in an English sense), and the majority of the persons are not intoxicated. But there are the same sweet scents of oil, sawdust, and tobacco; the same streaming-coloured lamps; the same vendors of curious condiments for the temptation of the appetite; and the same opportunity for the purchase of everything that one doesn't want, at ruinously low charges to the buyer. The rival bands of musicians, too, are as energetic in their performance of opposing polkas as the most devoted Greenwichite could desire.

In one respect, however, there is no resemblance whatever, and this is one in which the

Barrier has decidedly the advantage. While there is as much noise and confusion as would satisfy the most medical and musical of students, there is scarcely any quarrelling, and, perhaps, no fighting whatever. This is easily accounted for. The swaggering and ostentatiously defiant demeanour so popular in London—and, moreover, that verbal raillery which meets with such a ready exchange there among all classes—are entirely unknown in Paris. This is, of course, a severe annoyance to the fast Englishman, to whom habit is so dear, and leads him to believe that the French have no sense of humour.

Having made these useful observations, the wise visitor will now leave reflection for after the ball; lounging for the Champs Elysées; and *ennui* for that distinguished London society in which he doubtless moves; and plunge at once *in medias res*—that is to say, into either "Prado's" or the "*Mille Colonnes*"—prepared to be natural and good-humoured, though Baker Street should frown, and Bloomsbury shed tears of most respectable despair.

Suppose him to choose the "*Mille Colonnes*." He will see before him a large hotel, with a dancing-room on the first floor; windows everywhere brilliantly lighted up, through which he will see the dancers vigorously at work, though it is scarcely seven o'clock. Some very pretty costumes may be observed on the large stone balcony overlooking the garden—cooling themselves after the last quadrille, and exchanging perhaps some eccentric-comedy dialogue with their friends below.

The visitor, if he be an arrant philosophic, a true, observant, metaphysical vagabond—which is of course to be desired—will not be surprised if, while making these observations, he finds himself forcibly seized by two men, whose blouses and moustaches give them the appearance of butchers about to enter a dragoon regiment; nor will he be seriously alarmed when he finds his feet firmly planted upon a little wooden bench;—although it must be confessed that under the circumstances it is excusable if one's thoughts wander towards the Inquisition; and not altogether imbecile to apprehend some diabolical species of torture. The fact is, however, that instead of suffering the punishment of the boot, you find your own pair superbly polished; and that the application of the "screw" is extremely mild; extracting from you nothing beyond a few sous to the shoeblack.

This polishing process is one that it would be a signal breach of Barrier decorum to omit, even though the visitor be equipped in the most spotless of patent leathers, to black which is suggestive only of painting the lily, or somebody who shall be nameless.

The philosopher in question, unless he be too rapt in contemplation of his faultless feet, will now see before him a couple of wide staircases, extending on either side, and united by the first-floor landing, where, guarded by *sergents de ville*—who guard everything, down to pewter spoons—he arrives at last at the entrance to the ball-room.

Here, the first objects that a dull person expects to see, and the last that the philosopher dreams of beholding, are the "*Mille Colonnes*," which is the playful name plagiarised from a famous *café*, and given to some thirty iron pillars supporting the ceiling, and dividing the promenade at the sides from the dancing ground in the middle of the room. Across this important boundary are placed narrow tables devoted to refreshment, and above these, countless candelabra branch forth from the "*Mille* [in this instance, French for thirty] *Colonnes*." The tables are occupied by various articles belonging to the dancers—their bonnets, mantles, mammas and papas, &c.; the two first-mentiond articles being piled up promiscuously in the midst of bowls of wine, rich with slices of lemon, of which the latter are partaking. There is a greater proportion, too, of children in arms, than one usually observes at balls in London society; and these infants seem to enjoy themselves as much as the grown up people, to judge by the wine which they drink, and the noise which they diffuse.

Regarding the dancers themselves, it must be confessed that the men are of extremely plebeian appearance, and present as great a contrast to the female portion as can well be. The latter, though seldom handsome in face, and never so in attire, are nearly always graceful and attractive. If nature has seldom gifted them with actual beauty, it has been most bountiful in its bestowal of the neatest of figures the smallest of feet and hands, and a good taste that does more for the ton than all the milliners of Bond Street and the Boulevards. Fancy costumes, too, of a kind not very costly, but always pretty and effective, are very numerous on *fête* days and extra occasions; and many of these would do no discredit to the Opera ball itself. One would scarcely believe that these young girls, with their little airs and graces, their ease and self possession, are nearly all gaining their own livelihood by the work of their own pretty little fingers. Some are employed by the milliners and artificial flower-makers; some of the best class, perhaps, assist behind counters; and a very large number are merely laundresses, with a sprinkling of professors of the higher branches of clear starching:—all are industrious, all independent, and all poor.

Except in rare cases, these young girls are accompanied to the ball by their parents or relatives, to whom, after dancing, they immediately demand to be restored. As may be supposed, an introduction is quite unnecessary as a preliminary to obtaining a partner; but it must not, therefore, be supposed that a

partner is always obtainable: some are too exclusive to dance with strangers at all, and many are savagely monopolised by their friends and admirers. The great opportunity of the stranger is when, towards the close of the evening, the friends of a young lady have become tired of repeating the five sous which it is necessary to pay for every dance. Then it is that the more opulent aspirant may be seen leading off the beauty in triumph, to the extreme mortification of a *prêtendu*, and the satisfaction of her family.

The dances most in vogue at the "*Mille Colonnes*" are scarcely remarkable for novelty or variation. The first dance is invariably a quadrille—so is the second—so is the third—so is the fourth—so is the fifth—and so probably would be the hundred and fifth, if some energetic persons did not, about three times in the evening, call out vigorously for a polka or a waltz. These figures do not, however, flourish at the Barrière. Many will not attempt them: many who do, should not; and the consequence is, that after an occasional change, the quadrille resumes its supremacy, more popular than ever. The style of dancing is nearly always quiet and orderly; and as for the exaggerated and grotesque movements for which the French have so wide a reputation, they are here almost unknown. The only deviation from the usual order of things, is when you see a *Cavalier seul*, in the midst of *Pastorale*, performing frantic gestures while searching in his pockets for the inevitable five sous (which the Master of the Ceremonies will not apply for until the middle of the dance), or another, pursued through the *Chaine des Dames* by his remorseless creditor.

Should those "social wants that sin against the strength of youth," prevent any youth so sinned against from dancing, he usually consoles himself with a cigarette. This annoys the meanest *sergent de ville*, who requests that it may be extinguished. The usual custom in such a case is to put the cigarette in your pocket, say something about ignorance of the customs of the place, and pass on—commencing again, and repeating the same ceremony at every interruption by every *sergent de ville*. The fact that it is *defendu de fumer* being announced conspicuously on every wall, and even that you are known to be the oldest of offenders, does not at all interfere with the success of this plan.

Except on state occasions, the balls conclude invariably at twelve o'clock, when everybody goes home, except perhaps some of the choice spirits among the men, who linger in the later wine-shops, drinking the popular "*p'tit canon*" of *ordinaire*, and eating interminable hard eggs; or playing for glasses of *liqueur* with all sorts of rolling and revolving contrivances. Meantime the fathers of families take their elder children by the hands, and drag themselves, heartily weary, towards their dwellings; the mother following behind with the inevitable baby, who, having of course had too much wine, has been long since fast asleep.

In half an hour all the lights are extinguished; the conjurors, fruit and sweet-meat venders, and vagabonds of every description, including the philosophic one already alluded to, have all past away; the last lingering customer has been stealthily let out from the latest of the closed wine-shops; and all is profoundly still,—or would be so, but for some occasional student (who has probably fraternised with a hideous-looking ruffian in a blouse) giving vocal expression of his intention to *mourir* for his *patrie;*—which very handsome offer seems to be received with the deepest ingratitude by sundry nightcaps at the windows, who intimate that his country would feel it an additional obligation if he carried out his views before the song rather than after; or, at any rate, that his exit would be more effective with the accompaniment of the softest possible music.

Such is the usual course of an ordinary ball. The *fêtes* are principally remarkable for the presence of a greater number of persons, and a multiplication of the same kind of amusements. Many of these extra festivities are held in honour of particular classes. Those of the *blanchisseuses*, which occur several times in the year, are perhaps the most extensive. Then it is that for four-and-twenty hours some twenty thousand persons are supremely happy, and for a week afterwards there is scarcely a clean shirt seen in Paris!

The Barriers at all times are the favourite resorts of the humbler classes, and especially of the students, to whom untaxed wine, at five sous the litre, (cheaper than the cheapest of London beer), is an irresistible temptation. Every day the hotels where the balls are held are thronged with diners and drinkers; and wedding-parties, especially, muster here in great force. In every *café* may be heard the familiar click of the billiard ball; and personages, with strange beards and strange attire, who would make their fortunes at the Adelphi as cut-throats, may be seen wasting their sweetness—that is to say, their ferocity—upon the desert—dominos, from morning till night. Whether, in fact, it be to dissipate *ennui* or display merriment, to find a wife or to keep a wedding, to celebrate good fortune or to forget bad, it is to this land of the very free that the populace of Paris betake themselves. And, truly, nowhere can they be seen to greater advantage, because nowhere are they more at their ease.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE PEN AND THE PICKAXE.

I am a dirty town, on the banks of the Thames. I have no connexion with any of the great works of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, nor even with any of their plans and projects. My name is Fulham. My sewers and drains—the few I have—are in a filthy condition, and have their outfall into the river. I grieve to say so, but I cannot help it. My sister Putney, just over the way, and my cousin Hammersmith, a little higher up, are both in a similar state; and lying above me, they give me a "benefit" every ebb-tide, which I do not find at all conducive to my health, nor to the processes of washing and cooking. All I can do—and those below me on the river must excuse my freedom—is to "pass it on;" and in this necessity I am greatly aided and abetted by my Eel-Brook sewer—my principal and most offensive outfall—so called, I presume, from the number of odious impostors of all sizes, trying to wriggle themselves into the likeness of eels, who inhabit this well-known outlet. At Sand's End may be seen and smelt the works of the Imperial Gas Company, which drain all their refuse, either directly into the Thames, or through the medium of my Eel-Brook, I can't swear which—the whole process being a dark and mysterious transaction.

I have said that I am a dirty town. How inadequate are words to paint and convey to the senses the full extent of what I mean by that confession! Besides, decency in many respects restrains me. Even the pen of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers would fail to describe me. Nothing short of the pickaxe (in the use of which they are so very sparing) could rend open, and lay bare to the acquaintance of eyes, nose, and mouth, the actual condition of neglect in which I carry on my populous existence. But let me present the curious reader with a brief outline of one locality.

My principal street, or thoroughfare, is like a specimen of one of the most squalid villages in the poorest districts of Ireland. The majority of my inhabitants are the poorest Irish. Along the broken line of the entire street, at different periods of the day, but more especially towards evening, on Saturday, or other market days, the number of dirty ragged children, trotting up and down, scampering round about, or collected together in groups, is extraordinary. In the doorways, or on the steps, men stand, sit, or lounge about, with their short pipes, while the women squat in parties of three or four against the walls, or down upon the stones; many of them with children at the breast. Young girls nurse, and play with other children just learning to walk,—and all in the most dirty condition, both in dress and person, their clothes being often insufficient for decency, and their hair blowing about their ears. Amidst these groups, and family parties of men, women, and children, the pigs belonging to each domestic circle wander and rout about, winding their devious way, each according to "his own sweet will." In like manner of association with the houses and hovels, stand the pig-sties. Gutters and uncovered drains run in all directions, and cesspools, only covered over with loose planks, are at hand on all sides, tending to generate cholera and fevers; while high above all, in paternal proximity, the palace of the Bishop of London rears its majestic walls, to enable his lordship to overlook his "flock," and nose the bouquet of the surrounding scene.

For many years the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, one batch after another, have sat in their places at the Board, pen in hand; and, during that time they have, with great industry, held interminable discussions, made speeches innumerable, and issued from time to time elaborate reports on the shocking condition of all sorts of parishes and localities; with proposals, plans, and estimates, bearing reference to various extensive works—but no order for a corresponding use of the pickaxe. Pens, ink, printing and paper, as much as you please—and more—but no extensive handling of the pickaxe, the spade, and the materials of construction. Their appeal last year to the inventive talent of the country on the question of a Plan for the drainage of the Metropolis, with the great number of plans sent in, and the bad treatment of all the competitors (especially the best), is in the memory of everybody who paid the least attention to the subject. Now comes the sequel. About a twelvemonth ago, a distinguished mining engineer, who, however, had little practical experience in this special department of

drainage, and who, consequently, had it all to learn, was appointed as the engineer of this Commission. After a twelvemonth's labour at this new study, having every help from the able assistant-engineers and surveyors of the Commission, and all manner of suggestions, hints, and warnings from the plans of the competitors of 1849, the chief engineer compiles his plans, lays them before the Board, and they are forthwith ordered to be printed and published. Pens, ink, printing, and paper, again—but still, be it understood, not, at present, the remotest order as to the use of a pickaxe. The plan has not even gone the full length of preliminary paper-work;—some of the most important of the estimates have not yet been made, or commenced: to say nothing of surveys, compensation, and law unfathomable.

But, meantime, here are the plans—the plans so long required of the Metropolitan Commissioners for the drainage of London and its environs. Need I—I, the dirty town of Fulham—describe the hope and anxiety with which I have examined all the maps and the descriptive report of the chief engineer!

The system, now finally, or assumed to be finally, laid down, is a system of intercepting sewers; that is to say, three new main lines are projected, which will be united with old sewers at present existing. One of these new lines, which we will call the high level line, begins at Kentish Town, crosses Holloway to Stoke Newington, stops abruptly at Hackney, and then falls directly south into the middle level line. This new main line, or middle level, begins at the head of the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and extends as far as Barking Creek. The new line of the low level, sewer where pumping will be required, (as it will be, at the pumping station, forty-seven feet below the other main sewers), is to be in at Chelsea, and take, nearly, the course of the river as far as Limehouse, when it will follow the line of the Limehouse Cut, passing under the river Lea: on the eastern bank of which the sewage is to be pumped into the new main sewer on the middle level line. By these means the disposal of the whole of the lower level sewage is provided for, without any outfalls into the Thames, until it arrives at Barking Creek. The south side of the Thames is treated upon a somewhat similar system.

Now, this is, probably, a great improvement on the old system and on the present existing sewers—so far as the provisions of the plan extend. Several improvements in details of construction are also projected. Many of the old sewers will be destroyed, which, even for the safety of the houses above them, no less than for utility as sewers, ought to have been destroyed long ago; and many will, no doubt, be repaired.

The outfalls of sewers into the Thames are to be done away with, except as far down as Barking Creek, and this is obviously a great improvement. So far, so good.

But, now comes a provision for occasional exceptions. Such of the old sewers as are at present existing and intended to be retained, will receive the house drainage as at present, but will convey it into the new main lines now projected. In times of rain-storms, however, if these new main lines prove inadequate (which the chief engineer of the Commissioners evidently anticipates), the old sewers which will be connected with the new main lines, will then discharge the surplus water, house-drainage and all, into the old outlets, and have their old outfalls into the Thames! The effect of this will be that of a combined gigantic *flushing*. This feature of the plan should by no means be condemned; for, if taken proper advantage of, it is one of the great secrets of good drainage. It was proposed, in evidence, before the Sanitary Commission; and then (of course) met with much execration and ridicule, but has been invariably adopted since, as a sound principle, by the very men who opposed it. No injurious results attend it.

So much for what is proposed to be done. And now a few words on what is omitted. I should premise that the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers extends to the distance of twelve miles all round London; although the Commission issued does not take advantage of so extensive a radius.

Judge of my feelings, all ye clean towns of England—if any exist—and, at least, all ye towns whose cleanliness is thought worthy of being provided for by the Commissioners—judge of my dismay, at discovering that no provision whatever is made for me, in the shape of sewers and drains! But, am I the only dirty town thus omitted? By no means. The same total neglect is displayed towards the populous towns and districts of Kensington, Hammersmith, Turnham Green, Walham Green, Brook Green, Shepherd's Bush, Parson's Green, Chiswick, &c.; and, on the other side of the river, Clapham, all Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney (where the cesspools are in many cases close to the wells, and percolate into them), Barnes, &c. The sewers of most of these towns and districts have their outfalls, as usual, into the Thames, and the sewage, floating down with the tide, and passing all the favoured places for which the plans propose an improved condition with a distant outfall, the advantages of their own improvement are proportionately set at nought, both as regards themselves and the other towns in the line down the river.

Envy becomes no one. It would worst of all become a dirty town like me, to speak enviously of one who is about to appear in new and highly improved circumstances. Yet I must be permitted to say that, although I rejoice in my cousin Richmond's good fortune, flood my drains! if it is not a piece of undue favouritism. A special, elaborate, and

able report on Richmond, by one of the Metropolitan Commissioners' surveyors, was directed to be made some time since, and its condition was found to be very bad indeed. I have said that among many other populous towns and districts, the chief engineer's plans, now before us, provide no new sewers for Richmond. This is true enough; but the Metropolitan Commissioners have determined on providing "special" works for their favoured town; and the able surveyor who made the preliminary examination and report, has been, and is at this time, located there with a branch office and staff to institute all the necessary operations, and to see them carried into effect. But I—poor dirty Fulham—why is nothing of this kind done for me? Why should I and all my fellows in dirt be made dependent on the whole drainage of the Metropolis? All of us might have been thoroughly drained and put in good order by this time without touching the Metropolis. As free and independent towns and villages, we are quite capable of getting rid of our own filth in our own free and independent manner, without being obliged to wait till it is carried away with the gigantic offals of the "Great Wen," as Cobbett called London.

Compare the unsewered and undrained neighbourhood of the palace of the Bishop of London, with all the improvements now going on around the sylvan retreat of the Premier at Richmond; and then, if you have a heart above ground, or a pipe beneath your pavement, ask yourselves what I must feel! Have the neighbours of Lord John at Richmond, who got *their* drainage made in silent contempt of the underground delays of the Londoners—have they a finer nose than Dr. Bloomfield? a keener eye, a more refined taste, a nicer sense of the fitness of things? —or have they a clearer conviction that the work of the pickaxe, the spade, and the materials of construction, have now become of vital importance?—of infinitely greater importance than all the endless details of that Commission; one half of whose inharmonious energies have long been devoted to the employment of able assistant-surveyors in petty details, instead of comprehensive works, the other half being now comprised in the reckless clerk-driving of a frivolous and vexatious law-office. The whole subject of sewerage is so obstructed with frivolous and vexatious law forms at the instigation of certain law-loving officials, that literally none of the intended improvements of the Act can be carried out; and all sorts of error and mischief are the consequence.

By way of some kind of excuse for omitting me, and other towns and districts almost as dirty as myself, the chief engineer favours me in his report with the remark—that the Counter's Creek, and the Fulham and Hammersmith Districts, the area of which is about sixteen square miles, are not much built upon; in fact, he says, that "a very small portion is at present built upon." Surely the chief engineer cannot have been there of late years, or he would have seen and written differently. Perhaps he has not visited the spot since he was a boy! It was then a wild desert. He says that there will be no need to provide for the means of drainage of more than eight square miles, or half the district, because he is of opinion that this "will include an area that may not be built upon and populated for the next half century." If this opinion were correct, it would not justify such an assertion; but seeing the rapidity with which houses, and people to fill them, spring up all round London, it is, to say the best of it, a very short-sighted view. The "additional reason" the chief engineer gives for not providing drainage for this large area, is by no means a good reason. He does not wish to interfere with the works of the Sewerage Manure Company. The Sewerage Manure Company is doing good, and has probably been the means of getting drainage executed, which would not otherwise have been done; but, is it right that a great National Work should be hindered in its operations, in order not to trench upon the borders of a Joint Stock Company?

The estimates given by the chief engineer are startling. I do not start at their magnitude, for I know very well that so great a national work as this ought to be, must involve an enormous outlay—but I do start, and tremble to the bottom of my deepest cesspool, at the huge gaps for additional expenses which are visible in the broad and straggling language used by the chief engineer. He estimates the expense for the north side of the Thames at one million and eighty thousand pounds, and then coolly tells us, "this estimate does not include the means required for the purchase of land and houses, which may be needed for the site of the pumping engine-house," (and for nothing else?) "and *compensation* for certain portions of the line of sewer." The estimate is, nevertheless, about two-thirds more than the drainage could be much more efficiently carried out for. This has been shown to them, and admitted; but there has been some very underhanded bad influences at work on this point. The computation of expense for the south side of the river amounts to two hundred and forty-one thousand pounds. "In this estimate," mildly continues the chief engineer, "I have neither included compensation for passing through or under private property" (which he says will be "comparatively trifling!") "nor the cost of the detailed drainage (*i. e.*, the innumerable ramifications which take up all the house-drains!)—to estimate which will be a work of *much time* and *lengthened inquiry!*" Not a word about the enormous increase this will be to the "estimate;" but a promise—which, after all we have endured in the way of delays, must really be astonishingly comforting—of the expenditure

of "much" more time, and "lengthened inquiries!"

"Linked sewerage long drawn out!"

The chief engineer admits that this will involve a considerable outlay; but adds, "that it would have been premature to mention it here, as it is dependent on the settlement and partial completion of the main drainage." So, the foregoing "estimates" are quietly admitted to be fallacious as estimates of anything but a part of the expense; which (as regards the whole) is therefore no estimate at all. The close of the sentence finishes the incompleteness to perfection. "Neither have I taken into account," says the report, "the cost of extending the system of drainage into the suburban district—a provision which it becomes daily more imperative to make;" and therefore it has been omitted.

It is not for a dirty and neglected town like me to presume to touch too closely upon the delicate texture of bank-notes; but I *have* heard that those who do possess, and know how to use the "blunt," are not disposed to mistake a pen for a pickaxe. They cannot see their way through so much paper and red-tapery. Insurance Companies have declined to lend the indefinitely large sums required, and even the Exchequer Loan Commissioners have politely excused themselves. Printed speeches and "minutes" take no effect upon them; and, as for all the "talk," they say, it is "all round my pickaxe." It is not to the point.

THE ONE BLACK SPOT.

On the evening of a cold, bleak March day, in an early year of this century, a woman, scantily clad, led a boy about eight years old along the high-road towards the old city of Exeter. They crept close to the hedge-side to shelter themselves from the clouds of dust which the sudden gusts of east wind blew in their faces.

They had walked many miles, and the boy limped painfully. He often looked up anxiously into his mother's face, and asked if they had much farther to go? She scarcely appeared to notice his inquiries; her fixed eyes and sunken cheek gave evidence that sorrow absorbed all her thoughts. When he spoke, she drew him closer to her side, but made no reply; until, at length, the child, wondering at her silence, began to sob. She stopped and looked at her child, for a moment, her eyes filled with tears. They had gained the top of a hill, from which was visible in the distance the dark massive towers of the cathedral and the church spires of the city; she pointed them out, and said, "We shall soon be there, Ned." Then, sitting down on a tree that was felled by the road-side, she took "Ned" on her lap, and, bending over him, wept aloud.

"Are you very tired, mother?" said the boy, trying to comfort her. "'Tis a long way—but don't cry—we shall see father when we come there."

"Yes—you will see your father once more."

She checked herself; and, striving to dry her tears, sat looking wistfully towards the place of their destination.

The tramp of horses, coming up the hill they had just ascended, drew the boy's attention to that direction. In a moment he had sprung from his mother, and was shouting, with child-like delight, at the appearance of a gay cavalcade which approached. About thirty men on horseback, in crimson liveries, surrounded two carriages, one of which contained two of His Majesty's Judges, accompanied by the High Sheriff of the county; who, with his javelin men, was conducting them to the city, in which the Lent Assizes were about to be held.

The woman knelt until the carriages and the gaudy javelin men had turned the corner at the foot of a hill, and were no longer visible; with her hands clasped together, she had prayed God to temper with mercy the heart of the Judge, before whom her unfortunate husband, now in gaol, would have to stand his trial. Then, taking the boy again by the hand—unable to explain to him what he had seen—she pursued her way with him, silently, along the dusty road.

As they drew nearer to the city, they overtook various groups of stragglers; who had deemed it their duty, in spite of the inclement weather, to wander some miles out of the city to catch an early glimpse of "My Lord Judge," and the gay Sheriffs' officers. Troops, also, of itinerant ballad-singers, rope-dancers, mountebanks, and caravans of wild beasts, still followed the Judges, as they had done throughout the circuit. "Walk more slowly, Ned," said the mother, checking the boy's desire to follow the "shows." "I am very tired; let us rest a little here." They lingered until the crowd was far ahead of them—and were left alone on the road.

Late in the evening, as the last stragglers were returning home, the wayfarers found themselves in the suburbs of the city, and the forlorn woman looked round anxiously for a lodging. She feared the noisy people in the streets, and, turning timidly towards an old citizen who stood by his garden-gate chatting to his housekeeper, and watching the passers-by—there was a kindness in his look which gave her confidence—so, with a homely courtesy, she ventured to inquire of him where she might find a decent resting-place.

"Have you never been here before?" he asked.

"Never but once, sir, when I was a child, many years ago."

"What part of the country do you come from?"

"Uffculme."

"Uffculme? How did you get here?"

"We have walked."

"You don't say that you have trudged all the way with that youngster?"

The housekeeper drowned the reply by loudly announcing to the old gentleman that his supper was waiting; "We have no lodgings, my good woman," she said, turning away from the gate.

"Stop, Martha, stop," said the citizen; "can't we direct them somewhere? you see they are strangers. I wonder where they could get a lodging?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Martha, peevishly; "your supper will be cold—come in!"

"*We*'ve had no supper," said the boy.

"Poor little fellow!" said the old gentleman; "then I am sure you shall not go without. Martha, the bread and cheese!" And, opening the garden gate, he made the travellers enter and sit down in the summer-house, whilst he went to fetch them a draught of cider.

In spite of Martha's grumbling, he managed to get a substantial repast; but it grieved him that the woman, though she thanked him very gratefully and humbly, appeared unable to eat.

"Your boy eats heartily," said he, "but I am afraid you don't enjoy it."

With a choking utterance she thanked him, but could not eat.

The good old man was striving, as well as he could, to explain to them their way to a part of the city, where they might find a lodging, when the garden-gate opened, and a young man gave to the host a hearty greeting.

At the sound of his voice, the cup the woman held in her hand fell to the ground. This drew the youth's attention to her; he looked earnestly at her for a moment, and, with an exclamation of surprise, said, "Why, this is Susan Harvey!"

The woman hid her face in her hands, and moaned.

"Do you know her, then, Alfred?" said the uncle.

"She nursed me when I was a little sickly boy," replied the youth; she lived many years in my father's house."

"Then I am sure you will take her to some lodging to-night, for she is quite a stranger here. There is Martha calling to me again; she is not in the best temper to-night, so I had better go in, and I leave them to your care."

"Oh! tell me, Mr. Gray, have you seen him?" cried the woman eagerly.

"I have been with him to-day, Susan," said Gray, kindly taking her hand; "do not be cast down; all that can be done for Martin, shall be done. Let me take you where you can rest to-night, and to-morrow you can be with him."

The weary little boy had fallen asleep on the seat; the mother strove to arouse him, but Alfred Gray prevented her, by taking the little fellow in his arms. He carried him by her side through the streets; she could utter no words of gratitude, but her tears flowed fast, and told how the young man's sympathy had fallen like balm upon her wounded heart. "God has taken pity on me," she said, when they parted.

With a quick step Alfred regained his uncle's cottage; he had a difficult task to accomplish. Martin Harvey, now awaiting his trial for poaching, and for being concerned in an affray with Sir George Roberts' gamekeepers, had once been his father's apprentice. Young Gray had been endeavouring to procure for him all the legal help which the laws then allowed; but his own means were limited, and, when he met Susan and her boy in the garden, he had come to visit his uncle to ask his assistance. He had now returned on the same errand. He pleaded earnestly, and with caution, but was repulsed. It was in vain he urged the poverty of agricultural labourers at that season, and the temptation which an abundance of game afforded to half-starved men and their wretched families.

"Nonsense, Alfred!" said old Mr. Gray. "I would not grudge you the money if you did not want it for a bad purpose. You must not excuse men who go out with guns and fire at their fellow-creatures in the dark."

"Martin did not fire, uncle—that is what I want to prove, and save him, if I can, from transportation. He has a wife and child."

"Wife and child," repeated the old man thoughtfully. "You did not tell me he had a wife and child; that poor woman came from Uffculme."

"Providence must have guided her," said the younger Gray. "It was indeed Harvey's wife and son whom you so lately relieved."

"You shall have the money. I have all through life prayed that my heart may not be hardened; and I find, old as I am, that, every day I have fresh lessons to learn."

The next morning, while Alfred held anxious consultation with the lawyers, the wife and husband met within the prison walls. They sat together in silence, for neither could speak a word of hope. The boy never forgot that long and dreary day, during which he watched, with wondering thoughts, the sad faces of his ruined parents.

The Crown Court at the Castle was next morning crowded to overflowing. Among the struggling crowd that vainly sought to gain admission, was Martin Harvey's wife. She was rudely repulsed by the door-keepers, who "wondered what women wanted in such places." She still strove to keep her ground, and watched with piteous looks the doors of the court. She braved the heat and pressure for some time; but a sickly faintness at length came over her. She was endeavouring to retreat into the open air, when she felt some one touch her shoulder, and turning, saw Alfred Gray making his way toward her. After a moment's pause in the cool air, he led her round to a side door, through which there was a private entrance

into the court. He whispered a word to an officer, who admitted them, and pointed to a seat behind the dock, where they were screened from observation, and where the woman could see her husband standing between his two fellow-prisoners.

The prisoners were listening anxiously to the evidence which the principal gamekeeper was offering against them. The first, a man about sixty, excited greater interest than the others. He earnestly attended to what was going on, but gave no sign of fear, as to the result. Brushing back his grey locks, he gazed round the court, with something like a smile. This man's life had been a strange one. Early in his career he had been ejected from a farm which he had held under the father of the present prosecutor, Sir George Roberts; he soon after lost what little property had been left him, and, in despair, enlisted—was sent abroad with his regiment—and for many years shared in the toils and achievements of our East Indian warfare. Returning home on a small pension, he fixed his abode in his native village, and sought to indulge his old enmity against the family that had injured him by every kind of annoyance in his power. The present baronet, a narrow-minded tyrannical man, afforded by his unpopularity good opportunity to old Ralph Somers to induce others to join him in his schemes of mischief and revenge. "The game," which was plentiful on the estate, and the preservation of which was Sir George's chief delight, formed the principal object of attack; the poverty of the labourers tempted them to follow the old soldier, who managed affairs so warily, that for nine years he had been an object of the utmost terror and hatred to Sir George and his keepers, whilst all their efforts to detect and capture him had, until now, been fruitless.

Martin Harvey, who stood by his side with his shattered arm in a sling, bore marks of intense mental suffering and remorse; but his countenance was stamped with its original, open, manly expression—a face often to be seen among a group of English farm labourers, expressive of a warm heart, full of both courage and kindness.

The evidence was soon given. The gamekeepers, on the night of the 24th of February, were apprised that poachers were in the plantations. Taking with them a stronger force than usual, all well armed, they discovered the objects of their search, in a lane leading out into the fields, and shouted to them to surrender. They distinctly saw their figures flying before them, and when they approached them, one of the fugitives turned round and fired, wounding one of the keepers' legs with a quantity of small shot. The keeper immediately fired in return, and brought down a poacher; old Ralph's voice, was heard shouting to them to desist, and upon coming up they found him standing by the side of Martin Harvey, who had fallen severely wounded. Three guns lay by them, one of which had been discharged, but no one could swear who had fired it; search was made all night for the other man, but without success.

When the prisoners were called on for their defence, they looked at one another for a moment as if neither wished to speak first. Ralph, however, began. He had little to say. Casting a look of defiance at Sir George and his lady, who sat in a side gallery above the court, he freely confessed that hatred to the man who had injured him in his youth, and who had treated him with harshness on his return from abroad, had been the motive of his encouraging and aiding in these midnight depredations; he expressed sorrow for having occasioned trouble to his neighbour Harvey.—"What I can say will be of little use to me here," said Martin Harvey, in a hollow voice; "I am ruined beyond redress; but I was a very poor man when I first joined, with others, in snaring game; I often wanted bread, and saw my wife and child pinched for food also. The rich people say game belongs to them; but—well—all I can say more is, that I take God to witness I never lifted a murderous gun against my fellow man, he who did it has escaped; and I have suffered this broken limb—but that I don't mind—I have worse than that to bear—I have broken my wife's heart, and my child will be left an orphan."

His voice failed. There was an uneasy movement among the audience; and a lady, who had been leaning over the rails of the side gallery listening with deep attention, fainted, and was carried out of court. The prisoner's pale wife, who had bowed her head behind him in silent endurance, heard a whisper among the bystanders that it was Lady Roberts, and a hope entered her mind that the lady's tender heart might feel for them.

"Have you any witnesses to call?" asked the Judge.

Martin looked round with a vacant gaze; the attorney whispered to him, and beckoned to Alfred Gray.

Alfred went into the witness-box, and told of the honesty, sobriety, and good conduct of Martin Harvey, during all the years he was in his father's house—"He was there before I was born," said the young man, "and only left when I was obliged to leave also, sixteen years after. A better man never broke bread—he was beloved by every body who knew him. Till now, his character was never tainted. It's the one black spot."

The Judge commenced summing up; it was evident to all who had paid attention to the evidence, that the conviction of two of the prisoners was certain. Alfred Gray knew this, and strove to induce the wife to leave with him before the fatal close of proceedings; but she shook her head and would not go. "I shall have strength to bear it," she said.

He sat down by her side, and heard the fearful verdict of "guilty" pronounced against

her husband and Ralph Somers; and then the dreaded doom of transportation for life awarded to them. As they turned to leave the dock, Martin looked down upon the crushed and broken-hearted being whom he had sworn to protect and cherish through life, and in spite of every effort to repress it, a cry of agony burst from his lips; it was answered by a fainter sound, and Alfred Gray lifted the helpless, lifeless woman from the ground, and carried her into the open air.

Months passed; and on the day when the convict ship, with its freight of heavy hearts, began its silent course over the great waters, the widowed wife took her fatherless child by the hand, and again traversed the weary road which led them to their desolated home.

The kindness of the Grays had supplied a few immediate necessaries. Some one had told her of women having, by the aid of friends, managed to meet their husbands once more in those distant parts of the earth; and this knowledge, once in her agitated mind, raised a hope which inspired her to pursue her daily task without fainting, and to watch an opportunity of making an attempt which she had meditated, even during that dreadful day of Martin's trial. She resolved to seek admission into Sir George Roberts' mansion, and appeal to the pity of his wife. It was told in the village that Lady Roberts had implored her husband to interpose in behalf of the men, that his angry and passionate refusal had caused a breach between them; that they had lived unhappily ever since; that he had strictly forbidden any one to mention the subject, or to convey to Lady Roberts any remarks that were made in the neighbourhood.

Susan Harvey trembled when she entered the mansion, and timidly asked leave to speak to Lady Roberts.

The servant she addressed had known her husband, and pitied her distress; and, fearing lest Sir George might pass, he led her into his pantry, watching an opportunity to let the lady know of her being there.

After a time, Lady Roberts' maid came, and beckoned her to follow up-stairs. In a few moments the soft voice of the lady of the mansion was cheering her with kind words, and encouraging her to disclose her wishes.

Before she had concluded, a step was heard without, at which the lady started and turned pale. Before there was time for retreat Sir George hastily entered the apartment.

"Who have you here, Lady Roberts?"

"One who has a request to make, I believe," said the lady, mildly. "I wish a few moments with her."

"Have the goodness to walk out of this house," said the baronet to Susan. "Lady Roberts, I know this woman, and I will not allow you to harbour such people here."

Although the convict's wife never again ventured into that house, her wants, and those of her child, were, during three years, ministered to by the secret agency of the Good Heart that lived so sadly there; and when, at the expiration of that period, Lady Roberts died, a trusty messenger brought to the cottage a little legacy; sufficient, if ever news came of Martin, to enable the wife and child, from whom he was separated, to make their way across the earth, and to meet him again.

But, during those weary years no tidings of his fate had reached either his wife or Alfred Gray—to whom he had promised to write when he reached his destination. Another year dragged its slow course over the home of affliction, and poor Susan's hopes grew fainter day by day. Her sinking frame gave evidence of the sickness that cometh from the heart.

One summer evening, however, in the next year, Alfred Gray entered his uncle's garden with a letter, and was soon seated in the summer-house reading it aloud to his uncle and Martha. Tears stood in the old man's eyes, as some touching detail of suffering or privation was related. And, indeed, the letter told of little beside. It was from Martin. Soon after his arrival in the settlement, Martin had written to Alfred, but the letter had never reached England—not an unusual occurrence in those times. After waiting long, and getting no reply, he was driven by harsh treatment, and the degradation attending the life he led, to attempt, with old Ralph, an escape from the settlement. In simple language, he recorded the dreary life they led in the woods; how, after a time, old Ralph sickened and died; and how, in a desolate place, where the footsteps of man had, perhaps, never trod before, Martin Harvey had dug a grave, and buried his old companion. After that, unable to endure the terrible solitude, he had sought his way back to his former master, and had been treated more harshly than before. Fever and disease had wasted his frame, until he had prayed that he might die and be at rest; but God had been merciful to him, and had inclined the heart of one for whom he laboured, who listened with compassion to his story, took him under his roof, and restored him to health. And now, Martin had obtained a ticket of leave, and served this kind master for wages, which he was carefully hoarding to send to Alfred Gray, as soon as he should hear from him that those he loved were still preserved, and would come and embrace him once more in that distant land.

"They shall go at once, Alfred," said old Mr. Gray, the moment the last sentence was read; "they shall not wait; we will provide the means,—hey, Martha?"

He did not now fear to appeal to his companion. Martha had grown kinder of late, and she confessed she had learned of her cousin what gives most comfort to those who are drawing near their journey's end. "I can help them a little," she said.

"We will all help a little," Alfred replied. "I shall be off at break of day to-morrow, on neighbour Collins's pony, and shall give him no rest until he sets me down at Uffculme."

Accordingly, early next morning, Alfred Gray was riding briskly along through the pleasant green lanes which led toward his native village. It was the middle of June, bright, warm, sunny weather; and the young man's spirits were unusually gay, everything around him tending to heighten the delight which the good news he carried had inspired him with. The pony stepped out bravely, and was only checked when Alfred came in sight of the dear old home of his childhood, and heard the well known chimes calling the villagers to their morning service, for it was Sunday. Then for a few moments the young man proceeded more slowly, and his countenance wore a more saddened look, as the blessed recollections of early loves and affections, with which the scene was associated in his mind, claimed their power over all other thoughts. The voice of an old friend from an apple orchard hard by, recalled him from his reveries.

He shook hands through the hedge. "I will come and see you in the evening, Fred. I must hasten on now. She will go to church this morning, and I must go with her."

"Who?" asked the other.

Alfred pointed to the cottage where Susan Harvey dwelt. "I bring her good news—I have a letter. Martin is living and well."

The friend shook his head.

Alfred dismounted, and walked towards Susan Harvey's cottage. The door was closed, and when he looked through the window he could see no one inside. He lifted the latch softly, and entered. There was no one there; but his entrance had been heard, and a moment after, a fine stout lad came out of the inner chamber, took Alfred's proffered hand, and in answer to his inquiries, burst into tears.

"She says she cannot live long, sir; but she told me last night, that before she died, you would come and tell us news of father. She has been saying all the past week that we should hear from him soon."

Whilst the boy spoke, Alfred heard a weak voice, calling his name from the inner room.

"Go in," he said, "and tell her I am here."

The boy did so, and then beckoned him to enter.

Susan's submissive features were but little changed, from the time when her husband was taken from her; but the weak and wasted form that strove to raise itself in vain, as Alfred approached the bed-side, too plainly revealed that the struggle was drawing to a close—that the time of rest was at hand.

"Thank God, you are come," she said; "you have heard from him? Tell me quickly, for my time is short."

"I come to tell you good news, Susan. You may yet be restored to him."

"I shall not see Martin in this world again, Mr. Gray; but I shall close my eyes in peace. If you know where he is, and can tell me that my boy shall go, and be with him, and tell him how, through these long weary years, we loved him, and thought of him, and prayed for him—" Here she broke off, and beckoned the boy to her. She held his hands within her own, whilst Alfred Gray read from the letter all that would comfort her.

When he had done, she said, "God will bless you: you have been very good to us in our misery. Now, will you promise me one thing more? Will you send my boy to his father, when I am gone?"

The promise was made, and the boy knelt long by her bed-side, listening to the words of love and consolation which, with her latest breath, she uttered for the sake of him who, she hoped, would hear them again from his child's lips.

Nearly forty years have passed since they laid her among the graves of the humble villagers of Uffculme. Few remain now who remember her story or her name; but, on the other side of the world, amid scenery all unlike to that in which she dwelt, there stands a cheerful settler's home, and under the shadow of tall acacia trees which surround the little garden in which some few English flowers are blooming, there are sitting, in the cool of the summer evening, a group, whose faces are all of the Anglo-Saxon mould. A happy-looking couple, in the prime of life, are there, with children playing around them; and one little gentle girl, they call Susan, is sitting on the knee of an aged white-haired man, looking lovingly into his face, and wondering why his eye so watches the setting sun every night, as it sinks behind the blue waters in the distance. Two tall handsome lads, with guns on their shoulders, enter the garden and hasten to show the old man the fruits of their day's exploits.

"We have been lucky to-day, grandfather," says the younger; "but Alfred says these birds are not like the birds in old England."

"You should hear the sailors talk about the game in England, Martin," replies the brother. "Grandfather has told us all about England, except the 'birds.' He thinks we should run away if he were to describe them."

The old man looks steadily at the boys for a moment, and his eyes fill with tears. "It is a glorious land," he says, with a faltering voice; "it is our country; but, Alfred, Martin, you will never leave this happy home to go there. Birds, there, are the rich man's property, and you would not dare carry those guns of yours over English ground. If ever you go there, your father will tell you where there is a churchyard,—and among the graves of the poor, there is one—"

He stopped, for Edward Harvey came to the place where his father sat, and took his trembling hand within his own; the boys obeyed their mother's signal, and followed her into the house; the two men remained sitting together, until the silent stars came out.

Then, the aged man, leaning on his son's arm, rejoined the family at the supper-table; and the peace of God rested on the solitary home. Edward Harvey had faithfully kept within his heart, the memory of his mother's dying commands.

Martin, his father, had nobly effaced the one Black Spot.

CHEAP PLEASURES.—A GOSSIP.

Pleasures of any kind, be they ever so harmless, are nowhere so unpopular as in Great Britain. In Scotland especially, recreation is more or less associated with idleness and dissipation. This notion is, doubtless, a legacy left us by the Puritans, and is strengthened by the hard struggle that is kept up amongst the majority for the means of existence, or for the accumulation of wealth. The best words—the mildest defintion bestowed by modern Puritans—a large class—upon any sort of amusement is, that it is "a loss of time." When a man does anything by which he ceases to increase his earnings, or to husband his estate, he is said to be "losing time." The mind, according to this creed, is a clock; which, provided it be regularly wound up, can go on continually without rest, and without lubrication by the amenities and enjoyments of life. Young men, who now and then indulge in a visit to the theatre, are shunned by their more staid acquaintances as persons likely to lose caste and character, and to borrow money. A country walk on Sunday evening, after a day's devotion, is, in Scotland, considered a crime; though drinking whisky in private at home, is deemed almost a necessity. Even in England, on a week day, if a man of business be seen in a public garden, he always believes an apology for himself imperative. He seldom owns he is there for his own proper pleasure; he was passing the gates and "turned in for a stroll," or he happens to be going to Bayswater, and Kensington Gardens, like Sir Harry Blunt's treason, "lay in his way." When he goes to Vauxhall Gardens, it is "by the merest accident in the world." He must have a pretence, even, for taking his family to the Great Exhibition. If he give a dinner, it is less for the sake of social enjoyment than "to keep his connection together." If he be newly married, and neither a lord nor a landed gentleman, and entertain his friends more than once a year, his ruin in a year is confidently predicted.

If the middle-class Englishman thus becomes *censor deliciæ* of his equals, how much more rigidly does he apply his censorship to his inferiors. A mechanic with his wife and family in a tea-garden present to his darkened perception the incarnation of Imprudence. A vision of idleness looms lazily forth before his eyes from a group of factory children playing at marbles; and the workhouse stares him in the face when he sees a party of labourers stumping, and batting, and bowling, and scouting, and shouting at cricket.

In this commercial community, everything is estimated by its cost—even recreation. No one is thought to have any right to any sort of amusement, who is not able to pay for it out of a surplus of income. The poor, having no money, have no title to be amused; consequently, the opportunities afforded them for wholesome relaxation are fewer in this country than in any other. We are lamentably deficient in Cheap Pleasures; and this deficiency influences materially our national character. The demeanour and manners of most British Islanders are neither attractive nor conciliating. To correct this, we want more pleasant intercourse with each other than is now enjoyed.

The scantiness and costliness of intellectual public amusements, again, is partly the source of our inferiority to several other nations of Europe as artists. We were struck, some time since, on passing through Berlin, by some very exquisite *tableaux vivants*, mostly representations of ancient subjects, either mythological or biblical. They were given at Tivoli, a kind of Vauxhall Gardens, in the *Thier Garten*, outside the town gates, in the open air, by daylight. Admission to the inner circle, including a seat, costs twopence or threepence; but the whole might be very well viewed, from without, gratis. The attendance was large and, not only respectable, but some of the spectators were people of distinction. Thus the commonest of the Prussian people are civilised and enlightened by the influence of art, which meets him at every turn. National education gives the humblest Prussian a familiarity with the classics that might shame an Oxonian; and he sups to the sound of finer music than is heard in our palaces, and passes his hours of leisure in refined recreations, almost unknown with us.

Unhappily the uncertain climate of this country debars us from what the Germans call "The Summer Theatre." In Vienna the actors engaged at the Summer Theatre are of the highest order of talent, and the pieces of the first class of excellence. The representations are often attended by the Court. The prices of admission are, of course, lower than at other theatres, because the expense saved in lighting is great. In Austria, where purse pride has not yet been allowed to flourish, the cheapness of admission does not exclude respectable persons. In some respects the Summer Theatre has a great advantage over performances given at night; the pieces produced being often rendered charmingly natural. The chief decoration is flowers; and we may, perhaps, not be thought ungallant in adding, that ladies, diffident of their attractions in the vulgar and garish daylight, may find very important allies in a judicious arrangement of draperies and hangings, well studied effects of light and

shade, which are far greater beautifiers than the fierce glare of the foot-lights, and the whitening and unnatural effect caused by artificial lights of all kinds. As there are fine days in an English summer, attempts at the rustic and sylvan drama are not quite hopeless. Anything which tends to popularise open-air amusements will be highly beneficial, and is not wholly impracticable. Our forefathers almost lived out of doors.

Although great concessions have been made, of late, in England, in the opening of public parks and art-repositories, yet we are still deficient in the means to bring the refining influences of what is beautiful and gratifying in nature and art *to* the people, instead of making the people, at an expense of labour and money, go to them. More public gardens and covered spaces, more beautiful flowers, more good music and paintings, more sculpture distributed over our public buildings, and, permeating the hard business of life, would be, we are persuaded, of great *moral* benefit. The Great Exhibition building, when converted, as it will doubtless be, into a winter-garden, will cause, we trust, a wide dissemination of cheap pleasures. Let us hope that similar glazed promenades will be set up in other localities.

We cannot revert from public to domestic relaxation and pastimes without placing eating and drinking amongst the foremost of them.

We know that there is a surpassing disinclination to acknowledge the pleasures of the table to be pleasures; but who can deny that they are, when moderately indulged? In the present constitution of our code of cookery, eating is the most expensive of our amusements. This arises mainly from our neglect of vegetables. About the middle of last summer, at Kreuznach, near the Rhine, we partook plentifully of a certain dish at the table d'hôte. It was delicious; some titled English travellers were present, who seemed to be equally charmed. Curiosity was awakened. What could it be? The German gentleman in waiting, napkin in hand, was despatched on a special mission to the *chef de cuisine* to know what we had been eating. After remaining some five minutes in suspense, the receipt was revealed. It was a dish of *pea-shells*, stewed in butter, with a sprinkling of savoury herbs. Pea-shells are the ordinary diet of pigs on this side of the Channel; but in Germany, a little skill, a little butter, and a little herb removes them from the sty to the best dinner tables.

"The capacities of vegetables are mournfully misunderstood, sir, in England!" said a plethoric old gentleman next to us, who had already been fed by our cookery within a beef-steak or two of apoplexy. "Look at me, sir; you never see a foreigner in such a state as I am; but what with light wines and this kind of thing—(swallowing a mouthful of pea-shells)—I hope to get better."
Mr. peace. fat friend was quite right; a more copi- tell me that vegetables and simple salads would prevent a great variety of diseases which have been produced by food of too stimulating a character, not sufficiently mixed with vegetables. Yet we grow the finest vegetables in the world. The only places in London where one can be always sure of a fresh salad, are kept by foreigners. If our cooks only knew what exquisite and delicately flavoured soups are to be made of herbs with a little butter, and perhaps an egg, and how very far they go to make a satisfactory dinner, soups and potages would not be so neglected. There are, we are told by competent authority, no less than three hundred and sixty five ways to dress eggs, but with herbs as helpmates. A foreign cook, by the help of a sprinkling of parsley, or sage, or fennel, a little butter, and some eggs, will dress you a dinner fit for Lucullus, at something under sixpence a head. When it is said that living is cheaper abroad, it is not meant that the articles of consumption are on the whole cheaper, but there is better economy. We have seen a few broad beans boiled, mashed, and made into light vegetable patties, that would astonish Lovegrove, and do credit to Soyer. In a French dish often seen at the Palace de Bourbon, we should scarcely recognise our common Jerusalem artichoke; while the metamorphoses which potatoes may undergo, are more marvellous than those of Ovid. The old judge Brillat Savarin, in his witty cookery book, the "Physiologie du Goût," affords data about spinach which make one's mouth water. Of the grey peas which we give to cattle, the Spaniard makes his famous "puchero." A dish called *kouskousou*, of flour and water, is the staple food of Western Africa, from the Soultan to the Kif; and throughout the whole East, the greater part of the population lives on a dish nearly similar. Cold cauliflowers are the delight of the Italians, and an onion dipped in oil (an aliment more powerful than digestible) with a little brown bread, is the chief food of the picturesque sailors who man the feluccas of the Levant, and smuggle on the coasts of Portugal and Barbary. Lastly, the plains of Hungary and the mountains of the Tyrol grow as proper men and women, and as beautiful, as are nurtured on the banks of the Thames—yet their chief diet is of vegetables.

The subject of cheap drinks is illimitable. There are drinking shops in Boston and New York which give the thirsty their choice, at a minute's notice, out of *three hundred* different sorts of beverages. Yet not one of them is forbidden to Temperance pledgees. A Frenchman or an Italian, with a glass of sugar and water, price a penny, is as happy as an Englishman with a glass of grog, price one shilling. Though by no means a powerful kind of drink, *eau sucrée* has its restorative and invigorating properties. During the last bombardment of Algiers, a French general, in the heat of his enthusiasm, scaled a height to command a good view of the enemy's operations. He had

scarcely reached the top, when a mine having been sprung, the ground gave way, and he was hurled below with fearful violence. Seeing the disaster, his staff, with little hope that any life was left in him, had him dug out. However, he slowly revived, and the first words which passed his white and trembling lips were, "Bring me a glass of *eau sucrée!*"—For this climate, however, something more stimulating is required; but our range of drinks is curiously limited. Yet how easily it might be extended! There is, for example, a weak decoction of barley-water, with lemon and sugar, which for a summer beverage is unaccountably delicious.

With the pleasures of cheap eating and drinking are naturally connected the subject of cheap party-giving. An English family who are accustomed to entertain their acquaintances with much expense at dull, expensive dinners, or to crowd a vast number of persons into small rooms—cleared away and made uncomfortable for the especial purpose—can have no idea how cheaply pleasant parties may be given. The whole art in England is founded on a grand social mistake. Too often we invite people less because we are pleased with their society, or for the interchange of rational ideas, than from ostentation. On the continent there are seldom "crush" parties in private houses. Few people think of giving yearly balls or half-yearly dinners, but receive their friends every night on which they do not themselves go out; coffee, negus, ices, sherbet, lemonade, sugared water, a few cakes, are all their guests seem to require. There is not much elaboration of dress, though it is always neat and pleasing.

Subscription pic-nics are the peculiar delight of the Germans. Some months since we were of a party of this sort, near Vienna. The members of the pic-nic were just on terms of sufficient distance that each should have something new to tell his neighbour, and quite intimate enough to banish any kind of formality. We roamed about all day among old ruins, gathering flowers, and playing games, and dancing in the ruined halls which had echoed, perhaps, to the tread of dames and cavaliers in the time of Rudolphe or Maximilian. It was a scene from Boccaccio. As is usual near such places, there was a rustic inn where we had dined and forgotten it; but noticing that the lady who had bidden us to the feast seemed rather uneasy in her mind, and looked several times towards us, we thought it would be but polite, when the next dance was over, to give her an opportunity of unburthening herself. For this purpose, entering into a conversation with her, we discovered that each guest was expected to pay, in ready money, the price of his entertainment; our share was two shillings! That was our contribution for everything. How much better this than the English mode, which consists of contributions in kind, instead of in money; when every matron, if she do not bring a tongue, contributes a pigeon-pie, and everybody has forgotten the salt!

The accessibility of every class to public pleasures abroad, has a marked effect in refining the manners of the people. In the public gardens, all classes mix. The Grand Duke walks about quietly with the humblest of his subjects, and the humblest subject is consequently well-behaved. Crowned heads are not mobbed, and the breath is not drawn with reverential awe at the mention of a lord. The habit of frequent intercourse amongst his equals—especially those of the other sex—and among his superiors, gives the foreigner an open, unembarrassed manner, which is always more agreeable than the constrained awkwardness of some free-born Britons.

CHIPS.

ACORN-COFFEE.

In addition to the unpalatable circumstances respecting coffee which we put forth in our fifty-fifth number, we have to add endeavours made in 1778, by Dr. Marx, of Hanover, to establish the excellent properties of burnt acorns as a substitute for coffee. He published a recipe for his concoction, which ran as follows:—

"Take sound and ripe acorns, peel off the shell or husk, divide the kernels, dry them gradually, and then roast them in a close vessel or roaster, keeping them continually stirring; in doing of which, especial care must be taken that they be not burnt or roasted too much, both which would be hurtful. Take of these roasted acorns (ground like other coffee) half an ounce every morning and evening, alone or mixed with a drachm of other coffee, and sweetened with sugar, with or without milk."

The author of this recipe then goes on to enlarge upon the fine medicinal properties of the acorn,—its strengthening effect upon the nerves, its loss of all hurtful qualities after roasting, and, at worst, its claim to rank, as a sanitary drink with coffee. He adduces many instances of diseases eradicated by *his* acorn-coffee, and concludes by recommending it to general attention. How far his efforts met with success does not appear; nor is there any means of judging whether or not his investigations had the harmful effect of setting the busy brains of rapacious adulterators to work upon this article. However, acorn-coffee is a curious suggestion, and may have some claim to the attention of the gastronomic chemistry of the present time. It may, perhaps, be a humiliating instance to apply to an enlightened beverage-loving public; but we diffidently remind it that acorns are a principal ingredient in the production of the best pork. Judging from that fact it may

not be a very wild inference to draw, that the germs of the sturdy oak may also add to the sturdiness of the human family. Should there be anything in Dr. Marx's notion, we must not be startled if we behold an addition to the usual puffs in the grocers' windows asking us to "TRY OUR FAMILY ACORNS!"

TIME.

THE heart may live a lifetime in an hour,
And well embrace
A lifetime's energy, and strength, and power,
Within that space.

We do it wrong, Time by one rule to reckon;
For by our state—
As our stern fears deter, or fond hopes beckon—
Should it bear date.

A minute's agony appears a day.
Years of delight
Seem, traced by memory, having passed away,
Transient as light.

With Love Time flies, Hate makes it linger.
Says Youth, "Be past!"
Age, pointing to its sands with eager finger,
Murmurs, "Too fast!"

THE WORLD OF WATER.

OUT of the crowd of London we must get, if it be only for a day, and take a walk by the sea-side. The water sparkles; the warm sun has caused all parasols to open from their bud, and with raised stalks they blossom gorgeously. For the last ten minutes a stout gentleman's head has floated like a black buoy on the surface of the tide. There is a fish-woman;—do you know what fish is in season? Fish, no doubt, get tired of the monotony of sea, and come to the coast-side at their own fashionable times, when they are netted now and then by fishermen. We also go to the sea-side, and accept the bait of unostentatious fishers after men, the lodging-house proprietors;—for families of fish in *their* season, or of Londoners in theirs, alike are skinned and dished. Some of the fish must travel many miles to get a sniff of shore air, and they surely have no railways in the ocean. All the land in the world, I have been told at school, would barely cover the Pacific. Twenty-seven miles of water in the world, for every ten miles of land. What a wilderness that is for a sprat to lose his way in!

Wilderness?—not at all. We talk about the watery waste, as if it were just a salt desert,—very useful as a highway to the nations, but in itself a barren surface of salt water, playing pitch and toss with ships, to the distress of passengers. The fact is, that not only does the bed of the sea consist of hills and dales, springs, mountains and volcanoes, differing from our own only in the character of their abundant vegetation,—not only are these hills and plains peopled with forms innumerable, but, in the great flood above, zone over zone of water teems with life. One set of marine animals peoples the region between high and low water mark, and declines to mix with the creatures of the sphere immediately below, which again keep up their position in an equally exclusive manner. So there are ten such zones to pass before you touch ground in deep water, just as in a thoroughly enlightened county town there may be ten sets, each to itself a world, between the squire with his right foot on a carriage step, and the labourer with his right foot on a spade. If the expanse of the sea be vast, vast also is the variety of its inhabitants; fishes, crustaceans, mollusca, polyps, and yet more,—classes, genera, and species,—each individual almost incredibly fecund. The spawn of a single adult oyster will supply twelve thousand barrels. In the Arctic Sea the water is for hundreds of miles coloured olive green by little entomostraca, the whale's food. Scoresby calculated that there were twenty-three thousand, eight hundred and eighty-eight million million of them in a cubic mile: of course their zone, however, is not a mile deep. Life in "the ocean wave" is gayer when we come between the tropics. In the narrative of the exploring "Voyage of the Fly" among the coral reefs north-east of Australia, there is a quaint illustration of this, not less quaint to the unscientific reader for the number of strange names with which he is perplexed: "A block of coral rock, that was brought up by a fish-hook from the bottom at one of our anchorages, was interesting from the vast variety and abundance of animal life there was about it. It was a mere worn dead fragment, but its surface was covered with brown, crimson, and yellow nulliporæ, many small actiniæ, and soft branching corallines, sheets of flustra and eschara, and delicate reteporæ, looking like beautiful lace-work carved in ivory. There were several small sponges and alcyonia, seaweeds of two or three species, two species of comatula, and one of ophiura of the most delicate colours and markings, and many small, flat, round corals, something like nummulites in external appearance. On breaking into the block, boring-shells of several species were found buried in it; tubes formed by annelida pierced it in all directions, many still containing their inhabitants, while two or three worms, or nereis, lay twisted in and out among its hollows and recesses, in which, likewise, were three small species of crabs." What do you say to that? A London lodging-house during the height of the Exhibition season is not by a quarter so well crammed. "This block," says Mr. Jukes, "was not above a foot in diameter, and was a perfect museum in itself, while its outside glared with beauty from the many brightly and variously-coloured animals and plants. It was by no means a solitary instance; every block that could be procured from the bottom, in from ten to twenty fathoms, was like it." The blocks

themselves, too, it must be remembered, were in the first instance built by little members of the vast and industrious community which swarms within the crystal palace of the sea.

An argument to the stomach is at all times so satisfactory, that one has only to remind the rich of callipash and callipee as sea-begotten: to allude to turbot, one has only to suggest to humbler appetites,

"The periwinkle, prawn, the cockle and the shrimp."

One has only to say to the collective hunger of the nation "Oyster! lobster!" and at once the sea is acknowledged to be, not a desert, but appears green and refreshing in all eyes, and will bear description as a highly valuable tract of pasture-ground. We were in the neighbourhood of Australia just now. As we are on the way, perhaps you will not object to step down to the South Pole for a minute, or at least to the vicinity of the great Southern Continent, visited lately by our Phantom Ship. Cold water is to be found in perfection near that great refrigerator, and from thence it flows in a vast ocean river towards the Equator. Now, starting from the icy shores of South Victoria, let us, like good, quiet beings, travel with the stream.

What causes the stream, though? That is soon told. Water at the Poles is cold enough to ice champagne, and at the Equator it is nearly warm enough for shaving. Water expands when warmed; our pots boil over; and although the ocean certainly is nowhere hot enough to boil a leg of mutton, the great mass of water rises under influence of tropic heat above the common level, and runs over towards the Poles, leaving its place empty for cold water to rush in and occupy. Precisely in the same way, air, which is another ocean, swells at the Equator, and pours out its deluge north and south over the colder current which runs in to take advantage of the vacancy, and warm itself. When warm, it also will get up. That is one fact: another modifies it. The earth rolls on its axis. If you stick a knitting-needle through the centre of an orange, and rotate the orange on the needle, then you see a model of the earth rotating on its axis. The needle comes out of the north pole above, and out of the south pole below; and, if you scratch a line all round the orange, half-way between pole and pole, that is the imagined line called the equator. Now, take two little pins; stick one of them on the equator, and another in the neighbourhood of either pole; set the orange now revolving like the globe itself, from west to east, and make precisely one revolution. In the same space of time one pin has travelled through a great space, you perceive; all round the orange, as it were: while the pin near the pole has had a very tiny journey to perform, and on the pole itself would absolutely not revolve at all. So, then, upon this world of ours, everything on or near the Equator, spins round in the twenty-four hours far more rapidly than anything placed near the Poles. But everything partakes in the movement; as you share in your body the movement of a railway train, let the train stop suddenly, your body travels on and throws you violently forward. So air and water, flowing from the Equator in great currents, because they cannot at once accommodate themselves to the slower movement of the earth as they approach the Poles, retain their go-ahead propensity, and shoot on eastward still, as well as north and south. The slow trains coming up from the Poles are outstripped by the rapid movement of the earth below, and, being unable to accommodate themselves to it readily, they lag behind and fall into a westward course. By this movement of the earth, therefore, a transverse direction is communicated to the great equatorial and polar currents, whether of air or of water. Furthermore, local peculiarities, arrangements of islands and continents, plain and mountain, land and water, cause local variations of temperature, and every such variation modifies or makes a current. In the air, we all know how many shiftings of the wind will be peculiar to a mountain hamlet, where a lake, a valley, and a mountain cause a constant oscillation, and a sudden burst of sunshine is enough to raise the wind. Mechanical obstructions, such as mountain peaks in the bed of the great ocean of air, modify its streams, of course; and the great currents in the world of water are, of course, split, deflected, and directed on their way, by all the continents and islands about and around which they flow.

Great currents pour like mighty rivers through the plain of ocean, and fixed by the laws of nature, though their banks be banks of water, they are almost as sharply defined as if they were of granite masonry. These are constant; there are others periodical, occasioned by periodical winds, tides, &c.; and there are also variable currents caused by melting ice, and other accidents, irregular in their occurrence.

Now let us follow the great stream of cold water flowing from the South Pole, called the Antarctic drift current. From the great barrier of ice and the Antarctic volcano, Mount Erebus, it pours up the Pacific, first in a north-north-easterly direction, then north-east, then more decidedly towards the east, partly, perhaps, deflected into this course by the land of South Victoria; eastward, at any rate, it flows in a salt-water river of enormous breadth, and strikes the Pacific coast of South America, wearing its side into that hollow shape which you may notice on the map. The obstruction of the South American continent splits this great current into two parts, one of which turns southward, washing round Cape Horn; the Cape Horn current, which escapes into the Atlantic Ocean;—the other, the Peruvian, or Humboldt's current, is

diverted upwards along the shores of Chili and Peru. Between these two parts, a large body of the southern stream which has not reached the continent is turned back, in about twenty-six degrees latitude, and ninety degrees longitude, to form the southern part of the great equatorial current, into which the mass of water flowing northward up the shores of South America, will also be deflected presently.

The current northward, Humboldt's, coasting the continent from Valparaiso to near Guyaquil, has not lost, even under the Equator, all its frost. It turns at Punta Pariña, before reaching Guyaquil, surrounds the Gallapagos Islands on the Equator itself, and pulls their temperature down ten degrees, then it flows on westward with the great equatorial stream, assisted by the winds. In the desert of Lower Peru, at a few feet above the water, the cold occasioned by this polar current is quite unmistakeable, and, at one season of the year, it yields up fogs for months, at Lima, called the Garua, which make the morning sun look like a moon, vanish soon after mid-day, and leave heavy dews at night. Ships on the coast, especially between Pisco and Lima, can take no observation of the shore, and the current, hurried on by the impediment it meets, frequently carries them beyond their destination. Sixteen hundred miles from Valparaiso to Callao, wind and current favouring, will be an eight or nine days' sail; but from Callao back to Valparaiso, it is a voyage frequently of weeks or months.

The great equatorial current, flowing westward, contains the whole of the Antarctic drift, except so much of it as slipped out of the Pacific round Cape Horn, fed, of course, by currents from the North Pole also. This mighty mass of water occupying a third part of the distance from Pole to Pole, runs through the great sieve of islands between Australia and China, part of it being also deflected northward in a warm current along the south-eastern borders of Japan.

Now we will follow it into the Indian Ocean; but before leaving the Pacific, we may make note of a fact, that the advantage of steam over sailing-vessels is nowhere so enormous as it must be on the coasts of Chili and Peru. A steamer leaving Guyaquil four weeks after a sailing-vessel, can reach Lima first.

The currents in the Indian Ocean are inextricably complicated with the winds; and if the winds expect attention just at present, they may whistle for it. It is enough to say that the great equatorial stream still pouring westward strikes against the coast of Africa, and finding that it has no thoroughfare, pours southward on each side of Madagascar, and doubles the Cape in the Agulhas or Cape current, outside which a counter current flows back out of the Atlantic. The stream of water having passed the Cape, turns northward, is deflected by the shape of the land between Benin and Sierra Leone, not from the land, but from the edge of a returning stream that coasts it. It is to be remembered, also, that it follows its own bent in this deflection, flowing westward, as the main equatorial current, with a speed of, in some places, thirty, and in some places seventy-eight miles a day. After giving off a north-west branch, and having a temperature now of seventy-nine degrees under the Equator, the main current strikes the east prominence of South America, at Cape St. Roque. This causes it to split. A southerly branch coasts in the direction of Cape Horn, and goes home to the Pacific, tired of travel; but the rest, pouring along northward, flows through the West India Islands into the Gulf of Mexico, a hollow excavated by its stream. It is of course to be understood that the outline of land is not caused only by the action of the currents; it is determined, also, by the geological character of soil; the loose soils wear away, while rocks oppose a barrier. The West India Islands are nothing more than those hard rocky parts of an old coast-line, which have withstood the constant action of a current which has been at work for ages, eating through the softer parts; so it has made a great bite in the Gulf of Mexico, and left us the West India Islands sprinkled about, as bones that proved too hard for its digestion. In the Gulf of Mexico, encompassed by land, the water, which has for a long time been acquiring warmth, offers the greatest contrast to the frosty state in which it set out on its journey. Near the mouth of the Mississippi its temperature reaches eighty nine degrees. If you have a thermometer which enables you to warm a little water to that point, you have only to put your finger into the warm water, and so accurately feel how far we are now from the gnawing cold of the South Pole. As the stream flows constantly into the Gulf, it must, of course, also constantly flow out. It flows out between Florida and Cuba, being now called the gulf stream. This coasts northward, having a cold counter-current between it and the shore, and crosses the Atlantic south of the great bank of Newfoundland, most of it turning southward to return by a set of counter currents home. A branch from it, Rennel's Current, touches the Irish coast, and makes a circuit in the Bay of Biscay, sending a weak offshoot on its passage up the Irish Channel. Thus a drop of water from the South Pole, travelling by the extensive route we have just indicated, may be shaken now from the head of the stout gentleman, who at last consents to get into his bathing machine.

Little less interesting than Harvey's old discovery of the circulation of the blood is this discovery which has been made piecemeal in our own day of the circulation of the water. Though the great system is not yet anatomised in all its parts—and we are

puzzled, for example, here and there with portions of a vein or counter-current not yet properly accounted for—still we have laid bare the main artery, and found the water's heart in the great Southern Ocean. It is there, not only because the intense cold of the south polar continent determines action in that direction; but because there is there also a wide expanse of sea—the widest on the globe—susceptible of all impressions. The Pacific is full of natural breakwaters, reefs, shoals, and islands. At the North Pole, though there is indeed no continent, but water, at the Pole itself, the lands of Europe, Asia, and America, destroy the general expanse. In the enormous reservoir of water which surrounds the lofty continent of the South Pole we find the heart of the great circulating system; and not only do the grandest ocean currents take their rise in it, but in it, also, as we shall see presently, commences the pulsation of the tidal wave.

You observe that the great world of water serves not only as a home for countless forms of life, but that to us land creatures it serves also as an apparatus for the regulation of our climates. Cold currents come to limit the sun's monarchy, and warm streams flow to melt the icebergs where they travel out of bounds, and to prevent Jack Frost from annexation.

That is not all, nor nearly all. One characteristic of the works of Nature is continually to be recognised. Man makes a beautiful machine, worthy of admiration, in which many wheels and teeth combine, perhaps to make a piece of lace; it will make only lace, and nothing else. The works of nature are, incomparably, more simple, and yet there is nothing so minute as to be created for one purpose only. The earth's axis is inclined a little to one side;—our polar ice, our long days and short days, spring, summer, autumn, winter, with the myriad of phenomena in their train, are the consequence—nor is that all. But we shall have quite enough to do if we confine, at present, our attention to the world of water. It is enough to say, that, in its way, a blade of grass, or lump of dirt, no less than the great sea, heaps use on use, and proof on proof of a Sublime Intelligence.

We may regard the sea, if we like, as a great burial-ground. Subterranean forces, constantly at work, cause gradual, incessant, change of level on the surface of our world. We are ourselves born just in time to see the departing peaks of a huge continent now drowned in the Pacific Ocean; where its highest mountain tops, not yet submerged, rise as innumerable islands, around which the coral polyps build. But subterranean forces have a stout ally provided in the busy sea itself. How ocean currents eat away the land, we have already seen; but we have only to look at the coast behind us, and we are reminded that the mere action of the tide* is constantly engaged in chewing away shore, and taking it off, masticated into pulp, to feed the sea's great belly. Rivers, too, wear away the soil through which they rub, and carry seaward a large quantity of land, in the form of that dear pulp for which the great deep hungers. Out of the world of water vapour rises and forms clouds; they float above our fields, and fall as rain, to bless the husbandman, and give food to the mouths of men. But they feed also the great sea; they wash the soil down mountain sides; and, if they do not rise again as vapour, to form new clouds, they form streams and springs, that fertilise the ground, and, at the same time, rub down more soil for the hungry sea. Granite yields. Rain, or the vapour of water, in its pores, expanding and again contracting with the change of temperature, very slightly wears its outer crust; it is just so much loosened that a lichen fastens. Then the lichen holds more damp upon the stone; the water and the work of vegetation loosen it a little more; so that there presently is soil enough for mosses. Moss invites more water, the stone decays more, and is mingled with decaying vegetable matter; the conversion into loose soil has begun; man will reap profit from it; but, in due time, it will come into the sea. The waste of continents strewed thus over the bottom of the ocean goes to build up, layer upon layer, land that shall hereafter be. So layers under layers tell us of the ages that are past, and yield to our sight skeletons of creatures that have lived a thousand, thousand years ago. Man came, as you know, late into the world; we never dig him up as a contemporary of the creatures that are gone: his bones and his works are being now deposited in the great burial-ground. What fleets have gone down into the deep we know; how many monuments of man are being buried in the mud of our own age, to be dug up as antiquities, perhaps, when man shall be extinct. It is not easy to imagine one's self a fossil; but the Megalotherium, no doubt, never expected it. An English river being crossed, some centuries ago, by one of our armies, the great military chest, with all its treasure, was upset and drowned; nor was there time to fish it up again. Ten years ago a piece of rock, which seemed to be hard sandstone, found upon that spot, astonished all beholders. In its substance was a store of fossil coins; and, on examination, it turned out that all the sand into which coins had sunk, after the chest rotted, had been quite converted into rock by the chemical action of iron from the hoops with which the chest had been originally bound. Coins thus imbedded have been got up also from the Thames,

* The late Mr. Stephenson, the architect of Skerryvore, stated, at the last meeting of the British Association, that the force of waves is a ton and a half per square foot for the German Ocean, and twice as great for the Atlantic. This estimate was made with reference to the construction of marine works, from results obtained at the Bell Rock and Skerryvore.

in London. Of man there is no record in the geologic past; but, in the geologic future, should the race of antiquaries still hold out, there will be joy in digging for him, and for all the produce of his hands, now being locked up carefully beneath the waters of the world.

Some of the lime washed down into the sea is used by countless animals, who make to themselves shells. But it is almost certain that the shells of molluscs and other marine animals do not grow wholly from this source. It is more likely that the basis of lime, calcium, is not an element, although we call it so, until we know how to resolve it into simpler forms. Probably it is not an element, and is produced by the animals from its constituents existing in sea water. If so, a large part of the shore of Albion has actually once been sea; for our chalk cliffs are nothing less wonderful than an aggregate of myriads on myriads of microscopic beings, whose remains have strewed the bottom of the ocean, and been subsequently lifted up in chalk beds of amazing thickness.

The ocean is not only a destroyer, it contributes of its soil to pile up reefs, until they reach the highest water-mark. It catches nuts and seeds into its currents, and industriously scatters them on foreign shores; it scatters them upon the bald little island, and there soon grows thereupon a busy crop. Busy old ocean seizes a canoe, and carries it upon a current far out of sight of land. "Come with me, good little men and women," roars the old fellow, and he shoots them presently upon the island he has made; and there they live, perforce, and their descendants people it. The sea bore no inactive part, assisted by the trade-wind, in getting over the first ships from Europe to America. These ocean currents play, unobtrusively, a large part in the history of man. But, as Britons, we must leave ourselves a little time to talk about the waves, because they are precisely what "Britannia rules." You know all about the tides, only as M. Jourdain says of his Latin, we had better "make as if you didn't." The rise of tide is caused, of course, by the attractive forces of the sun and moon, mainly exerted, as we said, on the south polar reservoir. There should be two tides to each luminary, one on its upper and one on its lower transit, four tides a day; but the attraction of the lady moon being, as it ought to be, six times greater than that of the sun, who is a distant gentleman, she reduces the sun's tide to a mere supplement. When the gentleman and lady pull together, then the sun's pull adds one foot of height to every five feet produced by the moon, and makes a spring-tide. When the sun and moon pull in opposite directions, and the sun wants a high tide where the moon wants low water, from every six feet of the moon's tide the sun is able to take one away, and neap-tides are the consequence. [illegible] varying elevations of the tide at the same [illegible] depending on the varying degree of unanimity between master and mistress in the sky.

In different places, however, the height of the same tide varies considerably—from three inches to thirty feet. This depends on the conformation of the land. The great tide wave, commencing in the Antarctic Ocean, has its whole course directed by the coast lines. It flows into the Indian Ocean, where it finds no northern outlet, and breaks violently on the shores of Hindostan; rushing into the ready mouths of the Ganges, it produces the great bore of the Hoogly. It should flow into the Pacific, but it finds that ocean barricaded by innumerable shoals, islands, and coral reefs; there is no deep, uninterrupted mass of water, and the tidal movement runs weakly up the western coast of America, penetrates not far between New Zealand and Australia, leaving the shores of China and Japan, with the great mass of the Pacific islands, almost wholly unaffected by the tidal wave. Into the Atlantic it breaks round the southern point of Africa; the wave that struck the south shore of New Zealand washes the Cape fifteen hours afterwards, and passes on up the Atlantic, touching Africa on one side, America upon the other. Deflected variously by the line of coast, after another fifteen hours of travel, it is ready to come down upon Cape Clear. Cape Clear and Land's End are struck by the wave in the next hour, which then communicates its impulse through the Irish and St George's Channels. The rate of movement of the tide wave depends upon the nature and depth of the sea bottom. With a depth of one fathom, its rate is eight miles an hour, and with one hundred fathoms, eighty miles an hour; while through deep water of a thousand fathoms, it is propagated at the speed of about four miles a minute. Thus the same wave which touched Cape Clear, passes, in little more than an hour, on the Atlantic side to touch the Hebrides, yet takes four hours in working up the Irish Channel only to Dublin. So, also, it is a seven hours' journey for the tide along St. George's Channel from Land's End to London, which is about the time it occupied in travelling from Rio Janeiro to New York. The tide at London is, however, ruled by the stronger wave that has rolled round the Orkneys, and, descended thence in about fifteen hours through the German Ocean to reach London Bridge, on the third day after its start from the great southern sea. A glance at the map will show how small a part of the great tidal impulse can be communicated to the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar; accordingly, we find a tide of only thirteen inches on the northern coast of Africa, near to the Straits, and two, three, four, or five inches in more protected parts. The Bristol Channel opens like a funnel, to receive the full shock of the tide wave entering the Irish Sea, and there we have a tide of thirty feet.

What we have said about the Crystal Palace

of the sea, may re-assure well-meaning people whom a want of contemplation has betrayed into the fear that we exalt ourselves unduly, in rejoicing at the triumphs of our human handiwork. We have a right so to rejoice, and no man conversant with nature, who permits his heart to warm over the honourable trophy of his race, now raised in London, is at all likely to forget that there is an Architect unutterably above Mr. Paxton. Such notions of comparison could never have occurred to him, were they not first suggested by weak heads that mean well, but think idly.

The tide is breaking very pleasantly upon the shore. You perceive that as the wave runs up to our feet, the lower part of it is retarded by the friction and resistance of the sloping beach, the water on the summit having no such opposition to encounter, shoots ahead; so that the whole wave seems to curl until the upper part is overbalanced, and comes toppling to the ground. It beats air down upon the beach, which soon bursts out again, and makes the music of the breakers.

We have been walking up and down the sunny shore, and gossipping about the world of water, as if storms never blotted its good nature; but the water never storms except when the wind troubles it. Earthquakes disturb its balance now and then, but air is the arch agitator. Our ocean of water is a peaceful, busy gentleman, who would perform his work like a chronometer if he were not married to an ocean of air, who has the upper hand of him. His wife is fickle; she is kissing him quite prettily to-day, to-morrow she may blow him up, and if she do, he certainly will foam and fret; and then, perhaps, she will get up a squall, and he will roar, or she will howl, and he will give a sullen growl, and wo be to the ship that interferes too much between the pair while they are quarrelling. On the whole, however, they are certainly a happy couple; and so close is their alliance, and so many are the bonds of sympathy between them, that to understand the water properly, you ought to know his wife. Very well, then; a few pages of "Household Words" shall be devoted to the winds as soon as possible.

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

THE FEET-WASHING ON GOOD FRIDAY.

I HAVE just witnessed the ceremony of the Feet-washing, which has been announced for this month past as one of the great sights of the season. My good friend at the *Kriegs Ministerium* kept his word faithfully about procuring tickets for us. Accordingly Myra F. and I have seen the whole ceremony. At nine o'clock Myra was with me, and, early as it was, Madame Thekla advised us to set off to the Palace, as people were always wild about places, and if we came late, spite of our tickets, we should see nothing. The good old soul also accompanied us, on the plea that, as she was big and strong, she could push a way for us through the crowd, and keep our places by main force. She stood guard over us—the good creature!—for two mortal hours, and when the door at length was opened by a grand lacquey, had the satisfaction of seeing us step through the very first. But before this happy moment arrived, we had to wait, as I said, two hours; and leaving, therefore, the patient old lady as our representative before the little door which led into the gallery of the Hercules Hall, whither our tickets admitted us, and before which door no one but ourselves had yet presented themselves, Myra and I ranged along the queer white-washed galleries of the old portion of the Palace in which we were. Cannot you see these vistas of white-washed wall, with grim old portraits of powdered ladies and gentlemen, in hoops, ruffles, gold lace, and ermine, and framed in black frames, interspersed amid heavy wreaths and arabesques of stucco?—dazzlingly white walls, dazzlingly white arched ceilings, diminishing in long perspective! Now we came upon a strange sort of a little kitchen in the thick wall, where a quaint copper kettle, standing on the now cold hearth, told of coffee made for some Royal servant some hours before; now we were before the door of some *Kammer-Jungfer*; now in a gallery with the white-wash, but without the portraits, where opposite to every door stood a large, white cupboard; a goodly row of them.

Once we found ourselves below stairs and in one of the courts. There, on passing through the door-way, you stood on a sort of terrace, above your head a ceiling rich with ponderous wreaths of fruit and flowers, and other stucco ornaments of the same style, which probably had once been gilt, and with fading frescoes of gods, goddesses and cupids!

This old part of the Royal Palace of Munich is quite a little town. We discovered also a little tiny chapel, now quite forgotten in the glory of Hess's frescoes, and the beauty of the new *Hof-Kapelle*. To-day this old chapel was open, hung with black cloth, and illuminated with numberless waxen tapers, and the altar verdant with shrubs and plants placed upon the altar steps. There was, however, a remarkably mouldy, cold smell in the place; but I suppose the royal procession visited this old chapel as well as the new one, on its way to the Hercules Hall. This *cortege*, with the King and his brother walking beneath a splendid canopy, and attended by priests and courtiers, went, I believe, wandering about a considerable time, to the edification of the populace; but of all this, excepting from hearsay, I cannot speak, having considered it as the wiser thing for us to return to Madame Thekla and our door, rather than await it.

The Hercules Hall is rather small; and certainly more ugly than beautiful, with numbers of old-fashioned chandeliers hanging

from the ceiling; a gallery at each end supported by marble pillars, with a row of tall windows on either side; a dark, inlaid floor of some brown wood; but with no sign whatever of Hercules to be seen. Suffice it to say, that having noticed all this at a glance, we observed, in the centre of the hall, a small altar covered with white linen, and bearing upon it golden candlesticks, a missal bound in crimson velvet, a veiled crucifix, and a golden ewer standing in a golden dish. On one side of the altar rose a tall reading-desk, draped with a sulphur-coloured cloth, upon which lay a large open book: a row of low, crimson stools stood along the hall, opposite the altar; on the other side, across the windows, ran a white and very long ottoman raised upon a high step covered with crimson cloth, and chairs of state were arranged at either end of the hall below the galleries. The arrival of people below was gradual, although our gallery and the gallery opposite had been crowded for hours. We at length had the pleasure of seeing something commence.

The door at the further end opened, and in streamed a crowd. Then tottered in ancient representations of the twelve "apostles," clothed in long violet robes, bound round the waist with white bands striped with red, and with violet caps on their heads: on they tottered, supported on either side by some poor relative, an old peasant-woman, a stalwart man in a black velvet jacket and bright black boots reaching to the knee, or by a young, buxom girl in her holiday costume of bright apron and gay boddice. On they come, feeble, wrinkled, with white locks falling on their violet apparel, with palsied hands resting on the strong arms that supported them—the oldest being a hundred-and-one, the youngest eighty-seven years old! My eyes swam with sudden tears. There was a deal of trouble in mounting them upon their long snowy throne; that crimson step was a great mountain for their feeble feet and stiff knees to climb. But at last they were all seated, their poor friends standing behind them. A man in black marshalled them like little school-children; he saw that all sat properly, and then began pulling off a black shoe and stocking from the right foot of each. There, with drooped heads and folded withered hands, they sat meekly expectant. A group of twelve little girls, in lilac print frocks and silver swallow-tailed caps, headed by an old woman in similar lilac and silver costume, took its place to the right of the old men in a little knot; they were twelve orphans who are clothed and educated by the Queen, and who receive a present on this day.

The hall at the further end was by this time filled with bright uniforms—blue, scarlet, white, and green. In front were seen King Max and his brothers, also in their uniforms; numbers of ladies and children, and choristers in white robes, who flitted, cloud-like, into a small raised seat, set apart for them in a dark corner behind the uniforms. A bevy of priests in gold, violet, blue, and black robes, with burning tapers and swinging censers, enter; prostrate themselves before the King of Bavaria, and before the King of Hosts, as typified to them on the altar; they chaunt, murmur, and prostrate themselves again and again. Incense fills the hall with its warm, odorous breath. They present open books to the King and Princes. And now the King, ungirding his sword, which is received by an attendant gentleman, approaches the oldest "apostle;" he receives the golden ewer, as it is handed from one brother to another; he bends himself over the old foot; he drops a few drops of water upon it; he receives a snowy napkin from the Princes, and lays it daintily over the honoured foot; he again bows over the second, and so on, through the whole twelve, a priest, with a cloth bound round his loins, finishing the drying of the feet. A different scene must that have been in Jerusalem, some eighteen hundred years ago!

And now the King, with a gracious smile, hangs round the patient neck of each old man a blue and white purse, containing a small sum of money. The priests retire; the altar and reading-desk are removed. Six tables, covered with snowy cloths, upon each two napkins, two small metal drinking-cups, and two sets of knives, forks, and spoons, are carried in, and joined into one long table, placed before the crimson step. In the mean time the man in black has put on the twelve stockings and the twelve shoes, and, with much ado, has helped down the twelve "apostles," who now sit upon the step as a seat. Enter twelve footmen, in blue and white liveries, each bearing a tray, covered with a white cloth, upon which smoke six different meats, in white wooden bowls; a green soup—remember it is *green Thursday*—two baked fish; two brown somethings; a delicious-looking pudding; bright green spinach, upon which repose a couple of tempting eggs, and a heap of stewed prunes. Each footman, with his tray, is followed by a fellow-footman, carrying a large bottle of golden-hued wine, and a huge, dark, rich-looking roll on silver waiters. The twelve footmen, with the trays, suddenly veer round, and stand in a long line opposite to the table, and each opposite to an "apostle;" the twelve trays held before them, with their seventy-two bowls, all forming a kind of pattern—soup, fishes, spinach; soup, fishes, spinach; pudding, prunes, brown meats; pudding, prunes, brown meats—all down the room. Behind stand the other footmen, with their twelve bottles of wine and their twelve rolls. I can assure you that, seen from the gallery above, the effect was considerably comic.

A priest, attended by two court-pages, who carry tall, burning tapers, steps forth in front

of the trays and footmen, and chaunts a blessing. The King and his brothers again approach the "apostles;" the choristers burst forth into a glorious chaunt, till the whole hall is filled with melody, and the King receives the dishes from his brothers, and places them before the old men. Again I felt a thrill rush through me; it is so graceful—though it be but a mere form, a mere shadow of the true sentiment of love—any gentle act of kindness from the strong to the weak, from the powerful to the very poor. As the King bowed himself before the feeble old man of a hundred,—though I knew it to be but a mere ceremony,—it was impossible not to recognise a poetical idea.

It took a long time before the seventy and two meats were all placed on the table, and then it took a very long time before the palsied old hands could convey the soup to the old lips, some were too feeble, and were fed by the man in black. It was curious to notice the different ways in which the poor old fellows received the food from the King; some slightly bowed their heads; others sate stolidly; others seemed sunk in stupor.

The Court soon retired, and twelve new baskets were brought by servants, into which the five bowls of untasted food were placed: these, together with the napkin, knife, fork, spoon and mug, bottle of wine and bread, are carried away by the old men; or, more properly speaking, are carried away for them by their attendant relatives. Many of the poor old fellows—I see by a printed paper which was distributed about, and which contains a list of their names and ages—come from great distances; they are chosen as being the oldest poor men in Bavaria. One only is out of Munich, and he is ninety-three.

We went down into the hall to have a nearer view of the "apostles;" but, so very decrepit did the greater number appear, on a close inspection; their faces so sad and vacant; there was such a trembling eagerness after the food in the baskets, now hidden from their sight; such a shouting into their deaf ears; such a guiding of feeble steps and blinded, blear eyes; that I wished we had avoided this painful part of the spectacle.

THE STORY OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

[This following curiosity is the real autobiography of an Ancient Mariner still living. We present it to our readers in the old man's own words. We may sometimes omit a few passages, and may sometimes alter his orthography, but we shall in no other respect interpose between him and the homely truth of his narrative.]

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

I am writing this to show the wonderful mercies the Lord has shown me in fifty years' life-time at sea, and I hope that whoever may have a chance to look at it, it will teach them not to despair, or give themselves up for lost; for by perseverance, and a firm trust in the Almighty, we can do anything that the Giver of all good will allow us to do; for there is a "Sweet little Cherub that sits up aloft, keeps a watch for the life of poor Jack." By accounts that I had from my friends, when I came to the years of recollection, I was informed that I was born at sea, in the year of our Lord 1777, on the 20th of August; my father being master of a brig belonging to Hull in Yorkshire, and when I was born, he was bound on a voyage from London to Hamburgh. My mother being at sea along with her husband, and being at sea, and by contrary winds and bad weather being detained longer than what they expected, I was born on board of the "Jane and Margaret," belonging to the port of Hull, when the brig was nearly a breast of Heligoland, an island that lays at the entrance of Hamburgh River; but my mother being very poorly, she and I were left at a place called Cuxhaven, at the entrance of the River Elbe. But my father being obliged to proceed upon his voyage, my mother and me were left at Hamburgh at the consul's. And the winter setting in sooner and severer than my father expected, for he expected to make another voyage before the winter set in, me and my mother were left at Hamburgh all the winter; but I being very poorly, and not expected to live, my mother was persuaded to have me christened. And I was christened at St. Catherine's Church at Hamburgh, when I was four months old.

My father was expected to be at Hamburgh in the beginning of the next year; but in the first voyage that he was going to make, in the year 1778, he was cast away, and all hands drowned, at the entrance of the river, near about the same spot where I was born. My mother belonging to Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, she and me went down there, and there I spent my childhood, till my mother died, when I was about eight years old. My mother having a sister who lived at Boston, in Lincolnshire, who was down in Kirkwall when my mother died, she, after all things were settled, took me with her to Boston, where I had a grandmother living, and between my aunt and my grandmother I soon became a spoiled child: for as young as I was, I soon found out that they were very fond of me; for my aunt had no children herself, and my grandmother never had any more children but my father; so if I committed a fault at my aunt's, where I lived, I only had to run to my grandmother's, and she was sure to take my part; and the same if I committed myself at my grandmother's, my aunt was sure to take my part. It was my misfortune to lose my parents so soon. I shan't say nothing of

the many tricks and pranks I played my poor old grandmother and my aunt; but I passed my time at Boston till the beginning of the year 1790, when I got acquainted with a young man by the name of William Jackson, and his father was mate of a brig belonging to Boston, and they wanted an apprentice, and I persuaded my poor old grandmother to let me go a voyage upon trial, which I did, and it being summer time, and fine weather, and I liked it so well, that when we returned to Boston, I was bound apprentice for seven years, to Mr. Ingelow; and I was put on board of a brig called the "Joseph and Ann." The master of the brig, a man, called William Turner, was a very good man, as far as seamanship goes; but he was in other respects a man of very bad morals; and me being young and giddy, I did not gain anything by it, for what good qualities I had belonging to me were soon lost; for I had always been used to say my prayers night and morning, and at my meals; but, seeing no one else do it, I soon forgot it, and I thought within myself I should do as well as the rest.

Our first voyage, after I joined the brig, was from Boston to London with a cargo of oats, and, thanks be to God, we got there safe, as many ships were lost, for it blew a gale of wind nearly the whole three weeks we were on our passage; for it was in the month of November, and I wished myself many times back again in Boston along with my old grandmother, but I soon forgot it all when I came to London; for, when we got there, our captain got a freight to go to Naples, up the Mediterranean, to carry a cargo of pilchards from Falmouth. When I heard that we were going to a foreign country, I forgot all the troubles of my former voyage, and I was glad to go. We proceeded on our voyage to Falmouth, and I got on middling well, we sailed from Falmouth as soon as the convoy was ready, and I left the Land's End of old England the last day of the year 1790, and, thanks be to God, we arrived safe at Naples after a passage of six weeks. I don't wish to trouble the reader with an account of the different places we traded to, but we stood up the Mediterranean, trading from one place to another till the year 1794, when we got a freight for London, where we arrived safe in August the same year, and, after discharging our cargo, our brig was obliged to go into dock to get repaired, and when that was done, we went down to Boston; when we got there I found that my grandmother was dead, and my aunt was going to live at Hull. What property my grandmother had left was left to me; but, being young and foolish, I soon got clear of it all; and our brig being bound to London again, where we arrived at the beginning of 1795, and we got a freight to go to Cardiff in Wales, to get a cargo of iron to take to Gibraltar. We sailed from London in the beginning of March, and we had a strong north-east gale to drive us down Channel: and when we got to the Land's End of England, the wind was against us, for we were bound up the Bristol Channel; so we were obliged to keep the ship off and on in Mount's Bay till the weather moderated, for it blew a heavy gale of wind from the north north-east.

Now, I forgot to mention how many hands we carried in the brig when we sailed from London; we had eight on board, altogether,—namely, the master and mate, four men before the mast, and two boys; and we had the misfortune to lose one man overboard when we got underweigh in the Downs; so there were but seven left on board when our misfortune happened, which was on the 17th day of March, about two o'clock in the morning, when, standing off the land, we struck upon a rock called the Randell Stone, which lays in Mount's Bay, about three or four miles off the land, and it blowing a heavy gale of wind, and at the same time a heavy sea running, our poor old brig soon went to pieces; but, thanks be to God Almighty, who allowed us time enough to get our long-boat out before the mast went out of her, and six of us, out of the seven, got safe into her before the brig went to pieces; the other man must have been knocked overboard when the mast fell, for we could see nothing of him, for it was very dark; and we that were in the boat saved nothing, only what we had on; and I had the misfortune of losing my shoes off my feet in getting into the boat. After we got clear of the wreck we tried our best to get the boat in-shore, but it blowing so hard, we could not hold our own; and, when daylight came, we found ourselves about six or seven miles from the land, and still drifting out as fast as we could The weather being clear, we could see the Islands of Scilly to leeward of us, and our master being a man that had been brought up in the coasting trade, was well acquainted, for he had been several times in the Scilly Islands; so we determined to bear up for a place called Grimsby, and our master intended to go through a place called the Crow Sound; but our misfortune was not complete yet, for it being nearly high water by the time we got near the Island, and the rocks being nearly all covered, our master mistook the channel, and we were hove in among the breakers, though we tried our best to get clear of them; and the second sea that struck us capsized our boat, and I found myself hove against a middling steep rock, where, by God's help, I contrived to hold on; and, having no shoes on, I got up to the top of the rock, where I could see my shipmates trying to get; but only one succeeded in getting up, and that was our old mate, a man nearly sixty years of age, and he kicked off his shoes before he succeeded in getting where I was: and here, now, I had a great cause to be thankful to the Almighty Giver of all mercies for his providential care over me in making me lose my shoes before I left the brig; for what I thought the greatest mis-

fortune to me ten minutes before, proved the only means for me to preserve my life; for if I had been struggling in the water along with my shipmates, I should have had no thought of kicking my shoes off to preserve my life; for I know, myself, that three men out of the four that we saw struggling for their lives, had heavy sea boots on, and they being full of water caused them soon to go down; for the mate told me himself afterwards that the rocks being so slippery that he would never have got up, if he had not hove his shoes away; so, here we got on the top of the rock, seeing our poor shipmates drowning one after the other, and we were not able to help them. But, as I said before that it was near high-water when our second misfortune happened; and we soon found that as the tide ebbed, the water got a good deal smoother, and me and the mate considered it best for us to contrive to get nearer to the island, from which we were about three quarters of a mile. So we waited till about half-past two o'clock, for the mate had his watch in his pocket; and then we contrived to get in shore, and a tiresome job we had of it, for we had several places to swim across; and the mate being an old man, was very much fatigued, being wet and cold such a long time—for a north-east wind blows pretty cold in the month of March. But, thanks be to God, we contrived to get to the main island about six o'clock that evening, and we both kneeled down to thank the Almighty for his mercy to us.

And now, that through the mercy of the Almighty we got safe landed, what to do next was to be considered, for you may depend that we both were hungry; and night coming on, and in a strange place, where there are no roads to direct you—for I had been upon the highest rock that I could see near us, to see if I could see anything of a house, or any signs of any habitation; but I could not see anything: so we resolved to try to get under the lee of some rock, for we were still on the windward part of the island. But before we left the beach, I went to see if I could find any shell-fish, for I felt hunger pinching me since I came on shore, and, thanks be to God, I found some; and I took them up to my partner in distress, and we eat them; and afterwards we went to look for some place to shelter us from the wind and the weather; and after a little time we found a place like a cave, under the lee of a rock; and close by, I found a small puddle of fresh water, which we wanted very much, for we were very thirsty; and, after returning thanks to the Almighty, we laid ourselves down to sleep, and, thanks be to God, I slept very well till the morning, when my partner called me, for he was very poorly, and could not stand upon his legs. I felt very stiff when I first got up; but, thanks be to God, I soon got pretty well again. And now we resolved that, as my partner was not able to move, I was to go by myself to see if I could find anybody to help me to bring my partner away, and to get something to eat; for the old mate, as luck would have it, had three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, besides his watch; the money he gave to me, and I parted from him with a heavy heart, for I was afraid I should never see him again alive, for he was very bad; so away I went: and then I found for the first time what it was to be alone in a strange place. I had travelled, I suppose, about two miles, when coming to an open bay, where I saw some ships lying at an anchor; and you may depend I was glad enough at seeing them; and shortly afterwards I had the pleasure of seeing some houses, but I was still a good distance from them; but I travelled on till I got pretty near them, when I had the satisfaction of seeing two men. I sung out to them as loud as I could, for fear of losing them again; but they heard me, and they came towards me; and when I came to them I told them my case, and they very kindly took me home with them, and gave me something to eat and to drink; and I told them of my poor old partner that I had left in the cave, and I told them what state I had left him in. I offered them some money for what they gave me, but they refused it; and as soon as I had finished what they had given me to eat, they took me to a man by the name of Mr. Gilbert, who I found afterwards was the head man in the place—and a very good man he was;—and he sent three men along with me to fetch my old partner from the cave, which after a good deal of trouble we found; and glad enough I was to find that he was alive: and, after giving the old man something to eat and to drink, we carried the old man to Grimsby, for that was the name of the place I had been to, where the people used us very kindly; but my poor old partner got worse and worse every day. Though Mr. Gilbert was kind enough to send for a doctor to St. Mary's for him, which is the head town in the island, he died the sixth day after we were wrecked. As for myself, thanks be to God, I got pretty well in a few days; and after staying and lending a hand to bury my old shipmate, I shipped myself on board of a brig called the "Hope," belonging to Bridgewater, which was bound to London. But before I left Old Grimsby, I told Mr. Gilbert where the owner of the brig lived that I had been cast away in, so that he might get paid for the trouble and expenses he had been at during our stay there; and as soon as the wind and weather would permit, I sailed for London in my new brig. The master of her was a very good man, and we arrived in London the 17th day of April. My new master liked me very well, and he wrote to Mr. Ingelow in Boston, about me, to let him know where I was; and Mr. Ingelow having no ship that wanted an apprentice, sent me my indentures and my wages, after serving him five years out of

the seven years that I was bound for; so my new master got me bound apprentice to him for three years. I sailed in the "Hope" of Bridgewater till the year 1798—chiefly in the coasting trade—and I was very well contented, for our master was a very good man, and the owners had promised me a mate's situation as soon as I got out of my time. And in April in 1798, we were bound from London to Bridgewater, and getting down Channel as far as the Lizard, and we being bound off the Bristol Channel, the wind being at that time about north-east, and blowing a strong gale, and our ship being rather light, we got blown off the land; and the gale continuing for eight or ten days, we got drifted a long ways off; and our master not being a navigator, though he was a very good coaster, so that when the gale was over, and we got fine weather, we did not know where we were, but we knew well enough that we had been drifted to the westward. We had to run back to the eastward, and the second day after we had fine weather. We fell in with a Mount's Bay boat, who, like ourselves, had been blown off the land, who was very short of provisions and water, of which, thanks be to God, we had plenty; and we gave them some, and they gave us some brandy and tobacco—for they were smugglers—for the provisions which we gave them; and they directed us what course to steer in for the land, and we parted company. And the next day morning we fell in with the "Brilliant" frigate, who made us heave to, and she sent a boat on board of us to go a-pressing; and our master being half drunk, and the rest of the crew being no better, we got a-quarrelling, when the lieutenant of the frigate came on board, and through our master being drunk I got pressed; for I being out of my time two days before this happened, and the master told the lieutenant so when we were mustered; so I was sent on board of the frigate; and a fine large ship I thought she was when I first got on board of her, and I was put in the main-top; but I soon found my mistake out, for the very first night, at reefing topsail, I saw seven men flogged for not being smart enough; and me never seeing a man flogged before, I wished myself back again in my little brig. So here I could see the fruits of drunkenness; for if all hands had been sober a-board of the "Hope" when we fell in with the frigate, I should have been stowed away; but it was my lot, and I was obliged to content myself where I was, for our usage on board of the "Brilliant" was very cruel; for we had nine men doing duty as boatswain's mates on board of her, and there was starting and flogging all day long, and the usage was very little fit to reconcile me to a man-of-war; but being young, and finding it was no use to fret, I made the best I could of it. And our ship being only just come out of Plymouth, and being bound on a six months' cruise in the Bay of Biscay, we went away to the westward on a cruise; and on the 20th of October we fell in with part of a West India convoy, homeward bound, who had been separated in a gale of wind on the banks of Newfoundland, and had lost their commander; and there being no man-of-war along with them, our captain found himself in duty bound to see them safe into port; and away we went along with them for Old England, and in five days we arrived safe in Plymouth Sound, having a strong westerly wind all the way. And one of the masters of one of the ships told our captain, that about a week before they fell in with our ship they had been chased by a French privateer, and that the privateer had taken two ships belonging to London, deeply laden, and he believed that the privateer had taken them into Santa Cruz, a town in the Island of Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands. Our captain acquainting the admiral that was in Plymouth with it, he gave him permission to go to Teneriffe and try to cut them out; and he sent the "Talbot," a sloop of war, along with us; and we sailed from Plymouth in the middle of November, and having nothing but strong westerly winds against us, we were nearly three weeks before we got to Teneriffe; and in our passage we had the good fortune of taking two prizes—the one the very privateer that had taken the two ships that we were going to cut out. She was a fine brigantine belonging to St. Maloes, and the other a ship belonging to Bristol, that had been taken by the privateer, homeward bound, only two days before we took them again.

And now having arrived off the island, we arranged everything to go in with the boats to cut the two ships out, and on the 4th day of December we left the ships, about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were seven boats of us altogether—four from our ship, and three from the "Talbot." The boat that I was in was a five-oared boat, half gig and half cutter; she was a very fine boat, and the commanding officer was in her, which was the first lieutenant of our frigate, who pulled backwards and forwards to the rest of the boats, to encourage the men and to give his orders. We got into Santa Cruz harbour about ten o'clock in the evening, and we were lucky enough to board one of the ships, and get possession of her without getting any one hurt; but not so with the other ship, for the noise we made in boarding the first ship put them on their guard, and she being a ship which mounted ten guns, opened her fire on our boats, which were three boats which had to board her; and I belonging to the commanding officer's boat, who was on board of the first ship that had been taken, and who was under-way by this time, and was going out of the harbour with a light breeze of wind off the land, and our officer seeing how the other boats were likely to be handled, ordered the pinnace and his own boat to go to the assistance of their shipmates; and just as

our boat got clear of the quarter of the ship, a shot struck her right in the middle, and killed one man and wounded two more; and it being very dark by this time, and our boat being very soon full of water, we could not give any assistance to our shipmates, nor could we pull back to the prize; so we were obliged every man to do the best they could for themselves, and I was once more left in a bad situation; but, thanks be to God, I could swim very well, and I seeing a vessel laying pretty close to me, I swam to her, which proved to be an American schooner. I hung on by her cable some time, and the people being all on deck, I could hear them speak English; and at last one of them looking over the bows of the schooner, I spoke to him, and asked him to let me come on board, and he gave me a rope's-end, and I soon got on board. When I first got on board of her, I was taken aft to the mate, and I told him how I came there, and he told the captain, who told me that he would be obliged to take me on shore in the morning to the Governor; but ordered some of the men to give me some dry clothing and something to eat and to drink; and, in fact, they behaved very well to me. All this time the ship kept firing at the boats, and the boats where obliged to retreat with their one prize; for the forts, getting alarmed by this time, began to open fire; but the boats got their ship safe out, for we could not see anything of her in the morning. When morning was come, and I could see what sort of people I had got amongst, I saw a young man on board of the schooner that I thought I had seen somewhere; and, when I came to inquire, I found that he was an old shipmate of mine, and fellow-apprentice in the "Joseph and Ann," and he was second mate of the schooner, and his name was James Martin. And, when we began to know one another, he told the captain of the schooner that I was a man that served my time to the sea service; and, the schooner being short of hands, the captain of the schooner sent for me, and told me, that, as I was a young man that served my time out of Boston—and he had no business to know what Boston it was, whether it was Boston in England or America—and if I had a mind to sign the Articles, he would put me on the schooner's books, and give me thirty dollars a month; and he would take good care no one should know how I got there. Now you may depend I was not long considering about what to do; for, if I had refused to join the schooner, I should have had to go to a Spanish prison; so I agreed with the captain of the schooner—she was called the "Speedy," of Baltimore. Now, this schooner had brought out a new Governor, from Cadiz, for the Islands, and she was going to carry the old one home again, to any part of Spain or France she might be able to pitch into; and we laid at Teneriffe for nearly two months before the Governor was ready to go, and by this time I got quite comfortable on board of her. And we sailed in the latter end of February, 1799, from Teneriffe. And, after being chased by many of the English cruisers, for the "Speedy" sailed remarkably fast, we got into a place called Cordivan, in France, the entrance of the Bordeaux River, by the latter part of March; and we got up to Bordeaux by the beginning of April. And, after the Governor was landed, and his things out of the schooner, and there being no freights for the schooner, the captain sold her to the French Government, she being a very fast sailing vessel. And the crew, me in number, were paid our wages, and sent about our business; and me and my old shipmate, James Martin, went and shipped on board of a large ship, under Hamburgh colours, that was taking in a cargo of wine for Hamburgh; and you may depend that me and my friend were glad to go somewhere, for it was dangerous to be ashore; for, if the police knew that you was a sailor, and not belonging to any ship, they took you and sent you on board of one of their frigates; but, thanks be to God, we kept ourselves clear of them; and by the latter part of April, our ship being loaded, we sailed from the town of Bordeaux, and we got clear of the river by the beginning of May. And, after being at sea some days, our captain called all the men aft, and told them that he was not bound to Hamburgh, but that he expected to go to London, but that his orders were to go to the Island of Guernsey and wait for orders; and, after a long and tiresome passage, we arrived at Guernsey in the middle part of June. And me and my old shipmate, knowing well enough that if the ship went to London we should be pressed, and having such a great dread of an English man-of-war, on account of the usage I had received, we went to our master, who was a very good man, and asked him for our discharge from the ship; and, after telling him our reason for doing so, he gave it to us, and paid us our wages; and ashore we went at Guernsey. And, after staying ashore three or four days, me and my shipmate joined a privateer, called the "Blue-Eyed Maid of Guernsey."

Our vessel was lugger-rigged, and mounted sixteen guns; and we carried one hundred and twenty men, with six months' protection from the press; and, thanks be to God, we were very lucky in her, for we took a great many prizes and recaptures—the lugger being a very fast-sailing vessel; and me and my partner stopped in her till the year 1801. When peace came, we were paid off, and I had about three hundred and fifty pounds wages and prize-money altogether; and me and my friend went from Guernsey to London, intending to go to Boston, where we had served our time, and to see our old friends. But this is the way of the world, for men appoints, and the Almighty disap-

points: for the second day after I arrived in London—where we got in June, 1801—I was taken very bad of a fever, and I was obliged to keep my bed for two months: but, thanks be to God, I soon got better. And my old shipmate, who during my illness had gone to Boston, and had promised to return to London again as soon as his business was settled, but he did not; for, poor fellow, he was taken with the same complaint that I had, as soon as he arrived in Boston, and died in a week after he got home. So now, being left to myself again, and being tired of going to sea, I intended to settle myself on shore. With this intent I went to Mr. Scovel, who was owner of several wharfs, where the traders used to discharge and take in their cargoes, and spoke to him, and told him my intention, and likewise to ask him what the best use would be that I could make of my money; and he was very kind to me, and told me that I had best put my money in the bank, and that I should have constant employment at any wharf that he had, that I was a mind to choose. And now, having this point settled, I got to come to another; and that is, that during my illness a young woman that used to attend on me, I found that I got very fond of her, and I could see, by the attention she paid me, that I was not indifferent to her; and as I was going to stop on shore, I thought I wanted a wife, and after a little courtship I gained her consent, and we got married at St. Olave's Church, which is in Tooley Street, in the Borough, on the 27th day of December, 1801.

I had taken a little house in Vine Yard, close to Pickle Herring Stairs; and having money I set up a little shop to sell cabbages, and potatoes, and wood, and coals; and, thanks be to God, me and my wife we done very well, for I used to go every day to work at the wharves loading and discharging coasting vessels, and my wife minded the shop. And so things went on quite comfortable till the latter part of July, 1802, when a strange accident occurred which put an end to all my happiness for a long time. The case was this: my wife's mother-in-law was a woman greatly given to drink, and she used to come to my wife and get things upon trust, and go and spend the money in drink; and having run up a pretty good score, my wife spoke to her about it; but she, being half drunk, abused my wife and struck her. My landlord, Mr. Bland, seeing the affair, came down and told me of it, for my house was close to the wharf where I was working; and I ran up directly, and ordered her out of the house, and told her not to come there any more; and a good many words passed between us; and at last she told me she would make me sorry for turning her out of doors; but I did not mind her. But I soon had occasion to be sorry for what had happened; for the war between France and England had broke out again, and the press was very hot; and my wife's mother-in-law went to the lieutenant of the press-gang, and informed against me that I was a seafaring man, and served my time at sea; and about half-past ten o'clock that same evening, just when I was going to shut my shop up, the press-gang came, and took me too. I had a scuffle for it before I was taken, for I knocked the first two down that came into my house; but I was soon overpowered, and was taken by force, and taken down to the boat which they had brought to Pickle Herring Stairs; and from there I was taken on board the "Enterprise," which lay at Tower Hill Stairs, where I was put both legs in irons and my hands tied behind me; and there I laid till the morning, when me and some more pressed men were put on board of a tender, and sent down to the big Nore on board of the "Old Namur," which lay flag-ship there; and next morning I was sent on board of the "Childers," ten-gun brig, to be sent round to Spithead, where we arrived on the 5th of August, 1802. And now having come a little to myself, you may depend my feelings and my mind was none of the best. The chief thing that grieved me was thinking about my wife, for I knew she was about seven months gone in the family way; but the only way I had left to do her any good was to write to her; and having, by good luck, three guineas in my pocket, which I put there in the evening before I was pressed, to pay for some potatoes, in the morning, which I had bought, I went and bought some paper, and pens, and ink, and I wrote a letter to my landlord, Mr. Bland, and told him where I was; and I told him to go to Mr. Scovel, the gentleman that had my money, for him to get two substitutes for me, which would come to about sixty pounds per man, and to let me know how my wife was, and to be sure not to let my wife's mother-in-law come there. I directed this letter to Mr. Bland, for fear, if I directed it to my own house, it might have been stopped. I remained on board of the "Childers" three days after we arrived at Spithead; and then I was sent on board of the "Royal William," which lay flag-ship at Spithead. And now all my hopes being at an end of getting an answer to my letter, as my letter would be directed to the "Childers," I turned to and wrote again, and told them where I was; but I might have saved myself the trouble, for I was only three days on board of the "Royal William" before I was drafted to the "Albion," of seventy-four guns, and she was bound to the East Indies for to take out a convoy of merchant ships. We sailed from Spithead in the beginning of September, 1802; and I left England with a heavy heart, not having heard from my friends. I often thought that none of my letters had gone; and being very careless of myself, I gave way to all sorts of badness, gambling, drunkenness, cursing and swearing, which brought me continually into trouble.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

We can scarcely choose a better time than this for our projected discourse upon the wind and rain. First, because, at about this season of the year, people are usually mounting into hopeful spirits after a tolerable experience of both; and secondly, because the wind has got into some little notoriety of late, for not having blown down Mr Paxton's Crystal Palace in Hyde Park—which, it appears, it was bound to do, and ought by all means to have done. We have our misgivings that it is equally bound, by the calculations which convict it of this neglect of duty, to blow away any man of ordinary stature who ventures out of doors when the weather is not calm. But, we have too much respect, even for the failings of the wind, to do more than hint at these its little weaknesses.

Indeed, our readers are already so occupied with the wonders and beauties of the great Exhibition, and already read so much about them, that we purposely avoid the subject for the present. Therefore, if our discourse concerned only the grievous default and bankruptcy of the wind in that connexion, it would end here, and take its place in literature by the side of Sancho Panza's untold story, and the condensed Encyclopædia of information which Mr. Dangle ought to have perused in the nod of Lord Burleigh. We have another range before us, however, and proceed.

The clown in "Twelfth Night" might have been a good geologist when he sang—

"A great while ago the world began,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain!"

for the wind and the rain have written illustrated books for this generation, from which it may learn how showers fell, tides ebbed and flowed, and great animals, long extinct, walked up the craggy sides of cliffs, in remote ages. The more we know of Nature, in any of her aspects, the more profound is the interest she offers to us; and even in this atom of knowledge alone, we might surely get something to think about, out of a wet day. We do not defend a wet day. We know that a wet Sunday in a country inn, when the rain falls perseveringly, between the window and the opposite hay-stack—when rustics lounge under penthouse roofs, or in barn or stable door-ways, festooning their smock-frocks with their pocketed hands, and yawning heavily—when we pity the people sitting at the windows over the way, and think how small and dark their houses look, forgetting that they, probably, pity us too, and think no better of the Griffin, where we have put up—is not promotive of cheerfulness. We know that the same Sunday in a town or city, when pattens go clinking by upon the paving-stones—when dripping umbrellas make a dismal dance all down the street—when the shining policeman stops at the corner to throw the wet off himself, like a water-dog—when all the boys in view go slinking past, depressed, and no boy has the heart to fly over a post—when people wait under the archway, peeping ruefully out at splashed and draggled stragglers fagging along under umbrellas: or at other stragglers who, having no umbrellas, are completely varnished from head to foot with rain—when the chimney-smoke and the little church weathercock fly round and round, bewildered to find that the wind is everywhere—when the flat little church bell seems vexed that the people won't come in, and tinkles discontentedly, while the very beadle at the door is quenched and querulous—does not inspire a lively train of thought. Still, without constantly measuring the rain-fall like the enthusiasts who write to the newspapers about it, or without asserting, like the oldest inhabitant, (who has never been right in his life since his promotion to that elevation), that it never rained before as it rains now, we may find matter for a few minutes' talk, even in such weather.

It is raining now. Let us try.

The wind to-day is blowing from the north-west, and it flings the rain against our window-panes. That boy, Tom, will be very wet, for he is out in it without an umbrella. Here he comes, glowing like a forge to which the gale has only served as bellows! He enjoys his dripping state, and tells, with enthusiasm, how

. . . "the wind began again with a burst
Of rain in my face, and a glad rebound
From the heart beneath, as if, God speeding me,
I entered his church-door, Nature leading me."

But we pack him off to change his clothes; and stop his quotation summarily.

We saw, the other day, how winds were caused, like currents of the sea, by inequalities of temperature. The heated air expands near the equator, rises and runs over towards either pole in two grand upper currents, under which there flow from north and south two deluges of colder air, to occupy the space vacated. These currents do not flow from due north and due south, because, as the earth rolls every day once round itself from west to east, air that has acquired slow movement at the poles, finds the globe travelling too fast for it at the equator, and is obliged, therefore, to drop more and more behind.

The current from the north becomes a north-east wind; that from the south is not due south, but south-east. These winds are constant, where there is no local interference, within about twenty-eight degrees on each side of the equator, being, in fact, the north-east and south-east trade-winds. Why do they not blow all the way from pole to tropic?

There, you have the upper current to consider; the hot air that ascended at the equator has been gradually cooling, and becoming therefore denser—heavier—as it ran over the cold current below. The cold air from the pole, too, had been getting warmer, therefore lighter, on its travel; so that in temperate climates, to which we belong, it becomes a disputable point between the two currents which shall have the upper, which the lower seat. In these regions, therefore, there is no uniform wind; but as the currents from the equator generally succeed in maintaining that it is now their turn to go below, winds from the south prevail outside the trade-winds north of the equator, which are, of course, represented by north winds on the other hemisphere. South-west and north-west these winds are, because they are fast currents, which started from the earth where it was rapidly revolving, and into polar regions slow. Winds from the south-west then prevail in Europe; and the south-wester now blowing whistles with immoderate exultation at a victory over some polar current with which it has for the last few days been exchanging blows.

Well, you say, there must be a pretty clashing of cymbals when the great trade-winds from the north and south run against one another; and they must do that somewhere [illegible] the equator. Yes, the scene of their collision occupies a broad band about six degrees north of the equator, more or less. The trade-winds of the southern hemisphere encroach over the line at all seasons, owing to peculiarities of land and water; but the limits of the trade-winds are not marked out by a fixed straight line. They vary, in extent, with the season, and their outline varies with the nature of the earth or water over which they blow. But, the scene of collision, as we said, forms a broad zone always north of the equator, which is called the zone of the variable winds and calms. Here it is that a great ascending current strikes off the antagonists on either hand; and then if we are in the current, we perceive no wind; and if we hold a lighted candle in the air, its flame ascends unwavering; but a few feet from the ground we can feel nothing of the upward rush which we denominate a calm. With this current rises a vast mass of vapour, and the sun's decline, or a touch from the trade-wind, or the coldness of the upper air, condenses this; and down come sheets of rain, attended with electrical explosions. How the trade winds, when they come together, twist and twirl, and generally how two winds cause an eddy, and a veering of the weathercock when they come down upon each other, any man may understand who ever sat by a brook-side. Currents of water coming upon each other, round the stones, from different directions, act upon each other just as the air-currents act, carving miniature gales and model whirlwinds from a kindred element.

Within this zone of variable winds and calms, vapour ascends perpetually, and rain falls almost every day; the rainy season being distinguished only by a more determined drench, just as a doctor, paid by items, pours forth more bottles in the season of an epidemic, though he at all times is unmercifully liberal. That vapour rises from water and from every moist body under the influence of heat, anybody knows. The greater the heat, the more the vapour; but even in winter, from the surface of an ice-field, vapour rises. The greater the heat, the greater the expansion of the vapour. It is the nature of material things to expand under heat, and to contract under cold; so water does, except in the act of freezing, when for a beneficent purpose it is constituted an exception to the rule. Vapour rises freely from lakes, rivers, and moist land; but most abundantly, of course, it rises from the sea, and nowhere more abundantly than where the sun is hottest. So it rises in the zone of variable winds and calms, abundant, very much expanded, therefore imperceptible. There comes a breath of colder air on the ascending current; its temperature falls; it had contained as much vapour as it would hold in its warm state; when cooled it will not hold so much; the excess, therefore, must part company, and be condensed again; clouds rapidly form, and as the condensation goes on in this region with immense rapidity, down comes the discarded vapour in the original state of water, out of which it had been raised; down it comes, a hogshead in each drop. Sudden precipitation, and the violent rubbing against each other, of two air-currents unequally warmed, developes electricity; and then in this zone you can hear such thunder, and behold such lightning, as we quiet folks at home are never plagued with. We may stop here to remark that in all climates this is the whole theory of rain. Our present weather is sufficient illustration. There was a noisy wind from the south-west

this May morning—a wind from the warm regions which has come over the sea loaded with vapour. Though violent, it felt warm to the face; but in the sky were scattered clouds, and the wind veered frequently towards the north, with sudden showers, one of which pelted upon Tom. It was a contest between the south-west current, and a current from the north, which now and then forced a way down, and, where it did so, cooled the atmosphere, and obliged it to part with some of its vapour, either in the form of clouds or rain. The winds are quiet now, and if you look out, you will see that the fight is over, and the south-west beaten after all its crowing; north wins. You see by the smoke that there is a north wind, which, being a cold polar current, cannot hold, in an expanded state, one half of the vapour brought into our atmosphere by the south west. The north wind, therefore, marks its victory by a general precipitation; the whole sky is uniformly clouded, and a steady rain falls, and will fall, until the balance is restored. When the north wind has turned out of the sky all the vapour that it cannot manage, we shall have fine weather, until a warm wind interferes. The warm wind, then, must bleed some drops before it gains possession, but, having conquered, will possess a sky containing less than its due quantity of vapour; therefore precipitation will not be continued. The south-west wind, however, soon brings moisture with it; and then, if the noon be fine, clouds form at evening, when the temperature falls, and it may rain at night. Everything contains its regulated quantity of latent heat—a body in the form of air more than a liquid, and a liquid more than a solid. Latent heat is sensible heat mysteriously transformed, used in the processes of nature, swallowed up, become insensible. Water contains more of this, then, in the state of a thin vapour than in the condensed form. When, therefore, clouds form, heat that was used up and made latent is restored and rendered sensible; that is one reason why cloudy weather is warm. After a shower, the whole earth is moist, and evaporation takes place on the entire surface. Water, to become vapour, seizes, appropriates, and thrusts into the latent form some of the sensible heat lying in its neighbourhood, and, therefore, a coolness or a chill succeeds the rain. But there is chill, also, during the rain-fall, when the condensation is at its greatest; how is that? Doubtless you know that air and water conduct heat but badly. You could not heat a tub of water from the top, and the sea retains through all seasons a remarkable imperturbability as to its temperature. So you, or the sun, cannot heat any amount of air from the top; but the sun's rays that reach the earth warm that, and it retains the warmth, and radiates it back again; and so it is the heat of the sun sent from our own earth which fills the air about us. If we walked on such high stilts as to raise our mouths and noses far above the sod, we should be very glad to have our stilts cut shorter; for the radiant heat lessens as we rise from the earth's surface, in proportion no less rapidly than light lessens as we quit a candle; and at any distance from the earth the atmosphere is very cold. So rain descending from the cold heights brings a chill with it. So clouds that cover over the earth and prevent its heat from radiating into space, but rather reflect it back again, act as a blanket does over a man's warm body when he is in bed, and so we have a second reason why it is warm—close—in cloudy weather.

Since water retains in a remarkable degree an even temperature, and land heats and cools in correspondence with all changes of the sun, it follows that where land and water are commingled, inequalities of temperature will be various and frequent; every inequality being the cause of a wind, and the water supplying copious material for clouds and rain. Therefore our island is so often clouded. Every one who walks by the sea-side, knows the sea-breeze produced by difference of temperature between the land and water. The water being uniform in heat, is colder than the earth during a summer's day, and the air, cooled upon its surface, blows in *from* the sea to fill the space left by the lighter current. But at night the earth has cooled down, till at length sea is the warmer of the two, and the cold current furnished by the earth blows *to* the sea. The moist wind from the ocean, flowing over continent, precipitates its moisture near the coasts, especially on steep and rugged hills; so that, far inland, clouded skies are rare. The earth in summer, therefore, lies day after day unsheltered from the sun, and stores up heat continually;—you know the heat of continental summers. In the comparatively cloudless winter nothing impedes radiation—out into space the heat all streams. You know the severe cold of a winter on the Continent. At Astrakhan the summer heat is that of Bordeaux, and fine grapes grow; but the winter cold is below zero.

Rain being elicited by heat from water, will, of course, abound most where the sun is hottest. The average yearly fall of rain between the tropics is ninety-five inches, but in the temperate zone only thirty-five. The greatest rain-fall, however, is precipitated in the shortest time—tropical clouds like to get it over, and have done with it. Ninety-five inches fall in eighty days on the equator, while at St. Petersburgh the yearly rain-fall is but seventeen inches, spread over one hundred and sixty-nine days. Again, a tropical wet day is not continuously wet. The morning is clear; clouds form about ten o'clock, the rain begins at twelve, and pours till about half-past four; by sunset the clouds are gone, and the night is invariably fine. That is a tropical day during the rainy season.

What does the "rainy season" mean? At a point twenty-three and a half degrees north of the equator, at the tropic of Cancer, the

vertical sun appears to stop when it is midsummer with us. As it moves southward, our summer wanes; it crosses the equator, and appears to travel on until it has reached twenty-three and a half degrees on the other side of the line—the tropic of Capricorn;* then six months have passed, it is midwinter with us and midsummer with people in the southern hemisphere. The sun turns back—(and the word tropic means the place of turning)—retraces its course over the equator, and at the expiration of a twelvemonth is at our tropic again, bringing us summer. Now, the rainy season is produced between the tropics, by the powerful action of the sun, wherever it is nearly vertical, in sucking up vast quantities of vapour, which become condensed in the upper colder regions of the atmosphere, and dash to earth again as rain. The rainy season, therefore, follows the sun. When the sun is at or near the tropic of Cancer, both before and after turning, all places near that tropic have their rainy season: when the sun makes a larger angle with their zenith, it has taken the rainy season with it to another place. It is here obvious, that a country between the tropics, and far from each, is passed over by the sun, in its apparent course, at two periods in the same year, with a decided interval between them. It must have, therefore, and does have, two rainy and two dry seasons. The parts of Africa and Asia bordering the northern half of the Indian Ocean are an exception to this rule; and, though in the region of the trade-winds, they are independent of the trade-winds also. A great expanse of water is there placed between two continents, one of which, Asia, stretching to the north-east, is heated during our own summer, and the other, Africa, lies south-west of the water, and is heated when the sun is at the other tropic, and when our regions are cold. The cool current flows over the water into the space left by expanded air in Asia, when that continent is warmed, from April to October, making the south-west monsoon. After October, southern Africa begins her turn of summer, and the monsoon changes with a little conflict in the way of storm and cloud, and the air flows during the other six months to the other continent, creating the north-east monsoon. The end of March and the beginning of April, the end of September and the beginning of October, are the stormy periods of monsoon changing. Water currents are determined by these constant winds, and each monsoon brings a rainy season to the coast on which it blows. The monsoon region extends beyond the coasts of Borneo and Celebes, and on the coasts of China, northward to Japan.

Monsoon is a name drawn from an Arabic word, implying season. Prevalent winds on a smaller scale are determined in many other portions of the globe by local peculiarities of land and sea. Thus the great desert, the Sahara, heated intensely by our summer sun, pours up a current of ascending air, and sucks cool air out of the Mediterranean; on that sea, therefore, in the summer, a north wind prevails, and for the same reason it is easier to sail up than down the Nile.

Let us apply now some of the principles we have discussed. The trade-winds blowing equably, do not deposit much of their vapour while still flowing over the Atlantic. Out at sea it seldom rains within the trade-winds; but when they strike the east coast of America rain falls; and the rain-fall on that coast, within the limits of the trade-winds, is notoriously excessive. The chain of the West India Islands stands ready to take (in the due season) a full dose; the rain-fall at St. Domingo is one hundred and fifty inches. But the winds having traversed the breadth of the continent, deposit their last clouds on the western flanks of the Andes, and there are portions, accordingly, of the western coast on which no season will expend a drop of rain. Thus in Peru it rains once, perhaps, in a man's lifetime; and an old man may tell how once, when he was quite a boy, it thundered. Of the cold Antarctic current slipping by the Peruvian shores, and yielding the thick vapour called the Garua, which serves instead of rain, we have already talked. Upon the table-land of Mexico, in parts of Guatemala and California, for the same reason, rain is very rare. But the grandest rainless districts are those occupied by the great desert of Africa, extending westward over portions of Arabia and Persia, to a desert province of the Beloochees; districts presently continued in the heart of Asia over the great desert of Gobi, the table-land of Tibet and part of Mongolia. In all these, are five or six millions of square miles of land that never taste a shower. Elsewhere the whole bulk of water that falls annually in the shape of rain, is calculated at seven hundred and sixty millions of millions of tuns.

In equalising temperature, in wafting clouds over the land, and causing them to break and fall in fertilising showers, in creating and fostering the art of navigation, by which man is civilised, the winds perform good service. Their pure current washes out the stagnant exhalations from our homes, our fields, our persons; breaks the ripe seed from the tree, and sows it at a distance from its

* The inclination of the earth's axis, to which we have before alluded, is twenty-three and a half degrees. The apparent movement of the sun over the tropics, our long days of summer and long nights of winter, and the whole theory of polar nights and days, can be explained *practically* with the greatest ease. In the evening let there be only one lamp or candle, which you call the sun. Spit an orange on a knitting needle; put some pins on it for men; hold the needle, your earth's axis, not upright, but let it slant a little; hold your earth, the orange, so that its equator is on the same level with your sun. Keep the axis inclined and fixed always in the same position relative to the walls of the room, while you imitate the earth's yearly course, by a revolution of your orange (always in the same level) round the lamp. Make mimic days and nights, in the mean time, by rolling your earth round upon its axis. Remember that the sun is to men as the lamp might be to your pins, and the rude experiment will be a little volume of astronomy.

parent plant, where it may grow in the free air, not overshadowed. Without winds, winter would be one monotony of frost, and summer one monotony of sun. The crisp snow, and the woolly clouds, the delightful rustle of the summer forest, and the waving of the autumn corn, the glory of the sunset, and the wonder of the rainbow,—the world would have wanted these had not the winds been taught to do their Master's bidding. After all, wind and rain prove more than the necessity of carrying umbrellas. And, after all, Tom was not stupid, when he rejoiced in telling how—.

. . . "the wind began again with a burst
Of rain in my face, and a glad rebound
From the heart beneath, as if, God speeding me,
I entered his church-door, Nature leading me."

Of course, it is understood that violent friction of the lower surface of a wind upon the upper surface of the sea, will raise the waves. The sea, in a gale, is a condition which all people understand. There are, however, certain winds, obeying their own laws, which produce storms at sea of a peculiar nature. These are typhoons and hurricanes.

The hurricane is a remarkable storm wind, peculiar to certain portions of the world. It rarely takes its rise beyond the tropics, and it is the only storm to dread within the region of the trade-winds. In the temperate zone, hurricanes do now and then occur, which crossing the Atlantic from America, strike our own coasts. We had one in 1836, and we had one last year. But, on our side of the equator, the home of the hurricane is about the region of the West Indies; in the southern hemisphere, they favour Rodriguez and the Mauritius. Furthermore, they have their seasons. The West Indian occur from August to October. The Rodriguez, in the hot months of the other hemisphere. Furthermore, it is the nature of a hurricane to travel round and round, as well as forward, very much as a corkscrew travels through a cork, only the circles are all flat, and described by a rotatory wind upon the surface of the water. The rotatory wind blows the sea with it in a rotatory current; within the circle of the hurricane the air is calm, and its diminished pressure lifts the water up in a great storm wave, which, advancing with the hurricane, surrounded by its current, plays the deluge, if it strike upon a shore; but, otherwise, rolls on and on, while the wind dances round and round it; thus, twisting circles while it marches on its main path—that main path being itself a grander curve. Hurricanes always travel away from the equator. North of the equator, the great storm, revolving as it comes, rolls from the east towards the west: inclining from the equator, that is, northward. It always comes in that way; always describes in its main course the curve of an ellipse, which generally crosses the West India Islands, and presently, pursuing the ellipse, marches to the north-east from the coast of Florida, treading the waves of the Atlantic. In the southern hemisphere, hurricanes come from the north-east, and pursue a course away from the equator precisely similar. No hurricane ever commenced its main course from the west; but, it is obvious that a ship, revolving in its circles, will find the wind in every quarter in turn; and that a hurricane's main course is from the west in the last portion of its travels. Take an egg, and place it on an atlas map, so that its small end shall be near the coast of Florida, and its lower edge rest on the Leeward Islands; take a pencil, and, beginning eastward of these islands, trace the outline of your egg towards the west, turning its corner, and still tracing on towards the north-east, as if travelling to Europe: leave off now, and you have sketched the ordinary path of a West Indian hurricane.

Thunder and lightning frequently attend a hurricane, and, more especially in the southern hemisphere, dense sheets of rain. Clearly, it is most important that a ship's captain, overtaken by a hurricane, should know the nature and exact course of the storm. A horn-book is now published, by the use of which he readily obtains this knowledge, which enables him to put his ship so as she can ride safely until the hurricane is gone. Without such knowledge, puzzled by the changing wind, he perhaps drives before it, and is whirled round, circle after circle, dragged through the very road of danger; or, he escapes into the middle of a circle, has a little breathing time, and presently the crash returns; or, he gets out of the main course, and, through ignorance, encounters it again. Shipwrecks innumerable have been caused in this way. In the present day, though we have not yet established a full theory concerning hurricanes, the sailor has been taught to step out of their path; and that is something practical, for which a naval country owes its thanks (perhaps something more) to Colonel Reid and Mr. Piddington.

The typhoon, a relation of the hurricane's, is of Chinese extraction. It is met with, only in the China seas, not so far south as the Island of Mindanao, nor so far north as Corea, except upon the eastern borders of Japan. A typhoon walks abroad not oftener than about once every three or four years; and that is quite often enough. You may believe anything of a typhoon. Robert Fortune says, that when he was at sea in a typhoon, a fish weighing thirty or forty pounds was blown out of the water, and fell through the skylight into the cabin. That might be believed of a typhoon from a less trustworthy informant.

Of local storms and currents caused, in-land or out at sea, by inequalities of temperature, as, for example, by the warm current of the gulf-stream, we need not particularly speak. The storms and the rain-torrents of Cape Horn, where one hundred and fifty-three

inches of rain have been measured in forty-one days, and where the whole year is a rainy season, we can only mention. To the simoom we give a nod of recognition; verily, this is a penetrating wind, which clogs with sand the works of a double-cased gold watch in the waistcoat pocket of a traveller. We wave our hands likewise to the Italian sirocco and the Egyptian khamsin, and the dry harmattan; and so our dry talk ends.

It is raining still. Raining on the just and on the unjust, on the trees, the corn, and the flowers, on the green fields and the river, on the lighthouse-bluff and out at sea. It is raining on the graves of some whom we have loved. When it rains upon a mellow summer evening it is beneficently natural to most of us to think of that, and to give those verdant places their quiet share in the hope and freshness of the morrow.

THE STORY OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

We were obliged to bear up in a heavy gale from the westward for Plymouth, after being clear of the Land's End, and after having all our defects made good we sailed from Plymouth, the 29th day of September, 1802, with a fine breeze from the north east, and we had a very fine passage till the 5th of November, when we fell in with two French merchant ships, who did not know that the war had broke out again between England and France, and so they became easy prizes to us; and I had the good luck to be sent on board of one of them, called the "La Favorite," she was from the Isle of France, and was bound to Bordeaux, in France. And after the exchange of the crew, and our captain sending water and provisions on board, we parted company from the Fleet for Old England; and you may depend I was glad enough. But the ship that I was in was a very dull-sailing vessel, and she was very leaky; so we made very slow progress across the Trade Winds; but by the beginning of December we fell in with a westerly wind, which was a fair wind for England; and you may depend we made the best use we could of it, for we were only complete with six weeks' provisions when we left our ship, and we had now left her a month, and still were a long distance from England.

Now the other prize, our partner, sailed a good deal better than us, and parted company with us the second night after. We had a fair wind, and we never saw any more of her, which was a very rascally trick of them, for they knowing we were very leaky they ought to have stopped by us. But we having a fair wind and fine weather, we kept on our course till we got into soundings, on the 15th day of December; and the next day, in the morning, it being very hazy and very little wind, we saw a lugger close to us, which proved to be a French privateer. Now if our partner had been along with us, we might have had a fight for it; but being by ourselves, and only mounting four guns, and being short of provisions, for we had been six upon four for several days, and being continually at the pumps we were very little fit to fight a vessel mounting sixteen guns, and one hundred and twenty men; so we were boarded, and taken by the privateer; and we found that our other prize had been taken two days before by the same lugger. For, getting information from some of the Frenchmen that there was another ship coming, she laid to for us in our track, and we were taken, and I was sent on board of the French lugger. And now I had a sure prospect before me to be made a prisoner of war at the very commencement of it. But, thanks be to God, I did not stay very long with them, for the Frenchmen on board of the lugger used us very well, and I had not been many days on board of the lugger when I fell in with a young man on board of her, who was a prisoner like myself, who had been a shipmate of mine in the "Blue-eyed Maid," of Guernsey, who could speak the French language as well as any Frenchman going; and he told me that he would not go to a French prison if he could help it, and I told him the same. We steered with the prizes in tow for St. Maloes, and we got into the harbour on the fifth day of January, 1803. Now the captain and the mate of the privateer had both been in an English prison, and they had been used very well in England, and the pair of them spoke very good English; and he told us he was very sorry to see us go to prison, and he told me and the Guernsey man that he would do anything in his power to keep us out of prison.

Now when the privateer and the prizes got into St. Maloes it was late in the afternoon, and the crew being overjoyed at taking so many prizes and got them all safe in, and their friends coming to see them, and bringing them something to eat and to drink, that by the time it was dark, there was scarce a sober man on board of the privateer; and the captain not being able to send us on shore in the evening, he kindly told us to look out for ourselves, for he would be obliged to send us on shore in the morning. We thanked him kindly for his good wishes towards us, and me and the Guernsey man said we would make the most of it. Now one of the prizes' boats was towed astern of the privateer, and with her we attempted to make our escape; and the first thing we done after it was dark, was to see how many of our fellow-prisoners we could get to go along with us; and we soon got nine more besides ourselves. And the next thing we done was to haul the boat up alongside, and put in her anything that we thought necessary for our voyage, such as provisions and water. We had the good luck to find two breakers of water, each breaker holding about

seven gallons; and, as I told you before, the Frenchmen's friends fetched plenty of bread and other things on board, we found a pretty good stock of it, enough, with care, to last us two or three days, by which time we expected, with God's help, to be in England. And after getting one of the privateer's compasses into the boat, we were all ready; but it would not do for us to start before the rounds had been, which was a guard-boat that pulled round the harbour once a night; so we dropped our boat a-stern again, and laid down quietly till the guard-boat was past, which came round about ten o'clock in the morning. And our Guernsey man was lucky enough to hear the watchword for the morning; for in going out of the harbour, we had to pass close to a fort on our starboard hand, and the sentry was sure to hail you to ask the countersign. So after the guard-boat was gone, and everything was quiet, we started, and we passed the fort about three o'clock in the morning; and, thanks be to God, we got clear of the mouth of the harbour long before daylight. Now the wind, when we left the harbour, was about east-south-east, and we being bound to the northward, we had a fair wind and a fine breeze; and we all expected to have made some part of England by the next day; but our hopes were very soon all frustrated, for towards the middle part of our first day at sea, the wind came round to the north-east, and from there to north-north-east; and it came to blow very hard, and we were obliged to close-reef our sails, and lay as close to the wind as we could: and we made our course nearly north-west, which was four points off our course that we intended to steer for. It blew very hard all night, and it was very cold, and you may depend we were all very glad when it pleased the Almighty to send us daylight once more; but we could not see anything of any ship or land, and we all sat down to eat our scanty breakfast; but before we sat down, we all went to prayers to return thanks to God for preserving us during the night, and hoping that the Almighty would protect us during the day.

After we had done our breakfast, the wind lulling a bit, we shook one reef out of our foresail. But not to tire my reader with everything that we done; we stayed in this condition for four days, the weather being very thick and hazy, and very little wind. We saw a large ship close by us, and being all hands very weak, we got our oars out, and pulled after the ship, which at last we accomplished; and she proved to be a ship belonging to Bremen, with emigrants from Hanover; for the French had drove them out of their country, and they were bound to Baltimore, in America. When we first got alongside of the ship, the people on board of her came to the gangway, and seemed quite surprised to see so many poor wretched-looking men in so small a boat; for our boat was only twenty-five feet long; and they asked us in German where we came from, and what we wanted. Now, I being the only one that could understand a little of the German language, which I learned at the time that I belonged to the Hamburgh ship that I mentioned, I told them that we were Englishmen that had run away from a French prison. As soon as they heard it, they told us to come up; and you may depend we were glad to hear that; and we tried our best to get up, but we could not, for we were so weak, and so cold, that we could not stand upon our legs. So the captain seeing this, he was kind enough to send some of the crew into the boat to help us, and they were obliged to haul us up the ship's side with ropes; and, thanks be to God, we all got safely on board; and a miserable set we were, for we had been nearly five days in a small open boat, and when we started we had scarcely provisions enough to last us two days; and then to be exposed in the month of January to a cold north-east wind, and plenty of snow beating about us; so you may depend we were in a very bad state; and if they had given us the ship and all her cargo, we could not stand upon our legs. But the captain and the passengers were very kind to us; and the doctor had us put to bed as soon as he could, and they gave me a little sago and some wine, and I soon fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake till the next day; and, thanks be to God, and the good people's care, I was able to come on deck in four or five days' time; but we had the misfortune to lose three of my companions, who died the day after we were picked up.

And now there being only six of us left, and some of them were a long time before they got well; but, in eight or ten days' time, I was as well as ever I was; and I was able to be of some service to my preservers; for we falling in with some very squally weather, we split a good many of our sails, and I being a middling good sail-maker, I was able to repair them, which pleased the captain very much. Now the captain had been kind enough to hoist our boat in, and she being a very good boat, the captain asked me if I would sell the boat to him; for I being the only one that could speak any German, is the reason the captain asked me. I told him that if he thought the boat was of any use to him, he might have her and welcome; for, in my opinion, we owed him a great deal more than the value of the boat, for his kindness towards us all. But he said he would not have the boat at that price, for he had done no more than his duty; but, as we were very short of clothing, he would give us a suit of clothes and a couple of shirts a-piece out of the slop chest for the boat, to which I agreed at once, and thanked him very kindly for his kind offer; and he gave us our clothes; and in fact every one on board of that ship behaved better than if we had been their own brothers; and

we all were very comfortable on board of her, till the 16th day of February, when we fell in with an English brig who had lost her foremast and bowsprit, by running foul of an iceberg; and she lost five men overboard when the accident happened, so had only four men left. Our captain asked us if we would go on board of the brig to assist our countrymen, and we agreed to go on board of the brig; and you may depend we left the Bremen ship with a heavy heart, for they all had been so kind to us; and our old captain was kind enough to give us a spare spar for to rig a jury foremast; and he told the master of the brig to pay the price of the spar to us, if it pleased God to send him safe into port. We all thanked the captain heartily for his kindness towards us, and we parted company.

Now the brig that we got on board of, was called the "Spring-flower," belonging to Liverpool; and she was last from Port Royal, Jamaica, bound to Liverpool. She sailed from Port Royal under convoy of a frigate; but being very deeply laden, and a very dull sailor, she lost the convoy in a gale of wind; and a few days afterwards she had the misfortune to run foul of an iceberg, and lost her foremast and bowsprit, and five of her men. When we came on board of the brig, we found the master, two men, and a boy, and us six coming on board, made ten altogether; and we turned to with a good will, and got our shears up, and rigged our jury foremast and bowsprit, which, with God's help, we finished the second day; so that we were able to set a maintop gallant sail for a fore-topsail, and a lower studding sail for a foresail, and a fore-topmast staysail for a jib. Now the captain of the brig being well pleased with our work, and seeing we were very short of clothing, and especially when he heard how we got on board of the Bremen ship, was kind enough to give us the men's clothes that had been drowned, for our use; and the mate of the brig being drowned, he made me mate in his stead, for I was the only man out of the whole that could read and write. Now the brig had been out a long time at sea, and though she was bound to England, we could not attempt a passage to England in that time of the year, and the state the vessel was in. The Island of Bermuda was the nearest land to us, so we steered for Bermuda, where we arrived safe on the 3rd day of March, 1803.

Now when we got to Bermuda, there being one of the owner's agents there, we discharged our cargo; and the brig being found unfit to go to sea without a thorough repair, we were paid off; and the captain paid us the same wages that would have been due to his old crew that had been drowned; and the agent gave the twenty-five dollars to divide amongst me and my shipmates, for exerting ourselves in bringing the "Spring-flower" safe into port.

And now being upon my own hands again, and having a little money and a few clothes, me and my old shipmate, the Guernsey man, shipped on board of a brig called the "Sprightly," about one hundred and twenty tons burden, and she was bound to Barbadoes, one of the West India Islands, and we sailed from Bermuda on the 2nd day of April, 1803, and we arrived at the Island of Barbadoes, after a pleasant passage, the latter end of April; and I traded, on board of the "Sprightly," from one island to another, till August, 1804. And I had made a good bit of money by this time, when, on the 24th day of August, 1804, we were coming up to windward, and I had the middle watch. it was just after two o'clock in the morning, for I had just been relieved from the helm; the weather being very thick and hazy, we were run down by a large ship, called the "Big Ann," of London. She came down upon us so quick and unawares, that I had only just time to get hold of her bobstays, and I sung out to the rest of them that was on deck; but only one, beside myself, had the good fortune to save himself, and that was the mate of the brig. The rest of the crew, six in number, found a watery grave. The captain of the "Big Ann" tried the best that he could do, for he hove his ship to directly, and lowered two boats down, and pulled about in our direction. We could not see anything of the brig or of the unfortunate crew; so, when everything was quiet again on board and made sail again, the captain called the mate and me, and asked us the particulars about our brig, and we told him all we knew about it. He sent us down below, and told us to lay down till the morning, and he would see what he could do for us; but, for my part, I could not sleep, and I believe my partner in misfortune was the same, for I heard him getting up, every now and then, and singing out for one of his old shipmates, or singing out "Hard a-starboard! there she comes." I went to him and tried to quiet him, but it was of no use, for by the morning he was raving mad; and the captain and some of the passengers did all they could for him by bleeding him and giving him what medicines they thought would do him good; but all was of no use, for he died the next day about four o'clock in the afternoon. And now, I being the only one that was saved from the "Sprightly's" crew, however all well and hearty only twenty-four hours ago, I knelt down and thanked the Almighty Giver of all good for his wonderful mercy towards me; and I felt greatly relieved afterwards.

Now the ship that I was in was from London, bound to Port Royal, Jamaica, and she had a good many passengers on board, and the captain was kind enough to make a collection for me, and he collected forty-seven dollars for me, which he gave me, in the name of the passengers, for the loss of my clothes, and I returned them my sincere thanks for their kindness;

and the captain told me that, if I liked, I could stay on board of his ship all the time that the ship lay in Port Royal, or till I got another ship. We arrived in Port Royal on the 28th day of August, 1804; and I was obliged to go on shore the next day to go to the consul, and tell all that I knew about the loss of the "Sprightly" brig. The brig being insured, I received the wages that was due to me to the time she was lost, which amounted to about one hundred and eighty dollars; so I was able to lay myself in a good stock of clothes, which I wanted very much; and I stayed on board the "Big Ann" till the 15th day of September, when I shipped on board of a ship belonging to Liverpool, called the "King George." She was bound to the Coast of Africa, for a cargo of slaves; she was a fine ship, mounting eighteen guns, and carried eighty men; and she had a letter-of-marque commission for to fight her own way. We sailed from Port Royal the latter part of September, and we had a very pleasant passage across the Trades, and we arrived on the Coast of Africa at a place called Anne Bone, the latter part of November; and we traded up and down the coast till we got our cargo, which we completed by the beginning of February, 1805; but just before we sailed, our captain got information, by a ship that arrived there, that two French frigates were cruising in their track, from the Coast of Africa to the West Indies; so our captain altered his mind, and, in room of going to the West Indies, we steered for Rio de Janeiro on the Coast of the Brazils, where we arrived on the 15th day of April, 1805; and as soon as we got our cargo of slaves out, and our ship cleaned, we took in a cargo of sugar for Liverpool, and we sailed from Rio de Janeiro the last day of May, and we were bound for Liverpool; and we had a very good passage, though rather a long one, for we were becalmed for twelve days, in what is called the "Horse latitudes;" that was just after we had crossed the line; but afterwards we got a fine breeze across the North-east Trades, till the 17th day of July, when we fell in with a fleet of English men-of-war. The time of our letter-of-marque commission being expired, they came on board of us, and pressed forty men out of us; and I was pressed among the rest, and sent on board of the "Spashot," of seventy-four guns.

So there I was, once more, on board of an English man-of-war; and I hailed for a foreigner, and I said that I belonged to Hamburgh, in Germany, thinking that I should get clear; but it would not do; they would not let me go; so when I found I could not get clear, I contented myself, and tried to make the best of a bad bargain. We kept cruising at sea, looking out for French or Spanish ships, till the month of October, when Admiral Nelson joined the fleet with some more ships; and then we were stationed off Cadiz, till the glorious twenty-first of October, when we brought the French and Spanish fleet to action; and we had pretty warm work while it lasted, but, thanks be to God, we beat them and gained the victory. And after the action I was sent on board of one of the prizes, a Spanish seventy-four; and she had lost her fore and mizen-mast by the board, and it being late in the afternoon before we got on board of her, and got the prisoners secured and exchanged, it was nearly night before we could begin rigging our jury, fore, and mizen-mast; but by daylight next morning we got our fore and mizen standing; but they proved of very little use to us, for, it coming on a gale of wind, we soon lost our jury-mast again, and we were driving as fast as we could towards the Spanish shore. It is bad enough to be on a lee-shore in a gale of wind at any time, but especially when that lee-shore is an enemy's coast; but we found that, if the gale continued, we should have to go on shore before morning; so our commanding officer thought best to run her on shore whilst it was daylight. To effect this, we had to get the ship before the wind, which we could not effect without cutting away the main-mast, which we were obliged to do, and then setting a spritsail upon the bowsprit, we got the ship before the wind; and as soon as we got the ship before the wind we opened the hatches to let our prisoners come up, so that the poor fellows could look out to save their own lives; but the ship ran upon a sandy beach, but, thanks be to God, being nearly a new ship, and very strong built, she kept together, and she soon worked herself broadside on; and us on board, heaving all the starboard guns overboard, and rolling all the shot we could get at, or any heavy thing, over to the larboard side, we made shift to give her good list in-shore. And the ship having worked herself broadside on, and well in to the sand, we contrived to get ashore under her lee; which we did by cutting her port gangway and hammock nettings away, and launching her boom-boats; which we effected, after a good deal of trouble, and by which I got my right leg and my arm hurt a good deal, which laid me up for some time afterwards. Now, after we got the boats baled out, we sent the prisoners ashore first, and then followed ourselves afterwards; and by four o'clock the next morning—that is to say, the 23rd day of October—we all got safe on shore.

Now the Spanish prisoners, that had come on shore first, some of them had been and seen their friends, and, as daylight came on, they came down to assist us; which they did, for they brought us some bread, and some figs, and some wine, to refresh us; which we wanted very much, for we had scarcely tasted anything the last twenty-four hours; and the Spaniards behaved very kind to us. As for myself, after I had eaten some bread and fruit, and drank some wine, I tried to get up, but I could not; and one of the

Spaniards, seeing the state that I was in, was kind enough to get two or three more of his companions, and lifted me up in one of the bullock-carts in which they had brought down the provisions for us, and covered me up with one of their great ponchos; and he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Bono English!" And, being upon the cart, I was out of the wind and rain—for it blew a heavy gale of wind; and I felt myself quite comfortable, only my leg pained me a good deal; but, thanks be to God, I soon fell into a sound sleep; and, as I heard afterwards, the French soldiers came down and marched the rest of my shipmates up to Cadiz, and they put them into Spanish prison. As for my part, I was taken up to Cadiz, in the bullock-cart, and my kind friend took me to his own house, and had me put to bed, where I found myself when I woke.

Now, in the house where I was, it happened to be a boarding-house, and a good many American sailors boarded there, and when I came to myself, my friend, the Spaniard, brought one of the American sailors to me for to ask me if I wanted anything. I told the man, very kindly, that I wanted some one to look at my leg; for I felt my leg very painful. Now this young man was mate of an American ship that was getting repaired at Cadiz, and he spoke very good Spanish, so he told the Spaniard what I wanted, and my friend went away and fetched a doctor, who could speak very good English, who dressed my leg, and assured me there were no bones broken, only he told me that I must keep myself very quiet, and to be sure not to drink any spirits. I forgot to tell you that the first night that I got on board of the prize, whilst I was down below, to look for some rope for to lash the jury foremast to the stump of the old foremast, I picked up a belt; but, being in a hurry, I never looked into it, but put it round me, under my frock, and, being busy at work all the time that I was on board of her, I never thought no more about it till, now I was laying in bed, I felt it uncomfortable round me, and I asked my new friend, the American mate, if he would be kind enough to take it off me. But what was my surprise when, on overhauling of it, I found that there were forty doubloons, ten dollars, and some smaller money in it! My surprise was so great that my young friend perceived it, and I told him the whole truth of it, how I came by it. My friend advised me to keep it quiet, and say nothing about it; I told him I would. And now it came into my thoughts that the money might be serviceable to me, to keep me from going to prison; and I spoke to my young friend about it, and he went down and spoke to the old Spaniard about it, who came up to me directly, and he told the American mate to [illegible] to make myself quite easy about that; [illegible] had been to the prison to hear if [illegible] could find out that I had been missing, and, when I had been missed, that they supposed that I had been drowned; so he said, "It will be your own fault if you go to prison."

You may depend I was very glad to hear what he said, and I offered the old man a doubloon, for the kindness he had shown me; which he, at first, refused; but, after a good deal of persuading, he took it for to pay the doctor. And now, this affair being settled, I rested myself quite contented till it pleased the Almighty to restore to me the use of my leg and arm, which got quite well in about a month's time; and me and the American mate got quite friendly together; and, their ship being nearly ready for sea, he persuaded me to join the ship that he belonged to, for they were several hands short, and they would be obliged to ship Spaniards, without they could get any of my former shipmates to run away out of prison and join their ship; so I agreed to go along with him, and I joined the "Matilda," of Boston, on the 1st day of December, 1805. On leaving my old friend, the Spaniard, who had been so kind to me, I made him a present of five Spanish doubloons, which he accepted; and I parted from him with a sorrowful heart.

When I came on board of the "Matilda" I was quite surprised to find four of my old shipmates there before me, they had made their escape out of prison through the assistance of some good Spaniards, and had got on board there before me. But you may depend that their surprise was great to see me, for I was believed, by every one, to be drowned; but we soon reconciled ourselves; and by the 4th day of December we were out at sea, clear of them all; and our ship, the "Matilda," was bound to Boston, in America, where we arrived the 25th day of January, 1806. I liked my ship so well that I agreed to go along with them another voyage; and we sailed from Boston in the beginning of March; and we went back to Cadiz again, and I had the pleasure of seeing my old friend, the Spaniard, again—who was well and hearty.

And now, I must tell my readers that I staid in the "Matilda," of Boston, till, in a voyage from Boston to London, in the beginning of the year 1807, I was pressed out of her, whilst lying at the Big Nore; and I was taken on board of the "Namur" guard ship, at Sheerness, and from there I was drafted on board of the "Spitfire" sloop of war. Although I was on the books as a foreigner, I could not get clear; so I wrote up to my old landlord, Mr. Bland, to hear if I could learn anything of my wife; and I asked him if he would be kind enough to come down to me and see me, and bring my wife along with him. I sent this letter away on Friday, and on Sunday morning Mr. Bland came on board of the "Spitfire," to see me. When we got down below, I asked him how my wife was; and then I heard that

my wife was dead; that she died the day after I was pressed; that through the fright she got she was taken in labour, and she died in childbed, but that the child lived, and was grown a fine boy, and that he would be five years old if he lived till July; and he told me that he had never received only one letter from me, and that was the one I had sent from the "Albion," before I sailed in her; and Mr. Bland told me that he and his wife had taken care of everything; that after my wife was buried, and they got a nurse for the child, they sold everything that I had in the house; and knowing that I had money in Mr. Scovel's hands, he went to him and told him all about it; and Mr. Scovel had allowed him seven shillings a week for to take care of the child and pay the nurse; and he showed me the account of the expenses he had been at, and I found that it amounted to nearly ninety-five pounds; so Mr. Scovel was still a debtor to me. And after we had settled all our accounts, I gave Mr. Bland thirty doubloons and about one hundred and twenty Spanish dollars, and told him to take them to Mr. Scovel to put to the rest of my stock; and I told him to be careful of my boy, and whatever he wanted, to get money from Mr. Scovel and get it for him; and I gave him two doubloons —one for himself and the other for his wife; and I returned him my kind thanks for the trouble he had been at on my account." And after Mr. Bland was gone, I sat down and had a good cry for the loss of my wife; and I returned my sincere thanks to God for his great mercy to me for raising up friends to look after my child. And now this business being settled, I went on deck to my work, and the next day we sailed for to join a convoy in Yarmouth Roads, and from there we went to Gottenburg, where we arrived in May.

Nothing particular happened to me whilst in the "Spitfire" sloop of war, not till the 1st of August, 1810, when an accident happened to me. We were cruising off the coast of Norway, and the weather being rather thick and hazy, for it had been blowing strong all night; and in the morning, sending our top-gallant-yards up, a strange sail was reported from the mast-head on the lee-beam; and the hands being turned up to make sail, and I being at the mast-head, binding the top-gallant-yard; but not getting our jewelblocks on the yard before we were ordered to loose the sail, and was obliged to put them on after the sail was set; and I being out on the starboard foretop gallant-yard-arm, and the slack of the lifts not being taken down, the top-gallant halyards carried away, and the slack of the lift caught me under my rump, and hove me right over the yard; but, as luck would have it, I caught right across the top-gallant bowline, and it being slack, I lowered myself down till I got hold of the leech of the topsail just before the ship was luffed to the wind. I mention this to show the wonderful mercy and care of God Almighty over us poor mortals; for if I had fell down on deck, I must have been killed upon the spot; but I got safe down on deck without any hurt, and I got the name of the "Flying Dutchman" amongst my shipmates.

During our cruise off the coast of Norway we took several prizes, and our time passed away merrily enough till the year 1812, when the American war broke out; and the "President" American frigate, Commodore Rogers, was off the North Cape, when our ship, the "Spitfire" sloop of war, the "Alexander," thirty-two gun frigate, and the "Bonne Citoyenne" corvette, were sent off the North Cape to protect our trade, and to see if we could see anything of him. We arrived off the Cape in the latter part of May, and we found it very cold there; and we kept cruising there till the 10th of June, when, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the weather clearing up, we saw the American frigate, and a large schooner along with her: she was about five or six miles dead to leeward of us, and we made all sail in chase. Now, our ship would out-sail the other two ships, but our commander would not allow us to go alongside of her, for she was too heavy a ship for us to engage; so we chased her till the 14th of June, when both she and us got stuck amongst the ice; we had chased her as far as eighty-three degrees of north latitude. Now at this time of the year, in this part of the world, there is scarcely any night, but all daylight. We stuck fast among the ice till the 17th day of June, when the ice broke up; but the "President" getting clear of it before we did, he made the best of his way to the southward; and before we got clear we could see nothing of him nor any other ship; for the corvette had been sent after the schooner, and the "Alexander" frigate had been drifted off the ice by strong currents, and we did not fall in with the "Alexander" till the 21st of June, and then we kept cruising off the North Cape again. Now the "President" frigate had taken a great many of our Archangel traders, and a good many Russian vessels, before we came on the coast, and taken them into a place called Colla, which is a large bay, with very good anchorage and a very good harbour. And when she got them in there, they took the best what they wanted out of the ships, and then set fire to them; and they took one of our Greenland ships belonging to Hull, and had put all the English prisoners on board of her, and the Russians they had set ashore at Colla, a small town about twenty miles up the river; so the Russians were very much embittered against the Americans. I mention this, because it interferes with my story. We and the frigate kept cruising about the North Cape till the latter part of July; and our water getting very short, we put into Colla, for to water and to get some

wood; and our cask and people being sent on shore, we sent them their provisions on shore every day.

CHIPS.

SAFETY FOR FEMALE EMIGRANTS.

One of the greatest and most deplorable hindrances to the emigration of young women to distant colonies, is want of protection. That any class—but more especially women—should ever need protection in British ships manned by British seamen, is a little humiliating; but so many instances of brutality and immorality have been proved, that the treatment of emigrants during their voyage is now occupying the serious attention of the Legislature.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Chisholm's plan of emigration, which associates, in groups and families, the weak with the strong, has been found to work successfully in removing the wholesome dread which many well-disposed young women felt in venturing alone in emigration vessels. The pledge which was framed, and is regularly taken by the embarking emigrants of the Family Colonisation Loan Society, will show the excellence of, at least, their intentions: nor have we heard anything to show that these good intentions have not been zealously fulfilled. The resolutions forming the pledge were passed by a "Group Committee," composed of the elders of one of the groups.

"That we pledge ourselves, as Christian fathers and heads of families, to exercise a parental control and guardianship over all orphans and friendless females of good repute for virtue and morality, proceeding with the family groups; to protect them as our children, and allow them to share the same cabins with our daughters.

"We further resolve to discourage gambling, and not to take cards or dice with us, or to enter into any pernicious amusements during the voyage. We likewise resolve, by parental advice and good example, to encourage and promote some well-advised system of self-improvement during the passage.

"As the system of repayment proposed by this Society is one that, if honourably kept, will add to the credit of the working-classes as a body, and be the means of encouraging the generous and good to assist our struggling countrymen, we hereby solemnly pledge our honour as men, and our character as Christians, to repay the loan advanced to us, and to impress the sacredness of fulfilling this duty on each and all of the members constituting the groups. We also promise to aid the colonial agents in the recovery of such loans, and to make known, in whatever part of the colonies we may be, the means by which parties well to-do there may assist their relations in this country, through the medium of the Family Colonisation Loan Society.

"We further pledge ourselves not to introduce as candidates for membership of the Society any men but those we know to be of good character, or families but of good repute.

"We also determine not to accept of payment for any services we may render on board ship; but endeavour, individually and collectively, to preserve the order of a well-regulated family during our passage to Australia, and to organise and establish a system of protection that will enable our female relatives to enter an emigrant ship with the same confidence of meeting with protection, as respectable females can now enter our steamers, trains, and mail-coaches.

"That all members, constituting groups, be asked for their approval and fulfilment, as far as they may be individually concerned, of the above resolutions."

MR. BUBBS AND THE MOON.

Mr. Bubbs has written to us, while in a state of alarm, occasioned, he says, by a misprint in the account of his Voyage to the Moon, which appeared in "Household Words," No. 60, page 187. He assures us that he never intended, even in supposition, to cut the "earth" in half. It is merely the sun upon which he desired to perform that ideal operation. The passage ought to have stood thus:—

"If the sun were cut in half—like an orange, and the matter scooped out of one of these halves, so as to form a kind of hollow bell, and the earth put in the centre of this, that the moon would be easily able to go round us, just the same as usual."

Mr. Bubbs accuses our printers prematurely; the mistake originated in his own manuscript. A slight blunder of this kind is only pardonable in a person on such intimate terms as Mr. Bubb is with the Moon.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT OF TOIL—NEW ZEALAND.

The following extract from the letter of a brother of an Irish nobleman, dated Wellington, New Zealand, 20th November, 1850, speaks for itself:—

"This is certainly the first settlement, in point of scenery, in New Zealand, from its being very hilly and thickly wooded; but, in proportion to its beauty, it is inferior to some others in a utilitarian point of view—one we colonists are compelled to put in the first rank. It is astonishing what an improvement has taken place here. By a strange coincidence, I arrived here *this* time on the anniversary of my first arrival eight years ago. I have been to see several of the people who came out in the same ship with us, as common labourers, and landed, most of them, with no other property than the clothes they stood in, now all comfortably off. Two brothers, in particular, Yorkshiremen, who landed in this predicament, were able to tell me, on that day, eight years, that they were worth nearly one thousand pounds each! What made it more interesting was, that the *spot* on which they live, and where we were then talking, was the identical one where we had had a pic-nic on our arrival. It was then an almost impenetrable forest. It now contains many acres of cleared land, several of which

are laid down in grass paddocks. Compare the position of these men with that of the English labourer; both have to work hard, but my men have grown stronger in body and intellect by their work—yours are weakened in both.

"I might multiply instances, if necessary; but I suppose the fact is so well established, that it would be waste of time."

PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

OH! lovely flowers, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away!
Teach this, and though but brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For Youth's unthinking brow
Go, and to busy Manhood breathe
What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where Age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay
Have ye no words of cheer?
Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where, wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And wreath with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain.

And say, that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power,—
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away!

ELEPHANTS. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE circumstances which have been instrumental in bringing about the voyage of Bibi Sahibeh and her infant daughter to England, and which have enabled us to enjoy the favour of their presence at this time in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park, are not only interesting in themselves, but have led us into a train of elephantine reflections, at once historical, military, artistic, social, and, in some degree, sentimental. Previous to speaking of Bibi Sahibeh, we will request permission to give a cursory view of her great family from a very early period of time, being the substance of a *conversasione* held in the vestibule of her apartments at the Gardens, the other morning, at which half the beauty and learning of the Metropolis were present. Professor Owen took notes, while Lord Brougham attended to the ladies.

There are several obvious reasons for designating the family of the Elephant as "great." The grandeur and state pomp of the mightiest Oriental kings, the enormity of whose magnificence sometimes reads like a fabulous wonder, seems almost inseparable from the early history of elephants. On all great occasions, and the assemblage of multitudes, the lofty and sagacious double forehead, with the quiet small eyes, enormous flaps of ears, and ever-varying attitude of "proboscis lithe," constitutes one of the most imposing figures of the majestic scene and its countless concourse. In the most ancient Sanscrit poems there are records of tame elephants in processions, a thousand years before the Christian era. We do not allude only to great state occasions, or to warlike processions, but even to religious ceremonies, since the elephant is found to occupy a post of extraordinary honour in the remotest records of the mythology of India. One of their most alarming deities rides upon his back; while the idol which is their symbol for wisdom and science, bears the form of a man (rather eccentric in his proportions) with the head of an elephant. Malcolm, in his "History of Persia," tells us that a few miles from the modern city of Kermanshah, the excavations of the rock display many finely carved figures, and that the sides of some of the caves are covered with sculpture representing the hunting of wild boars along the banks of a river, by men mounted on elephants, while others, in boats, are ready to attack the game when it takes to the water. The hunting of deer by men mounted on elephants, was also represented in one of their carvings. Considering the relative speed of these two quadrupeds, at least in modern times, we cannot help regarding this either as a "symbol," or a very heavy jest. The ancient Chinese represented the earth as borne upon the backs of eight elephants, whose heads were turned to the principal points of the compass. The same animal is a favourite figure of speech in their poetry. In Eastern architecture the elephant is likewise a very important personage at the gates of temples, on the walls of palaces, on the sides of tombs and pagodas, and in subterranean temples like those of Ellora and Mawalipouram. Even to the present time the Hindoos, on great occasions, select these creatures to bear the images of their gods, and we find them loaded with the most valuable ornaments in the mystic processions of Brahma and Vishnoo. The use of elephants is absolutely prohibited in the modern capital of Siam, excepting to personages of very high rank; and, in a portion of the Celestial Empire, the chief minister for the foreign department—the Palmerston of Cochin China—is expressly designated as "the Mandarin of Elephants."

This title appeared to give extreme satisfaction to Lord Brougham, who thought that we ought to have something equivalent to it for certain learned men in England.

We had rather be silent (and yet we dare not quite pass it over) on the subject of

white elephants; for although the banner of the kingdom of Siam is a white elephant on a crimson ground, and everybody knows that he is an object of veneration by many eastern nations, and of worship by some, yet there certainly does exist a "blot in the scutcheon," a mysterious and ugly fact about him—in fact, a "family secret," of a kind that militates very potently against the personal interest we northern people might otherwise take in his history. We know very well that Bibi Sahibeh would not acknowledge the relationship. The value set upon these varieties, however, is extraordinary, while the dignities heaped upon them have been quite preposterous. The King of Siam once had the astonishing good fortune, as he considered it, to possess no less than six of these wonders of the earth. They had apartments in the inner inclosure of the palace, close to those of his Siamese Majesty. Each one had his own especial range of building, and a suite of ten servants to minister to all his wants and fancies. Their dinner, generally consisting of fresh grass and sliced-sugar cane, with bunches of bannanas enwreathed with flowers, was always set out on a large white tablecloth, which was spread in a shady court, near a marble fountain. Their tusks were ornamented with gold rings or bracelets, their heads were covered with a net-work of gold chain, and on their backs was laid a small embroidered cushion—not, be it noted, for anybody to sit upon, but as a hint that nobody should ever presume to think of such a thing. The King of Siam, himself, was no exception to this; and a certain learned Jesuit, in writing of this country, informs us that every white elephant has the rank or title of a king, that he is called "the Pure King," and "the Wonderful King," and that his majesty of Siam did not ride upon one of them, "because the white elephant was as great a king as himself." The discoverer of one of these royal personages is accounted a most fortunate individual, and this is proved in result, as the sovereign of Siam rewards him with the distinction of a crown made of silver; he and his family, to the third generation, are exempt from all servitude and taxation, and a grant of land is made to him of the extent to which the cry of the elephant can be heard by the finest ears. The subject, however, can never be mentioned in the hearing of Bibi Sahibeh.

We have hinted at a certain drawback, in our imagination, at least, to all these dignities—a certain "family secret." It is this. The white elephant is a leper; his whiteness is a disease of an hereditary kind, or, at best, he is an albino. He is white only comparatively, his real colour being rather of a pale fleshy tinge, and the hair of a yellowish or tawny hue. Albinoes, however, of various kinds are peculiar to Siam, where there often appears an albino buffalo, sometimes an albino deer, more rarely an albino monkey, and once there was seen,—oh, rare and enviable monstrosity! oh, novel form of the "Pure King" and the "Wonderful King!"—an albino dolphin! It was brought from the Sechang, or Dutch Islands, and had tank-apartments immediately fitted up for it in the palace.

Professor Owen was here heard to express his regret that he had not known the King of Siam, as he could have put him in the way of obtaining half-a-dozen from the same source. The Sechang fishermen were rogues, and made too much of the thing, which was not so very rare in the neighbourhood of the Dutch Islands.

Among the various hyperbolical statements involved in the most remote records and histories of Oriental monarchs, nothing strikes us more forcibly than the accounts given of the numbers of elephants they possessed. The best authorities, moreover, often differ widely. In the battle, for instance, between Porus and Alexander, on the banks of the Hydaspes, the former is said to have ranged eighty-five elephants in his lines;—by another Latin historian, one hundred and thirty;—by another, two hundred. After the defeat of Porus, the Gangarides and Prasians, who marched against Alexander, were accompanied, according to Plutarch, by six thousand elephants;—according to Diodorus Siculus, by four thousand; —and according to Quintus Curtius, by three thousand. After this, we may be excused for doubting Pliny, when he tells us that the sovereign of Palibothra possessed nine thousand elephants of war; while we have no doubt whatever as to how we should receive the monstrous assertion of Ælian, when he gravely informs us that a certain king of India "took the field" with a train of one hundred thousand elephants. Took the "field," indeed!—why, the provender they would require for a single week would require the king to "take" half the fields of the East along with him for their sustenance. We know what one elephant can eat, and it has thence been calculated that one hundred elephants would consume nearly ten tons of grass and vegetables in a single day! The Chinese, who make a point of beating every nation at numbers, designate Lanchang, the capital of Lao, as "the province of ten millions of elephants." Historians of later times are disposed to be far more moderate, as we hear of Mahmoud of Guznee possessing thirteen hundred elephants of war, while the number awarded to the magnificent and luxurious Khosroo Purveez, Sultan of Persia, is placed at the yet more modest figure of twelve hundred.

The Persian historian, however, "makes up" for this forbearance, by informing us that Khosroo's harem contained twelve thousand beautiful ladies, and that the royal stables held fifty thousand horses.

A very interesting work was published in France, some years ago, entitled, "Histoire Militaire des Eléphans," &c.; being the

military history of elephants from the most remote times to the introduction of fire-arms. It is by the Chevalier Armandi, formerly a colonel of artillery under Napoleon. From this book, and from an article that appeared in a number of the "Foreign and Colonial Quarterly" for 1843, we have derived much information and amusement on the employment of elephants in the magnificent scenes of Oriental warfare in remote periods.

The earliest account, which may be considered worthy to be regarded as history, of the employment of elephants as part of an army, is that which is given of the battle of Arbela (331 B.C.), when Darius ranged fifteen of them in front of the centre of his grand line. He does not appear to have done much with them, as nothing is said on the point. They fell into the hands of the conqueror, Alexander, to whom a present was made of twelve more; but this great general was too wise to make use of them in his battle against Porus, as he had already perceived that they might prove very dangerous allies, if driven back mad with wounds and terror among the "serried ranks." Very soon, however, they were put to use. systematically; and gradually, by regular training, became very formidable. There were few wars in which the Romans were engaged, during the three hundred years that intervened between the time of Alexander the Great and Cæsar, in which these animals were not employed Notwithstanding their military education, however, it must be admitted that the best fighting elephants not unfrequently caused their masters to lose the day, by their insubordinate and disorderly conduct. Some of their exercises were very curious, and often equally laughable. Scipio, having received some trained elephants from Juba, found they were not yet sufficiently to be relied upon; he therefore devised the following new exercise for them:—Ranging them in a single line, he placed opposite to them a troop of slingers, who, on a sudden, threw stones at them, amidst cries and shouts. The elephants soon wheeled about, and were in the act of retreating, when they were suddenly met from behind by another body of slingers, who uttered shouts twice as loud—cries doubly piercing—and who cast rough sharp stones, of five times the weight of the former; thus teaching the elephants that it was far more dangerous to run away than to advance to the attack.

It was thought that the colour of scarlet had an effect upon the imagination of an elephant, and made him fierce; for this reason, and also to render him a more terrific object in battle, they often painted the insides of his great ears scarlet—though sometimes blue, or white; and, as it is his habit, when enraged, to raise his ears and flap them up and down, there is no doubt but his sudden appearance among a group, in the confusion of a battle, must have had rather a striking effect; more particularly if he was drunk, to produce which stimulating drugs were frequently administered before he went into action. This latter preparation is very poetically rendered, not to say a little disguised by the elegance of the wording, in Maccabees, chapter vi., verse 34.—"And to the end that they might provoke the elephants to fight, they *showed them* the blood of grapes and mulberries."

Colonel Miles, "a learned soldier from the East," who was present at the *conversazione*, assured the company that it was a common thing to make the animals mad drunk by wine, and also by drugs.

Of the tower which was fixed upon the back of the elephant, and filled with armed men, our impressions are chiefly derived from ancient medals and coins, pictures, bas-reliefs, and the writings of poets; but the very form of these towers appears to be involved in some doubt, and historians differ widely as to the number of men they contained. In the book of Maccabees it is said—"And upon the beasts there were strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast unto them with devices; there were also upon every one, two and-thirty strong men, that fought upon them, beside the Indian that ruled him" Surely there must be a mistake here in the numbers, as they would have no room to move a limb. We have seen old prints, in which the tower was absolutely crowded with about a dozen archers and spearmen, proving thereby the utter impracticability of such a number having been employed. According to Heliodorus, the number was six; while Livy says there were only four soldiers, beside the man who acted as conductor; and in the authenticity of this latter number Bibi Sahibeh coincides. Livy is the man for her. Of course it was a prime object with the enemy to "pick off" the conductor. In these cases, the elephant was very apt to run wild, not choosing to be ordered about, under unpleasant circumstances, by a stranger.

The ancient armour of an elephant, in other respects, is highly interesting—a strange mixture of the terrible and grotesque. He was often half cased with plates of metal, and wore a large breastplate, which was furnished with long sharp spikes, to render his charge, into the ranks of the enemy more devastating; his tusks were fitted—in fact, elongated—with strong points of steel. Plumes of feathers, small flags, and bells, were also affixed to him. This much we gather from medals, which were struck by Cæsar to commemorate his victory at Thapsus, and also from medals of the Julian family. Besides this equally protective and aggressive armour, some of the most sagacious and skilful of the fighting elephants were taught the use of the sword, and the handles being made suitable to the grasp of the trunk, they wielded enormous scymetars with extraordinary address,

and often with tremendous effect. Sultan Akbar had many of these sword-bearing elephants in his army. How such a warrior would mow down the ranks of the "common men! If we add to this, the huge scarlet, white, or blue-painted ears flapping up and down, and the warrior aforesaid being mad drunk, it needs no very lively imagination to feel what an alarming object he would present in the thick of a battle field.

At this statement Bibi Sahibeh was observed to flourish her proboscis with an excited air, and her daughter made a very curious sort of caper.

According to Ælian, the elephants of an army were regularly organised in brigades The Phalanx, which was the full corps, consisted of sixty-four elephants; the Caterarchy consisted of thirty-two; the Elephantarchy, of sixteen; the Ilarchy, of eight; the Epitherarchy, of four; the Thearchy, of two; while a single war-elephant, whether with his tower of armed men, or his bells and flags, steel tusks and whirling scymetar, was designated as the Zoarchy Colonel Armandi is of opinion that the Phalanx, when in the neighbourhood of the enemy, was usually arranged in a solid square, so that it might readily change fronts, or perform an evolution according to the point at which the attack was made; he thinks, moreover, that in advancing to an assault, they deployed into Ilarchies, and were always in single file. One can easily see reason for the latter, as such a personage with all his fighting-gear about him, would need considerable "elbow-room." The commandant-general of the Elephant Phalanx was always a personage of great importance, and was often so puffed up with the enormity of his position, that Terence makes a jest of it in his "Eunuchus."

Many were the devices of the ancient potentates and generals who were opposed by armies possessing fighting elephants, to accustom their soldiers to compete with these strange colossal warriors. Some of their methods were very ingenious, and some very clumsy and laughable. Perseus, King of Macedonia, wishing to accustom his cavalry to the sight of these animals, caused a number of wooden ones to be constructed; but, as they had all the clumsiness, with none of the vigour of real elephants, the least attempt to put them into motion, produced nothing but shouts of laughter from the whole army, to the great mortification and rage of his majesty, until one of them falling with solemnity on his lumbering side, the king was obliged to join in the general merriment. A very different method was adopted by Cæsar. Seeing the apprehensions entertained by his soldiers of the prowess of these elephants, in the opposing army, he caused one to be brought into the engagement, made the soldiers carefully examine all its vulnerable points; then covering it with its usual armour, made them again consider by what means they could best give it a mortal wound. Arrows, javelins, and very long spears were fabricated for the purpose of attack, and soldiers were trained to advance in two parties, one in front, and one in the rear, so as to distract the creature's attention. Cæsar's victory at Thapsus was the consequence of these arrangements. So well had the Roman soldiers been trained, that a veteran, in the heat of this battle, having been seized by the trunk of an elephant, and lifted into the air, to be furiously disposed of by a second movement, the soldier, with great presence of mind, instantly made a slash with his sword across the trunk, and followed up his blows till the elephant loosed his hold and retreated with loud cries. Horsemen were also trained to attack the elephants, and corps of slingers. The latter, however, were of little avail against the creature; but they were very useful in knocking the conductor off his "perch," and so leaving the elephant without his accustomed guide. Subsequently, a variety of equally ingenious and hideous devices were adopted to compete with the war-elephants of Oriental armies. Soldiers were cased in armour covered with sharp spikes, so that the elephants could not seize them with their trunks, and such a soldier being armed with an axe would often succeed in hamstringing his ponderous foe. Carrobalistas—a sort of engine for heaving large stones and pieces of rock—were sometimes brought against the elephants; but it was found very difficult to hit them when they were in motion, both from the rude nature of the engine, and also that the elephants were adroit, and well understood a "dodge." Torches, fiery darts, and javelins with lighted combustibles affixed to them, were employed with great success; but the most effective of all means of terrifying the war-elephants was put into operation when Khosroo the Great was besieging Edessa. His elephants, with their towers, had advanced close to the ramparts, so as to enable the men in them to throw a platform from the top, on to the walls, across which the soldiers, by means of ladders up to the towers, were preparing to ascend, when a Roman soldier suddenly proposed to the general that a live hog should be hung out over the walls in the face of the elephants. This was done, and the whirling and kicking hog instantly screaming ten thousand murders, put the elephants into such consternation, that they turned about and fled away with towers and men and ladders, and nothing could induce them to advance again to the assault. The manœuvre of "the hog" was horribly performed when Antipater besieged Megara with a great phalanx of elephants. The Megareans smeared a number of hogs with resin and gum, and setting them on fire, drove them all, like so many shrieking flames, among the ranks of the besiegers; whereat the elephants instantly fled with cries of horror—and no great disgrace to them neither. Most of the horses followed their example.

To those who are desirous of further particulars on the numerous battles among the successors of Alexander,—among the Romans, the Carthaginians, and the later nations of the East, in which elephants were employed, we can recommend the work of Colonel Armandi, as one full of curious, entertaining, and learned information.

The use of elephants in armies was abandoned from a variety of causes, not the least of which was the difficulty of obtaining a supply, to say nothing of the amount of provender required to be carried to feed them during a long march. The very sight of these animals in process of time became uncommon.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the first of these animals which was seen in Italy was sent by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid as a present to Charlemagne, who so highly esteemed the gift, that he named the creature Aboul-Abbas, after the first caliph of the race of the Abbassides. This almost equals the "Pure King," and the "Wonderful King" of the royal enthusiast of Siam.

In their social relations, the ancestors of Bibi Sahibeh must be regarded as objects of considerable interest, and even of admiration,—whether we regard them as ministering to the grandeur of state occasions, to the luxuries and amenities of private life, or in the more arduous capacity of theatrical performers. In the festive games given by Germanicus, we learn from Ælian, that they often enacted a sham fight with excellent intelligence and effect, that they danced the Pyrrhic, and, to crown all, enacted a pantomine. This is seriously asserted by the above historian; but we must, of course, understand that it bore no resemblance to our modern pantomines, in which the presentation of the parts of Harlequin and Columbine would have been too much to expect of the most accomplished elephant. Pliny gives an account of a scene enacted by them, in which four of them carried a fifth in a litter, who represented a lady taking the air, after having been in a delicate situation. Others ranged themselves in a seated posture at a great banquet table, and eat their food from large plates of gold and silver, with portentous gravity, that excessively delighted the spectators. But the master-feat of all, is related by Pliny (Hist. Nat. VIII. 2, 3.), and by Suetonius (Nero, II., and Galba, 6.), both of whom assure us that an elephant danced on the tight-rope! He walked up a slanting tight-rope, from the bottom of the arena to the top of the amphitheatre; and, on one great occasion, a man was found daring enough, and confident enough in the performer's skill, to sit upon his back while he made the perilous ascent. The dreadfully careful expression of the elephant's countenance, while doing this, must have been both painful and interesting to the highest degree. If we must believe this story—and we confess that it is difficult—we would suggest that the elephant, having four legs, might have been allowed two tight-ropes, placed side by side, in which case the thing seems possible. We are not told if he held a great balancing-pole in his proboscis, though it is probable that he did, and derived the usual assistance from it.

The erudite author of the article in the "Foreign Quarterly," previously quoted, informs us that Emanuel, King of Portugal, in 1514, made a present of an elephant to Pope Leo X. The animal had been so well trained for the occasion, that the moment he was ushered into the presence of his Holiness, he made three distinct genuflexions, to the great astonishment and delight of the Pope, and all present. This was, indeed, an elephant!—an unexpected convert to the Holy See. Many poems in Latin and Italian were made on the occasion. Most extraordinary care was taken of the "Wonderful King;" nevertheless, he died, after a few months, and his demise is thus recorded in very exquisite Latin, in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, t. I., p. 305. Franc., 1757. We cannot refrain from quoting the original:—

"Vos bene audivistis qualiter Papa habuit unum magnum animal quod vocatum fuit elephas, et habuit ipsum in magno honore, et valde amavit illud. Nunc igitur debetis scire quod tale animal est mortuum. Et quando fuit infirmum, tunc Papa fuit in magna tristitia, et vocavit medicos plures, et dixit eis: 'Si est possibile, sanate mihi elephas.' Tunc fecerunt magnam diligentiam, et viderunt ei urinam, et dederunt ei unam purgationem quæ constat quinque centum aureos: sed tamen elephas est mortuum, et Papa dolet multum, et dicunt quod daret mille ducatos pro elephas; quia fuit mirabile animal, habens longum rostrum in magna quantitate; et quando vidit Papam, tunc geniculavit, et dixit cum terribili voce, *Bar, bar, bar!*"

The following translation, in the form of a little poem, was politely given by Professor Forbes, for the entertainment of the ladies present at the *conversazione*:—

"You have, no doubt, heard that his Holiness possessed a huge animal which was called an 'Elephant,' and held him in high honour, and loved him immensely.

"Now, therefore, you are to learn that this animal is dead.

"And when it was ailing, the Pope was in great tribulation, and summoned many doctors to his presence, and said to them:—'If it be possible, restore the elephant to health for me!'

"Then, made the doctors a great to-do,—examined his crystal *matula*, and administered a black draught, which cost five hundred crowns of gold (as the doctors declared).

"But, notwithstanding, the elephant is dead!

"And the Pope cried a good deal; and they say that he would have given a thousand ducats for such another elephant—because he was a wonderful creature, having a long snout

in great abundance, and when he saw his Holiness he sank on his knees, and exclaimed, with a terrible voice, '*Bar! bar! bar!*'"

After all the scenes of historical magnificence, of warlike terror and skill, all the luxury, and all the artistic feats, which were discussed at the *conversazione*, it may now be a pleasing change to descend to the less exciting but equally interesting domestic scenes of private life, as displayed in the persons of Bibi Sahibeh and her daughter, who had issued "cards" of invitation on the present occasion.

The fair of Cawnpore, in Bengal, which took place last August, is a general mart where natives of all castes assemble for the purpose of sale and barter of all sorts of produce. It is just outside the walls, and lasts two days. The chief objects of attraction are muslins, coarse gaudy-coloured cloths, and calicoes, horses, camels, buffaloes, zebra-cows, fruit, rice, grain, and sweetmeats.

A party of a dozen Hindoo hunters brought into the fair, when at its height, a couple of elephants which they had captured in the jungle. One of them, who was pregnant at the time, was ridden into the fair by a Hindoo, and all the hunters showed her a marked attention. Need we say that this was Bibi Sahibeh—otherwise, the Widow Khatimeh—for the elephant who accompanied her was not her spouse—slain, alas! sometime before in the jungle—but another female, though of far less note and pretensions.

Another Hindoo now mounted the neck of the second elephant, and the two were ridden about the fair, until they were purchased by Mr. Wallace, a great dealer in horses in those parts. He placed them in charge of his grooms, and roped them near his tent for the night. At half-past ten, P.M. everybody retired to his tent and went to sleep, except the watchman, who constantly patroled round the outside with a sword and a brace of pistols—a necessary proceeding, as the labours of hunters, and the gold of purchasers, are not unfrequently wasted in consequence of the adroitness and daring of certain native thieves. During his watch this man observed signs of uneasiness in Bibi Sahibeh which caused him to announce to Mr. Wallace the pleasing intelligence that a very important event could not be far distant. At two o'clock A.M., the encampment, as usual, broke up, and the march commenced. This continued till four; again they paused; and again they proceeded. This systematic mode of travelling continued for some days, but with additional periods of rest, in consideration of the important event which was continually expected. In brief, Mr. Wallace announced that having had a little private conversation with Bibi Sahibeh, he had resolved to make a halt for three weeks.

The encampment was near a little village which afforded very good ground—plenty of grass and shade. Here the elephants were fed on grass and "elephant leaf," which is the foliage of a large tree, and is usually collected by the elephants themselves on a march, under the direction of their attendant. They break off as many branches as are wanted, with their proboscis, and lay them in regular heaps on the ground. The keeper then loads each elephant's back with his provender, and they return to camp. On the present occasion this service was performed for both by the other female elephant, as Bibi Sahibeh, *alias* the widow Khatimeh, had become, by this time, a happy mother, and was sedulously engaged in affectionate care of her daughter, the swarthy young personage who now trots before you in the "Gardens" of the English metropolis, and, though only six months old, looks a century in the face.

In a fortnight the march was resumed, and so fully was the strength of the mother renovated, that twenty-two miles were performed the first day. But her daughter did not walk this distance. She was lifted by two men into a cart, with the consent of Bibi, who carefully and watchfully followed close behind, touching her every now and then to assure her of her guardian presence, and sometimes walking for miles with her trunk laid affectionately upon the little one's back. In the space of thirteen days they reached Calcutta, but were left at Mr. Cox's bungalow, some three miles distant, as elephants are not permitted to enter the city. They were shipped in due course.

At first, the two elder elephants were placed side by side in the vessel, as it was thought they might like each other's company; but one evening the other female took the liberty of "smelling the calf"—as though she would have said, "I once had a daughter myself; let me see if——?" Whereat Bibi, who perfectly understood what was passing in her mind, let drive at her with one tusk so violent a blow that the tusk was broken against the backbone of the offender, who nearly rolled overboard. After this, it was deemed advisable to place the two elder ladies on opposite sides of the ship. They had a prosperous voyage to England without further accident.

Bibi Sahibeh is of the finest Asiatic breed. You may see it in the noble edifice of her forehead; you may see it, in the very old-looking face of her infant daughter. The outline of the head and countenance of an Asiatic elephant, is declared by the best judges to present as great a difference to that of the African elephant as there is between a European and a Negro. Be it also observed, that nearly all the great elephantine events which have just been described, in affairs of state, in war, in histrionic art, and general skill, have related, almost entirely, to the Asiatic races.

In England it is to be feared that, however large a sum of money may be given for a fine elephant, we are apt to value it for its rarity, without sufficiently appreciating its

historical and poetical associations. We do not venture this opinion because we would ask of any visitor to emulate the feeling of the royal enthusiast of Siam; nor do we even object to the domestic sight of a private gentleman's nursery being transplanted to an elephant's back (where whilom rose a tower) as he gravely perambulates the narrow winding walks of the astonished "Gardens;" but we cannot quite reconcile our high feelings of his ancient dignity with the continual presentation of pennyworths of little dirty cakes and quarters of sleepy oranges. We feel—it may be a weakness—yet we do feel, that it rather partakes of the same spirit which has corrupted (so Professor Key assured us in a recent Lecture on Philology) the majestic sign of the Elephant and Castle—into the Pig and Whistle. The latter sign is to be found in Liverpool and as a curious instance of the corruption of language, the Professor informed us that it had originally possessed the high and ancient title aforesaid

PAINTING THE LILY.

All the world—that is to say, myself and about fifty of my acquaintances—were in Paris. It was Easter, and a great gathering of the idleness of all nations was making an exhibition of itself in the *Champs Elysées*, assisting at the *fete* of Longchamps. This festivity—it is as well to say, for the benefit of the "general reader," who is never supposed to know anything—is an assemblage of the *élite* of society, or of anybody, in fact, who can make a show of belonging to that favoured class—at which the fashions for the ensuing summer are understood to be settled and arranged. Feeble minded persons never dream of giving orders to their tailors or milliners until Longchamps has passed. Those who are more bold appear, during these glorious three days, in the style which they believe to be most unexceptionable, according to the prevailing taste of the most distinguished of their acquaintance. These, tested by a yet higher standard, very often find themselves miserably deceived; and, as may be supposed, an immense amount of admiration, envy, disappointment, and general disgust, is given and exchanged. The only persons who really seem to enjoy Longchamps (with the exception of the satirical writer, who, for obvious reasons, is in his element) are the common people, who, at a respectful distance from the principal promenade, divert themselves with shows, billiards, and congenial buffoonery, with a degree of indifference to public opinion almost dignified.

I was "assisting," then, at the *fête* of Longchamps, and, having bestowed two hours of time and two years of anxiety, that morning, in trying *not* to dress like a dandy, felt a secret pride in my appearance. In order, however, to appear careless and indifferent in this respect, I took possession of the dirtiest and most weather-beaten of those little chairs which are such friends to flirtation and such foes to costume, and prepared, not to make a voyage round the world, but to let the world make a voyage round me.

The first half-hour of the Englishman at Longchamps is inevitably employed in wondering what would be thought of the French equipages in Hyde Park—where the French gentlemen get all their broken-kneed nags—and why, while adopting the costume of the celebrated Mr. Chitney, they do not now and then emulate his horsemanship I had disposed of all these speculations, and had been further amused by the contemplation of some more than usually absurd imitations of English attire among the men, when my eye fell upon a young Frenchman whom, I thought, I had met before. As he was dressed like an English groom, I knew him to belong to the most fashionable classes, he was, besides, indulging in a very unequivocal yawn (Frenchmen do yawn now and then); and, further, evinced sufficient good taste to be tired of his own society. Our eyes met; we recognised one another, and he seated himself by my side I had known him well in London, where he had been attached to the French Embassy, and had not seen him for more than a year; having myself, during that time, been figuring among the blest in what, according to Mr. Emerson, is a "Paradise of Fools"—in other words, I had been travelling

My friend having inquired after my health, in which he took no interest, and I after his family, whom I had never seen—having, in short, achieved the remainder of the amiable untruths necessary upon such occasions, we fell back upon nature, and by becoming mutually egotistical, contrived to throw some earnestness into the conversation. Amongst other things of which my friend (whom I will designate only by his baptismal name of Auguste) was anxious to tell me, was an adventure that happened to him immediately after my departure from London, and which had nearly made him a married man.

Interested in any events that could have led to so serious a catastrophe, I pressed him to tell me "all about it," being additionally desirous to hear when he informed me that his story would occupy but a very short time. Moreover, Auguste did not, like many story-telling Frenchman, talk like a newspaper *feuilleton*; indeed he was half an Englishman in language and turn of thought.

"It was not two days after you left London," he commenced, "that I first made the acquaintance of the celebrated English beauty, Miss Walsingham, whom I remember you had been vainly attempting to meet for some two or three months. As a general rule, one is of course disappointed with celebrated beauties; but in this case it was the reverse. She had every grace that the fairest of complexions, the bluest of eyes, and, above

all, the most golden of all golden hair could bestow. Her hair, in fact, was her great attraction, as much from its peculiarity, as from its extreme beauty. There were more verses written about this same hair in the course of a fortnight, than the magazines could publish in a twelvemonth—even if they had all editors as insane as ——'s; and more, therefore, than the concentrated blockheadism of a century could be persuaded to read. Our acquaintance was commenced at a ball, and the mutual impression seemed favourable Isabel was most grateful that I did not talk about either the weather, the opera, or the hippopotamus; and, above all, that I did not flatter—mark the last, for it has a fatal significance. I certainly did not flatter, not being addicted to painting lilies, or perfuming violets. Half-an-hour's conversation made me her friend—a quadrille, her admirer—a polka, her adorer—and a waltz, her slave.

"Obtaining permission to call the next day was an easy matter; and I found it not very difficult to gain a satisfactory response to my first whispered wishes. When, however, these wishes passed beyond that sacred boundary, and openly assumed the form of 'intentions,' our course of love assumed its proverbial aspect: from a bowling-green it became a race-course, and from a race-course, a steeple-chase, with the church almost invisible. It was necessary, in the first place, to persuade my father-in-law elect that all Frenchmen are not of necessity either beggars or swindlers; and these facts were not established, as far as my own case was concerned, without the production of certain satisfactory title-deeds, and the sacrifice of a no less satisfactory moustache. Nor were these arrangements facilitated by the circumstances that my notary was innocent of English, and that the French language had apparently been given to Mr. Walsingham (to pervert the saying of Talleyrand) for the purpose of concealing his thoughts.

"These difficulties, however, were at length overcome; and everything was settled with as much certainty as is possible in a case where a young lady has yet a chance of changing her mind. In an affair of the heart a sensible man would of course be ashamed of behaving otherwise than as an idiot; and accordingly, for the next six weeks, I indulged in every ecstatic absurdity demanded by my situation; I made myself as ridiculous, in short, as could be desired by the most exacting of *fiancées*, or the most satirical of friends.

"Matters were thus proceeding pleasantly for all parties, when an unfortunate accident—that is to say, a maiden aunt of my Isabel's—came to interrupt our felicity. Miss Diana Walsingham, the lady in question, was ill-tempered and seventy—therefore she was disliked; but Miss Diana was rich and rheumatic—therefore she was caressed. Miss Diana was going to Paris—nobody knew why, probably not herself. Miss Diana felt, naturally, the responsibility of travelling alone, and was looking about her for a companion. She appeared to be literally running up and down stairs in search of one, and as fate would have it, fastened like a vulture upon Isabel, who was reading Tennyson in the back drawing-room. Isabel must be her travelling companion. There should be no excuse. The marriage could easily (easily!) be postponed for a few weeks. If it *was* inconvenient for Isabel, surely she might be amiable enough to yield *sometimes* to her aunt, who had never asked her a favour before; and especially as Isabel had reason to be especially grateful in that quarter, as the lawyer, who had recently drawn up a certain will, could testify—and a great deal more to the same effect. In the end, then, despite my remonstrances and Isabel's tears, and our joint surrender of all expectations—which we devoutly wished at the bottom of the sea—it was agreed by the unanimous prudence of the remainder of the family, that the despotic old lady should be obeyed. At this point, rather than be taken by storm, we wisely resolved to surrender, and my next endeavour was to find an excuse for proceeding to Paris myself. Accordingly, I gently insinuated my wishes to our secretary, who breathed them in a mild whisper to his principal, by whom the proposition was received in a spirit of as profound disapprobation as a diplomatist can venture to indulge in. What could Monsieur be dreaming of? and what attention had he been bestowing upon the political events of the last few weeks? At a period when a hostile fleet was in the Ægean, when Athens was in a state of blockade, and notes couched in the most hostile terms of diplomatic courtesy were being daily exchanged between the agents of two powerful European courts, the withdrawal of Monsieur from the scene of his official labours could admit of but one interpretation, and might lead to most disastrous results—no less than lighting the flame of war from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, &c.

"Now, I entertained a private opinion, that the official labours in question might, possibly, be conducted without my assistance, considering that I never performed any duties much more arduous than being civil to female diplomatists, and waltzing with the twenty-second cousins of persons who were acquainted with others who were supposed to be likely, some day, to attain political influence. Nevertheless, I had had too much experience of official life to have an opinion of my own, and yielded the point accordingly.

"Everything must have an end—even a young lady's preparations for a journey. Accordingly, after a trance of about ten days, I was aroused to consciousness by a rough voice observing that 'if that party didn't make haste and land, he would be carried across.' It seems I was at Dover, bidding a last adieu to my Isabel on board the boat, which was a few minutes after cutting its

way into deep water, leaving me disconsolate on the pier, forgetful in my grief of friends, home, religion, or the Foreign Office—forgetful even that I had been called a 'party'—an insult which, under other circumstances, would be alone sufficient to drive me to despair.

"I now waited—I need not say impatiently—for the announcement of her safe arrival—for the sweet little illegible note that was to convey such glad tidings. To my astonishment, I received not a line, not an intimation. In vain did I write to an address in Paris which had been left me—I received no reply. The Walsingham family were all out of town—had gone I knew not whither—so I could gain no information in that quarter. It happened, however, that political events—as you may remember—took a certain turn which removed the restriction hitherto imposed upon me, and left me a free man. I need not say that I availed myself immediately of my freedom, and hurried over to Paris. The very first persons whom I met in the *Champs Elysées* (without counting some ten thousand strangers) on the day of my arrival, were the very ladies I sought. They were sitting very composedly in an open carriage, and close by the little refreshment house up there looked me full in the face. I ran towards them—that is to say, I hastened my steps a little more than is considered correct in the *Champs Elysées*—expecting the carriage to stop. What was my surprise to see them pass on without honouring me with the slightest look or gesture of recognition! I must have looked somewhat absurd for a few seconds—standing with my hat in my hand, gazing at Isabel's golden hair, as it set, like a sun, behind a cloud of vehicles. I thought at the time that Isabel looked somewhat agitated, but I have since remembered that ladies *can* be sullen, and that the carriage had a pink lining.

"What did I do then? you ask. I did not scamper after the carriage and throw myself under the wheels; such proceedings belong only to the rites of Juggernaut, and the writings of fashionable novelists. I did what most sensible men, who entertain any respect for their pantaloons and social position, would have done. I ate an ice, and wondered what the deuce it all meant. Returning home, however, I addressed a letter—full of point and passion—to Isabel, demanding the cause of her conduct to me in the morning. The next day I received a 'correctly cold' epistle from the elder lady, informing me, that, 'as it was impossible to mistake my very mischievous pleasantry for anything short of an intentional insult, it was the wish of Miss Walsingham to cease any further correspondence,' &c. Mystery upon mystery. I wrote again, and this time—and the next, and the next—received no reply.

"In despair—that is to say, very much puzzled and annoyed—I quitted Paris, and took up my quarters in a pretty little village a few miles off, for the double purpose of indulging my grief and allowing my moustache to grow again. While lingering over a late breakfast that morning, I took up a number of 'Galignani,' and my eye at once fell upon a paragraph in which I could not doubt myself to be interested.

"The writer set forth in an impertinent sort of style, which he doubtless considered very lively and clever, that 'considerable amusement had been created in high circles, both in London and Paris, by the eccentricity of a young Frenchman, not very recently connected with the Embassy of the Republic in London;' that this gentleman was betrothed to a young English lady, who, having occasion to visit France, was, on landing in that country, discovered to have no resemblance to the person described in her passport (which was a special document from the French Embassy in London, intended to secure the bearer every respect and attention); that, in consequence of this fact, and the unsettled state of the diplomatic relations between the two countries, the lady had been arrested, under suspicions of a nature to which it was unnecessary (in the opinion of the writer) more particularly to allude, and was released only after considerable delay, and the establishment of her identity through the mediation of the English Ambassador.

"But the most amusing part of the whole affair, according to 'Galignani,' was the personal description which had been the cause of the *contre-temps*. The eyes of the lady, upon paper, were '*bleus comme le ciel*'—upon her face, they were a very ordinary grey. The written authority gave her a Grecian nose—the authorities of the Custom-house were inclined to think it *retroussé*. In the one case her mouth was '*tres petite*'—in the other it was generally considered a moderate size. Nor would the matter-of-fact *gendarme* be persuaded that the neat little figure of the lady was a '*taille superbe*;' and as for her hair being '*dorés comme un ange*,' he pronounced it, at once, to be a clear and unmistakeable red.

"The mystery was revealed, and I never felt so ridiculous in all my life. I need scarcely tell you that in my enthusiasm I had taken upon myself the subordinate office of filling up the passport; and there is even less reason to add that I had better have left that department to the clerk. The fact is, that a lover does not—nor is it desirable that he should—see with the same eyes as a Custom-house official."

Auguste concluded with this wise reflection.

"If you had told me in the beginning," said I, "that the young lady's hair was red, I might have given you an interesting piece of information long ago—that she is again in Paris, and will probably drive past us in a few minutes. A dozen men have been telling me this morning of an amazing English

beauty, with most delightful scarlet looks, who must be identical with your heroine. See, she is coming now."

As I spoke, an open carriage and pair rattled past us. It contained a lady and gentleman—the former all smiles, the latter all admiration.

"'Tis she," cried Auguste, "but not *quite* so handsome, I think, as I once believed her. But who is that hideous looking person by her side?"

"I should have told you," I answered, "that Miss Walsingham is just married to the richest and ugliest Englishman in Paris. He is forty-five, and—never flatters!"

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER V.

Upon the ground where the brave Harold fell, William the Norman afterwards founded an abbey, which, under the name of Battle Abbey, was a rich and splendid place through many a troubled year, though now it is a grey ruin, overgrown with ivy. But the first work he had to do was to conquer the English thoroughly; and that, as you know by this time, was hard work for any man.

He ravaged several counties; he burned and plundered many towns; he laid waste scores upon scores of miles of pleasant country; he destroyed innumerable lives; and at length STIGAND, Archbishop of Canterbury, with other representatives of the clergy and the people, went to his camp, and submitted to him. EDGAR, the insignificant son of Edmund Ironside, was proclaimed King by others, but nothing came of it. He fled to Scotland afterwards, where his sister, who was young and beautiful, married the Scottish King. Edgar himself was not important enough for anybody to care much about him.

On Christmas Day William was crowned in Westminster Abbey, under the title of WILLIAM THE FIRST; but he is best known as WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. It was a strange coronation. One of the bishops who performed the ceremony asked the Normans, in French, if they would have Duke William for their king? They answered Yes. Another of the bishops put the same question to the Saxons, in English. They, too, answered Yes, with a loud shout. The noise being heard by a guard of Norman horse-soldiers outside, was mistaken for resistance on the part of the English. The guard instantly set fire to the neighbouring houses, and a tumult ensued; in the midst of which the King, being left alone in the Abbey, with a few priests (and they all being in a terrible fright together), was hurriedly crowned. When the crown was placed upon his head, he swore to govern the English as well as the best of their own monarchs. I dare say you think, as I do, that if we except the Great Alfred, he might pretty easily have done that.

Numbers of the English nobles had been killed in the last disastrous battle. Their estates and the estates of all the nobles who had fought against him there, King William seized upon, and gave to his own Norman knights and nobles. Many great English families of the present time acquired their English lands in this way, and are very proud of it.

But, what is got by force must be maintained by force. These nobles were obliged to build castles all over England, to defend their new property; and, do what he would, the King could neither soothe nor quell the nation as he wished. He gradually introduced the Norman language and the Norman customs; yet for a long time the great body of the English remained sullen and revengeful. On his going over to Normandy to visit his subjects there, the oppressions of his half-brother, Odo, whom he left in charge of his English kingdom, drove the people mad. The men of Kent even invited over, to take possession of Dover, their old enemy Count Eustace of Boulogne, who had led the fray when the Dover man was slain at his own fireside. The men of Hereford, aided by the Welsh, and commanded by a chief named Edric the Wild, drove the Normans out of their country. Some of those who had been dispossessed of their lands banded together in the North of England; some, in Scotland; some in the thick woods and marshes; and whensoever they could fall upon the Normans, or upon the English who had submitted to the Normans, they fought, despoiled, and murdered, like the desperate outlaws that they were. Conspiracies were set on foot for a general massacre of the Normans, like the old massacre of the Danes. In short, the English, rendered furious by their injuries, were in a murderous mood all through the kingdom.

King William, fearing he might lose his conquest, came back, and tried to pacify the London people by soft words. He then set forth to repress the country people by stern deeds. Among the towns which he besieged, and where he killed and maimed the inhabitants without any distinction, sparing none, young or old, armed or unarmed, were Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Lincoln, York. In all these places, and in many others, fire and sword worked their utmost horrors, and made the land dreadful to behold. The streams and rivers were discoloured with blood; the sky was blackened with smoke; the fields were wastes of ashes; and the waysides were heaped up with dead. Such are the fatal results of conquest and ambition! Although William was a harsh and angry man, I do not suppose that he deliberately meant to work this shocking ruin, when he invaded England. But, what he had got by the strong hand, he could only keep by the strong hand, and, in so doing, he made England a great grave.

Two sons of Harold, by name EDMUND and GODWIN, came over from Ireland, with some ships, against the Normans, but were defeated. This was scarcely done, when the outlaws in the woods so harassed York, that the Governor sent to the King for help. The King despatched a general and a large force to occupy the town of Durham. The Bishop of that place met the general outside the town, and warned him not to enter, as he would be in danger there. The general cared nothing for the warning, and went in with all his men. That night, on every hill within sight of Durham, signal fires were seen to blaze. When the morning dawned, the English, who had assembled in great strength, forced the gates, rushed into the town, and slew the Normans every one. The English afterwards besought the Danes to come and help them. The Danes came, with two hundred and forty ships. The outlawed nobles joined them; they captured York, and drove the Normans out of that city. Then, William bribed the Danes to go away, and took such vengeance on the English, that all the former fire and sword, smoke and ashes, death and ruin, were nothing compared with it. In melancholy songs, and doleful stories, it was still sung and told by cottage fires on winter evenings, a hundred years afterwards, how, in those dreadful days of the Normans, there was not, from the River Humber to the River Tyne, one inhabited village left, or one cultivated field—how there was nothing but a dismal ruin, where the human creatures and the beasts lay dead together.

The outlaws had, at this time, what they called a Camp of Refuge, in the midst of the fens of Cambridgeshire. Protected by those marshy grounds which were difficult of approach, they lay among the reeds and rushes, and were hidden by the mists that rose up from the watery earth. Now, there also was, at that time, over the sea in Flanders, an Englishman named HEREWARD, whose father had died in his absence, and whose property had been given to a Norman. When he heard of this wrong that had been done him, from such of the exiled English as chanced to wander into that country, he longed for revenge; and joining the outlaws in their camp of refuge, became their commander. He was so good a soldier, that the Normans supposed him to be aided by enchantment. William, even after he had made a road three miles in length across the Cambridgeshire marshes, on purpose to attack this supposed enchanter, thought it necessary to engage an imposing old woman, who pretended to be a sorceress, to come and do a little enchantment in the royal cause. For this purpose she was pushed on before the troops in a wooden tower; but Hereward very soon disposed of this unfortunate sorceress by burning her, tower and all. The monks of the convent of Ely, near at hand, however, who were fond of good living, and who found it very uncomfortable to have the country blockaded, and their supplies of meat and drink cut off, showed the King a secret way of surprising the camp. So, Hereward was soon defeated. Whether he afterwards died quietly, or whether he was killed, after killing sixteen of the men who attacked him (as some old rhymes relate that he did), I cannot say. His defeat put an end to the Camp of Refuge, and, very soon afterwards, the King, victorious both in Scotland and in England, quelled the last rebellious English noble. He then surrounded himself with Norman lords enriched by the property of English nobles; had a great survey made of all the land in England, which was entered as the property of its new owners, on a roll called Doomsday Book; obliged the people to put out their fires and candles at a certain hour every night, on the ringing of a bell, which was called The Curfew; introduced the Norman dresses and manners; made the Normans masters everywhere, and the English, servants; turned out the English bishops, and put Normans in their places; and showed himself to be the Conqueror indeed.

But, even with his own Normans, he had a restless life. They were always hungering and thirsting for the riches of the English; and the more he gave, the more they wanted. His priests were as greedy as his soldiers. We know of only one Norman who plainly told his master, the King, that he had come with him to England to do his duty as a faithful servant, and that property taken by force from other men had no charms for him. His name was GUILBERT. We should not forget his name, for it is good to remember and to honor honest men.

Besides all these troubles, William the Conqueror was troubled by quarrels among his sons. He had three living. ROBERT, called CURTHOSE, because of his short legs; WILLIAM, called RUFUS or the Red, from the colour of his hair; and HENRY, fond of learning and called, in the Norman language, BEAUCLERC, or Fine Scholar. When Robert grew up, he asked of his father the government of Normandy, which he had nominally possessed, as a child, under his mother, MATILDA. The King refusing to grant it, Robert became jealous and discontented, and happening one day, while in this temper, to be ridiculed by his brothers, who threw water on him from a balcony as he was walking before the door, he drew his sword, rushed up stairs, and was only prevented by the King himself from putting them to death. That same night, he hotly departed with some followers from his father's court, and endeavoured to take the Castle of Rouen by surprise. Failing in this, he shut himself up in another Castle in Normandy, which the King besieged, and where Robert, in a sally, one day unhorsed and nearly killed him without knowing who he was. His submission when he discovered his father, and the intercession of the queen and others,

reconciled them, but not soundly, for Robert soon strayed abroad, and went from court to court with his complaints. He was a gay, careless, thoughtless fellow, spending all he got on musicians and dancers; but his mother loved him, and often, against the King's command, supplied him with money through a messenger named SAMSON. At length the incensed King swore that he would tear out Samson's eyes; and Samson, thinking that his only hope of safety was in becoming a monk, became one, went on such errands no more, and kept his eyes in his head.

All this time, from the turbulent day of his strange coronation, the Conqueror had been struggling, you see, at any cost of cruelty and bloodshed, to maintain what he had seized. All his reign, he struggled still, with the same object ever before him. He was a stern bold man, and he succeeded in it.

He loved money, and was particular in his eating, but had only leisure to indulge one other passion, and that was his love of hunting. He carried it to such a height that he ordered whole villages and towns to be swept away to make forests for the deer. Not satisfied with sixty-eight Royal Forests, he laid waste an immense tract of country, to form another in Hampshire, called The New Forest. The many thousands of miserable peasants who saw their little houses pulled down, and themselves and children turned into the open country without a shelter, detested him for this merciless addition to their many sufferings; and when, in the twenty-first year of his reign, (which proved to be the last) he went over to Rouen, England was as full of hatred against him as if every leaf on every tree in all his Royal Forests had been a curse upon his head. In the New Forest, his son Richard (for he had had four sons) had been gored to death by a Stag; and the people said that this so cruelly-made Forest would yet be fatal to others of the Conqueror's race.

He was engaged in a dispute with the King of France about some territory. While he stayed at Rouen negociating with that King he kept his bed and took medicines; being advised by his physicians to do so, on account of having grown to an unwieldly size. Word being brought to him that the King of France made light of this, and joked about it, he swore in a great rage that he should rue his jests. He assembled his army, marched into the disputed territory, burnt—his old way!—the vines, the crops, and fruit, and set the town of Mantes on fire. But, in an evil hour; for, as he rode over the hot ruins his horse setting his hoofs upon some burning embers, started, threw him forward against the pommel of the saddle, and gave him a mortal hurt. For six weeks he lay dying in a monastery near Rouen, and then made his will, giving England to William, Normandy to Robert, and five thousand pounds to Henry. And now, his violent deeds lay heavy on his mind. He ordered money to be given to many English churches and monasteries, and—which was much better repentance—released his prisoners of state, some of whom had been confined in his dungeons twenty years.

It was a September morning, and the sun was rising, when the King was awakened from slumber by the sound of a church bell. "What bell is that?" he faintly asked. They told him it was the bell of the chapel of Saint Mary. "I commend my soul," said he, "to Mary!" and died.

Think of his name, The Conqueror, and then consider how he lay in death! The moment he was dead, his physicians, priests, and nobles, not knowing what contest for the throne might now take place, or what might happen in it, hastened away, each man for himself and his own property; the mercenary servants of the court began to rob and plunder; the body of the King, in the indecent strife, was rolled from the bed, and lay, alone, for hours, half naked on the ground. O Conqueror, of whom so many great names are proud now, of whom so many great names thought nothing then, it were better to have conquered one true heart, than England!

By and bye, the priests came creeping in with prayers and candles; and a good knight, named HERLUIN, undertook (which no one else would do) to convey the body to Caen, in Normandy, in order that it might be buried in Saint Stephen's Church there, which the Conqueror had founded. But, fire, of which he had made such bad use in his life, seemed to follow him of itself in death. A great conflagration broke out in the town when the body was placed in the church; and those present running out to extinguish the flames, it was once again left alone.

It was not even buried in peace. It was about to be let down, in its Royal robes, into a tomb near the high altar, in presence of a great concourse of people, when a loud voice in the crowd cried out, "This ground is mine! Upon it, stood my father's house. This King despoiled me of both ground and house to build this church. In the great name of GOD, I here forbid his body to be covered with the earth that is my right!" The priests and bishops present, knowing the speaker's right, and knowing that the King had often denied him justice, paid him down sixty shillings for the grave. Even then, the corpse was not at rest. The tomb was too small, and they tried to force it in. It broke, a dreadful smell arose, the people hurried out into the air, and, for the third time, it was left alone.

Where were the Conqueror's three sons, that they were not at their father's burial? Robert was lounging among minstrels, dancers, and gamesters, in France or Germany. Henry was carrying his five thousand pounds safely away in a convenient chest he had got made. William the Red was hurrying to England, to lay hands upon the Royal treasure and the crown.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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EPSOM.

A straggling street, an undue proportion of inns, a large pond, a pump, and a magnificent brick clock case, make up—with a few more touches not necessary to be given here—the picture of the metropolis of English racing, and the fountain of Epsom salts. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year a cannon-ball might be fired from one end of Epsom to the other without endangering human life. On the three hundred and sixty-fifth, or Derby Day, a population surges and rolls, and scrambles through the place, that may be counted in millions.

Epsom during the races, and Epsom at any other time, are things as unlike as the Desert of Saharah and the interior of the Palace of Glass in Hyde Park. We intend, for the edification of the few who know Epsom races only by name, and for the amusement (we hope) of the many who have sported over its Downs during the races, to give some account of Epsom under both aspects.

Our graver readers need not be alarmed—we know little of horses; and, happily, for ourselves, nothing of sporting; but, believing in the dictum of the Natural History chapters of the Universal Spelling Book that the "horse is a noble animal," and that he is nowhere so noble, so well bred, so handsome, so tractable, so intelligent, so well cared for, and so well appreciated, as in this country; and that, in consequence of the national fondness for races his breed has been improved until he has attained his present excellency—believing all this, we think it quite possible to do him justice, without defiling the subject with any allusion to the knavery to which he, sometimes, innocently gives rise. Those who practise it are his vulgar parasites; for the owners of race-horses number among them the highest and most honourable names in the country.

Financially, the subject is not unworthy of notice. Racers give employment to thousands. According to Captain Rous, there are upwards of two hundred thorough-bred stallions, and one thousand one hundred brood mares, which produce about eight hundred and thirty foals annually: of these there are generally three in the first class of race-horses, seven in the second class; and they descend gradually in the scale to the amount of four hundred and eighty, one half of which never catch the judge's eye; the remainder are either not trained, or are found unworthy at an early period.

The number of race-courses is one hundred and eleven; of which three are in Ireland, and six in Scotland.

It is Monday—the Monday before the Derby Day, and a railway takes us, in less than an hour, from London Bridge to the capital of the racing world, close to the abode of its Great Man, who is—need we add?—the Clerk of the Epsom Course. It is, necessarily, one of the best houses in the place; being—honour to literature—a flourishing bookseller's shop. We are presented to the official. He kindly conducts us to the Downs, to show how the horses are temporarily stabled; to initiate us into some of the mysteries of the "field;" to reveal to us, in fact, the private life of the race-horse.

We arrive at a neat farm-house, with more outbuildings than are usually seen appended to so modest a homestead. A sturdy, well-dressed, well-mannered, purpose-like, sensible looking man, presents himself. He has a Yorkshire accent. A few words pass between him and the Clerk of the Course, in which we hear the latter asseverate with much emphasis that we are, in a sporting sense, quite artless—we rather think "green," was the exact expression—that we never bet a shilling, and are quite incapable, if even willing, to take advantage of any information, or of any inspection vouchsafed to us. Mr. Filbert (the trainer) hesitates no longer. He moves his hat with honest politeness; bids us follow him, and lays his finger on the latch of a stable.

The trainer opens the door with one hand; and, with a gentleman-like wave of the other, would give us the precedence. We hesitate. We would rather not go in first. We acknowledge an enthusiastic admiration for the race-horse; but at the very mention of a race-horse, the stumpy animal whose portrait headed our earliest lesson of equine history, in the before-quoted "Universal Spelling Book," vanishes from our view, and the animal described in the Book of Job prances into our mind's eye: "The glory of his nostril is terrible. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted. He swalloweth the ground with

the fierceness of his rage." To enjoy, therefore, a fine racer—not as one does a work of art—we like the point of sight to be the point of distance. The safest point, in case of accident (say, for instance, a sudden striking-out of the hinder hoofs), we hold to be the vanishing point—a point by no means attainable on the inside of that contracted kind of stable known as a "loose box."

The trainer evidently mistakes our fears for modesty. We boldly step forward to the outer edge of the threshold, but uncomfortably close to the hind-quarters of Pollybus, a "favourite" for the Derby. When we perceive that he has neither bit nor curb; nor bridle, nor halter; that he is being "rubbed down" by a small boy, after having taken his gallops; that there is nothing on earth—except the small boy—to prevent his kicking, or plunging, or biting, or butting his visitors to death; we breathe rather thickly. When the trainer exclaims, "Shut the door, Sam!" and the little groom does his master's bidding, and boxes us up, we desire to be breathing the fresh air of the Downs again.

"Bless you, sir!" says our good-tempered informant, when he sees us shrink away from Pollybus, changing sides at a signal from his cleaner; "these horses" (we look round, and for the first time perceive, with a tremor, the heels of another high-mettled racer protruding from an adjoining stall) "these horses are as quiet as you are; and—I say it without offence—just as well behaved. It is quite laughable to hear the notions of people who are not used to them. They are the gentlest and most tractable creeturs in creation. Then, as to shape and symmetry, is there anything like them?"

We acknowledge that Pretty Perth—the mare in the adjoining box—could hardly be surpassed for beauty.

"Ah, *can* you wonder at noblemen and gentlemen laying out their twenty and thirty thousand a year on them?"

"So much?"

"Why, my gov'nor's stud costs us five-and-twenty thousand a year, one year with another.—There's an eye, sir!"

The large, prominent, but mild optics of Pretty Perth are at this moment turned full upon us. Nothing, certainly, can be gentler than the expression that beams from them. She is "taking," as Mr. Filbert is pleased to say, "measure of us." She does not stare vulgarly, or peer upon us a half-bred indifference; but, having duly and deliberately satisfied her mind respecting our external appearance, allows her attention to be leisurely diverted to some oats with which the boy had just supplied the manger.

"It's all a mistake," continues Mr. Filbert, commenting on certain vulgar errors respecting race-horses; "thorough-breds are not nearly so rampagious as mongrels and half-breds. The two horses in this stall are gentlefolks, with as good blood in their veins as the best nobleman in the land. They would be just as back'ard in doing anything unworthy of a lady or gentleman, as any lord or lady in St. James's—such as kicking, or rearing, or shying, or biting. The pedigree of every horse that starts in any great race, is to be traced as regularly up to James the First's Arabian, or to Cromwell's White Turk, or to the Darley or Godolphin barbs, as your great English families are to the Conqueror. The worst thing they will do, is running away now and then with their jockeys. And what's that? Why, only the animal's animal spirit running away with *him*. They are not," adds Mr. Filbert, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "the only young bloods that are fond of going too fast."

To our question whether he considers that a race horse *could* go too fast, Mr. Filbert gives a jolly negative, and remarks that it is all owing to high feeding and fine air; "for, mind you, horses get much better air to breathe than men do, and more of it."

All this while the two boys are sibillating lustily while rubbing and polishing the coats of their horses; which are as soft as velvet, and much smoother. When the little grooms come to the fetlock and pastern, the chamois-leather they have been using is discarded as too coarse and rough, and they rub away down to the hoofs with their sleek and plump hands. Every wish they express, either in words or by signs, is cheerfully obeyed by the horse. The terms the quadruped seems to be on with the small biped, are those of the most easy and intimate friendship. They thoroughly understand one another. We feel a little ashamed of our mistrust of so much docility, and leave the stable with much less awe of a race-horse than we entered it.

"And now, Mr. Filbert, one delicate question—What security is there against these horses being drugged, so that they may lose a race?"

Mr. Filbert halts, places his legs apart, and his arms akimbo, and throws into his reply a severe significance, mildly tinged with indignation. He commences with saying, "I'll tell you where it is.—there is a deal more said about foul play and horses going amiss, than there need be."

"Then the boys are never heavily bribed?"

"Heavily bribed, Sir!" Mr. Filbert contracts his eyes, but sharpens up their expression, to look the suspicion down. "Bribed!—it may not be hard to bribe a man, but it's not so easy to bribe a boy. What's the use of a hundred-pound note to a child of ten or twelve year old? Try him with a pen'north of apples, or a slice of pudding, and you have a better chance; though I would not give you the price of a sugar-stick for it. Nine out of ten of these lads would not have a hair of their horse's tail ruffled if they could help it; much more any such harm as drugs or downright poison. The boy and the horse are so fond of one another, that a racing stable is a regular happy family of boys and horses.

When the foal is first born, it is turned loose into the paddock; and if his mother don't give him enough milk, the cow makes up the deficiency. He scampers about in this way for about a year: then he is 'taken up;' that is, bitted, and backed by a 'dumb-jockey'—a cross of wood made for the purpose When he has got a little used to that, we try him with a speaking jockey—a child some seven or eight years old, who has been born, like the colt, in the stables. From that time till the horse retires from the turf, the two are inseparable. They eat, drink, sleep, go out and come in together. Under the directions of the trainer, the boy tells the horse what to do, and he does it; for he knows that he is indebted to the boy for everything he gets When he is hungry, it is the boy that gives him his corn; when he is thirsty, the boy hands him his water; if he gets a stone in his foot, the boy picks it out By the time the colt is old enough to run, he and the boy have got to like one another so well that they fret to be away from one another. As for bribing! Why, you may as well try to bribe the horse to poison the boy, as the boy to let the horse be injured."

"But the thing *has* happened, Mr Filbert?"

"Not so much as is talked about Sometimes a likely foal is sent to a training stable, and cracked up as something wonderful He is entered to run. On trial, he turns out to be next to nothing; and the backers, to save their reputation, put it about, that the horse was played tricks with. There is hardly a great race, but you hear something about horses going amiss by foul play."

"Do many of these boys become jockeys?"

"Mostly. Some of them are jockeys already, and ride 'their own' horses, as they call them. Here comes one"

A miniature man, with a horsewhip neatly twisted round the crop or handle, opens the gate.

"Well, Tommy, how are you, Tommy?"

"Well, Sir, bobbish. Fine day, Mr. Filbert."

Although Mr. Filbert tells us in a whisper that Tommy is only twelve next birth-day, Tommy looks as if he had entered far into his teens. His dress is deceptive. Light trousers terminating in buttons, laced shoes, long striped waistcoat, a cut-away coat, a coloured cravat, a collar to which juveniles aspire under the name of "stick-ups," and a Paris silk hat, form his equipment.

"Let's see, Tommy; what stakes did you win last?"

Tommy flicks, with the end of his whip-crop, a speck of dirt from the toe of his "off" shoe, and replies carelessly, "The Great Northamptonshire upon Valentine. But then, I have won a many smaller stakes, you know, Mr. Filbert."

Are there many jockeys so young as Tommy?

"Not many so young," says Tommy, tying a knot in his whip thong, "but a good many smaller." Tommy then walks across the straw-yard to speak to some stable friend he has come to see. Tommy has not only the appearance, but the manners of a man.

"That boy will be worth money,' says Mr. Filbert. "It is no uncommon thing for a master to give a lad like that a hundred pound when he wins a race. As he can't spend it in hard-bake, or ginger-beer, or marbles, (the young rogue *does*, occasionally, get rid of a pound or two in cigars,) he saves it. I have known a racing-stable lad begin the world at twenty, with from three to four thousand pound."

Tommy is hopping back over the straw, as if he had forgotten something. "O, I beg your pardon for not asking before," he says, "but—how does Mrs Filbert find herself?"

"Quite well, thank you, Tommy." Tommy says he is glad to hear it, and walks off like a family-man.

Our interview with Mr. Filbert is finished, and we pace towards the race-course with its indefatigable clerk. Presently, he points to a huge white object that rears its leaden roof on the apex of the highest of the "Downs." It is the Grand Stand. It is so extensive, so strong, and so complete, that it seems built for eternity, instead of for busy use during one day in the year, and for smaller requisition during three others. Its stability is equal to St. Paul's or the Memnonian Temple. Our astonishment, already excited, is increased when our cicerone tells us that he pays as rent, and in subscriptions to stakes to be run for, nearly two thousand pounds per annum for that stand. Expecting an unusually great concourse of visitors this year, he has erected a new wing, extended the betting enclosure, and fitted up two apartments for the exclusive use of ladies.

Here we are! Let us go into the basement. First into the weighing-house, where the jockeys "come to scale" after each race We then inspect the offices for the Clerk of the Course himself; wine-cellars, beer-cellars, larders, sculleries, and kitchens, all as gigantically appointed, and as copiously furnished as if they formed part of an Ogre's Castle. To furnish the refreshment-saloon, the Grand Stand has in store two thousand four hundred tumblers, one thousand two hundred wine-glasses, three thousand plates and dishes, and several of the most elegant vases we have seen out of the Glass Palace, decorated with artificial flowers. An exciting odour of cookery meets us in our descent. Rows of spits are turning rows of joints before blazing walls of fire. Cooks are trussing fowls; confectioners are making jellies; kitchen-maids are plucking pigeons; huge crates of boiled tongues are being garnished on dishes. One hundred and thirty legs of lamb, sixty-five saddles of lamb, and one hundred and thirty shoulders of lamb; in short, a whole flock of sixty-five lambs have

to be roasted, and dished, and garnished, by the Derby Day. Twenty rounds of beef, four hundred lobsters, one hundred and fifty tongues, twenty fillets of veal, one hundred sirloins of beef, five hundred spring chickens, three hundred and fifty pigeon-pies; a countless number of quartern loaves, and an incredible quantity of ham have to be cut up into sandwiches; eight hundred eggs have got to be boiled for the pigeon-pies and salads The forests of lettuces, the acres of cress, and beds of radishes, which will have to be chopped up; the gallons of "dressing" that will have to be poured out and converted into salads for the insatiable Derby Day, will be best understood by a memorandum from the chief of that department to the *chef-de-cuisine*, which happened, accidentally, to fall under our notice: "Pray don't forget a large tub and a birch-broom for mixing the salad!"

We are preparing to ascend, when we hear the familiar sound of a printing machine Are we deceived? O, no! The Grand Stand is like the kingdom of China—self-supporting, self-sustaining. It scorns foreign aid; even to the printing of the Racing Lists. This is the source of the innumerable cards with which hawkers persecute the sporting world on its way to the Derby, from the Elephant and Castle to the Grand Stand. "Dorling's list! Dorling's correct list! with the names of the horses, and colours of the riders!"

We are now in the hall. On our left, are the parlours,—refreshment-rooms specially devoted to the Jockey Club, on our right, a set of seats, reserved, from the days of Flying Childers, for the members of White's Club-house.

We step out upon the lawn; in the midst is the betting-ring, where sums of money of fabulous amounts change hands. The following salutary notice, respecting too numerous a class of characters, is printed on the admission card:—

"The Lessee of the Epsom Grand Stand hereby gives notice that no person guilty of any malpractices, or notoriously in default in respect of stakes, forfeits, or bets lost upon horse racing, will be admitted within the Grand Stand or its enclosure during the race meetings at Epsom; and if any such person should gain admittance therein or thereupon, he will be expelled, upon his presence being pointed out to the Stewards for the time being, or to the Clerk of the Course."

The first floor is entirely occupied with a refreshment-room and a police court. Summary justice is the law of the Grand Stand. Two magistrates sit during the races. Is a pickpocket detected, a thimble-rigger caught, a policeman assaulted! The delinquent is [illegible] round to the Grand Stand, to be con-[illegible] sentenced, and imprisoned in as short [illegible] as it takes to run a mile race.

The sloping roof is covered with lead, in [illegible]s; the spectator from that point has a bird's-eye view of the entire proceedings, and of the surrounding country, which is beautifully picturesque. When the foreground of the picture is brightened and broken by the vast multitude that assembles here upon the Derby Day, it presents a whole which has no parallel in the world.

On that great occasion, an unused spectator might imagine that all London turned out. There is little perceptible difference in the bustle of its crowded streets but all the roads leading to Epsom Downs are so thronged and blocked by every description of carriage that it is marvellous to consider how, when, and where, they were all made—out of what possible wealth they are all maintained—and by what laws the supply of horses is kept equal to the demand. Near the favourite bridges, and at various leading points of the leading roads, clusters of people post themselves by nine o'clock, to see the Derby people pass Then come flitting by, barouches, phaetons, broughams, gigs, four-wheeled chaises, four-in-hands, Hansom cabs, cabs of lesser note, chaise-carts, donkey-carts, tilted vans made arborescent with green boughs and carrying no end of people, and a cask of beer,—equestrians, pedestrians, horse-dealers, gentlemen, notabilities, and swindlers, by tens of thousands—gradually thickening and accumulating, until, at last, a mile short of the turnpike, they become wedged together, and are very slowly filtered through layers of policemen, mounted and a foot, until, one by one, they pass the gate and skurry down the hill beyond The most singular combinations occur in these turnpike stoppages and presses. Four in-hand leaders look affectionately over the shoulders of ladies, in bright shawls, perched in gigs; poles of carriages appear, uninvited, in the midst of social parties in phaetons; little, fast, short-stepping ponies run up carriage-wheels before they can be stopped, and hold on behind like footmen. Now, the gentleman who is unaccustomed to public driving, gets into astonishing perplexities. Now, the Hansom cab whisks craftily in and out, and seems occasionally to fly over a waggon or so Now, the postboy on a jibbing or a shying horse, curses the evil hour of his birth, and is ingloriously assisted by the shabby hostler out of place, who is walking down with seven shabby companions more or less equine, open to the various chances of the road. Now, the air is fresh, and the dust flies thick and fast. Now, the canvas-booths upon the course are seen to glisten and flutter in the distance. Now, the adventurous vehicles make cuts across, and get into ruts and gravel-pits. Now, the heather in bloom is like a field of gold, and the roar of voices is like a wind. Now, we leave the hard road and go smoothly rolling over the soft green turf, attended by an army of importunate worshippers in red jackets and stable-jackets, who make a very Juggernaut-car of our equipage, and now

breathlessly call us My Lord, and now, Your Honor. Now, we pass the outer settlements of tents where pots and kettles are—where gipsy children are—where airy stabling is—where tares for horses may be bought—where water, water, water, is proclaimed—where the Tumbler in an old pea-coat, with a spangled fillet round his head, eats oysters, while his wife takes care of the golden globes, and the knives, and also of the starry little boy, their son, who lives principally upside-down. Now, we pay our one pound at the barrier, and go faster on, still Juggernaut-wise, attended by our devotees, until at last we are drawn, and rounded, and backed, and sidled, and cursed, and complimented, and vociferated, into a station on the hill opposite the Grand Stand, where we presently find ourselves on foot, much bewildered, waited on by five respectful persons, who *will* brush us all at once.

Well, to be sure, there never was such a Derby Day, as this present Derby Day! Never, to be sure, were there so many carriages, so many fours, so many twos, so many ones, so many horsemen, so many people who have come down by "rail," so many fine ladies in so many broughams, so many of Fortnum and Mason's hampers, so much ice and champagne! If I were on the turf, and had a horse to enter for the Derby, I would call that horse Fortnum and Mason, convinced that with that name he would beat the field. Public opinion would bring him in somehow. Look where I will—in some connexion with the carriages—made fast upon the top, or occupying the box, or tied up behind, or dangling below, or peeping out of window—I see Fortnum and Mason. And now, Heavens! all the hampers fly wide open, and the green Downs burst into a blossom of lobster-salad!

As if the great Trafalgar signal had been suddenly displayed from the top of the Grand Stand, every man proceeds to do his duty. The weaker spirits, who were ashamed to set the great example, follow it instantly, and all around me there are table-cloths, pies, chickens, hams, tongues, rolls, lettuces, radishes, shell-fish, broad-bottomed bottles, clinking glasses, and carriages turned inside out. Amidst the hum of voices a bell rings. What's that? What's the matter? They are clearing the course. Never mind. Try the pigeon-pie. A roar. What's the matter? It's only the dog upon the course. Is that all? Glass of wine. Another roar. What's that? It's only the man who wants to cross the course, and is intercepted, and brought back. Is that all? I wonder whether it is always the same dog and the same man, year after year! A great roar. What's the matter? By Jupiter, they are going to start.

A deeper hum and a louder roar. Everybody standing on Fortnum and Mason. Now they're off! No. *Now* they're off! No. *Now* they're off! No. *Now* they are! Yes! There they go! Here they come! Where? Keep your eye on Tattenham Corner, and you'll see 'em coming round in half a minute. Good gracious, look at the Grand Stand, piled up with human beings to the top, and at the wonderful effect of changing light as all their faces and uncovered heads turn suddenly this way! Here they are! Who is? The horses! Where? Here they come! Green first. No: Red first. No: Blue first. No: the Favorite first! Who says so? Look! Hurrah! Hurrah! All over. Glorious race. Favorite wins! Two hundred thousand pounds lost and won. You don't say so? Pass the pie!

Now, the pigeons fly away with the news. Now, every one dismounts from the top of Fortnum and Mason, and falls to work with greater earnestness than before, on carriage boxes, sides, tops, wheels, steps, roofs, and rumbles. Now, the living stream upon the course, dammed for a little while at one point, is released, and spreads like parti-colored grain. Now, the roof of the Grand Stand is deserted. Now, rings are formed upon the course, where strong men stand in pyramids on one another's heads; where the Highland lady dances; where the Devonshire Lad sets-to with the Bantam; where the Tumbler throws the golden globes about, with the starry little boy tied round him in a knot.

Now, all the variety of human riddles who propound themselves on race-courses, come about the carriages, to be guessed. Now, the gipsy woman, with the flashing red or yellow handkerchief about her head, and the strange silvery-hoarse voice, appears, My pretty gentleman, to tell your fortin, Sir; for you have a merry eye, my gentleman, and surprises is in store for you, connected with a dark lady as loves you better than you love a kiss in a dark corner when the moon's a-shining; for you have a lively 'art, my gentleman, and you shall know her secret thoughts, and the first and last letters of her name, my pretty gentleman, if you will cross your poor gipsy's hand with a little bit of silver, for the luck of the fortin as the gipsy will read true, from the lines of your hand, my gentleman, both as to what is past, and present, and to come. Now, the Ethiopians, looking unutterably hideous in the sunlight, play old banjoes and bones, on which no man could perform ten years ago, but which, it seems, any man may play now, if he will only blacken his face, put on a crisp wig, a white waistcoat and wristbands, a large white tie, and give his mind to it. Now, the sickly-looking ventriloquist, with an anxious face (and always with a wife in a shawl) teaches the alphabet to the puppet pupil, whom he takes out of his pocket. Now, my sporting gentlemen, you may ring the Bull, the Bull, the Bull; you may ring the Bull! Now, try your luck at the knock-em-downs, my Noble Swells—twelve heaves for sixpence, and a pincushion in the centre, worth ten times the money! Now, the Noble Swells take five

shillings' worth of "heaves," and carry off a halfpenny wooden pear in triumph. Now, it hails, as it always does hail, formidable wooden truncheons round the heads, bodies, and shins of the proprietors of the said knock-em-downs, whom nothing hurts. Now, inscrutable creatures in smock frocks beg for bottles. Now, a coarse vagabond, or idiot, or a compound of the two, never beheld by mortal off a race-course, minces about, with ample skirts and a tattered parasol, counterfeiting a woman. Now, a shabby man, with an overhanging forehead, and a slinking eye, produces a small board, and invites your attention to something novel and curious—three thimbles and one little pea—with a one, two, three,—and a two, three, one,—and a one—and a two—in the middle—right hand, left hand—go you any bet from a crown to five sovereigns you don't lift the thimble the pea 's under! Now, another gentleman (with a stick) much interested in the experiment, will "go" two sovereigns that he does lift the thimble, provided strictly that the shabby man holds his hand still, and don't touch 'em again. Now, the bet 's made, and the gentleman with the stick, lifts obviously the wrong thimble, and loses. Now, it is as clear as day to an innocent bystander, that the loser must have won if he had not blindly lifted the wrong thimble—in which he is strongly confirmed by another gentleman with a stick, also much interested, who proposes to "go him" halves—a friendly sovereign to *his* sovereign—against the bank. Now, the innocent agrees, and loses;—and so the world turns round bringing innocents with it in abundance, though the three confederates are wretched actors, and could live by no other trade if they couldn't do it better.

Now, there is another bell, and another clearing of the course, and another dog, and another man, and another race. Now, there are all these things all over again. Now, down among the carriage-wheels and poles, a scrubby growth of drunken postboys and the like has sprung into existence, like weeds among the many-colored flowers of fine ladies in broughams, and so forth. Now, the drinking-booths are all full, and tobacco-smoke is abroad, and an extremely civil gentleman confidentially proposes roulette. And now, faces begin to be jaded, and horses are harnessed, and wherever the old grey-headed beggarman goes, he gets among traces and splinter-bars, and is roared at.

So, now, we are on the road again, going home. Now, there are longer stoppages than in the morning; for we are a dense mass of men and women, wheels, horses, and dust. Now, all the houses on the road seem to be turned inside out, like the carriages on the course, and the people belonging to the houses, like the people belonging to the carriages, [illegible] stations which they never occupy at [illegible] the sloping-on leads, on housetops, on out-[illegible]s; the windows, in balconies, in door-ways, in gardens. Schools are drawn out to see the company go by. The academies for young gentlemen favor us with dried peas; the Establishments for Young Ladies (into which sanctuaries many wooden pears are pitched), with bright eyes. We become sentimental, and wish we could marry Clapham. The crowd thickens on both sides of the road. All London appears to have come out to see us. It is like a triumphant entry—except that, on the whole, we rather amuse than impress the populace. There are little love-scenes among the chestnut trees by the roadside—young gentlemen in gardens resentful of glances at young ladies from coach-tops—other young gentlemen in other gardens, whose arms, encircling young ladies, seem to be trained like the vines. There are good family pictures—stout fathers and jolly mothers—rosy cheeks squeezed in between the rails—and infinitesimal jockeys winning in canters on walking sticks. There are smart maid servants among the grooms at stable-doors, where Cook looms large and glowing. There is plenty of smoking and drinking among the tilted vans and at the public houses, and some singing, but general order and good-humour. So, we leave the gardens and come into the streets, and if we there encounter a few ruffians throwing flour and chalk about, we know them for the dregs and refuse of a fine, trustworthy people, deserving of all confidence and honor.

And now we are at home again—far from absolutely certain of the name of the winner of the Derby—knowing nothing whatever about any other race of the day—still tenderly affected by the beauty of Clapham—and thoughtful over the ashes of Fortnum and Mason.

DISAPPEARANCES.

I AM not in the habit of seeing the "Household Words" regularly; but a friend, who lately sent me some of the back numbers, recommended me to read "all the papers relating to the Detective and Protective Police," which I accordingly did—not as the generality of readers have done, as they appeared week by week, or with pauses between, but consecutively, as a popular history of the Metropolitan Police; and, as I suppose it may also be considered, a history of the Police force in every large town in England. When I had ended these papers, I did not feel disposed to read any others at that time, but preferred falling into a train of reverie and recollection.

First of all I remembered, with a smile, the unexpected manner in which a relation of mine was discovered by an acquaintance, who had mislaid or forgotten Mr. B.'s address. Now my dear cousin, Mr. B., charming as he is in many points, has the little peculiarity of liking to change his lodgings once every three months on an average, which occasions some

bewilderment to his country friends, who have no sooner learnt the 19, Belle Vue Road, Hampstead, than they have to take pains to forget that address, and to remember the 27½, Upper Brown Street, Camberwell; and so on, till I would rather learn a page of "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary," than try to remember the variety of directions which I have had to put on my letters to Mr. B. during the last three years. Last summer it pleased him to remove to a beautiful village not ten miles out of London, where there is a railway station. Thither his friend sought him. (I do not now speak of the following scent there had been through three or four different lodgings, where Mr. B had been residing, before his country friend ascertained that he was now lodging at R——.) He spent the morning in making inquiries as to Mr. B.'s whereabouts in the village; but many gentlemen were lodging there for the summer, and neither butcher nor baker could inform him where Mr. B. was staying: his letters were unknown at the Post-office, which was accounted for by the circumstance of their always being directed to his office in town. At last the country friend sauntered back to the railway-office, and while he waited for the train he made inquiry, as a last resource, of the book-keeper at the station. "No, sir, I cannot tell you where Mr. B. lodges—so many gentlemen go by the trains; but I have no doubt but that the person standing by that pillar can inform you." The individual to whom he directed the inquirer's attention had the appearance of a tradesman—respectable enough, yet with no pretensions to "gentility," and had, apparently, no more urgent employment than lazily watching the passengers who came dropping in to the station. However, when he was spoken to, he answered civilly and promptly. "Mr. B.? tall gentleman with light hair? Yes, sir, I know Mr. B. He lodges at No. 8, Morton Villas—has done these three weeks or more; but you'll not find him there, sir, now. He went to town by the eleven o'clock train, and does not usually return until the half-past four train."

The country friend had no time to lose in returning to the village, to ascertain the truth of this statement. He thanked his informant, and said he would call on Mr. B. at his office in town; but before he left R—— station, he asked the book-keeper who the person was to whom he had referred him for information as to his friend's place of residence. "One of the Detective Police, sir," was the answer. I need hardly say, that Mr. B., not without a little surprise, confirmed the accuracy of the policeman's report in every particular.

When I heard this anecdote of my cousin and his friend, I thought that there could be no more romances written on the same kind of plot as Caleb Williams; the principal interest of which, to the superficial reader, consists in the alternation of hope and fear, that the hero may, or may not, escape his pursuer. It is long since I have read the story, and I forget the name of the offended and injured gentleman, whose privacy Caleb has invaded; but I know that his pursuit of Caleb—his detection of the various hiding-places of the latter—his following up of slight clues—all, in fact, depended upon his own energy, sagacity, and perseverance. The interest was caused by the struggle of man against man; and the uncertainty as to which would ultimately be successful in his object; the unrelenting pursuer, or the ingenious Caleb, who seeks by every device to conceal himself. Now, in 1851, the offended master would set the Detective Police to work; there would be no doubt as to their success; the only question would be as to the time that would elapse before the hiding-place could be detected, and that could not be a question long. It is no longer a struggle between man and man but between a vast organised machinery, and a weak, solitary individual; we have no hopes, no fears—only certainty. But if the materials of pursuit and evasion, as long as the chase is confined to England, are taken away from the store house of the romancer, at any rate we can no more be haunted by the idea of the possibility of mysterious disappearances; and any one who has associated much with those who were alive at the end of the last century, can testify that there was some reason for such fears.

When I was a child, I was sometimes permitted to accompany a relation to drink tea with a very clever old lady, of one hundred and twenty—or, so I thought then; I now think she, perhaps, was only about seventy. She was lively and intelligent, and had seen and known much that was worth narrating. She was a cousin of the Sneyds, the family whence Mr. Edgeworth took two of his wives; had known Major André; had mixed in the old Whig Society that the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and "Buff and Blue Mrs. Crewe" gathered round them; her father had been one of the early patrons of the lovely Miss Linley. I name these facts to show that she was too intelligent and cultivated by association, as well as by natural powers, to lend an over-easy credence to the marvellous; and yet I have heard her relate stories of disappearances which haunted my imagination longer than any tale of wonder. One of her stories was this:—Her father's estate lay in Shropshire, and his park-gates opened right on to a scattered village of which he was landlord. The houses formed a straggling irregular street—here a garden, next a gable-end of a farm, there a row of cottages, and so on. Now, at the end house or cottage lived a very respectable man and his wife. They were well-known in the village, and were esteemed for the patient attention which they paid to the husband's father, a paralytic old man. In winter, his chair was near the fire; in summer, they carried him out into the open space in front of the house to bask in the sunshine,

and to receive what placid amusement he could from watching the little passings to and fro of the villagers. He could not move from his bed to his chair without help. One hot and sultry June day, all the village turned out to the hay-fields. Only the very old and the very young remained.

The old father of whom I have spoken, was carried out to bask in the sunshine that afternoon as usual, and his son and daughter-in-law went to the hay-making. But when they came home in the early evening, their paralysed father had disappeared—was gone! and from that day forwards, nothing more was ever heard of him. The old lady, who told this story, said with the quietness that always marked the simplicity of her narration, that every inquiry which her father could make was made, and that it could never be accounted for. No one had observed any stranger in the village; no small household robbery, to which the old man might have been supposed an obstacle, had been committed in his son's dwelling that afternoon. The son and daughter-in-law (noted too for their attention to the helpless father) had been a field among all the neighbours the whole of the time. In short it never was accounted for; and left a painful impression on many minds.

I will answer for it the Detective Police would have ascertained every fact relating to it in a week.

This story from its mystery was painful, but had no consequences to make it tragical. The next which I shall tell, (and although traditionary, these anecdotes of disappearances which I relate in this paper are correctly repeated, and were believed by my informants to be strictly true,) had consequences, and melancholy ones too. The scene of it is in a little country town, surrounded by the estates of several gentlemen of large property. About a hundred years ago there lived in this small town an attorney, with his mother and sisters. He was agent for one of the squires near, and received rents for him on stated days, which of course were well known. He went at these times to a small public-house, perhaps five miles from ——, where the tenants met him, paid their rents, and were entertained at dinner afterwards. One night he did not return from this festivity. He never returned. The gentleman whose agent he was, employed the Dogberrys of the time to find him and the missing cash; the mother, whose support and comfort he was, sought him with all the perseverance of faithful love. But he never returned; and by-and-by the rumour spread that he must have gone abroad with the money; his mother heard the whispers all around her, and could not disprove it; and so her heart broke, and she died. Years after, I think as many as [illegible] well-to-do butcher and grazier of [illegible]; but, before his death, he confessed that he had way-laid Mr. —— on the heath close to the town, almost within call of his own house, intending only to rob him, but meeting with more resistance than he anticipated, had been provoked to stab him; and had buried him that very night deep under the loose sand of the heath. There his skeleton was found; but too late for his poor mother to know that his fame was cleared. His sister, too, was dead, unmarried, for no one liked the possibilities which might arise from being connected with the family. None cared if he was guilty or innocent now.

If our Detective Police had only been in existence!

This last is hardly a story of unaccounted-for disappearance. It is only unaccounted for in one generation. But disappearances never to be accounted for on any supposition, are not uncommon, among the traditions of the last century. I have heard, (and I think I have read it in one of the earlier numbers of "Chambers's Journal") of a marriage which took place in Lincolnshire about the year 1750. It was not then *de rigueur* that the happy couple should set out on a wedding journey; but instead, they and their friends had a merry jovial dinner at the house of either bride or groom; and in this instance the whole party adjourned to the bridegroom's residence, and dispersed, some to ramble in the garden, some to rest in the house until the dinner hour. The bridegroom, it is to be supposed, was with his bride, when he was suddenly summoned away by a domestic, who said that a stranger wished to speak to him; and henceforward he was never seen more. The same tradition hangs about an old deserted Welsh Hall standing in a wood near Festiniog; there, too, the bridegroom was sent for to give audience to a stranger on his wedding-day, and disappeared from the face of the earth from that time; but there, they tell in addition, that the bride lived long,—that she passed her three-score years and ten, but that daily during all those years, while there was light of sun or moon to lighten the earth, she sat watching,—watching at one particular window which commanded a view of the approach to the house. Her whole faculties, her whole mental powers, became absorbed in that weary watching; long before she died, she was childish, and only conscious of one wish—to sit in that long high window, and watch the road, along which he might come. She was as faithful as Evangeline, if pensive, and inglorious.

That these two similar stories of disappearance on a wedding-day "obtained," as the French say, shows us that anything which adds to our facility of communication and organisation of means, adds to our security of life. Only let a bridegroom try to disappear from an untamed *Katherine* of a bride, and he will soon be brought home like a recreant coward, overtaken by the electric telegraph, and clutched back to his fate by a Detective policeman.

Two more stories of disappearance, and I have done. I will give you the last in date first, because it is the most melancholy; and we will wind up cheerfully (after a fashion).

Some time between 1820 and 1830, there lived in North Shields a respectable old woman and her son, who was trying to struggle into sufficient knowledge of medicine to go out as ship-surgeon in a Baltic vessel, and perhaps in this manner to earn money enough to spend a session in Edinburgh. He was furthered in all his plans by the late benevolent Dr. G——, of that town. I believe the usual premium was not required in his case; the young man did many useful errands and offices which a finer young gentleman would have considered beneath him; and he resided with his mother in one of the alleys (or "chares,") which lead down from the main street of North Shields to the river. Dr. G—— had been with a patient all night, and left her very early on a winter's morning to return home to bed; but first he stepped down to his apprentice's home, and bade him get up, and follow him to his own house, where some medicine was to be mixed, and then taken to the lady. Accordingly the poor lad came, prepared the dose, and set off with it sometime between five and six on a winter's morning. He was never seen again. Dr. G—— waited, thinking he was at his mother's house; she waited, considering that he had gone to his day's work. And meanwhile, as people remembered afterwards, the small vessel bound to Edinburgh sailed out of port. The mother expected him back her whole life long; but some years afterwards occurred the discoveries of the Hare and Burke horrors; and people seemed to gain a dark glimpse at his fate; but I never heard that it was fully ascertained, or indeed more than surmised. I ought to add, that all who knew him, spoke emphatically as to his steadiness of purpose, and conduct, so as to render it improbable in the highest degree that he had run off to sea, or suddenly changed his plan of life in any way.

My last story is one of a disappearance, which was accounted for after many years. There is a considerable street in Manchester leading from the centre of the town to some of the suburbs. This street is called at one part Garratt, and afterwards, where it emerges into gentility and comparatively country, Brook Street. It derives its former name from an old black-and-white hall of the time of Richard the Third, or thereabouts, to judge from the style of building: they have closed in what is left of the old hall now; but a few years since this old house was visible from the main road; it stood low on some vacant ground, and appeared to be half in ruins. I believe it was occupied by several poor families who rented tenements in the tumble-down dwelling. But formerly it was Gerard Hall, (what a difference between Gerard and Garratt!) and was surrounded by a park with a clear brook running through it, with pleasant fish-ponds, (the name of these was preserved until very lately, on a street near), orchards, dove cotes, and similar appurtenances to the manor-houses of former days. I am almost sure that the family to whom it belonged were Mosleys, probably a branch of the tree of the lord of the Manor of Manchester. Any topographical work of the last century relating to their district would give the name of the last proprietor of the old stock, and it is to him that my story refers.

Many years ago there lived in Manchester two old maiden ladies, of high respectability. All their lives had been spent in the town, and they were fond of relating the changes which had taken place within their recollection; which extended back to seventy or eighty years from the present time. They knew much of its traditionary history from their father, as well; who, with his father before him, had been respectable attorneys in Manchester, during the greater part of the last century; they were, also, agents for several of the county-families; who, driven from their old possessions by the enlargement of the town, found some compensation in the increased value of any land which they might choose to sell. Consequently the Messrs. S——, father and son, were conveyancers in good repute, and acquainted with several secret pieces of family history; one of which related to Garratt Hall.

The owner of this estate, some time in the first half of the last century, married young; he and his wife had several children, and lived together in a quiet state of happiness for many years. At last, business of some kind took the husband up to London; a week's journey in those days. He wrote and announced his arrival; I do not think he ever wrote again. He seemed to be swallowed up in the abyss of the Metropolis, for no friend (and the lady had many and powerful friends) could ever ascertain for her what had become of him; the prevalent idea was that he had been attacked by some of the street robbers who prowled about in those days, that he had resisted, and had been murdered. His wife gradually gave up all hopes of seeing him again, and devoted herself to the care of her children; and so they went on, tranquilly enough, until the heir came of age, when certain deeds were necessary before he could legally take possession of the property. These deeds Mr. S—— (the family lawyer) stated had been given up by him into the missing gentleman's keeping just before the last mysterious journey to London, with which I think they were in some way concerned. It was possible that they were still in existence; some one in London might have them in possession, and be either conscious or unconscious of their importance. At any rate, Mr. S——'s advice to his client was that he should put an

advertisement in the London papers, worded so skilfully that any one who might hold the important documents should understand to what it referred, and no one else. This was accordingly done; and, although repeated, at intervals, for some time, it met with no success. But, at last, a mysterious answer was sent; to the effect that the deeds were in existence, and should be given up; but only on certain conditions, and to the heir himself. The young man, in consequence, went up to London; and adjourned, according to directions, to an old house in Barbican; where he was told by a man, apparently awaiting him, that he must submit to be blindfolded, and must follow his guidance. He was taken through several long passages before he left the house; at the termination of one of these he was put into a sedan chair, and carried about for an hour or more; he always reported that there were many turnings, and that he imagined he was set down finally not very far from his starting-point.

When his eyes were unbandaged, he was in a decent sitting-room, with tokens of family occupation lying about. A middle-aged gentleman entered, and told him that, until a certain time had elapsed (which should be indicated to him in a particular way, but of which the length was not then named), he must swear to secrecy as to the means by which he obtained possession of the deeds. This oath was taken; and then the gentleman, not without some emotion, acknowledged himself to be the missing father of the heir. It seems that he had fallen in love with a damsel, a friend of the person with whom he lodged. To this young woman he had represented himself as unmarried; she listened willingly to his wooing, and her father, who was a shopkeeper in the City, was not averse to the match, as the Lancashire squire had a goodly presence, and many similar qualities, which the shopkeeper thought might be acceptable to his customers. The bargain was struck; the descendant of a knightly race married the only daughter of the City shopkeeper, and became a junior partner in the business. He told his son that he had never repented the step he had taken; that his lowly-born wife was sweet, docile, and affectionate; that his family by her was large; and that he and they were thriving and happy. He inquired after his first (or rather, I should say, his true) wife with friendly affection; approved of what she had done with regard to his estate, and the education of his children; but said that he considered he was dead to her, as she was to him. When he really died he promised that a particular message, the nature of which he specified, should be sent to his son at Garratt; until then they would not hear more of each other; for it was of no use attempting to trace him, under his incognito, even if the oath did not render such an attempt forbidden. I dare say the youth had no great desire to trace out the father, who had been one in name only. He returned to Lancashire; took possession of the property at Manchester; and, many years elapsed before he received the mysterious intimation of his father's real death. After that, he named the particulars connected with the recovery of the title-deeds to Mr. S——, and one or two intimate friends. When the family became extinct, or removed from Garratt, it became no longer any very closely kept secret, and I was told the tale of the disappearance by Miss S——, the aged daughter of the family agent.

Once more, let me say, I am thankful I live in the days of the Detective Police; if I am murdered, or commit bigamy,—at any rate my friends will have the comfort of knowing all about it.

LIFE IN THE BURRA MINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The following letter has been confided to us for publication, by a gentleman in London, to whom it is addressed. It shows, vigorously, what a young fellow, emigrating to Australia, with the power and the will to work, can do out of hand. It also shows (as this journal has endeavoured to do, on previous occasions) that those qualities are indispensable, and that lazy incumbrances upon the face of the earth have even less business in Australia than in any other place—if, indeed, they can be said to be less desirable in any one place than in another, where they are corrupting nuisances all over the world.

"North Kapunda, South Australia,
25th December, 1850.

"* * * It is now eight weeks since my arrival in this colony. I have deferred writing thus long, so as to be enabled to state something decisive regarding both my intentions and the prospects afforded by the country I have adopted. I will give you a detail of my movements since I landed, feeling assured, from the ever kind interest you have evinced on my behalf, it will not be unacceptable.

"We made our passage here in fourteen weeks—nothing occurring worthy of comment during it. After a parting jubilee with my messmates, I bade adieu to the good ship on the 30th of October. Having been entrusted with two letters for E. from his father, my next care was their safe delivery, and to catch a glimpse of the young fellow, whom I found, on inquiry, was located with Mr. W., at Yankalilla, fifty miles south of Adelaide. I walked there in two days, handed him his letters, and much surprised him by my appearance. He has grown a fine strapping fellow, well cut out for work; and I must do him the justice to say, well inclined for it. I spent a day and night there, and took the marrow-bone stage back again for the town of Adelaide, so as to make

my way for a north road to the Burra-Burra mines; the north road being the best in this part of Australia for labour of all descriptions.

"Having again arrived in Adelaide, I remained two days in it, to hear and pick up information, so as to determine in one way or the other as to my intention of travelling the great north road All were in favour of my plan, and I started for the Burra mines.

"Before proceeding further, I must say a word respecting the town of Adelaide. It is, as you justly informed me, a place where a man may spend money more rapidly, and far less satisfactorily than in London; swarming with emancipated thieves ever on the prowl; young gents from England physically incapacitated for, and equally unwilling to take to the Bush for work, living on their wits: in short, it is a perfect den of villany. notorious for its drunkenness, debauchery, and profligacy, where (to the man without a trade, especially,) to expect to find work is worse than ludicrous. I was offered work at the Port, which is seven miles from the town, among the shipping, at six shillings a day, to be engaged Custom House hours from eight till four o clock, but declined in favour of the Bush, as every penny I earned would go in drinking and card-playing with others employed in the same way, or else I should be looked upon as a black sheep. I could on two or three occasions have made an engagement in the town to go shepherding, but I do not think I shall ever undertake it. I have noticed that those persons who have devoted much time to minding sheep have, from its dreadful monotony, and want of opportunity of communicating their ideas, become dull—their reflective and reasoning faculties seem to become impaired from the dreadful solitude consequent on such a position.

"I warehoused my chest, &c., in town, as is customary for persons taking to the Bush, and I shaped my course to the Burra, reserving to myself the privilege of accepting any offer worthy of notice on my route. After walking fifty miles on the north road, I reached the above place, where I have now been upwards of six weeks. Kapunda is a comfortable little township, surrounded by copper mines. One of these, known by the name of Bagot's Mine, is that in which I am engaged; and I thank God I can add, happy in mind, and more independent in pocket than I have been for years. When I parted from E. at Yankalilla, he was desirous of learning from me what success I met with in search for employment, for he was anxious to alter his line of proceeding, having never received one sixpence in return for his services since he landed in the colony. A Mr. Q. and a Mr. W. had found him in board and lodging since he came here, in return for work on their respective farms; a fine return, really, in a country where every man capable of labour may command remunerative employment in a variety of shapes. In short, the servant here, in most instances, is more independent of the master than the *contra*. Still every allowance is to be made for E.; he was young and inexperienced; and, what is worse than all, unaccustomed to work when he arrived. After I had worked a few weeks in the mine, I wrote to him, advising him to walk to me (a distance of one hundred miles). He did so; I spoke to the captain of the mine, and he was engaged instanter. Now he boards in the same house with me, and saves money every week

"I will now trouble you with a description of the life we pass working here. In the first place, we board at a Mrs. Allan's, for ten shillings a week, with four other young men. She is an agreeable hostess, and her husband an equally civil and obliging man. We go to work in the morning at half-past six o'clock, return home to breakfast at eight—hot chops and steaks, bread and tea, *ad libitum*, constitute our meal. Return to work at nine o'clock, back to dinner at twelve o'clock. Hot joints, vegetables, pudding, and tea, mostly constitute our dinner. Return to work at one o'clock, leave off at half-past five o'clock, return home, and, after a wash, &c., have our supper, of cold joints and tea—which is over at seven o'clock. I take my pipe of Cavendish, a stroll in the township, and retire to bed, generally by nine o'clock—rather different from a London life. On Saturdays we leave business at four o'clock. The nature of our employment is somewhat laborious and admits of variety; but, for my part, I think nothing of it. We are paid upon the first Saturday in each month. I have twenty four shillings, and E. twenty shillings weekly. Our board costs ten shillings, and the wardrobe of a colonist need not amount to more than five pounds a-year on the average; the style of dress being blue twill shirt, belt, and moleskin trousers; the man, with thousands, in the bush, being scarce distinguishable by his costume from his servant. We spend little or nothing. Though our wages are apparently low, things are so cheap in the way of living, that I consider myself much better off than at home at two pounds a week. * * * There is plenty of employment in this country for every man that can work, but all colonial work is real labour; and unless a man is physically able to cope with it, he is of no service. Young gentlemen are not wanted. We want more capitalists here, and Australia would soon develope more resources for labour. For my part, I anticipate good days here, but hard work; this I don't mind, for a man may live well and save money. Our richest colonists here made their fortunes by the savings from their hard-earned wages.

"This is our mode of life. Water is a great want in Australia; it is for the most part badly supplied and principally brackish. I

write this on Christmas Day, and beg heartily to wish you a very happy one, and a prosperous New Year.

TWO SONNETS.

The first of the following Sonnets was quoted some years ago in a newspaper (the "Nation," if we remember rightly), with the following editorial note:—

"Which of our readers can tell us the author of this sonnet—the noblest, we think, in the English language? It has the deep philosophy of Wordsworth, in the direct and nervous language of Milton. We heard it recited some years ago as Coleridge's, but it does not appear in any edition we have seen of his collected works, and though it is unmistakeably of the Lake school, neither is it to be found among Wordsworth's or Southey's."

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.
For shame, my friend, renounce this idle strain!
What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

The following Answer, (not as to who wrote the Sonnet, for that is still unknown to us,) was written in 1847, and is now printed for the first time. Its applicability to the principles of the newly-projected *Guild of Literature and Art*, will be sufficiently apparent.

ANSWER.

I would not have a great good man defile
His hand with grasping, nor his soul with guile,
Nor sacrifice, to any outward things,
His inward splendour and his upward wings.
But also, would I not behold him blind
To the world's bitterness and pinching facts,—
Far less, if means of life with a free mind
Be *his*, while penury his friend distracts.

Oh, noble sage, forget not, when the hour
Of inspiration ends, that for its lamp
To burn with purity and constant power,
Oil, and four walls, that reek not with the damp,
Are needful, that the man with steady eye
May look in his wife's face, nor o'er his children sigh.

A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."

Of the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient Kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman* rivals in attraction the great *Daladu Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jewelled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To Saman was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country, at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighbourhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I travelled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day: at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black Town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road, I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock-track. Strange as it may sound to home travellers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road: far away in the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous veil, dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly as

fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapour came rolling and tumbling along, as though shrouding some titanic water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully amongst them: troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bo-peep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet sunny glades;—all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout, was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chatties, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously ensconsed amongst the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, whilst against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighbourhood, and once more riding on *terra firma.*

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my pony to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange, desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large China jar, or, perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveller; but, when the great, round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighbourhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for ought we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon Government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars, or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chin se nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving rock at the top of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious little gummy-like excrescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these latter I learnt were the most valued; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

A chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveller, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their single offerings at the foot of the shrine during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung around by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate; rice, jaggery, and sweetmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewellery and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil; beggarly fishermen; mendicant cinnamon peelers; half starved coolies; lean, sickly women, and poor, immature children, passed onwards in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Paraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odours would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy luxuriant foliage of cocoa-

nut topes, arekas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colours, waved jauntily from roof to door; whilst round the pillars of the walls and door-posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded anything I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass-ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvellous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimblets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed: and, at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden, with a vigour which would inevitably have cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Near the temple, all was noise and confusion, and it was with some difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd, and reached the steps of the venerated shrine. Saff. priest stationed at the entrance made a be a[illegible]n for me as well as he could, but the and [illegible] pressure inside was intense. Hundreds of men and women pressed eagerly forward to reach the flight of huge stone stairs which led up to the sacred depositary. It was as bad as a crush to get into the Crystal Palace. My passage was so slow that I had time to examine and admire the fine antique carved work on the pillars and ceiling of the entrance-hall, as well as on the tall pilasters which lined the ample stair-case. There was a beauty of style and a high degree of finish about this work that could not be attained in Ceylon in the present day. Arrived, at length, at the inner temple or sacred shrine above, I passed with the rest, between a richly-brocaded curtain which hung in folds across the entrance at the top of the stairs, and stood before the famed relic of Buddha, or rather the jewelled casket which contained it. I felt disappointment at the spectacle here, arising, perhaps, from my taking no interest in the exhibition as a religious ceremony, and looking at it merely as an empty show, not far removed from the status of Bartholomew Fair. The strong glare of a hundred lights, the heat and crowd of so many in so small a place, the sickly perfume of the piles of Buddha flowers heaped before the shrine by the pilgrims, the deafening discordant din of a score of tom-toms, and vile screeching pipes, made me glad enough to descend the stairs, and, flinging a rupee into the poor-box of the god, to escape once more into the open fresh air.

From the votaries of Saman I entered another crowd, assembled round a gaily decorated building, which I at once perceived was a Hindoo temple. Here, to the sound of much music, and by the light of many lamps, a group of young dancing girls were delighting the motley crowd. There were but three of them, one a finely-made, tall, sylph-like creature, with really graceful movements; the others younger, stouter and far less pleasing. A good deal of pains had evidently been taken with their dress, which sparkled at all points with what I was assured were precious stones. I have heard that it is not uncommon for these Nautch girls to have jewellery about their dress to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The graceful little jacket which the chief dancer wore over her flowing white robes sparkled and glistened with something which was quite new to me as articles of ornament. Along the edge of her pure white garment, shone a whole host of fire-flies, which by some ingenious arrangement had been secured to the dress, and gave a strange and pleasing novelty to the appearance of her attire, as she swept gracefully around in slow and measured steps. The music to which these people dance is anything but pleasing to an English ear: indeed, there is scarcely a trace of rhythm in it; yet they contrive to measure their many and difficult dance by its notes with admirable precision. Long custom has so attached them to their empty meaningless

music that they can appreciate no other. I am certain that M. Jullien's band would scarcely be listened to by the Singalese if there were a few tom-toms within hearing. It is a curious fact that in the districts in which these Nautch girls are brought up, education is so rare, that these dancers are generally the only lay persons within many days' journey who can either read or write. The priests can all read, if not write, and they take care to instruct the temple girls, in order to enable them to learn the various songs and legends for recital at their periodic festivals. The rest of the population they keep in the densest ignorance.

Leaving the dancers and priests I strolled towards the river Kaloo-ganga, whose quiet palm-shaded banks stood out in sweetest contrast to the noisy revelry I had just beheld. The moon was near the full and rising high above the many rich green tops of palms and gorgeous plantains, lit up the peaceful scene with radiance not of earth. It is hardly possible to conceive the magic beauty of moonlight in the tropics; those who have witnessed it can never forget their feelings under its influence. The master-hand of our finest painters might attempt to depict it, but the effort would be a dead failure; and did it succeed, strangers to these climes would pronounce it an unnatural painting. Even in its reality it bears the impress of something half unearthly, and it requires the testimony of the huge lineery leaves, as they wave to the breeze, to assure one that the whole scene is not imaginary. Fully as bright and radiating, though softer in its hue than the broad sunshine, the moon poured down in living streams its gift of ethereal light. The monster palms, the slender arekas, the feathery bamboos and tamarinds, revelled in the harmony and glow of radiant moonlight which leaping down in phosphorescent waves, passing on from leaf to flower, from bud to herb, and streaming through the waving seas of giant emerald grass, died sparkling at its feet.

Some of the topes along this gentle river grew so thickly that not the faintest ray of light found its soft way amongst them: the deepest shade was there, and only in one of these could I trace any vestiges of living beings. A little hut was buried far away in the inmost recesses of a tope—all bright above, all gloom below. The door was open, and from it shone a faintly glimmering light, so tiny was the ray amidst that heavy shade, so distant did it seem, that it defied all conception of space, and made my eyes ache to gaze at it. I, at length, distinguished faint sounds proceeding from it. They were those of a regular harmony. Strolling nearer, I heard that they proceeded from cultivated voices. What a sensation! The music was that of the "Evening Hymn!" and it came upon me with the echoes of the uncouth Babel of Heathenism I had just left still ringing in my ears, like the sunlight on a surging sea. When I recovered from the delightful surprise, I found that the singers were the family of a native missionary who who had embraced Christianity.

The next day the bazaar was crowded with dealers in and diggers for precious stones. Hundreds of Moormen, Chitties, Arabs, Parsees, and Singalese were busily employed in barter, and a most noisy operation it was. In the neighbourhood of Ratnapoora exist many tracts of clayey and gravelly land, rich in rubies, sapphires, garnets, turquoise and cat's-eyes. For the privilege of digging for these or of sifting them from the sands of some of the rivers, the natives pay heavy rents to Government, often sub-letting the ground, at large profits, to needy speculators. Their harvest is usually offered for sale during the Peraharra, and, be their gains what they may, they are generally rid of the whole amount before the end of the festival. The existence of this source of wealth is unfortunately a bane, rather than a blessing, to the district: for whole villages flock to the ruby grounds delving and sifting for weeks together utterly neglecting their rice-fields and gardens. Arrack taverns have multiplied, intemperance has increased, long tracts of fertile land have ceased to be sown with paddy, and the country people now buy their food from strangers in place of growing it as formerly. It will be a happy time for Saffragam when its stores of precious stones shall be exhausted: for not till then will peaceful industry be once more sought.

Struggling and forcing a way through the busy crowd were to be seen one or two Hindoo fakeers most repulsive objects, depending for subsistence on the alms of pilgrims and others. One of these wretched creatures, in the fulfilment of a vow or as an act of fancied righteousness, had held his left arm for so many years erect above his head, that it could not now be moved—and grew transfixed, emaciated, and bony. It seemed more like a dry, withered stick tied to the body than a part of itself. The other fakeer had closed his hands so long that the finger-nails had grown quite through the palms, and projected at the back of them: these miserable looking objects appeared to reap a tolerable harvest, and seemed to be then in no pain.

Under the shade of a banyan tree, a grave-looking Moorman was amusing a crowd of boys and women with the recital of some wonderful or silly legend. The trade of story-telling, in the East is still a profitable one, if I might judge from the comfortable appearance of this well clad talker.

When I left Ratnapoora crowds were still flocking into the town, for on the morrow the huge temple elephants were expected to march in procession through the place, decked out in all sorts of finery, and bearing the casket and relic; but it was a wearisome spectacle, and I was heartily glad to find

myself once more on my pony, quietly winding through green paddy-fields and under shady topes.

THE STORY OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Now, the second day that we lay off Colla, being the 1st day of August, 1812, I was ordered to go into the boat; and our captain, doctor, and purser, went ashore to go a-shooting. We landed the captain and the rest of the officers on an island, about a quarter of a mile from where our people were at work; and our captain gave me orders to land the provisions, and then come back for them to take them on board to dinner: and accordingly we went, and I delivered what provisions I had to the officer in charge of the working party; and telling him the orders that I had received from the captain, he sent me away to obey them; and we tried to go back the same way we came, but we could not, for the tide ran so strong that we could not fetch round the island where our captain was, so we tried to go round the other way; but all our trying was in vain, for the more we pulled, the further we got away from the island; and having no grabbling or anchor in the boat, we resolved to go alongside of some of the small vessels which were lying there, to hold on till the tide was down, which we did; and the people on board of them seemed to be glad to receive us. Now, these vessels were fishing-vessels, seemingly waiting for the tide to slack before they could go to sea; and the one we got on board of hailed another that lay pretty close to us, but we could not understand a single word they said, and we had no suspicion that they were talking about us. So we laid ourselves down quite unconcerned, for the weather was warm, and we being rather tired after our long pull; and we might have laid down about two hours, for I could not sleep sound, for I knew that our captain would be very angry for not fetching him to go on board to his dinner. But what was my surprise, on getting up, to see two large boats, with about twenty men in each, close to us. And, coming alongside, they took us out of our boat and tied us back to back, and beat us unmercifully, and called us American spies, for they took us and our ships to be Americans; and they had such a spite against the Americans for burning their ships, that they would not hearken to anything that we had to say if they could have understood us

So, after they were tired of beating and ill-using us, which they did in a cruel manner,—for they were a cowardly set of men, for a coward is always cruel when he gets the upper hand of you;—so, after they were tired beating of us, they took our boat in tow and took us up to Colla, the name of a small town in Russian Lapland; and when we got there we were put into prison, and they gave us some black bread to eat and some water to drink, and the next day they put irons on us, and joined two and two together; we had a shackle round one of our legs and another on our hands, and so we were chained together; and then they sent a serjeant and eight soldiers as a guard along with us to march us to Archangel, which was about one thousand two hundred miles distant. And so we started on our travel in a very helpless condition. Our first fortnight travel was the worst, for we travelled through nothing but woods, and when our stock of black bread got low, they used to feed us upon the bark of trees; for every fir-tree has three different barks or rinds upon it, and the middle rind, when roasted by the fire, makes a good substitute for bread. But this was not the worst misfortune we had to deal with, for having irons on our legs and arms we could not pull our clothes off.

And so we travelled on till we got clear of the woods, and we got in amongst what they called their towns; and here we got a good deal better used, and our travelling was a good deal better, for we used to get horses from place to place; and they tied the two horses' heads together, and when we were mounted on them, chained together as we were, our poor horses had to keep regular step together, or else we were likely to be hauled off our horses, which was very painful to our legs And sometimes we travelled in boats for whole days together, and the nearer we got to Archangel our food became a good deal better, for they used, sometimes, to give us some milk along with our bread in the room of water; and in this way we kept on travelling till the beginning of September, when we arrived in Archangel, where we were put into prison.

We had been in Archangel prison two or three days, when we found out by the few words of Russian that we had picked up, that we were going to be sent to Siberia along with some more prisoners. And now we thought our fate very hard to be transported without having a trial; but it happened otherwise. For one morning, when I was out in the prison yard, I heard two gentlemen talking together in German, and me understanding a little of the German tongue, I made bold to speak to one of them as well as I could. I told him what we were, and what ship we belonged to. Now this gentleman that I spoke to, happened to be one of the English Consul's clerks; and he soon spoke to me in good English, and told me that he would speak to the Consul about us; and he was kind enough to put his hand in his pocket and give me a silver ruble, and away he went. And I went to acquaint my shipmates of the news that I had to tell them; and you may depend they were very glad to hear the news, especially when I showed them the silver ruble that the gentleman had been kind enough to give me. And I went and bought something to eat with part of the

money; for you may depend we were kept pretty short of provisions; and after we had eaten our bellies full, we all returned thanks to God for his kindness towards us, and waited with patience till about half past ten o'clock, when the turnkey came in and called us, and told us that we were wanted. And when we came into the room where the gentleman was that I had spoken to the day before, he told me that the Consul would be there directly; and, when the Consul came, he spoke to us, and asked us what ships belonging to England were stationed off the North Cape, and how we came to leave our ship. We told him; and he spoke to the Governor, and the next morning we got our discharge from the prison. Now, in the state that we were in, we were not fit to go into a clean house, or amongst clean people: so the Consul put us into an outhouse that he had, and gave us some clean straw to lie on, and two duck frocks and trousers apiece, for our old clothes were fairly worn out. And he used to send us our provision every day from his own house: and in a week's time we were clear of all vermin, and as clean as anybody need to be. And the English merchants and their ladies who resided at Archangel, when they came to know how we had been served by the Russians, made a subscription for us, and bought us many things that we stood in need of.

We stopped with our good Consul till the latter end of September, when the "Oberon," an English gun-brig, arrived at Archangel, for to take a convoy home to England; and the captain of her, Captain Young, a very good man, heard about us, and seeing the state that we were in—for the places that the vermin had eaten into us were not quite healed up—he told us that he would take us to England. And on the first day of October we were sent on board of the "Oberon," and the captain and officers behaved very kindly to us; and we sailed from Archangel on the 4th day of October, and on the 17th of October, when nearly off the North Cape, we fell in with our ship the "Spitfire," and the "Alexander" frigate. We were sent on board of our ship; and, to our great surprise, we were put in irons. So Captain Young stated to our captain the state he found us in at Archangel, and the punishment that we had received from the Russians. But our captain swore that we intended to run away from the ship, and we were kept in irons till we arrived at Leith Roads, when orders came on board to let us out of irons; for Admiral Young had his flag at Leith Roads, and his son, the captain of the "Oberon," had acquainted his father with the state he had found us in, at Archangel. And so now we thought it was all over with this affair; but it was not so, for our ship received orders to go round to Portsmouth to be refitted; and in going round from Leith, as soon as we left the Downs—for we were then under another admiral—our captain turned the hands up, and gave me and a man named Andrew Paddon three dozen lashes apiece; for he swore that we two had been ringleaders, and that we intended to run away from the ship. The other two men he forgave: and thus this affair ended.

Now when we arrived at Portsmouth we refitted our ship, and we were sent to cruise off Cherbourg along with some men-of-war. On the 10th day of February, 1813, it being a fine morning, we chased a French lugger, close into the land, and the wind dying away, and what there was coming from the northward, the lugger got clear of us; and we being close in-shore, and standing away to the westward, I happened to be at the masthead to look out. It was about half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, and I was sitting on the maintop-gallant yard, when a little battery, which we had not seen before, opened fire upon us, and the second or third shot they fired carried away our main-top gallant-mast; and me sitting on the main-top gallant-yard, I had a very clumsy fall; but our main-sail being hauled up, I had the good fortune to fall into the belly of the main-sail, where after some time lying there senseless—for I must have struck against the main-yard in my fall, for I was bleeding a good deal—when there were some hands sent to help me out of the main-sail; and when I got on deck, I was obliged to be sent to the doctor, when I soon got well.

Now our ship, in this skirmish, had her foremast badly wounded, and we had several men wounded beside myself; so, after we got clear of the Frenchmen and joined our commodore, which was the "Fishguard" frigate, we were sent to Spithead to have our damages repaired; whilst I and about a dozen of our men were sent on board of the guard-ship, at Spithead, for fear we should run away. And, by the time that our ship came out to Spithead again, and ready for sea, we were sent on board of her again, and we hoisted the convoy signal for the coast of Africa; and, on the 20th of April, 1813, we sailed from Spithead with about three hundred sail of ships, all under different convoys. * * * At last we steered for Prince's Island, where we arrived on the 10th day of August. We had not been long there when they were all taken with the fever, the captain and all; and before the next morning three out of the seven that had been away along with the captain died, and before twenty-four hours was over our heads we had sixty men in their hammocks; and the sickness went all through the ship, and we lost thirty-six men and officers in about six weeks' time. And it was here where I lost my long hair; for sailors in those days wore long hair; but we had no long hair left in our ship, for we nearly all had our heads shaved, for the complaint chiefly lay in the head; and by the latter part of October we were all pretty well restored to health.

We stayed on the coast till the beginning of May, 1814, when we fell in with an English brig from London, who brought us the news of the Peace, and of Buonaparte giving himself up; and the brig brought us some newspapers, and some letters for the captain and officers, for she had been to Sierra Leone. You may depend we were all very glad to hear of the news of Peace, and the next morning we went to sea, and shaped our course for Portsmouth, where we arrived on the 20th of July. Now, when we got home an order was issued from the Admiralty that all men that had served eleven years, and all foreigners, were to be discharged. Now, I being entered as a foreigner on the ship's books, I claimed my discharge; and I got my discharge from the service on the 2nd of August, 1814; and I went to Portsmouth Dockyard to get my pay, and as soon as I got it I went to the coach-office and booked myself for London.

By six o'clock that evening I was on my journey, and I arrived safe at the Elephant and Castle by seven o'clock in the morning, after being away from London a little better than twelve years. I was well and hearty after all my trials and crosses, and, as soon as I got some breakfast, I went to Vine Yard, to see Mr. Bland; but, when I got there, Mr. Bland was not at home, but Mrs. Bland was. I soon told her who I was, and asked her where my boy was. She told me that the boy was very well, and that he was at school, but she soon sent for him And I told her not to tell him who I was, for I wanted to surprise him myself. At last, when he came into the room where I was, I could see a good deal of his mother's face in him, and it was not long before I had him in my arms, for I could not keep myself from him; and the poor boy, when he was told that I was his father, fell a crying; but he still crept close to me, and we soon all got reconciled together. And, when Mr. Bland came in, we past the day away in talking over past affairs, and the next day me and Mr. Bland settled our accounts together, and I went to Mr. Scovell. I found that I still had better than a hundred pounds in his hands; and, after all that was settled, I thanked Mr. Scovell for the kindness that he had shown me, and I asked his advice what I had best do.

He told me that I had best not enter into any sort of business at present, till I saw how things would turn out, for the Peace had made a great stagnation in trade; but, if I liked, I might go to work at any of his wharfs, and he would allow me twenty-five shillings a week to go as boatswain at Topping Wharf, in Tooley Street, and I agreed with him

I began to make myself quite comfortable, when an accident happened. On the 15th day of [illegible]tember, when we were in the act of [illegible] cask of sugar into a brig's hold, and when [illegible] handles of the crane came off, and struck me with such a force that it knocked me down for dead. And, as soon as Mr. Scovell was acquainted with it, I was sent to Guy's Hospital, and there I remained for five months; and at last I recovered, and came out of the Hospital the last day of February, 1815; but I was a long time before I had strength enough to go to work; and Mr. Scovell was kind enough to allow me twelve shillings a week, after I came out of the hospital, for keeping watch at night, at the wharf; and here I continued

In the middle of May I fell in with an old shipmate of mine that had been a master's mate along with me in the "Spitfire," and he was master of a new bark called the "X Y Z," and he was bound to Riga, and he wanted a second mate, and when I told him my circumstances he persuaded me to go along with him. So I went We had a very fine passage across the North Sea, and we arrived at Riga the 10th of July; and, as soon as our cargo was discharged, we commenced taking in our cargo for London.

On the 5th of September, it being Sunday morning, the breeze having nearly died away to a calm, the captain ordered me to call the mate, for he said that he had smelled fire We all smelled it too I advised the captain that the best thing we could do was to get the boats out before we opened any of our hatches. Accordingly we turned the hands up, and got the boats out, and put oars and sails in them, and then we took one hatch off; but no sooner had we done this, but a good deal of smoke came up the hatchway. We roused some of the bales of flax on deck, for we were laden with flax, hemp, and tallow; and we mustered all buckets, and began to heave water down the place where the smoke came from. And our mate thinking that if the after hatchway was open, he would be able to heave some water down there; but no sooner were the after hatches taken off, but the flames struck up the after part, and in a very few minutes our main rigging was in a blaze. And now all chance of saving the ship was over, for the fire spread rapidly. The middle part of the ship being on fire, those that were aft could not get forward, and those that were forward could not get aft; so we found it a great blessing that we got our boats out. So all hands got into the boats, and we had a chance to save some of our clothes, and some provision and water, which we put into the long boat. Now there were fifteen of us, men and boys altogether, and we divided ourselves in the three boats—that is the long boat, pinnace, and jolly-boat; and we lay by the ship till she was burnt to the water's edge.

When the accident happened to us, we could see an island in the East Sea that belongs to the Danes, for which we pulled, taking the boats in too. But the people on the island seeing the fire at sea, the governor of the island sent two boats to our assistance,

which we met about half-way from our ship to the shore, and they very kindly offered us any assistance in their power; but we thanked them kindly, and pulled on shore in company, where we arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and there was no one hurt. In two days we were sent in a Danish vessel to Copenhagen, where we arrived on the 11th day of September; and when we got there and our captain reported our accident to the Consul, we were all obliged to go to the Consul to state what we knew about the fire; when one of the boys said, that the evening before we left Riga, he and the mate had been down in the after hold with a candle and lantern to take the numbers of some of the bales of flax; and that the mate, having taken the candle out of the lantern to look for something, and, in putting the candle back again, the candle had fallen down, lighted as it was, between some of the bales, and they could not reach the candle, they had hove several pots of water down upon it till they thought it was out. Upon this account, the mate not denying it, the mate and the boy were detained, and we were sent about our business; and I staid in Copenhagen till the 20th of September, when I shipped in a brig, called the "Fame," and arrived in London on the 24th day of November. I found my boy and Mr. and Mrs. Bland well and hearty; and my boy made very good progress in his learning, and I put him apprentice to a sail-maker.

Mr. Scovell, being connected with a great many country bankers, and a great many of them breaking, Mr. Scovell was obliged to stop payment, and I got a shilling in the pound for the little money that he had of mine. But my son was bound apprentice to Mr. Mellish for seven years, and Mr. Mellish told me, when I told him of my misfortune, to make myself quite easy about him; that he had taken a great liking to the boy, and, if he behaved himself, he would be as good as a father to him; and, as Mr. Mellish had a great many South Sea-men, and I wanted to make a long voyage, I had best join one of his ships; and there being a ship of his, called the "Policy," now fitted out, if I liked he would speak to the captain of her for me; and I, being tired of these short voyages, agreed with the captain. When the captain was gone he called me to him, and said to me, "Upon account of your late misfortune, losing nearly all, I make you a present of this for to fit you out for the voyage;" and he gave me two five-pound notes. I thanked him very kindly.

On the 20th of June, 1816, we sailed from Gravesend, and we had a very good passage, and we got round Cape Horn by the beginning of October, and we soon had the pleasure of getting into the Pacific Ocean.

On the 25th of October, whilst cruising near the Island of Juan Fernandez, we saw a large school of spermaceti whales, and we lowered our boats down, and we got three fine whales, which made us nearly one hundred and fifty barrels of oil. This being the first time that I was in a boat alongside of one of these great sea-monsters, you may depend I did not half like myself; but I soon got used to it, and I was eager for the sport.

On the 20th of May, 1817, we saw the spout of a fish about four o'clock in the afternoon, and there being very little wind, we lowered our boat, got up to her, and made fast to her. She ran us about five or six miles, when she hove to, and we soon killed her; but, by the time that she was dead and we got her in tow, it was past sunset, and we could scarcely see our ship; but we pulled towards her as fast as we could, and the ship, the last time we saw her, was coming towards us; and when it got dark, we hoisted our lantern at our mast-head, so that the ship might see us. We kept pulling away till about twelve o'clock at night, when our candle went out, and being all very tired, the mate ordered us to lay our oars in and rest ourselves a bit, and told all hands to look out sharp to see if they could see anything of the ship; but we could not see anything of her. So, after having a small drop of rum-and-water and a bit of biscuit, we got our oars out again, and pulled in the direction where we had seen the ship last; for we could still see a large rock, called Rodondo, and we steered for it, and we kept pulling till daylight; and then, to our great misfortune, we could not see anything of the ship, and we were a long way drifted from Rodondo. And we, finding that our pulling was of little use, laid our oars in, and we had a consultation what was best for us to do; and after different opinions, we agreed that, as there was a little breeze of wind, we should set our sail, and stand to the northward, in hopes to fall in with some ship. For when we started from our own ship there were six of us in the boat, and all the provisions we had was a breaker of water, which held about six gallons, and about a dozen biscuits, and about a pint of rum, and as we had not been very careful of it, the first night we had very little of it left. So we were not in a very fit state to pull, and we thought by sailing we might have a chance of falling in with some ship. And now we had a hard chance before us, in an open boat, in the great Pacific Ocean, and nearly under the equator, with the sun hot enough to roast us, and scarcely any water to drink, and very little to eat; but it was of no use to fret about it, and we were obliged to make ourselves content, and pray to God to release us out of our calamity.

We staid in this way in the boat for three days, when we had the last cup of our water; and you may depend that we were all hungry enough, and some of our men hauled up to the whale, and cut some of his tail off, and broiled it in the sun, and eat it. And I and the mate tried to persuade them from doing it, but they took no notice of it; and the consequence was, that it made them sick, and caused them to heave up what little substance

they had on their stomachs. And the next day morning, being the fourth day, we found one of our boat mates lying dead in the boat; and after we said a few prayers over him, we committed his body to the deep with a sorrowful heart; for we were all very weak by this time. And that same day, about four o'clock, another of our boat mates was taken raving mad, and after ill-using himself a good deal, he jumped overboard, and the sharks soon finished him. And now there were only four of us left, and we suffered a good deal with thirst. I can't say I was very hungry, but I was terribly dry; and the next morning, being the fifth day, we found another of our boat mates dead. It was as much as the three of us could do to heave him overboard, for we were so weak we could not stand upon our feet; but after a good deal of trouble we got him out of the boat. And after that we turned to and licked the dew off the oars and the boat, to quench our thirst; and so we passed away the fifth day. And some time during the night our other comrade died; we heard him groan, but we could not help him. And when day-light came the next morning we saw a ship quite close to us, but both me and my partner were so weak that we could not get up to show ourselves; but I made shift to hold one of the boat's flags up. The ship, when she came close to us, hove to, and lowered a boat down, and towed us alongside of the ship; but which way we got on board of her, I can't tell.

When I came to myself I found that I was on board of a whaler, belonging to London, and that my poor partner, the mate of our ship, had died about four hours after he got on board of her, and the doctor told me that there was no fear of me if the fever only kept off. I found myself very weak, and I could not stand upon my legs. Now the four men that died in the boat were the two men that eat of the whale that we were towing off. The ship that I got on board of was called the "Neptune," and she was a full ship, bound home, and I was obliged to go home in her.

We arrived safe at Gravesend the 24th day of September, after being away two years and four months. After we got the ship safe into the docks, I went to Mr. Mellish's to see my son; but, what was my surprise to find that my son had gone to sea, and that Mr. Bland was dead, and that his widow had gone into the country to live along with her friends. Mr. Mellish told me that my son, after hearing of my misfortune, had been continually teasing him to let him go to sea in one of his ships, for he said he wanted to look for his father; and, having a ship ready to sail, he at last consented to let him go, and he sailed in a ship, called the "Seringapatam," and was gone from England about five months. And Mr. Mellish told me that he had been a very good lad, and that he was very sorry to lose him from his sail-loft. And now, after our oil was sold, I received my wages, which amounted to ninety-three pounds, for the captain and Mr. Mellish were kind enough to pay me for the whole time that I had been away from the ship. In a South-Sea-man the men have no monthly wages, but go by the shares, and they got a good many fish during the time I had been away. And now, having no acquaintance in London, I intended to go in the first ship that was bound to the South Seas, to look after my son.

Mr Mellish had a ship fitting out, called the "Spring Grove," and I agreed to go as second mate; and we sailed from Gravesend on the 3rd of November, 1818, and, thanks be to God, we had a very good passage to James's Island. Our passage lay round the south-west point of the island, where there lies a dangerous reef, called the Papases. By going inside of the reef you can fetch your anchorage without making a tack. Now, on the evening of the 2nd of February, it being a fine night, our captain intended to go inside of the reef. I reasoned against it as much as I could, but it was of no use, for the mate said he had been through the passage a dozen times, and he could take the ship through it; for he said if we went outside of the reef, it would take us a whole day to work up to our anchorage; and accordingly we went. I had the first watch on deck, which is from eight o'clock till twelve at night; but the captain being on deck all my watch, everything went according to his direction. And at twelve o'clock the mate came up, and took charge from me, and I went below to my cabin, and I soon went to sleep; but I had not laid long, when I was awoke by the ship striking upon the rocks. I jumped up and put on my trousers and my old jacket, and on deck I went; but when I got there, the sea was making a clean breach right over the ship. And as soon as I got clear of the companion hatch, a cross sea took me and hove me against the larboard bulwarks, and carried me, bulwarks and all, away overboard; and I tried to swim a bit, but I still kept hold of the piece of bulwark till another tremendous sea took me and hove me on shore. But the blow that I received knocked me senseless, and there I lay till about seven or eight o'clock next morning, when I came to myself, and I found our dog Nero standing alongside of me, licking my wounds; for my head was cut, and my left side, where I had been hove against the rocks. When I got up, which I could scarcely do, I looked round to see if I could see anything of the ship or any of my shipmates; but I could see nothing, only the dog, and he kept running to a short distance from me, and kept barking at something, and then came back to me again—as much as to say, "come here and look." And at last I went to see what it was, though I had a good deal of trouble to get there: and when I got there, I found one of my shipmates lying amongst the rocks, and you may depend I was glad to see it; but when I tried to get him up, I found he was quite dead,

for his head was cut all to pieces. The man that I found was our carpenter, and his name was James Roberts. Now, when I found that he was quite dead, I sat down beside him, and I cried like a child, for I was in great hopes that I should have had a partner in my misfortune, for I could see nothing but starvation before me, and I had a great mind to lie down alongside of my shipmate and die; but the dog would not let me, for he kept pulling me by the trousers for to get up; and the sun was very powerful and hot; so up I got to look for a place to shelter myself, and at last I found one under some trees, where I sat down to rest myself; but I had not sat there long before I heard my dog barking again very loud, and I got up in hopes of seeing some one alive besides myself, but I could not see anybody; and when I came to my dog I saw that he had found a land tortoise, which I knew was very good eating, but I had no fire to cook it by; but I knew that the land tortoises have three bladders in them, one full of blood, and two full of water, and, as I was very dry, I killed the tortoise, for I had my knife about me, the only thing then, excepting the clothes I had on, that I had saved from the wreck; and I took one of the bladders of water out of the tortoise and I drank it, and I found it very good, and I gave the one full of blood to my dog; and I eat some of the lean of the tortoise, and cut it in thin slices, and beat it, and spread it out in the sun to dry for myself to eat, and the rest I gave to my dog; and the other bladder of water I buried in the sand close to the trees where I had fixed my present habitation. And after I had eaten, and drank my water, I felt myself a good deal better, and I knelt down to thank the Almighty Giver of all good for his wonderful mercy to me, to send me food in the wilderness that I was in

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

THE HOLY WEEK.

I HAVE lived in the churches here from morning till evening. At nine o'clock this lovely bright morning—having crossed the picturesque old Schrannen Platz, where, spite of its being Good Friday, the corn-market was held as usual—I found myself in the queer old St. Peter's Church. Although in walking through the streets you saw no sign of a holiday, the shops being open as usual, and people going about in their ordinary clothes, yet within the church you saw that it was a day of holy significance. It was crowded to excess; and with such a restless crowd passing in and out, that I soon had my veil torn from my bonnet, and felt truly thankful that no greater misfortune befel me. All that was to be seen for a long time was a crimson canopy, which rose conspicuous above the crowd of heads, and was placed below the altar steps. A large painting of "Christ's Agony in the Garden" had taken the place of the usual altar-piece. Soon the most plaintive music pealed through the church—a long, mournful wail, as of the lamenting disciples. Involuntarily I found myself filled with a strange sadness, and I had come to the church with a feeling of utter disgust towards the ceremony I was about to witness—a representation of Christ borne to the sepulchre. To the strains of this solemn dirge a long procession wound its way round the church, descending from the altar, and passing beneath the canopy. First went the choristers in their white robes—tender children and grey-headed men, blending their voices in this wild chaunt; then priests, and priests, and priests, two and two, in black and white robes;—in their centre, and borne upon a bier, and covered with a white veil, an effigy of our Saviour. Ever and anon, instead of the bell calling the crowd to bow before the host which was borne aloft, you heard the dead, abrupt, wooden sound of clappers which certain priests carried in their hands. After the priests came a stream of citizens, men bearing burning tapers. Then—headed by the most wan, emaciated, stunted-looking priest, who walked with folded hands laid on one side, and downcast eyes, an embodiment of the most fearful vice, it seemed to me, of priestcraft—a long, long train of women, women of all ages and various degrees of station, from the small tradesman's wife to the lady in her lace bonnet and elegant gloves; all were in black; all carried in one hand an open book, from which they read, and a rosary—and in the other a burning taper.

I could not but admire the progress of refinement, when I noticed the tapers carried by the women. To prevent the wax falling upon their black dresses, these tapers burned in long white sockets, which, unless minutely inspected, appeared to be wax. Every woman bore such a taper. And thus slowly proceeding round the church, the figure was laid in a sepulchre erected in a little chapel. To visit these sepulchres of the various churches, is the great business of Munich on Good Friday.

The arrangement of the sepulchres is pretty much the same in all the churches, especially in the old ones. The body was generally laid among flowers in a small cave beneath the altar; sometimes the recess in the altar uncomfortably reminded me of an English fireplace in an unfinished house before the stove has been set. But generally artificial rocks surrounded the opening of the cave; a small lamp was often suspended over the corpse, and a row of tiny lamps burned upon the ground in front, not unlike foot-lights; only each burned behind a small globe filled with coloured liquid—crimson, green, blue, and yellow—considerably reminding you of the ornamental bottles in chemists' windows in England. The altar itself was transformed into a very mountain of plants and flowers—arums, roses, crown-imperials, myrtles,

geraniums, and a dozen other plants, all blooming in pots, which were generally artfully concealed or artificially decorated.

Lights were disposed everywhere on the altar; at the mountain's summit, the golden rays surrounding the host glittered and sparkled in the light of these many tapers. Often lower down on the mountain you would see two angels praying, their robes, very fluttering, of pale pink and white drapery, their hair very yellow, and their cheeks very pink; often ivy and creeping plants were made to festoon, and gracefully shadow the opening of the cave. The steps, too, approaching the altar and sepulchre, were a mass of flowers; sometimes a steep wall of flowers and greenness rose abruptly up, and permitted you but a narrow glimpse of the interior of the cave. Tall orange-trees, in tubs, laurels, and cedars, stood in groups on either hand. To complete the general idea, you must imagine the rest of the church darkened, with daylight struggling through blinded windows, and through the doorways, as the heavy doors swung ever to and fro to admit the entrance and the departure of the restless crowd. Imagine, also, a dense multitude circulating through all these churches, and only stationary before the sepulchre; and above, the shuffle of feet and the murmur of prayers or adoration, fitful, plaintive strains of music, moaning through the gloom, and the sonorous voices of the priests chaunting their solemn dirge. Such, with slight variations, was the scene in the Munich churches throughout this Good Friday. In the Basilica, the sepulchre was somewhat more tasteful. There a very spacious sepulchre was erected beneath the organ-loft, between two of those beautiful marble columns which are so great an ornament to this exquisite church. This, it must be remembered, was the first celebration of Good Friday in the new, beautiful Basilica. Towering aloft as rose against the marble columns laurels, orange-trees, and myrtles; ferns, and moss, and palms shadowed the entrance of the cavern, drooping naturally from the artificial rock; there was no altar, no praying angels, only heaps and heaps of the most lovely fresh flowers; and far in the gloom of the cave reposed a figure of Christ; but this time, without any attempt to deceive you into the idea of its being a real corpse by aid of colour. It was a pure statue; and how much more did it affect the imagination, by merely suggesting the poetical idea of death! This church, unlike all the others, was flooded with sunshine, which glowed on the gold and frescoes, and warmed the marble floor and columns.

Above the lofty, verdant cavern swelled the tones of the organ, mingling with the laments of the choir, fitfully and mournfully; and the circle of Benedictine monks afar off at the opposite end of the church, seated behind the stripped altar, repeated the lament, as though heaven mourned and earth responded. I sate for a long time in the warm sunshine before my favourite altar-piece, that beautiful Martyrdom of the white, meek St. Stephen, where all was quiet, and one did not see the sepulchre, or the crowd, but only heard the music, and felt the impression of the church and the day.

With the Basilica we terminated our afternoon visit of the churches. One little picturesque bit must not be omitted. Madame Thekla, knowing all the by-paths in and out of the churches, led us, in leaving one old church, past the open door of the sacristy, and I of course looked in. It was a very large and lofty room; the walls wainscotted half way up with very dark wood, rich in panel and carving, above the wainscot, on the white-washed wall, hung a row of old portraits of cardinals; a sort of *dresser*, or low press, of black carved wood, ran round the wainscot of the room, and upon this lay priests' robes, violet, gold, sky blue and white; and here and there were seen groups of tall candlesticks and censers, or a large brush for the sprinkling of holy water. Light fell into the solemn room from four lofty windows high up in the walls, and here and there was seen a black and white priest passing in and out, in the foreground two little choristers adjusting the set of their white sleeves and blue petticoats.

After tea I set forth again. Soon we were at the entrance of St. Michael's church; crowds and crowds streamed into it. A royal carriage waited before the principal entrance—royal carriages have been seen driving about from church to church all the afternoon. In the forenoon there had been a royal ceremonial of some kind in the *Hof Kapelle;* but, of course, as it was impossible to be in two places at once, I did not witness it. Neither did I see King Ludwig, this Good Friday night, praying among the crowd in St. Michael's Church as earnestly and as unostentatiously as the meanest beggar there, and perhaps side by side with one, as he often does, because King Ludwig is celebrating, this year, the holiest night of the Holy Week in Rome itself. A very ocean of human beings filled the vast church; dark, undulating waves of life filled the body of the church; heads crowded the galleries, and every possible standing-place. Above the human mass, high up, suspended in the air, beneath the boldly swelling arches of the richly ornamented roof, and casting a warm, golden light upon the nearest stone-wreaths, and angels, and glimmering in a warm, dark haze at the farthest end of the church, burned and blazed a mighty cross of fire. The effect was thrillingly beautiful; the gradually softening of the warm light upon arch and column, till it was lost in the night of the remoter portions of the church, was the most beautiful effect, in its way, conceivable;—the contrast so strong; the forms so sharp; yet the whole an imperceptible gradation from the strongest light to the intensest gloom.

Suddenly, music, wilder, sadder, than any before heard that day, burst like a whirlwind through the church; moaning, lamenting, pleading: the waves, the forests, the winds, heaven and all nature, seemed to mourn, as in the old Scandinavian mythology, over the slain Balder. And the voices vibrated beneath the dim, arched roof; floated over the human ocean, and died away in long sighs. Again they arose, sadder and sadder; ceased suddenly,—and the multitude streamed forth into the streets.

I felt myself most strangely affected by the whole scene; moved to the inmost soul with a vast pity and grief by that sad lament—and, no wonder, for was it not *the Miserere?*

Dear old Fräulein Sänschen! As we walked slowly back, she opened her poor old heart to me, and told me many of her sorrows. I fancied long ago that I had discovered the bitterness of her life, and now I see that I was right. I did all I could to comfort and cheer her, but it was only the balm of sympathy which I could drop into her wounds, and I fear those wounds will only smart the more when she has no one to sympathise with her, no one to whom she can moan a little. Ah! it is a selfish world; and the more gentle, and patient is the heart, the more it is crushed! I could only comfort her with the comfort especially belonging to Good Friday!

Crossing the *Dult-Platz* and various streets, we saw all the confectioners' shops brilliant and crowded. Children were celebrating Good Friday by buying sugar lambs, which held little crimson and gold banners between their little fore-legs, as they lay innocently reposing upon green sugar banks. Many, also, were the sugar hares, Easter hares—those fabulous creatures so dear to German children—which were also bought, though, properly, Easter had not yet arrived. But the hares and their gay crimson eggs had arrived days and days before. Would that our English children could see some of these wonderful hares; one grand one, especially, which stands life-size, of coloured sugar, upon its hind legs, rejoicing over a large nest of crimson eggs, which it, of course, is supposed to have laid. There are chocolate hares, biscuit hares, and hares of common bread. You hear the words "hares" and "eggs" upon the lips of every child you meet; "kreutzers to buy hares" seem strangely to be conjured out of your purse; you see everywhere crimson egg-shells, and in all the booksellers' shops are displayed books relative to this remarkable animal, for the edification of the youthful naturalist.

Easter eggs are not alone eaten by the children, but by people of maturer growth. On Easter Sunday, Fräulein Sänschen will take a basket of eggs to be blessed by the priest, in one of the near churches. Whole baskets of eggs are carried on that day to the sacristies, to be consecrated. A consecrated egg is promised me; I am anxious about its flavour. On the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Sunday I hear that it is the custom to carry small fagots of wood to be blessed; and this consecrated wood is, I am told, useful in various ways. Besides eggs on Easter Sunday, meat, and butter, and various kinds of food are blessed.

EASTER SUNDAY.

The Resurrection was celebrated in all the churches. I, however, witnessed the ceremonial only in the *Ludwigs Kirche*. Towards six o'clock the *Ludwigs Strasse* was black with swarms of people hastening from the *Theatine Kirche* towards the *Ludwigs Kirche*. The church was already so full, when I entered it, that it was impossible to approach the altar. All still remained as it was on Good Friday: the starry crowns of fire suspended over the figure of Christ reposing amid the flowers and tapers. Priests first knelt, praying before the garden. As far as I could judge, at the distance where I stood, this, for some time, was all the ceremony. Then a canopy was seen to approach the altar; there was much chaunting and gesticulating. Then the organ and the quire burst forth into a joyous anthem. Trumpets from the near altar took up the rejoicing with their wild harmony, and a voice sang forth, amid a sudden hush, "Christ is arisen." And then, above the crowd, you saw a figure of Christ, clothed in white and purple garments, and bearing in his hand a small banner. Then a procession of choristers and priests, with the Host borne aloft beneath the canopy, with swinging censors, and to the sound of trumpets, kettle-drums, and little bells, which the little choristers rung, passed down the centre of the church, and out beneath the beautiful portico, and through the white arches of the colonnade, into the little garden behind the church. In this garden there are a number of small "stations," or small shrines, erected to commemorate the various sufferings of Christ on his way to the Cross. This little garden is called the *Kreuz-Gang;* and during Lent prayers are read and sung every Friday by the priests, before these shrines, to a vast assembly of people. Although the canopy and the procession passed out into this little garden, I preferred remaining in the church; and approaching nearer the altar, saw that the figure among the flowers was now concealed by a cloth, and that above it rose the other figure with its banner. A troop of youths and young girls from the Blind Asylum also drew near, as if to *see;* they were all connected together, two and two, by a long cord, which passed between them, so as to form a sort of human team. You always see them walking along in this manner. It was strangely affecting to see their sightless eye-balls and their white uncouth faces turn towards the figure of the Christ, their hands clasped, and their lips moving. Another thing was noticeable before the procession returned

from the garden; this was the excessive delight of the children over the figure. Troops and troops of children were in the church, and now that there was more open space, you saw them distinctly. Children of ten and twelve, children even of seven and eight, held up in their little arms a fat little brother or sister to see the gloriously beautiful figure. There were lots of *strassen buben* (street lads) and little gentlemen in their smart little cloaks with their pretty hoods, and smart little ladies, also all eagerness, brought by their attendants. Several little girls, who had no attendants, amused me vastly by making the lowest, lowest of courtesies before the beautiful figure, so very, very low, and with such an air of respect, as if they said, "Oh, thou beautiful, glorious figure, in thy purple robe, how I love thee! how I will courtesy to thee!" and then down they went in the very centre of the marble pavement, with the air of little princesses. And such a troop of children rushed in before the procession, as, with its crimson banners fluttering against the cool, grey sky, it entered the glowing church! you heard the tramp and rush of little footsteps up the long church before you heard the music and the bells. And then the people bowed reverently as the Host was borne aloft, and with music and chanting a short mass was performed, and Easter had arrived!

I passed Easter Sunday, pleasantly, out in the country; and sate, that warm, balmy afternoon, listening to the rejoicing anthems that pealed forth from a quaint little church, with a queer, little pea-green tower. It was beautiful to hear the voice of the priest praying and the angelic voice of one of the choristers coming to me, as I sate outside the church, amid the picturesque crosses and shrines, and with the breath of spring borne on the soft wind, telling of beds of violets not far off; and with rich, lush vegetation springing up around, with the distant trees flushed into crimson and amber, and some already of a bright, tender green. Peasant girls came, with their bright, old-fashioned costumes, and round arms, and rosy faces, and clear eyes, and [illegible], arm-in-arm, round the church, before and after service, sprinkling certain graves with holy water, from the vessels hung at the crosses; and one little girl there was with [illegible] wreathed into the thick plaits of her hair, who came and wandered, solitarily, through the churchyard. And, when all were gone, a holy hush settled down upon the churchyard; the silence only broken by the long vibration of the clock-bell, as it told the hour, and its [illegible] long, long musical vibration, that [illegible] me with its strange poetry; and the warm odour of incense [illegible] about the [illegible] walls, a warm, loving [illegible] of some calmly [illegible]. [illegible] ever painted of peasant life. There was such a tenderness and simplicity, mingled with a certain sadness, that one could only imagine its spirit to be conveyed away from the spot by a peasant musician, who should suddenly improvise a melody which should become a *Volks Lied.*

I shall long remember that Easter Sunday afternoon as one of the loveliest bits of poetry that I have enjoyed in Munich.

Returning towards the city, I heard music in all the public gardens; all the world was out among the green, budding trees. Spring is, indeed, come; the trees are almost in full leaf; you seem almost to see the grass and the flowers springing; birds carol from every bough. Music swells in loud strains through the fresh leaves of the English Garden, the Spring Garden, the Garden of Paradise. The Prater, and twenty or thirty other gardens are crowded with happy, merry people sitting beneath the trees, drinking coffee and beer, and listening to music. It is quite extraordinary what time Munich people spend in this way, and quite as extraordinary what quantities of beer are drunk. Alas, *that* beer! —it is one of the unpoetical features of Munich life; it gives that heavy, sleepy, stupid look to the lower classes, and I fear, also, to the citizen class, which is so at variance with the spirituality and the intellectuality of all this Munich art!

SUPPOSING.

Supposing a stipendiary magistrate, honorably distinguished for his careful, sensible, and upright decisions, were to have brought before him, a Socialist or Chartist, proved to have wilfully, and without any palliative circumstance whatsoever, assaulted the police in the execution of their duty;

And supposing that stipendiary magistrate committed that Socialist or Chartist to prison for the offence, stedfastly refusing to adopt the alternative unjustly and partially allowed him by the law, of permitting the offender to purchase immunity by the payment of a fine:

And supposing one of the great unpaid county magistrates were to take upon himself virtually to abrogate the rules observed, in all other cases, in that prison, by introducing, say fourteen visitors, to that Socialist or Chartist during his one week's imprisonment.

I wonder whether Sir George Grey, or any other Home Secretary for the time being, would then consider it his duty to take a very decided course of objection to the proceedings of that county magistrate.

And supposing that the prisoner, instead of being a Socialist or Chartist, were a gentleman of good family, and that County Magistrate did exactly this same thing, I wonder what Sir George Grey, or any other Home Secretary for the time being, would do then.

[illegible] he did nothing, I should [illegible] his doing right.

"Familiar

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No. 64.]

ON DUTY WITH INSI

How goes the night? Sai is striking nine. The weath wet, and the long lines of st blurred, as if we saw them throu A damp wind blows, and takes the piema fire out, when he opens the door of his little furnace, carrying away an eddy of sparks.

Saint Giles's clock strikes nine We are punctual. Where is Inspector Field? Assistant Commissioner of Police is already here, enwrapped in oil-skin cloak, and standing in the shadow of Saint Giles's steeple De-tective Serjeant, weary of speaking French all day to foreigners unpacking at the Great Exhibition, is already here. Where is Inspector Field?

Inspector Field is, to-night, the guardian genius of the British Museum. He is bringing his shrewd eye to bear on every corner of its solitary galleries, before he reports "all right." Suspicious of the Elgin marbles, and not to be done by cat-faced Egyptian giants, with their hands upon their knees, Inspector Field, sagacious, vigilant, lamp in hand, throwing monstrous shadows on the walls and ceilings, passes through the spacious rooms. If a mummy trembled in an atom of its dusty covering, Inspector Field would say, "Come out of that, Tom Green. I know you!" If the smallest "Gonoph" about town were crouching at the bottom of a classic bath, Inspector Field would nose him with a finer scent than the ogre's, when adventurous Jack lay trembling in his kitchen copper. But all is quiet, and Inspector Field goes warily on, making little outward show of attending to anything in particular, just recognising the Ichthyosaurus as a familiar acquaintance, and wondering, perhaps, how the detectives did it in the days before the Flood.

Will In ector Field be long about this work? He may be half-an-hour longer. He sends his compliments by Police Constable, and proposes that we meet at Saint Giles's Station House, across the road. Good. It were as well to stand by the fire, there, as in the shadow of Saint Giles's steeple.

Anything doing here to-night? Not much. We are very quiet. A lost boy, extremely calm and small, sitting by the fire, whom we now confide to a constable to take home, for

s'ik lett no is so drink —in another cell, a with a d at her breast, for b another, her husband in a smock-f a basket of watercresses—in another, a pocket—in another, a meek tremulous old pauper man who has been out for a holiday "and has took but a little drop, but it has overcome him arter so many months in the house"—and that's all, as yet. Presently, a sensation at the Station House door. Mr. Field, gentlemen!

Inspector Field comes in, wiping his forehead, for he is of a burly figure, and has come fast from the ores and metals of the deep mines of the earth, and from the Parrot Gods of the South Sea Islands, and from the birds and beetles of the tropics, and from the Arts of Greece and Rome, and from the Sculptures of Nineveh, and from the traces of an elder world, when these were not. Is Rogers ready? Rogers is ready, strapped and great coated, with a flaming eye in the middle of his waist, like a deformed Cyclops. Lead on, Rogers, to Rats' Castle!

How many people may there be in London, who, if we had brought them deviously and blindfold, to this street, fifty paces from the Station House, and within call of Saint Giles's church, would know it for a not remote part of the city in which their lives are passed? How many, who amidst thi compound of sickening smells, these heap of filth, these tumbling houses, with al their vile contents, animate and inanimate, slimily overflowing into the black road, would believe that they breathe *this* air? How much Red Tape may there be, that could look round on the faces which now hem us in—for our appearance here has caused a rush from all points to a common centre—the lowering foreheads, the sallow cheeks, the brutal eyes, the matted hair, the infected, vermin-haunted heaps of rags—and say "I have thought of this. I have not dismissed the thing. I have

before him, like a master. All watch ressed, all laugh at opitiate him. This say nothing of the entrance from the ; the steps shine with to murder us all, and it; but, let Inspector ick out one thief here, n produce that ghostly ket, and say, with his , I want you!" and all e stricken with paralysis, ve against him, as he fits

... ook are told ... importunate of the ... strikes n Mr. Rogers's ear. He ... ddenly lantern on the owner.

... at! *You* are there, are you, Mister Click! You hook it too—come?"

"What for?" says Mr. Click, discomfited.

"You hook it, will you!" says Mr. Rogers with stern emphasis.

Both Click and Miles *do* "hook it," without another word, or, in plainer English, sneak away.

"Close up there, my men!" says Inspector Field to two constables on duty who have followed. "Keep together gentlemen; we are going down here. Heads!"

Saint Giles's church strikes half-past ten. We stoop low, and creep down a precipitous flight of steps into a dark close cellar. There is a fire. There is a long deal table. There are benches. The cellar is full of company, chiefly very young men in various conditions of dirt and raggedness. Some are eating supper. There are no girls or women present. Welcome to Rats' Castle, gentlemen, and to this company of noted thieves!

"Well, my lads! How are you, my lads? What have you been doing to-day? Here's some company come to see you, my lads! *There's* a plate of beefsteak, Sir, for the supper of a fine young man! And there's a mouth for a steak, Sir! Why, I should be too proud of such a mouth as that, if I had it myself! Stand up and show it, Sir! Take off your cap. There's a fine young man for a nice little party, Sir! An't he?"

Inspector Field is the bustling speaker. Inspector Field's eye is the roving eye that searches every corner of the cellar as he talks. Inspector Field's hand is the well-known hand that has collared half the people here, and motioned their brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, male and female friends, inexorably, to New South Wales. Yet Inspector Field stands in this den, the Sultan of the place.

... Earl of Warwick?—Here! Here's the Earl of Warwick!—O there you are, my Lord. ... ard. There's a chest, Sir, not to have a clean shirt on. An't it? Take your hat off, my Lord. Why, I should be ashamed if I was you—and an Earl, too—to show myself to a gentleman with my hat on!—The Earl of Warwick laughs, and uncovers. All the company laugh. One pickpocket, especially, laughs with great enthusiasm. O what a jolly game it is, when Mr. Field comes down—and don't want nobody!

So, *you* are here, too, are you, you tall, grey, soldierly-looking, grave man, standing by the fire?—Yes, Sir. Good evening, Mr. Field!—Let us see. You lived servant to a nobleman once?—Yes, Mr. Field.—And what is it you do now; I forget?—Well, Mr. Field, I job about as well as I can. I left my employment on account of delicate health. The family is still kind to me. Mr. Wix of Piccadilly is also very kind to me when I am hard up. Likewise Mr. Nix of Oxford Street. I get a trifle from them occasionally, and rub on as well as I can, Mr. Field. Mr. Field's eye rolls enjoyingly, for this man is a notorious begging-letter writer.—Good night, my lads!—Good night, Mr. Field, and thank'ee, Sir!

Clear the street here, half a thousand of you! Cut it, Mrs. Stalker—none of that—we don't want you! Rogers of the flaming eye, lead on to the tramps' lodging-house!

A dream of baleful faces attends to the door. Now, stand back all of you! In the rear, Detective Serjeant plants himself, composedly whistling, with his strong right arm across the narrow passage. Mrs. Stalker, I am something'd that need not be written here, if you won't get yourself into trouble, in about half a minute, if I see that face of yours again!

Saint Giles's church clock, striking eleven, hums through our hand from the dilapidated door of a dark outhouse as we open it, and are stricken back by the pestilent breath that issues from within. Rogers, to the front with the light, and let us look!

Ten, twenty, thirty—who can count them? Men, women, children, for the most part naked, heaped upon the floor like maggots in

a cheese! Ho! In that dark corner yonder! Does any body lie there? Me Sir, Irish me, a widder, with six children. And yonder? Me Sir, Irish me, with me wife and eight poor babes. And to the left there? Me Sir, Irish me, along with two more Irish boys as is me friends. And to the right there? Me Sir and the Murphy fam'ly, numbering five blessed souls. And what's this, coiling, now, about my foot? Another Irish me, pitifully in want of shaving, whom I have awakened from sleep—and across my other foot lies his wife—and by the shoes of Inspector Field lie their three eldest—and their three youngest are at present squeezed between the open door and the wall. And why is there no one on that little mat before the sullen fire? Because O'Donovan, with wife and daughter, is not come in yet from selling Lucifers! Nor on the bit of sacking in the nearest corner? Bad luck! Because that Irish family is late to night, a-cadging in the streets!

They are all awake now, the children excepted, and most of them sit up, to stare. Wheresoever Mr. Rogers turns the flaming eye, there is a spectral figure rising, unshrouded, from a grave of rags. Who is the landlord here?—I am, Mr. Field! says a bundle of ribs and parchment against the wall, scratching itself.—Will you spend this money fairly, in the morning, to buy coffee for 'em all?—Yes Sir, I will!—O he'll do it Sir, he'll do it fair. He's honest! cry the spectres. And with thanks and Good Night sink into their graves again.

Thus, we make our New Oxford Streets, and our other new streets, never heeding, never asking, where the wretches whom we clear out, crowd. With such scenes at our doors, with all the plagues of Egypt tied up with bits of cobweb in kennels so near our homes, we timorously make our Nuisance Bills and Boards of Health, nonentities, and think to keep away the Wolves of Crime and Filth, by our electioneering ducking to little vestrymen, and our gentlemanly handling of Red Tape!

Intelligence of the coffee money has got abroad. The yard is full, and Rogers of the flaming eye is beleaguered with entreaties to show other Lodging Houses. Mine next! Mine! Mine! Rogers, military, obdurate, stiff-necked, immovable, replies not, but leads away; all falling back before him. Inspector Field follows. Detective Serjeant, with his barrier of arm across the little passage, deliberately waits to close the procession. He sees behind him, without any effort, and exceedingly disturbs one individual far in the rear by coolly calling out, "It won't do Mr. Michael! Don't try it!"

After council holden in the street, we enter other lodging houses, public-houses, many lairs and holes; all noisome and offensive; none so filthy and so crowded as where Irish are. In one, The Ethiopian party are expected home presently—were in Oxford Street when last heard of—shall be fetched, for our delight, within ten minutes. In another, one of the two or three Professors who draw Napoleon Buonaparte and a couple of mackarel, on the pavement, and then let the work of art out to a speculator, is refreshing after his labors. In another, the vested interest of the profitable nuisance has been in one family for a hundred years, and the landlord drives in comfortably from the country to his snug little stew in town. In all, Inspector Field is received with warmth. Coiners and smashers droop before him; pickpockets defer to him; the gentle sex (not very gentle here) smile upon him. Half drunken hags check themselves in the midst of pots of beer, or pints of gin, to drink to Mr. Field, and pressingly to ask the honor of his finishing the draught. One beldame in rusty black has such admiration for him, that she runs a whole street's length to shake him by the hand; tumbling into a heap of mud by the way, and still pressing her attentions when her very form has ceased to be distinguishable through it. Before the power of the law, the power of superior sense—for common thieves are fools beside these men—and the power of a perfect mastery of their character, the garrison of Rats' Castle and the adjacent Fortresses make but a skulking show indeed when reviewed by Inspector Field.

Saint Giles's clock says it will be midnight in half-an hour, and Inspector Field says we must hurry to the Old Mint in the Borough. The cab-driver is low-spirited, and has a solemn sense of his responsibility. Now, what's your fare, my lad?—O *you* know, Inspector Field, what's the good of asking *me!*

Say, Parker, strapped and great-coated, and waiting in dim Borough doorway by appointment, to replace the trusty Rogers whom we left deep in Saint Giles's, are you ready? Ready, Inspector Field, and at a motion of my wrist behold my flaming eye.

This narrow street, sir, is the chief part of the Old Mint, full of low lodging-houses, as you see by the transparent canvas-lamps and blinds, announcing beds for travellers! But it is greatly changed, friend Field, from my former knowledge of it; it is infinitely quieter and more subdued than when I was here last, some seven years ago? O yes! Inspector Haynes, a first-rate man, is on this station now, and plays the Devil with them!

Well, my lads! How are you to-night, my lads! Playing cards here, eh? Who wins?—Why, Mr. Field, I, the sulky gentleman with the damp flat side-curls, rubbing my bleared eye with the end of my neck-kerchief which is like a dirty eel-skin, am losing just at present, but I suppose I must take my pipe out of my mouth, and be submissive to you—I hope I see you well, Mr. Field?—Aye, all right, my lad. Deputy, who have you got up-stairs? Be pleased to show the rooms!

Why Deputy, Inspector Field can't say. He only knows that the man who takes care of the beds and lodgers is always called so. Steady, O Deputy, with the flaring candle in the blacking bottle, for this is a slushy back-yard, and the wooden staircase outside the house creaks and has holes in it.

Again, in these confined intolerable rooms, burrowed out like the holes of rats or the nests of insect vermin, but fuller of intolerable smells, are crowds of sleepers, each on his foul truckle-bed coiled up beneath a rug. Halloa here! Come! Let us see you! Shew your face! Pilot Parker goes from bed to bed and turns their slumbering heads towards us, as a salesman might turn sheep. Some wake up with an execration and a threat.—What! who spoke? O! If it 's the accursed glaring eye that fixes me, go where I will, I am helpless. Here! I sit up to be looked at. Is it me you want?—Not you, lie down again!—and I lie down, with a woeful growl.

Wherever the turning lane of light becomes stationary for a moment, some sleeper appears at the end of it, submits himself to be scrutinized, and fades away into the darkness.

There should be strange dreams here, Deputy. They sleep sound enough, says Deputy, taking the candle out of the blacking bottle, snuffing it with his fingers, throwing the snuff into the bottle, and corking it up with the candle; that's all *I* know. What is the inscription, Deputy, on all the discolored sheets? A precaution against loss of linen. Deputy turns down the rug of an unoccupied bed and discloses it. STOP THIEF!

To lie at night, wrapped in the legend of my slinking life; to take the cry that pursues me, waking, to my breast in sleep; to have it staring at me, and clamouring for me, as soon as consciousness returns; to have it for my first-foot on New-Year's day, my Valentine, my Birthday salute, my Christmas greeting, my parting with the old year. STOP THIEF!

And to know that I *must* be stopped, come what will. To know that I am no match for this individual energy and keenness, or this organised and steady system! Come across the street, here, and, entering by a little shop, and yard, examine these intricate passages and doors contrived for escape, flapping and counter-flapping, like the lids of the conjuror's boxes. But what avail they? Who gets in by a nod, and shews their secret working to us? Inspector Field.

Don't forget the old Farm House, Parker! Parker is not the man to forget it. We are going there, now. It is the old Manor-House of these parts, and stood in the country once. Then, perhaps, there was something, which was not the beastly street, to see from the shattered low fronts of the overhanging wooden houses we are passing under—shut up now, pasted over, with bills about the literature and drama of the Mint, and mouldering away. This long paved yard was a paddock or a garden once, or a court in front of the Farm House. Perchance, with a dovecot in the centre, and fowls pecking about—with fair elm trees, then, where discolored chimney-stacks and gables are now—noisy, then, with rooks which have yielded to a different sort of rookery. It 's likelier than not, Inspector Field thinks, as we turn into the common kitchen, which is in the yard, and many paces from the house.

Well my lads and lasses, how are you all? Where 's Blackey, who has stood near London Bridge these five-and-twenty years, with a painted skin to represent disease?—Here he is, Mr. Field!—How are you, Blackey?—Jolly, sa!—Not playing the fiddle to-night, Blackey?—Not a night, sa!—A sharp, smiling youth, the wit of the kitchen, interposes. He an't musical to-night, sir. I've been giving him a moral lecture; I've been a talking to him about his latter end, you see. A good many of these are my pupils, sir. This here young man (smoothing down the hair of one near him, reading a Sunday paper) is a pupil of mine. I'm a teaching of him to read, sir. He 's a promising cove, sir. He 's a smith, he is, and gets his living by the sweat of the brow, sir. So do I, myself, sir. This young woman is my sister, Mr. Field. *She* 's a getting on very well too. I've a deal of trouble with 'em, sir, but I'm richly rewarded, now I see 'em all a doing so well, and growing up so creditable. That 's a great comfort, that is, an't it, sir?—In the midst of the kitchen (the whole kitchen is in ecstacies with this impromptu "chaff") sits a young, modest, gentle looking creature, with a beautiful child in her lap. She seems to belong to the company, but is so strangely unlike it. She has such a pretty, quiet face and voice, and is so proud to hear the child admired—thinks you would hardly believe that he is only nine months old! Is she as bad as the rest, I wonder? Inspectorial experience does not engender a belief contrariwise, but prompts the answer, Not a ha'porth of difference!

There is a piano going in the old Farm House as we approach. It stops. Landlady appears. Has no objections, Mr. Field, to gentlemen being brought, but wishes it were at earlier hours, the lodgers complaining of ill-convenience. Inspector Field is polite and soothing—knows his woman and the sex. Deputy (a girl in this case) shows the way up a heavy broad old staircase, kept very clean, into clean rooms where many sleepers are, and where painted panels of an older time look strangely on the truckle beds. The sight of white-wash and the smell of soap—two things we seem by this time to have parted from in infancy—make the old Farm House a phenomenon, and connect themselves with the so curiously misplaced picture of the pretty mother and child long after we have left it,—long after we have left, besides, the neighbouring nook with something of a rustic flavor in it yet, where once, beneath a low

wooden colonnade still standing as of yore, the eminent Jack Sheppard condescended to regale himself, and where, now, two old bachelor brothers in broad hats (who are whispered in the Mint to have made a compact long 'ago that if either should ever marry, he must forfeit his share of the joint property) still keep a sequestered tavern, and sit o' nights smoking pipes in the bar, among ancient bottles and glasses, as our eyes behold them.

How goes the night now? Saint George of Southwark answers with twelve blows upon his bell. Parker, good night, for Williams is already waiting over in the region of Ratcliffe Highway, to show the houses where the sailors dance.

I should like to know where Inspector Field was born. In Ratcliffe Highway, I would have answered with confidence, but for his being equally at home wherever we go. *He* does not trouble his head as I do, about the river at night. *He* does not care for its creeping, black and silent, on our right there, rushing through sluice gates, lapping at piles and posts and iron rings, hiding strange things in its mud, running away with suicides and accidentally drowned bodies faster than midnight funeral should, and acquiring such various experience between its cradle and its grave. It has no mystery for *him*. Is there not the Thames Police!

Accordingly, Williams lead the way. We are a little late, for some of the houses are already closing. No matter. You show us plenty. All the landlords know Inspector Field. All pass him, freely and good-humouredly wheresoever he wants to go. So thoroughly are all these houses open to him and our local guide, that, granting that sailors must be entertained in their own way—as I suppose they must, and have a right to be—I hardly know how such places could be better regulated. Not that I call the company very select, or the dancing very graceful—even so graceful as that of the German Sugar Bakers, whose assembly, by the Minories, we stopped to visit—but there is watchful maintenance of order in every house, and swift expulsion where need is. Even in the midst of drunkenness, both of the lethargic kind and the lively, there is sharp landlord supervision, and pockets are in less peril than out of doors. These houses show, singularly, how much of the picturesque and romantic there truly is in the sailor, requiring to be especially addressed. All the songs (sung in a hailstorm of halfpence, which are pitched at the singer without the least tenderness for the time or tune — mostly from great rolls of copper carried for the purpose—and which he occasionally dodges like shot as they fly near his head) are of the sentimental sea sort. All the rooms are decorated with nautical subjects. Wrecks, engagements, ships on fire, ships passing lighthouses on iron-bound coasts, ships blowing up, ships going down, ships running ashore, men lying out upon the main yard in a gale of wind, sailors and ships in every variety of peril, constitute the illustrations of fact. Nothing can be done in the fanciful way, without a thumping boy upon a scaly dolphin.

How goes the night now? Past one. Black and Green are waiting in Whitechapel to unveil the mysteries of Wentworth Street. Williams, the best of friends must part. Adieu!

Are not Black and Green ready at the appointed place? O yes! They glide out of shadow as we stop. Imperturbable Black opens the cab-door; Imperturbable Green takes a mental note of the driver. Both Green and Black then open, each his flaming eye, and marshal us the way that we are going.

The lodging-house we want, is hidden in a maze of streets and courts. It is fast shut. We knock at the door, and stand hushed looking up for a light at one or other of the begrimed old lattice windows in its ugly front when another constable comes up—supposes that we want "to see the school." Detective Serjeant meanwhile has got over a rail opened a gate, dropped down an area, overcome some other little obstacles, and tapped at a window. Now returns. The landlord will send a deputy immediately.

Deputy is heard to stumble out of bed. Deputy lights a candle, draws back a bolt or two, and appears at the door. Deputy is a shivering shirt and trousers by no means clean, a yawning face, a shock head much confused externally and internally. We want to look for some one. You may go up with the light, and take 'em all, if you like, says Deputy, resigning it, and sitting down upon a bench in the kitchen with his ten fingers sleepily twisting in his hair.

Halloa here! Now then! Show yourselves. That 'll do. It 's not you. Don't disturb yourself any more! So on, through a labyrinth of airless rooms, each man responding, like a wild beast, to the keeper who has tamed him, and who goes into his cage. What, you haven't found him, then? says Deputy, when we came down. A woman mysteriously sitting up all night in the dark by the smouldering ashes of the kitchen fire, says it 's only tramps and cadgers here; it 's gonophs over the way. A man, mysteriously walking about the kitchen all night in the dark, bids her hold her tongue. We come out. Deputy fastens the door and goes to bed again.

Black and Green, you know Bark, lodging-house keeper and receiver of stolen goods?—O yes, Inspector Field.—Go to Bark's next.

Bark sleeps in an inner wooden hutch, near his street-door. As we parley on the step with Bark's Deputy, Bark growls in his bed. We enter, and Bark flies out of bed. Bark is a red villain and a wrathful, with a sanguine throat that looks very much as if it were

expressly made for hanging, as he stretches it out, in pale defiance, over the half-door of his hutch. Bark's parts of speech are of an awful sort—principally adjectives. I won't, says Bark, have no adjective police and adjective strangers in my adjective premises! I won't, by adjective and substantive! Give me my trousers, and I'll send the whole adjective police to adjective and substantive! Give me, says Bark, my adjective trousers! I'll put an adjective knife in the whole bileing of 'em. I'll punch their adjective heads. I'll rip up their adjective substantives. Give me my adjective trousers! says Bark, and I'll spile the bileing of em!

Now, Bark, what's the use of this? Here's Black and Green, Detective Serjeant, and Inspector Field. You know we will come in.—I know you won't! says Bark. Somebody give me my adjective trousers! Bark's trousers seem difficult to find. He calls for them, as Hercules might for his club. Give me my adjective trousers! says Bark, and I'll spile the bileing of 'em!

Inspector Field holds that it's all one whether Bark likes the visit or don't like it. He, Inspector Field, is an Inspector of the Detective Police, Detective Serjeant is Detective Serjeant, Black and Green are constables in uniform. Don't you be a fool, Bark, or you know it will be the worse for you.—I don't care, says Bark. Give me my adjective trousers!

At two o'clock in the morning, we descend into Bark's low kitchen, leaving Bark to foam at the mouth above, and Imperturbable Black and Green to look at him. Bark's kitchen is crammed full of thieves, holding a *conversazione* there by lamp-light. It is by far the most dangerous assembly we have seen yet. Stimulated by the ravings of Bark, above, their looks are sullen, but not a man speaks. We ascend again. Bark has got his trousers, and is in a state of madness in the passage with his back against a door that shuts off the upper staircase. We observe, in other respects, a ferocious individuality in Bark. Instead of "STOP THIEF!" on his linen, he prints "STOLEN FROM Bark's!"

Now Bark, we are going up stairs!—No, you an't!—You refuse admission to the Police, do you, Bark?—Yes, I do! I refuse it to all the adjective police, and to all the adjective substantives. If the adjective coves in the kitchen was men they'd come up now, and do for you! Shut me that there door! says Bark, and suddenly we are enclosed in the passage. They'd come up and do for you! cries Bark, and waits. Not a sound in the kitchen! They'd come up and do for you! cries Bark again, and waits. Not a sound in the kitchen! We are shut up, half-a-dozen of us, in Bark's house, in the innermost recesses of the worst part of London, in the dead of the night—the house is crammed with notorious robbers and ruffians—and not a man stirs. No, Bark. They know the weight of the law, and they know Inspector Field and Co. too well.

We leave Bully Bark to subside at leisure out of his passion and his trousers, and, I dare say, to be inconveniently reminded of this little brush before long. Black and Green do ordinary duty here, and look serious.

As to White, who waits on Holborn Hill to show the courts that are eaten out of Rotten Gray's Inn Lane, where other lodging-houses are, and where (in one blind alley) the Thieves' Kitchen and Seminary for the teaching of the art to children, is, the night has so worn away, being now

almost at odds with morning, which is which,

that they are quiet, and no light shines through the chinks in the shutters. As undistinctive Death will come here, one day, sleep comes now. The wicked cease from troubling sometimes, even in this life.

MADAGASCAR: A HISTORY.

OUR "good intentions" for the suppression of the slave trade by main force led to results that have been already illustrated in this journal. Madagascar furnishes a picture of another kind, displaying the result of good intentions which have sought to reach their end by a sly piece of policy or statecraft. The whole story of this island has a suggestive character. It would be difficult to name any remote corner of the world whose affairs have been touched by European governments, that is not defaced with dirty finger marks. We sincerely believe that the servants of European countries of the better class are in our own day habitually clean; but that in handling foreign curiosities they are clumsy, and do (accidentally) a wonderful amount of mischief, is beyond dispute. At present and for the last two or three years, we do not know that Madagascar is, or has been, handled by the French or English Governments, and certainly we hope it has not. Our tale is of blunders that are past, and the most recent portion of this history is but a detail of their consequences.

Madagascar is an island larger than Great Britain; being about nine hundred miles in length, and three hundred and fifty miles broad, at its broadest part. Being in similar relation to the Eastern coast of Africa—from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel—that this island is to the Continent of Europe, geographers who like to enliven their works by figures of speech, call it the African Great Britain. So we may conclude that if this country were Africanized, men, instead of discoursing on the wonderful importance of so small a place, would be wondering how with so large an island we could be so thoroughly obscure. The fact is, that Madagascar has nothing in common with Great Britain, and is not even African. It is Malay. No doubt it is a long way distant from Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula, Borneo, &c.; but to these

it properly belongs, for in all these the Malay races dominate. The African tribes in Madagascar are related to the Kaffirs, partly Asiatic, and not fairly negro. For a moment it may seem strange that an island close under the wing of Africa should be detached from that continent, and classed with countries separated from it by the whole breadth of the Indian Ocean. It will be remembered, however, that an island depends for its population upon winds and currents, and in the course of nature these would bring Malays to Madagascar. There, then, a branch of the Malay family has long been settled under the name of Ovahs. They chiefly occupy the eastern side and the interior, while on the west coasts are the strongholds of the Sakalaue, or blacker natives. Since nearly the whole of Madagascar lies within the southern tropic, we shall not err in giving the island credit for a luxuriant jungle, to which we may add swamps and a very African reputation for a pestilential atmosphere. Except a bit outside the tropic, and a strip of north-east coast, with some of the high cleared land in the interior, including that immediately round the capital, Tananariva, the whole island is said to be dangerous to untried European constitutions. Rice is the staple diet of the Malay population.

Of course, until the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled, Madagascar would not be much in the track of Europeans. Arab and Indian traders visited the place, and Europe heard of it through Marco Polo. That was all. When the Cape was doubled by the Portuguese, the ships of Portugal soon touched at Madagascar, and there was a settlement established on the island. We have analogies to guide us in imagining how Portuguese settlers would act towards the natives, who eventually rose against them, and swept them off with a general massacre. As at the Cape, so at Madagascar, the Dutch East India Company followed the Portuguese. The Dutch ships had a rendezvous at Madagascar, but no settlement was founded. Among the last acts of Richelieu for the extension of French commercial power, was a patent granted to the "French East India Company," which proceeded, in 1642, through Governor Pronis, to take possession of Madagascar in the king's name, and to form an establishment on a suitable spot, capable of being fortified, &c. It was then that the French took possession of Antongil Bay, and the small adjacent island of St. Mary's; which island to this day is occupied by France. It lies off the eastern coast. On the same side of Madagascar, but at a distant point, a spot was occupied on the main-land, called Lucia or Monghasia, which was to be the chief station for trade. Near this place, therefore, the French built their fort—Fort Dauphin. These positions were not forcibly taken, but bought of the petty chieftains on the coast. A great number of natives having enlisted themselves in the service of the colony, Governor Pronis rewarded their good faith by selling them as slaves to the Dutch governor of the Mauritius, Van der Meister. Van der Meister was no gainer, for the Malagasy were so closely packed that the greater part of them died on their passage, and the rest, on arriving at the Mauritius, fled into the woods, where they became wild men, very hard to capture. After this the natives of Madagascar fled inland whenever a ship cast anchor. This was commerce.

Governor Pronis passed away, and Governor Flacourt ruled in his stead; who sought to extend commerce, or dominion, by fire and sword. After him other governors outraged the natives. In 1667 the French East India Company appointed the Marquis de Mondevergue to the command of all their settlements beyond the equator, and named Madagascar as his seat of government. He arrived with a fleet of ten vessels at Fort Dauphin, and there caused himself to be acknowledged admiral and governor of the French territories in the East. The Marquis de Mondevergue took pains to reconcile the natives, and found them altogether sensible to kindness. A powerful chief, Dion Monango, who had plagued the colonists, swore faith and obedience to the new governor. In 1670 the French East India Company transferred the sovereignty of Madagascar to the King of France. The Marquis was superseded by a new "admiral and general, with the authority of viceroy," Governor la Haye, who ordered all chieftains to submit to France, or fight. They fought, and swept the French away.

In the same year that Governor Pronis arrived at Madagascar, Flacourt, his successor, who wrote a history of the island, says that the English had a military settlement at St. Augustine's Bay, consisting of two hundred men; of which number fifty perished by fever in two years. This settlement is not mentioned in an English account of Madagascar, published in 1644, where it is, however, stated that the English Government had looked with longing eyes upon the place. "Prince Rupert going into France and Germany about his weighty affairs, in the meantime, it was thought fit and concluded upon, that the Earl of Arundel, earl-marshal of England, should go governor for Madagascar, it being the most famous place in the world for a magazine. This noble earl hath written a book to that purpose, and allowed weekly means of subsistence to divers seamen, who have good judgment and experience all over the Oriental seas, and at Madagascar. This honourable earl was in such resolution and readiness, that there were printed bills put up on the pillars of the Royal Exchange, and in other parts of the City, that abundantly showed his forwardness in promoting a plantation in Madagascar; but a new parliament being called, it put a stop to the design of Madagascar."

After the expulsion of the French in the

time of Governor la Haye, Madagascar was for some time free from European occupation, being only visited by trading-ships. It was honoured also as a favourite resort of pirates. In 1746 the French re-occupied their settlement upon St. Mary's Island, where the settlers were destroyed by coast fever. The place was re-peopled from Mauritius, and this time the settlers were killed by the natives. A second colony from Mauritius soon afterwards made good its footing. In 1774, Count Benyowsky landed in the Bay of Antongil, opposite St. Mary's, convened and conciliated chiefs, made roads, erected public buildings, a fort, and a sanitarium. Two years afterwards, he quitted the French settlement to operate upon his own account; and ten years after that was consequently killed by soldiers from Mauritius. Soon after the departure of Benyowsky, the Revolution in France left no leisure for much care concerning Madagascar; but, in 1792, the National Assembly sent M. Lescallier on a mission to ascertain the feeling of the Malagasy towards Europeans. He reported that "Europeans have hardly ever visited this island but to ill-treat the natives, and to exact forced services from them; to excite and foment quarrels among them, for the purpose of purchasing the slaves that are taken on both sides in the consequent wars: in a word, they have left no other marks of having been there but the effects of their cupidity."

In 1807 the settlement called Foule-Pointe was established on the coast by Frenchmen, from Mauritius, who became victims to the coast fever. Mauritius and Bourbon are two little islands lying east of the great island Madagascar; and to these islands Madagascar supplies beef, draught cattle, and other necessaries, for which they trade chiefly with the Madagascar port of Tamatave. By the capitulation of 1810, Bourbon and Mauritius, with their dependencies, were ceded, by conquest, to the English, by whom the island of Bourbon was returned, as a gift, to Louis the Eighteenth. The governor and merchants of Bourbon, fearing that Mauritius might then claim a monopoly of the supplies from Madagascar, prompted an arrangement by which the French agents (whom our men-of-war had ordered to quit Tamatave and the other ports) were suffered to return. The soldiers sent by Sir Robert Farquhar, as governor of Mauritius, to garrison the vacated French forts, were thinned by fever; and the survivors having been recalled, a British agent only was appointed to reside in Madagascar. In 1815, an English settlement was founded at Fort Loquez; but the British agent and the settlers were massacred in consequence of "a stupid misunderstanding" on the part of one blockhead chief, whom the natives put afterwards to death for his stupidity. The settlement was re-established in 1816, under the management of Captain Le Sagez. England claimed more territory, as an indemnification for her subjects' lives; and about one hundred square miles were ceded by the natives—as much as the eye could see from a high mountain. This ceded territory lay between Cape East and the extreme north point of Madagascar, comprehending the peninsula and Bay of Diego Famen. A treaty was made in the next year with Radama, an Ovah chieftain, for the comprehension of which it is necessary that we now discuss some native Malagasy politics.

In addition to the war of race between the Malay and Sakalave natives, politics in Madagascar have of course been diversified by contests among all the petty tribes into which each race is divided. The Sakalave folks are brave and bold; and on the ground to which they have retired they are a fair match for the Ovahs. The Ovahs hold the west coast and the centre of the country. They peopled Madagascar, doubtless, long before Mohammed's birth, and are not Mussulmen. They worship wooden idols, very badly carved, with such names as Rahilimalaza (the little-but-good), Ramahavaly, and so on. These idols have to be consulted in their fads. The "fady" that profanes one idol is a pig, for example, and another idol is shocked at a snail. Ovahs think that the earth is like a dish, the sky a cover to it, and suppose that people living on the confines of the world can literally climb the skies. They would all honour Zadkiel; and it would be his business, as an astrologer, to tell them, as he tells us, the unlucky days and hours. All children then born are immediately destroyed; also all children with whose stars the astrologer is badly satisfied,—the destroyer being in each case the father or the nearest relative. They try offenders in the open air, with all the people for a jury, and immediate punishment of those found guilty by the public voice; or they try by the Tangena (palm tree) ordeal, which reminds us of our own middle ages. The suspected person subjected to this ordeal first eats as much rice as he pleases; secondly, he swallows three pills of the skin of a chicken; thirdly, he takes a dose of poison, namely, the kernel of the Tangena fruit, mixed up with juice from the banana tree. He is then provisionally cursed, while he drinks enough warm water to produce active vomiting. If the three pills return, the man is innocent, and may go free; that is, if he escape the action of the poison; most likely he will. But if a bit of chicken skin remain behind, he is found guilty, and strangled.

A little more than half a century ago, an Ovah chief, Adrianampoinimerina, whom we must call, for shortness, What's-his-name, subdued his neighbours, and residing in the central province of Ankova, in its central town, Tananarive, which we now denominate the capital of Madagascar, was paramount in any place within a radius of fifty miles from

his own dwelling. What 's-his-name would have been glad to subjugate the whole of Madagascar; but there were some tribes to which he himself was tributary, and many altogether independent, when, in the year 1810, Adri-etcetera died. His son, Radama, ruled in his stead. Radama was then about twenty years of age. Now the slave trade had been at all times active in the Mozambique Channel; and a constant commerce in captive prisoners had been driven for the pleasure of Europeans by the Malagasy chiefs. The governor of Mauritius, Sir Robert Farquhar, was actuated by that benevolent desire for the extinction of slavery which we may now claim as natural to Englishmen. Sir Robert looked about him on his own beat, and he saw young Radama. There, he reasoned, is Radama, son of a powerful chief, ambitious, vain. There 's Radama, squabbling among the rest in their affrays of naked men, who have no proper notion of a battle. What if I make this chief the instrument for good; flatter him with an ambassador, make him an ally, establish influence over his mind? It will be easy, by teaching him to turn his wild men into soldiers, and supplying a few army stores, to make him strong enough to master the whole island; then we shall act through him, abolish slavery, let in the missionaries, and civilise Madagascar. So Sir Robert thought, and so he acted. He sent an emissary to Tananariva, who plied Radama with promises of liberal supplies, presents for himself, fire arms and equipment for his soldiers, and so forth, until, by promising and flattering, he brought the young king's mind to the right point; that is to say, to the point of the treaty of 1817, at which our European history broke off just now.

Radama, by this treaty, agreed to suppress the slave trade throughout all his dominions; and it was the business of the English politicians thereafter to contrive that his dominions should include all Madagascar. Furthermore, Radama agreed to admit missionaries into his dominions; and Sir Robert undertook to send to England a certain number of the subjects of King Radama, appointed by that monarch for the purpose, who should there learn trades and useful matters. This was done; and on the return of those native workmen, accompanied them to develope the resources of the island. Of course the English Government could not compromise itself by being seen to move in such a matter; but arms and army stores were furnished to our new ally; and Serjeant Brady was sent off to drill the natives. Serjeant Brady's services were so highly appreciated, that his most gracious Majesty King Radama lost no time in making him a general. Of course, the staff put into the hand of this barbarian chief enabled him to scale the heights of his ambition, and become really king of Madagascar. The English agent, Mr. Hastie, who had previously resided at the port of Tamatave, was ordered to reside in the capital, propitiate the king, and guide him with humane and fitting counsel.

During the temporary absence of the Governor in England, his substitute at the Mauritius, who perhaps had a corrupt taste for plain sailing, put his finger in the web that had been woven, and left a hole which caused Sir Robert trouble upon his return. Radama felt sore, but soft soap healed his wounds, and all again went smoothly. Exportation of slaves was forbidden, to please the English; they had not succeeded in persuading Radama that it was wrong. The missionaries came, and the king, acting under the influence of his well-meaning advisers, commanded that not less than five thousand children should be furnished to attend their schools. Radama died a heathen; he never saw the wrong of slavery; but in supporting the missionaries firmly, and issuing edicts against slavery, he paid honestly the price demanded by the English for the power they had put into his hands. Alas, that Radama was not immortal!

Radama died in 1828, and one of his wives, Ranavalona, an unscrupulous and energetic woman, starting at once, was first in at the race for power. "The idols named Ranavalona as successor to Radama." That lady had formed her party with much cleverness, and when a public "kabary" was called to declare the new queen to the nation, four persons, who protested their knowledge that Radama had himself named a different successor, were immediately speared. Adopting a practice common in European history during the dark part of the middle ages, the queen proceeded to sweep out of her way all inconvenient members of her late husband's family. This done, she ascertained what chiefs objected to a female government, or otherwise were unsound in their faith; these she caused to be speared. The British agent still remained at Tananariva; but eighteen months after her accession, her Majesty bade him be off at an hour's notice. The missionaries were not yet dismissed. It was not until after twelve years of labour that they were enabled to erect two churches, and to baptize the first converts; but their secular instruction had been in request. All the fruit of European knowledge, all the produce of skilled labour, had been claimed by Radama in feudal fashion, as his right. Charlemagne commanded his judges to provide for each of his castles "workmen in iron, gold, and silver; stone-cutters, turners, carpenters, armourers, engravers, washers; brewers skilled in making mead, cider, and perry, and all other liquors fit to be drunk; bakers, who likewise have the art of preparing millet for our use; net-makers, able to make everything appertaining to the chase; and all other tradesmen, whom it would be too long to enumerate. The Malagasy Charlemagne required no less, and the poor natives learned their trades to gratify

the pride and power of their master, whom they served in them as skilled serfs, without receiving pay. During the reign of Radama, Mr. Le Gros, his Majesty's architect, had his house burned by two carpenters, who accused him as the cause of their misfortunes. The offenders were burnt alive, as an example to those of their companions who were annoyed at being doomed to destitution because they had been taught to be more skilful than their fellows. They must be quiet, exercise their skill all day for the sovereign, and live as they can, starve, beg, or steal.

Queen Ranavalona altered all that. In 1836 she absolutely forbade her subjects, upon pain of death, to exercise skilled work for any but herself or her attendants. The girls, who were taught sewing in the schools, were drafted off into the "palace" to sew for "the court." The boys were drafted off into the armies, till at last the natives only sent to school the children of their slaves, to make up the required number. Reading and writing Ranavalona allowed only to be practised by those who received special permission from herself; slaves practising such arts would be "reduced to ashes." At length the time of the missionaries was expired; for the Queen called a solemn "kabary," at which she declared that she knew nothing of Christianity—and did not wish; it was Rahilimalaza and Ramahavaly who had seated her upon the throne. Christian worship was proclaimed treason, with a penalty of death. The schools were shut up, books were collected, sent back to the missionaries, who were at the same time warned that any Malagasy who possessed a printed book would incur punishment of death. When finally the missionaries took their leave, the Queen claimed their local property as her own.

The natives accused Europeans as the cause of their distress, and Queen Ranavalona, when the missionaries went away imposed a capitation tax upon her subjects, under a pretence that it was to pay the white people, in order by one stroke of policy to raise for herself money, and to strike a side-blow at the Europeans. She also liberally granted the use of her subjects' backs at all times for transporting missionary luggage, and allowed no payment to be made, which was another exercise of her shrewd woman's wit. Her majesty sent Embassies in 1836, which were received at the courts of France and England, with letters politely asserting her own independence. That independence she took care to maintain. The arms and discipline, the secrets of power placed by England in the savage hands of Radama, enabled Ranavalona to maintain for twenty years an unrelenting tyranny. Had our ingenious statecraft not interfered, one tribe would have been a check upon its neighbour; but we made one naked chieftain irresistible; and we are told by the oldest of the missionaries that his widow destroyed a million of lives. If we take off a discount of seventy-five per cent. for the language of excited feeling, there still remains a fearful reckoning against the ingenuities of statesmen. The massacre of an offending tribe by the ten thousand seems to have been a trifling matter to this energetic lady, whose military tastes have so reduced the population, it is said, that where five hundred children used to be seen playing, now there are twenty; not more than one woman in twenty being made a mother.

In 1844 the master and mate of the bark Marie Laure, of Port Louis, were charged at Tamatave with detaining under the hatches seven native labourers returning from engagements at Mauritius, with the intention of kidnapping them for slaves. This, true or false, would be, of course, denied; but the mate, Mr. Heppick, a British-American born subject, was detained upon the accusation, and eventually himself offered for sale in a public market. That was in accordance with a Malagasy law, by which Radama had ordained that any foreigner detected in exporting native slaves should himself be reduced to slavery in Madagascar. Mr. Heppick was bought or ransomed by the French traders of Tamatave at the price of thirty dollars, and set free. H. M. S "Conway" was sent to inquire into the matter, and was only puzzled with conflicting statements. In 1845 the European traders resident at Tamatave whose operations had already been much crippled by the Queen, received orders to quit Madagascar, with their families and effects, within a fortnight. The French sent petitions to Bourbon, the English to Mauritius; and two French and one English vessel were soon on the spot, pleading for one year's grace. The authorities were under orders; the fortnight was on the point of expiring, and their heads would have answered for it, if they had taken upon themselves to extend the time of grace while sending to request the Queen to alter her instructions. The French and English vessels, therefore, having embarked the merchants, proceeded to "give the Ovahs a lesson," by destroying the fort of Tamatave. This fort had been built not many years previously by two Arab engineers, and was much stronger than the assailants had supposed. After a long cannonade the storming party took the outer works, and were obliged then to retreat, for they could do no more; so they regained their ships, setting fire on their way to the town, that had been deserted on the first symptom of an impending struggle. Twenty-one Europeans were killed, and fifty-six wounded. Of course the native loss was greater, but the Ovahs claimed the victory; and it is said by their antagonists that the next morning the heads of the slain English and French were exposed upon the beach opposite the ships, affixed to poles. The ships fired their cannons, and sailed off with their merchants. Not very long afterwards the English vessel coming once more into the roadstead of Tamatave, found

four or five thousand soldiers busily repairing damage, and sent a letter off (which was not answered) to know, first why the heads were not yet taken down from the poles upon the beach, and second, whether the report was true, they had been torturing an English sailor. The authorities deigned no reply, but it turned out afterwards that the "heads" were wisps of straw, which it is usual to hang on poles about spots which strangers are forbidden to approach, the custom being called "kiady."

The attack upon Tamatave warmed the good people of Bourbon to the point of sending a petition home to Louis Philippe for the forcible colonisation of Madagascar. Upon subjects of colonisation however M. Guizot is a wiser man than many of his countrymen. Before that time, several little [illegible] had been carried out [illegible] [illegible] Madagascar. [illegible] that a French Madagascar [illegible] all our possessions in the [illegible] was a [illegible] the high road to India. Soon after the [illegible] of Queen Ranavalona, an expedition, under [illegible] M. Gautier, planned in France to [illegible] forcible possession of Tamatave [illegible] the then existing fort and [illegible] [illegible] Sahim afterwards [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] unanimously repulsed [illegible] next day the [illegible] bardel the fort of Pointe à Larrée, and then sailed away. In 1840 [illegible] [illegible] Europe [illegible] M. Thiers to prepare for a [illegible] upon this Eastern [illegible] were therefore sent to the effect that France should take possession of Nossi Beh an islet, as [illegible] St Marys off the north-west coast. Nossi Beh, thereafter by the name of Nosibe became a French possession. From Nosibe, there sailed in the next year a French man-of-war, to secure another little bit of vantage ground for future operations upon Madagascar. Between the African continent and the northern part of Madagascar there lies, in the extremity of the Mozambique Channel the little group of Comoro Isles. The island of this group nearest to Nosibe, Mayotte, was occupied by France in 1841, obtained quietly for that nation by a little diplomatic cleverness. Before the momentous events of 1848, Madagascar was exciting in France some little attention, and there were men who talked of the political advantage to be gained by holding it as a French colony. A minister, less sagacious than M. Guizot, might have done something rash. The course of events among us Europeans, since the beginning of 1848, has kept us tolerably busy with our own affairs, and we have quite lost sight of Madagascar. What a misfortune it must be for the poor, neglected, savages, that there are none of our colonial conjurers engaged in the attempt to make them civilised by sleight of hand; the more especially as the chief obstacle to such manœuvres has been recently removed. The illustrious widow of King Radama has joined him in the grave. Her Majesty, it seems, balanced her hatred of English men by her love for English gin, and fell a victim to her devotion.

THE GREAT PEACE-MAKER.

A SUB-MARINE DIALOGUE.

"SILENT-BROODING immensity that knows no bounds,
Since my great depths are hidden from myself,
And heavy age, uncounted by the links
Of man's brief generations, the [illegible] mine,
Alone of earth's primeval elements [illegible] thus,
In contemplation of the moving sphere
That shine upon my bosom, I repose,
Murmuring of ancient Gods and Phantoms pale,
Primordial rulers of the elder world—
Majestical Annihilation, now [illegible]

While thus in solemn monologue the Sea
[illegible] twilight time there slowly rose
[illegible]
Above two [illegible] eyes that seem, blind,
Shot ever and anon a lightning ray
From out the darkness—piercing the [illegible]
The [illegible] in darkness. And [illegible]
Of length [illegible] luminous like the [illegible]
Of some [illegible] serpent [illegible] old
Which [illegible] its coils with mesmerised energy,
[illegible] o'er the grass,
Unto the [illegible] o'er the impending cliff
And, with [illegible] outstretched, peered gravely [illegible]
[illegible]
Summing the wonders of the heaving main.

"[illegible] the Sea [illegible] spake—
What [illegible] here uplifted forms
Have scattered [illegible] drift or foam,
Oh Memory [illegible]
For I have [illegible]
In old Destruction's work and I am [illegible]
With [illegible] no more to make response
To winds or thunders or the voice of Death,
But sweep into a silence and a dream,
[illegible] of mine eternity."

The Serpent form that o'er the beetling cliff
Peered down with earnest speculative head
Lower and lower now in slow descent
Glode softly while the columned train that lay
Athwart the fields above moved, as it [illegible],
By fitful glancing lights that [illegible]
Meantime the Sea still held its solemn [illegible]

"But rest unbroken and immortal calm
Are not for me: my destiny involves
Tempest and shipwreck and the waste of life,
With terror and despair for those at home.
I am the element whom none profane
By social teachings and a useful aim,
Sacred alike from consort with mankind,
And man's dome[illegible] vassals Earth and Fire,
Which do his bidding constantly and live
Subdued beside him by a master hand,
Which puts them to all services and ends."

Now, while the Sea held communion with itself,
Softly the Telegraphic coil unwound,
And, fold by fold, moved gliding down the cliff,
And underneath the waves. The bottom reached
Onward it swerved with undulating line,

But course determined; and its hollow eyes,
That showed no light nor vision, led the way,
By spirit instinctive, while the train moved on,
Through the dark silence of the abysmal sea.

Again old Ocean spake. "Man ploughs and sows,
And penetrates the bowels of the earth
For mines and treasure; likewise measuring
Her periods and the changes of her rocks,
Above, and deep beneath. I know no change,
Master, or measurer, companion, friend;
Like the sublime old heavens, I dwell alone,
Apart from alteration through all times—
Apart from man's intrusion, who but dares,
In his frail bark, at mercy of the winds,
The thin foam surface of my empery
To skim. But what is this!—A Shape unknown
Moves through my lowest depths. Say, what art thou?"

THE TELEGRAPH.

I am the instrument of man's desire
To hold communion with his fellow man,
In distant fields—in other climes afar—
Swifter than flight of migratory bird—
Nay, swift almost as speech from mouth to mouth.

THE SEA.

Man hath his ships, and on my surface holds
Permission to appear; but for my depths.
They have been sacred evermore. Depart!

THE TELEGRAPH.

Slow are his ships, O Sea, when wind and sail
Propel, and e'en the engines that surpass
All sails, are tedious when compared with me.
Thou measurest not thy being by its time,
But men are children of a varying span;
Their life is made of years, their years of days,
And every day to them built up of hours,
Which gives them all the hold they have on earth,
To do and suffer.

THE SEA.

'Tis their destiny:
Seek not by science to disturb the law
Which framed humanity, and meted out
Its time and space Return, and climb the rock.

THE TELEGRAPH.

But so ... also is man's destiny—
Whereby 'tis granted to his working brain,
His industry, his patience, and resolve,
To change his old relations with the law
Of space and time: henceforth dependent made
On man's advance in knowledge, and the power
Of *using* knowledge.

THE SEA.

Till perchance his mind,
Grown mad with its ambition and success,
This strange encroachment on my solemn depths
May seek to raise into some mastery
Over my realm; wherefore, oh Serpent-shape,
Turn back, lest I uproot thee, and aloft
Send drifting like a wreck of ropes, till cast
By my indignant waves upon the strand,
To rot amidst the weeds.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Awhile forbear.
Great nurse and cradle of the infant earth!
Nor scorn man's efforts at a natural growth,
Which in some distant age may hope to find
Maturity, if not perfection.

THE SEA.

Speak:
I am no friend to the busy insect man—
Nor yet his foe. His white sail cometh—goeth—
His engines with the long black train of clouds,
Pass and repass. So let them. To my vastness,
The surfaces they traverse are as lines
Of spider-work against the moving sky.
I scarce observe their presence;—therefore speak:
But pause while speaking—for I well observe
That never hast thou ceased to glide along
While holding parley.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Wondrous is my power,
And certain in its action; but, O Sea,
I must lie humbly underneath thy throne,
Accordant with thy laws; therefore, I pray,
Be patient of my progress, and receive
This justifying creed of human hopes.

THE SEA.

My caverns hear thee, but perchance the sands
May be thine only chronicle;—erased
With the next tide.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Let my words be erased
When they have done their work.

THE SEA.

Slumber comes o'er me—
But in my visions shall thy voice be heard.

THE TELEGRAPH.

In ages past, the sovereigns of the earth
Held human lives as dust beneath their feet,
And neighbouring nations born but to be made
Their tributary vassals; distant lands,
Having thy broad arm thrown between, appeared
As barbarous,—worthy conquest, or contempt,
Long devastating wars, or all the scorn
That ignorance could breed. The earth was then
A feasting place and footstool for its kings.
The kings adorned the soldiers and the priests,
The one with golden garb—with fruitful fields
The other; both becoming thus a power
Within a power, and all cementing close
Despotic thrones. The People, body and mind,
Subdued like metal cast in sandy moulds,
Not knowing its own strength, and being weak
By ignorance, and lack of rational will,
So that they starved not, question'd not the right
Of aught, as ordered by these heaven-sent kings,
With their strong armies and their banded priests.
Whereof it came, that nation thought of nation,
Not as a part of the great family
Of human kind, but, mainly, as a horde
Fit to be slaughtered, plundered, hated, scorned—
Belied in daily speech, and history.
Such thoughts and deeds have with those ages passed,
And nation knowing nation by the truth,—
By actual presence, and familiar words,
Spoken or written, henceforth will be slow
To see the red necessity of war,
Save as a brain-disease of knaves and fools,
Nor lend a ready ear to statesmen's tricks,
Hatching an insult or alarm of foes,
Dispersing thus at home men's active thoughts
O'er all their groaning needs and social wrongs.

THE SEA.

The shadows deepen as the sun departs,
And light sinks deeper with his higher rise:
So with man's mind as ignorance enfolds,
Or knowledge waxeth keener and more wide;
Thus wouldst thou say—but what is man to me?

THE TELEGRAPH.

Thy fellow-being here; on thee dependent
For mighty aids—so far inferior;
Yet ranking higher in the eye of God:
The soul hath nobler elements than thine.

THE SEA.

Fear'st thou no tempest?—know'st thou not one swathe
Of my great waters can destroy thee?

THE TELEGRAPH.

Yes:—
But also do I know thy vastness cannot
With petty vengeance, and with watchful spleens
Accord, nor change the habit of its depths.
Destroy me therefore, and again I come—
Again, and yet again—till, rolling over,
Thou slumberest at my presence. Yet, once more,
Hear me, oh Sea! nor scorn the denizens
Of thy fair sister Earth, for that indeed
Were but to limit to their own bad deeds
Of early time. Large are their debts to thee;
The chief, thy means of passage to far lands,
From ancient dates, in our own day, the means
Of thought-swift messengers beneath thy waves,
Till England whispers India in the ear,
America north, south—from pole to pole—
And words of friendship may pass round the world
Between the dawn and noon.

THE SEA.

But despotism—
The bondmen and their masters—how of *these*?

THE TELEGRAPH.

Oh, well I know that Science will become
The new auxiliary of armies—kings,
Leagued 'gainst the people, watchfully prepare
All great appliances to guard their thrones,
And keep the spirit of Liberty in check,
Or crush it into "order;" clear 'tis seen,
That for the people's service and chief good,
The aid of commerce and man's common weal,
I am not sought *by all*, but that as swift
As fly my lightnings, king may call to king,
Asking advice or aid, or giving note
Of danger. Feel I not through my quick nerves,
How Prussia vibrates into Austria's hand,
And both shoot trembling sparks to the grim eye
O' the night-black double eagle of the North,
While the Republican Phantom fluctuates
As either moves my wires, and passes word
O'er lands, 'neath waters, through the forest dark,
Till Freedom, like a fly, is all enmeshed.
The rest is understood. But, oh, vain care,
Deep self-deception of short-sighted kings!
For though strong armies at an instant called
By me, may hurry into distant lands—
To Poland—Hungary—Italy—Turkey—France—
Knowledge has been before them—friendship, too;
By free and daily intercourse of peace,
The spirit of human brotherhood has found
Its natural sympathy in distant hearts,
And war's old beldame prelude, of a witch
Sent forth to poison minds and fire the blood
With lies and causeless wrath, shall never more
Find credence, nor the nations fail to see,
That slaughtering wars for some decayed great House,
The statesman's idol, or his instrument—
A royal chess-game of the ignorant past—
Are not a people's will, or choice, nor have
A people's sympathy, but rather hate,
And loathing, and revulsion from the wounds
Of memory—the prodigal waste of life,
And grinding taxes lasting for an age—
A mockery to reason. Wherefore, I pray,
Oh mighty Sea, now that my head hath reached
The opposite shore, that I may lie and work
Beneath thy watery world, and be the means
Of peace on earth, and of good will to men.

THE SEA.

The ebbing and the flowing of the life
Of man's progressing mind, perchance may lead
To some superior state while I remain
Slumbering beneath the stars. What God permits,
I dare not hinder, therefore keep thy place:
And when I roll my surging prayers to heaven,
They shall remember man, and his good works.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP IN DOCK.

Mr. Henry Rubley, who is about to sail in our Phantom Ship, has favoured us with the following communication:—

To detail the various circumstances which have led to the approaching emigration of your obedient servant, Henry Rubley, Esq., would only harass the feelings of subscribers, and would add nothing to the sum destined by a stern parent to accompany me in my emigration to another and a distant country. Nobody requires my services; nobody buys my poems. The "Phantom Ship" awaits me. 'Tis well! But to show an ungrateful country that I return good for evil, I dedicate my last day or two to discoursing on the London Docks, for the benefit of the reading public. I flatter myself that I know them pretty well by this time. There may have been reasons for my living in the city in a quiet and retired manner, during the fitting of the ship.—No matter!

I think that if you want to get a good notion of what kind of places docks are, you may take the London Docks as a very good sample to begin with; they occupy a space of ninety-one acres; they have water-room for three hundred sail, exclusive of lighters; and vault-room for sixty-five thousand four hundred pipes of wine and spirits. They have almost all the colonial trade; they receive nineteen-twentieths of the wine; almost all the tobacco; and much of the sugar that comes to our broad river. When busy, they employ three thousand people, and their average number of ships is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty, the present number being one hundred and ninety-six. They have five hundred labourers on their establishment. Their returns are

about four hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum; their capital, three millions nine hundred thousand pounds. The value of the property they contain, on an average, *minus* duty, is eight or ten millions. These are a few leading commercial facts, which will bring the place, under its mercantile aspect, pretty well before you. Accompany me now along the crowded waggon-laden streets of the city—by lofty warehouses and under monster cranes—to where those masts with their yards and cordage break out among the houses against the sky, and we will look at the place as visitors. How an establishment looks in a blue-book, is of course important; how it looks in the book of Nature, is interesting too!

We come to East Smithfield; we arrive at the principal entrance. There is a plain brown gateway with offices on either side, and we pass in. There lies before you a vague view of masts and rigging, with flags dangling out. The pavement around swarms with brown casks; on your left rises a tall, stately wool warehouse. If you go, *now*, the first things that will attract your attention are two monster casks painted green, sheltered by an airy canopy. These were intended for the Great Exhibition, they come from Spain, and contain, each, ten butts of sherry (and I am about to emigrate!) Meanwhile, there is a general air of brisk business; brokers' clerks, and owners' *employés* are running about; a sunburnt skipper passes along—and a stout, good-natured old gentleman with tasting order. To the right is the Superintendent's Office. On a table, as you enter the house, is a list of the ships in Dock, for general reference: inside, the clerks are working away quickly and regularly—with the same steadiness as the clock ticks along:—

"Lady Sale come in?" asks a man, opening the door.

"Expect her by the next tide,"—and the door shuts, and all goes on as before.

As you move about in the open space (they call it the "Crescent") the Wool Warehouses tower to the left. The crane swings—a bale dangles aloft—slides quietly in on the fourth story perhaps. On each story the square dense white bales lie piled. About ninety thousand bales pass through the Docks in the year. A great deal comes from our Australian colonies. And how quick the wool process is! The sheep are sheared in December: the "clip" is shipped and arrives in London by April: every month or six weeks there are periodical sales—and off go the bales by Pickford to the railway stations. In each bale you see a little hole where the wool sticks out puffily,—so that it looks like a bird's nest turned inside out—this enables the purchaser to try the sample. What surprises you most, though, in these warehouses is to find the cranes worked by tread-wheels. When I first ascended—amidst the thick woolly atmosphere that feels as if it was a "comforter" across your mouth—I heard a wild singing and clanging. I looked and saw the tread-wheel clashing bravely round—the men inside in their sleeves, with red faces, singing and stamping furiously. It quite reminds one of white mice in their little corn mill. But no mechanical power—and the authorities have tried several methods—is found half so serviceable.

We now move down to the quays, where the vessels are lying. Between the sheds and the ships there is a constant running of barrows—and rolling of casks. We pass a stately Yankee liner which has one or two men painting her—while the black cook hovers about the deck. A Spanish mongrel brig—neither large nor clean—lies, further in, with a dark, bearded, indolent crew. Occasionally, by-the-bye, these foreign skippers take a fancy to clearing their vessels themselves, instead of having it done by the Dock men. The crew work a little—then "knock off" and smoke—then work again a little—and smoke again, and the process of unloading takes three times the usual time. Next the Spaniard lies a Dutchman—and outside a brig, loaded—as you see by her depth—is hauling out through the throng of vessels in a wonderful manner. "Let go the line!" shouts somebody; "Haul away!" shouts somebody else; the ropes are all lying in confusion about her deck, and two huge sides of beef are sprawling on an ensign there. As you pass along, the aspect of light hair and blue eyes informs you that the crew of the schooner, there, are brother Northerns; a dog is chasing a rabbit, playfully, about the deck;—she is a Swede.

Into the Western Dock—the largest, and the one we have been looking at, first—there runs a jetty of seven hundred feet long, and sixty feet wide—capable of accommodating thirty large ships. A tram-road runs down the centre. Goods are lying there—cylinders full of nails—boxes and bags; a truck rolls along with clean new spades upon it—spades that will never be sullied by English earth;—they are going down to an emigrant ship. These ships generally come to the jetty. Before the "Phantom Ship" had arrived at what my parent calls "her highly satisfactory state of forwardness," I went down to the end of the jetty, to see one which was just ready to sail. The passengers were clustered together, sitting on their luggage, accompanied here and there by some friend who had come to "see them off." The young men were chatting listlessly; the mothers only looked at each other—which I thought the saddest part of the picture; the girls were very silent and composed. The children were spelling the names on the boxes, and playing about, and I wondered how much they would remember of England, years hence, in their distant land;—if they would remember "coming away;" and I thought how they would ask all about it. And then I saw a sort of movement on board, and a little dwarf of a man with a shrill voice,

came running on the jetty, and cried, "All on board! to be inspected by the surgeon;—all on board!"

But leaving the jetty, let us walk still along the quays. Cranes are ever busy between the ships and the sheds. You enter a shed—the air is heavy with sugar—a yellow pile of it, looking like clay, lies on the floor, and a couple of shovels are busy at it. Or oblong cases are piled up, through the crevices of which it oozes out, muddily. Passing under another roof, you see casks of tobacco as far as the eye can reach, which impregnate the air so that you could imagine yourself living in the bowl of a gigantic pipe, recently smoked. By-and-bye you see huge layers of cork piled up: and near them various large square beams lying together. What are the beams? You would never guess—they are going out as beam-rafters for a church in Nova Scotia.

By this time, we have skirted the water-side; the water lying very smooth, of a dead faint blue colour, and drawn near the opposite end towards the Shadwell entrance. A bridge parts in the centre, and makes a passage for a ship coming into the docks—empty, as you see, by the green side of copper gleaming above the water. She looks gaunt and bare. The labourers in her are working away at the capstan; the rope which drags her along is as stiff as a bar. It is our fatal Phantom Ship! which bears an unappreciated Henry Rubley, Esq., to another hemisphere. I must give you some account of the process by which a ship is prepared for sailing, and the various people employed, one way or another, in getting her ready.

When the ship-owners have determined to employ a certain ship, they appoint a captain. The captain brings her out of a dry dock or basin, according to circumstances, by the aid of a particular class of men, known as "lumpers." The broker is employed by the owners to get freightage for her: and he duly enters her before loading at the "Custom House," and announces her as about to sail. The cargo is put on deck by the labourers belonging to the Docks, and stowed by the "lumpers" engaged by the captain. The stowage is conducted by "stevedores," under the superintendence of the mate, on whom this regular duty devolves. Meanwhile, the captain attends Lloyd's, the brokers, and the owners, and engages the crew; signing their agreement in the presence of a government shipping master. The crew do not come on board till she is on the point of sailing. Then the broker lodges an account of the goods at the Custom House. The Custom House "clears her." She drops down to Gravesend (usually, now-a-days, has a steam tug to take her to the Downs), and spreads her sails to the wind, free, at last. What various individuals have to be employed before the wind has its way! What distinct classes were set in motion before our ship was enabled to announce (as I regret to say she has done) that she would sail immediately! I shall not easily forget her dreary look when she was first brought in. I went on board her by a sort of springing board (on which, being unused to the kind of thing, I bounded like the clown at Astley's). The carpenters had just come on board to begin her fittings; I gazed fearfully down into the hold, where there was a ghastly heap of rough stones lying, which formed the ballast. And the lower deck was a rude mass of ropes, spars, and buckets.

During this disagreeable portion of her history, presenting in itself no noticeable features, I wandered about the docks generally, observing their features, and learning their modes of working. One is much struck by the convenience they afford to merchants, merely as a *depôt* for goods; thus, Messrs. Bludger may keep a large amount of property there, till they sell it or send it abroad again, if they like, the duty not having to be paid till the goods are taken away. Meanwhile, the Docks are responsible, generally, for the duty on all the taxable articles they contain. Their profits are derived from certain payments known as "rates" and "dues." I will give an example, popularly. Take a pipe of wine, for instance (in a literary sense, I mean), just imported by the above-mentioned Messrs. Bludger, and worth fifty pounds; the London Docks land it, cooper it, are responsible for it, and deliver it within a month, for seven and sixpence! If Messrs. Bludger do not want to take it away, the Docks keep it for them in a vault, at five pence a week, including superintendence. Vessels pay rent at a rate of one penny per register ton, per week. You may notice here, that, from the nature of the case, dock business is a fluctuating one, which makes the question of labour difficult. A prevalence of easterly winds keeps, perhaps, the shipping out for days and days.

As one might expect, the precautions against fire in a place which a candle could easily turn into a funeral pile, of an awful character, are carefully taken. The Dock company have organised fire-brigades of their labourers; have arranged to secure boundless supplies of water, immediately ready; their officials live near the spot; there are the watchmen patrolling at night, and at night, also, there is a section of the Metropolitan Police in attendance. Of course, there are regulations concerning lights, and the smoking of our foreign friends (who sleep in their ships) is duly looked after; it being better, to use Hood's pun, to "eye the pipe," than to have to "pipe the eye!" But these regulations are not so severe as elsewhere; in Liverpool, for example, no lights are allowed in the ships in dock, at night, at all.

The London Docks have a workshop of their own, full of beautiful machinery, where they make all sorts of mechanical implements for their own use. There, an engine works

away with unresting regularity, (Coleridge called a steam-engine "a giant with one idea"—what a capital expression!) and keeps a dozen necessary machines spinning; a circular saw hisses through the wood like fire; or steel is carved into the tools of labour.

And it is worth while pausing here to notice the comparatively insignificant period of time in which these Docks have reached such substantial magnificence. London was about a century behind Liverpool in the matter of wet docks. The West India Docks (which were the first) did not open, even partially, till 1802; the East India followed next (the two companies joined in 1838); and the London Docks were opened in 1805. They had a monopoly of ships coming with wine, brandy, tobacco, and rice (except from the East and West Indies); but this expired in 1826.

It may be merely fanciful on my part—possibly, perhaps, only a liveliness induced by approaching emigration,—but I think these Docks must positively be places of luxurious wandering to Custom House officers. You don't go far there without lighting on one of these gentlemen. What must his feelings be when he gazes on the Tobacco Warehouse; five acres of solid tobacco rising upwards to the stars! I could write a poem on that subject, if I did not remember the fate of my volume. I have often thought of it as I gazed on the snug little wooden boxes marked "landing-waiter." I have seen a gauger buzzing round a cask like a bee round a flower. There is a little publication—not, perhaps, amusing, but full of matter—a calm, judicious, well-weighed work, called "The Custom House Guide" This work sets forth, in cold blood, all that is required for an aspiring youth employed in the Customs business to know. For instance, the Phantom Ship will "clear outwards" before long. She has previously been what is delicately called "rummaged," when she delivered her last cargo. Then the master delivered his certificate of clearance of last voyage, and made his "entry outwards," by giving his "particulars of entry"—names of places where she is bound, list of goods to be shipped, &c. No goods can be shipped at all, before the entry outwards of the ship and entry of the goods have been made, and there has been a "cocket" granted; which word "cocket," according to Johnson, is of "uncertain derivation," but which means "a seal belonging to the Custom House," or "a scroll of parchment sealed and delivered by the officers of the Custom House to merchants, as a warrant that their merchandise is entered." By-the-bye, I have heard it complained that the cocket writers are given to scrawling fearfully; and there is an anecdote current, that one of them, when asked to expound, replied that he was a "cocket *writer*," but by no means a "cocket *reader*;"—which cheerful flash of humour must have quite relieved the dry nature of the business. One master will have to deliver a "content" of all goods, packages, marks and numbers on them, on oath, and answer all questions put to him by the collector or controller, on oath. The "file of cockets," and the "victualling bill," will, after passing through the hands of the "searcher," be finally given to him, as his authority to go. These proceedings make up what is called a "clearing outwards."

Our captain is now employed in getting his crew. He has his option as to where he will engage them; but he must go before a "Shipping Master," to sign his agreement with them in his presence. Wages vary—the best amount to about two pounds ten shillings a month, for an able seaman. The continental seamen are not paid so well as ours, and are contented with inferior fare—to the profound contempt of Jack. One day that I was standing on the quay of the Western Dock, looking at a Spaniard in a brig, who, somehow or other, reminded me of Sancho Panza, a sailor who was standing by, got up a little conversation. "They gets very little; dessay them in the brig don't get more than ten shillings a month. But they can live on anything, these fellows; sorts of fish, and messes, that an Englishman would not look at!" To Jack, that Spaniard exactly realised Junius's description of somebody as "infamous and contented"

Meanwhile, the faithful "lumpers" have stowed the cargo. Cask after cask has swung with a slow, burly movement over the side, under the eye of that little brown fellow with earrings, our first mate. The copper ridge has gradually sunk lower. Then there is an appearance of spruce comfort attempted in the cabin—a desperate effort made to get the whole region to look like an easy, comfortable house. I observe that when Major and Mrs. Bunt come on board to inspect their abode, the ropes, masts, wheel, &c., are all as neat and quiet-looking as if they were only mere forms or ornaments—as if there would be no working, tossing, creaking, thumping at all. But before long, those bare, clear-looking masts will be alive, like trees clothing themselves with foliage: I shall be perched on the poop, watching the land melt into the clouds, and the morning journals will announce in a calm unimpassioned manner—

"*Sailed*—Phantom Ship for Australia. Fresh breezes, and fine."

THE STORY OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

My prayer all alone on the solitary island made me feel a good deal easier; and I had strength to bury my comrade. I then made my bed, and laid myself down, with my dog alongside of me, and soon fell asleep, and I slept very soundly till the next morning.

After I awoke I went to the beach to see it

I could find anything washed on shore from the ship, though I found my side and my head very sore; but I could find nothing that had been washed on shore. And next thing I looked for was to see if I could find anything like a flint; for my chief object was to try to get a fire, for then I should be able to cook my meat; for I had found, in my poor shipmate's pockets, a knife and a gimlet, and a few nails, and some chalk; and I tried my knife and his knife on all the stones that looked like flint stones, to try to strike fire; but I could not find any that would do, so the only thing that I had to do was to try to get two pieces of touchwood and rub them together; but now I had nothing but two pocket knives, but I thought that, with God's help, I should be able to manage it. And I went back to my grove, where I had slept the night before, to get something to eat; but, not coming back the same way that I went, I found some sorrel—which has a small leaf and a big stem—which is a capital thing to quench your thirst; for the stem is full of moisture, of a sourish taste, and it is a very good substitute for water. At finding this prize, I returned my hearty thanks to God for sending me in the way to find it. Although the water that I got out of the tortoise's bladder was very good, still the sorrel and it made it more pleasant; and, after I and my dog had our breakfast, we went to look for some touchwood, which, thanks be to God, I found, after a good deal of trouble. And it cost me nearly three months' trouble and hard work before I got a fire, which I did by rubbing the two pieces of wood together; and during this time I lived nearly as I have mentioned, only that I tried several more herbs; and I found a sort of asparagus which I found contained a good deal of moisture, which was a great help to me; and I tried a good many different barks of trees to make something as a substitute for bread; and, at last, after trying a good many, I found some that, after being baked in the sun, did very well; so, thanks be to God, I got on better and better every day. Now I must tell you the way I kept an account of my time:—I dug two holes in the earth, and I got thirty small stones, and the day that I was cast away upon the island being the 3rd day of February, I counted from that time, and put a stone into the empty hole every day, till the thirty stones were all gone; and then with my knife I cut a great notch on a tree that stood close by; so, by these means, I could tell how many days I had been on the island. And now, after I got a fire, I used to cook my meat, and make myself as comfortable as my circumstances would allow me to be. But you might perhaps wish to know what I did for a pot or a frying-pan?—why, I used the top shell of the tortoise for a pot, and the under shell for a frying-pan. And I took great care that my fire should not go out, for there was plenty of cork or match-wood on the island; and I knew, by former trials, that the wood would keep alight whilst there was a bit of it left, but it would never come to a blaze; and, to prevent my fire from going out, I always had two or three pieces alight.

Being busy the chief part of the time that I had been on the island in making a fire, I had scarcely gone any distance from the beach, and from my grove. I resolved now to go into the interior of the island, and with this intent I lighted a couple of large pieces of match-wood, that I knew would last two or three days; and away I and my dog started for the middle part of the island; and we travelled on a good while, when my dog fell a barking at something; and to my great surprise, what should it be but two wild goats, that had been laying down, when the dog came close to them. Now, my seeing these goats put a desire into my head, that I should like to get some of them; for I thought that I might get some goat's milk, which would be a great addition to me. I began to get tired of walking, and I went and got a small tortoise, and killed him; and I found plenty of sorrel here, so I give my dog something to eat and to drink. I had some myself; for I had taken care to bring a piece of match-wood along with me, and there being plenty of dry brushwood, I soon made a fire, and roasted my meat; and after I had my dinner, and returned thanks to God, I and my dog went on our travels again; and we travelled a good distance, and we saw plenty more goats. And by tracing the goats I found a small spring of water, and you may depend that I shall never forget how sweet the first drop of water tasted, that I had; and after having a good drink, I returned thanks to the Almighty for his wonderful mercy to me. And now, as it was beginning to be late, I resolved to stop where I was for the night; so, on that account, I began to look out for a place to shelter from the dew; and when I had found one, I gathered some leaves and some moss, and made myself a bed. As it was early yet, I looked round to see what sort of place I had got to; but I soon found that I had nearly got to the north-east part of the island, for I had not walked far from my new habitation, when I could see the sea; and finding the place so convenient to the sea, and more cool than the lee-side of the island, I resolved to shift my habitation round to this part of the island; and, with this intention, I went to my new lodging; and, after I had some supper, and given some to my dog, and returned my sincere thanks to God for the many blessings he had showered down on me, I laid myself down to sleep: but I could not sleep for a long time, for my thoughts were occupied, how I should be able to make myself master of some of the goats that I had seen. At length I came to the resolution to make myself a bow and some arrows; and I thought that if I was able to wound a

goat, my dog would be able to catch him. And, with this thought, I went to sleep, and I slept very soundly till the next morning; when, after returning my thanks to God for preserving me during the night, I made a fire, and cooked myself some breakfast; and, after I and my dog had done, we travelled on to my old habitation, and soon packed up my all. And, when I counted my stones, I found that I had been one hundred and fifteen days on the island. And away I and my dog went, back to my new lodgings; and we got back before sunset,—for we had taken a nearer road than we did the first day. And after I had put all my store in my new house, I went to bed, for I was tired; and the first thing I did, next morning, was to regulate my time keeper, in digging two more holes, and put my stones in them; and cutting my notches in a tree, that stood close by. And now I began to work at my bow and arrows; for that purpose I killed a large tortoise, to get his gut to make a string for my bow; and after getting a piece of wood, fit for a bow, I made it; and I found my gimlet that I had found in my poor shipmate's trousers pocket very handy. And after my bow was done, I went to work to make the arrow, and I finished my weapon in three days,—which I don't think very long, considering I had nothing but my knife to do it with, and I had everything to look for before I could use it.

I was soon repaid for my trouble; for the fourth day that I was out with my bow and arrow, and my dog, I wounded an old she-goat, and my dog soon caught it; and as he and I were bringing the goat home, I found that two young ones followed the old one; and as the old goat was only wounded in the leg, I tied her up outside my grove; and I had the pleasure of seeing them come to the old one and sucking her. After they were tired of sucking they laid down beside the old dam.

My next trouble was to make a place to keep my goats in; and I turned to, and fenced a piece of ground all round, which cost me a good deal of trouble; but I completed a piece in four days, and I put my goats into it: and now, keeping the young ones by themselves, I had some milk to drink, which was a great help to me; and I returned the Almighty God thanks for his wonderful mercy to me. And now that I saw I had made a good job of the fence, that I had made for my goats, I intended to make a sort of fence round my dwelling-place, and to try to cover it more from the sun, for rain is scarcely ever known in these islands, for I had been here now one hundred and eighty-four days, and I had no rain all that time; so to work I went, and finished my job in about thirty days, and I found myself a good deal more comfortable than I was before.

I had not long finished my job, when one night, which I believed to be nearly the latter end of September, it came on to blow and rain as if heaven and earth were coming together, and very heavy lightning and thunder along with it. It was a night such as I had not experienced since I had been on the island, and I thanked the Lord Almighty for putting it into my head to put my house to rights, in order to shelter me from the weather. But about midnight, as near as I could guess, the roof, and everything that I had put on my house, was blown off, and I was exposed to the open air. The only thing that I was fretting about was, that the rain would put my fire out, which I had been at so much trouble in getting; but about four or five o'clock next morning, the rain ceased, and the wind died away, and by sunrise it was quite a fine morning. And, thanks be to God, my fire was not gone out; but, on looking round me, to see the destruction which the wind and lightning had caused, and still I was saved amongst the living to praise the Lord, which I did, I hope, with a true heart, I had the misfortune to find that one of my young goats had been killed by lightning, for he was black and blue all over; my house was much damaged, and my bed soaking with rain.

Repairing my house and bed cost me a good deal of trouble and time, for I had never been properly well since the night the hurricane swept over the island, and I found myself getting worse every day. My legs began to swell very much, so that I was scarcely able to go to the spring to fetch my water, or able to catch a tortoise; but my dog, my only companion, used to fetch them to me. But at last I got that bad, that I was not able to get up out of my bed-place, and I nearly gave myself up for lost.

I had lain in this state two or three days, when one day, as I was nearly famishing with thirst, I heard my dog barking a good deal more than he used to do. I tried to get up, but I could not. I called my dog, "Nero! Nero!" as loud as I could, but still he kept on barking, but I could hear that he was getting nearer to my habitation. But what was my surprise when I heard a human voice singing out to some one, "Come along, Jack, I must go and see where this dog is going to!" I cannot express my feelings at the first sound of a human voice. Joy and fear overcame me, so that I was nearly fainting away when my dog came in, and two men close to him. They were quite surprised at finding me there, and they asked me several questions, which I was scarcely able to answer; but after a little while, I asked one of them to give me a drink of water which I had in my hat, and after I got a little revived, I asked them how they came there. They told me they belonged to an American schooner, called the "Flying Fish," of Baltimore, and that they came on shore

there to get some wood, and to try if they could find any water, and that, on landing, they had seen the dog; and being surprised at seeing a dog upon the island, which they knew was uninhabited, the second mate and one man had followed the dog till they found me; and I told them as well as I was able how I came on the island, and how long I had been there. The second mate, who was talking to me, told me that he would go on board of the schooner directly, and acquaint the captain of the schooner of my condition; but I begged of him to allow his shipmate to stop along with me whilst he was gone, to which he agreed, and away he went; but my feelings during the time he was gone I can't express, for hope and fear were mixed together. I asked the man that was left along with me, to make my fire up, and fry some tortoise, for the dog had dragged a large one close to my hut, and my new companion soon killed him, and cooked the best part of it, and before it was quite done, the captain of the schooner came up to my hut, and he brought four men along with him to carry me down to the boat, and he brought some rum and some water, and some biscuit along with them, for me to have something to eat and to drink before they took me away; and the captain and the men had some of my tortoise that their shipmate had cooked, and they liked it very well. But the first morsel of bread that I tasted I could scarcely get down, for it was now two hundred and seventy days since I had tasted a bit of bread; and still the Lord had been kind enough to preserve me, and send me help when I was in the greatest distress, and could not help myself; and how wonderful that the dog should be the means of my deliverance! It was a long time before I came to again, when I got on board the schooner; and the people on board told me afterwards that they could not keep the dog from me during the time that I was lying senseless; and as soon as he saw that I moved and spoke again, he ran fore and aft the decks like as if he was mad.

When I came on board of the "Flying Fish," it was the 29th day of October, 1820, and I was cast away on the 3d day of February, which made exactly two hundred and seventy days that I had been on James's Island. Now the schooner lay there eight or ten days after I had been on board, to get wood and tortoises on board; and then we sailed from the island, and the schooner being bound to Baltimore, in America, we went to windward.

In the beginning of January, 1821, but a few days after we got round Cape Horn, and being off the Falkland Islands, a sad misfortune befell me: I lost my dog, who died through eating some porpoise liver. Some of the crew of the schooner had caught a porpoise, and the dog, being used so long to live upon raw meat, eat too greedily of the liver, and he died on the fifteenth day of January, and you may depend that I was very sorry for it; but he was gone, and all the fretting about him would do no good; so we kept on our course, and, thanks be to God, we had very fine weather, and we arrived in Baltimore on the 2d of March, 1821. Now, the captain and the crew had given me a good many clothes on the passage, for what I had on the island were all worn out, and my legs, thanks be to God, were a good deal better; and the captain of the schooner took me up to the owners, and told them what state he had found me in; and the owners were kind enough to send me to a boarding-house, where I was to stay till I got well, and they made me a present of twenty dollars; for which, and all the other kindnesses which I had received from them, I thanked them kindly.

I stayed in Baltimore till the 20th day of April, when I found myself quite well, and shipped on board of a brig called the "Buck," of Boston, and she was bound to New Orleans, where we arrived on the 16th day of May. I forgot to mention that before I left Baltimore I sent a letter to Mr. Mellish, in an English ship bound to Liverpool, to acquaint him with the loss of the "Spring Grove," and I acquainted him that the ship had one thousand three hundred barrels of oil in her when she was lost, and every other particular about her; and I told him that I intended to come to London myself as soon as I had an opportunity. Now when we arrived at New Orleans, our brig was found unfit for sea, for she was very leaky, and we the crew were discharged from her; and I being in a strange place, and having very little money, I was obliged to look out for another ship as soon as I could; and I shipped myself in a steamboat called the "Olive Branch," to go from New Orleans up the Mississippi to the Falls of Ohio; and I got twenty-five dollars per month. I went up in the "Olive Branch" as far as a place called Shipping Point, close to the Falls of the Ohio; but it now being the latter part of June, and the river being very low, our steamer was laid up, and I was paid off. I got back to New Orleans on the 10th of December, but I had the misfortune to hurt my leg on the passage down; and, when we got to New Orleans, and our cargo discharged, I found my leg so bad that I was obliged to take my discharge from the "La Fayette," and go on shore under the doctor's hands; and I was obliged to go to a boarding-house; but, thanks be to God, I had saved up a little money. Now the house that I was recommended to was kept by a widow woman, and she seemed to be a very industrious woman, but she was obliged to keep a bar-keeper or a man to look after the business. Now, after I had been in the house for about two months, she asked me, one day, if I could read and write; I told her yes. She asked me if I would be kind enough to have a look at her books, for she was pretty well sure that the

man that she had for a bar-keeper had cheated her. I told her that I would do it with pleasure; for, thanks be to God, my leg was getting nearly well; and, on overhauling her book, I found a great many frauds. And when the man was asked about it, he said that he would settle everything in the morning; but that night he ran away, and took nearly fifty dollars, that he had received from different people, along with him; and we never saw no more of him. Now my leg, as I told you before, was nearly well; and she asked me if I would be kind enough to look after her bar; and, after a little consideration, I consented. And I showed her what money I had of my own before I had anything to do with her money; and she agreed to give me twenty dollars a month, and my board, and I went and took charge of everything. But, to make a long story short, before I had been her bar-keeper two months, I became her husband; for I married her the 5th of April, 1822; and, thanks be to God, a very good wife she proved to be. And I began to look upon myself as settled; and I wrote a letter to my son and to Mr. Mellish; telling Mr. Mellish that, if he thought my son deserved it, or stood in need of it, to let him have the sixty pounds that I put in his hands when I was paid off from the "Policy."

I was beginning to do very well; but we appoint, and the Almighty disappoints; for, the sickly season setting in very severe, my wife, my dearest Martha, caught the fever, and died in three days after she was taken bad; and I buried her on the 25th of July, 1822. I had not been long at home before I was taken bad, and the doctor advised me to go to the hospital, which I accordingly did; but, before I went to the Hospital, I had my house shut up, and I left what goods there were in charge of my late wife's sister; and I took about two hundred dollars, in notes, along with me in the hospital. I stayed in the hospital about six weeks, when it pleased God to let me recover and get to my senses again; for I had been out of my mind nearly all the time that I had been there. And, when I came to inquire after my late wife's sister, I was obliged to hear that she died about four days after I had gone into the hospital. But I soon got better, and I came out of the hospital on the 1st day of October; and I felt myself very weak when I came out into the fresh air. And when I got home to where I had lived, I found an empty house; for, after my sister-in-law died, everything was taken out of the house, and was ordered to be burnt. So here I was again, nearly as bad as I was when I first came to New Orleans; and I began to take a dislike to the place, and I intended to leave it as soon as I could; and the very next day I shipped myself on board the "Friendship;" and we sailed from New Orleans, the 10th day of October, for Campeachy, to take in a cargo of logwood, to take to London; and, thanks be to God, I got quite well again. And we soon got our cargo; and we sailed from Campeachy the 2nd of November, and we had a very good passage home, as far as the English Channel, when the wind got round to the eastward, which delayed us three or four weeks. Our provisions got very short, and especially our water; and, our ship being very leaky, we were obliged to put into Falmouth harbour, where we discharged all her cargo; and the owners came down to Falmouth, and, finding that the ship wanted a great deal of repair, they paid the crew their wages, and I was discharged on the 5th day of January, 1823. Now, it being the dead of the winter, and, knowing that there would be very few ships, in London, to be got at that time of the year, I shipped myself on board of a brig, belonging to Bangor, in Wales, called the "Jane Ellen;" and she was bound up the Straits, to Smyrna, with a cargo of pilchards. And we sailed from Falmouth the 12th of January; and, thanks be to God, we had a very good passage out to Smyrna, and we arrived there the 3rd day of March; and we kept trading from one place to another till the latter part of 1824, and nothing particular happened during that time. And, thanks be to God, I was in good health; when, on the 10th of October, 1824—when we were lying at Cephalonia—our captain got a freight for London to take a cargo of currants there; and, when we got our cargo in, we sailed from Cephalonia, on the 21th of October. And we had a very good passage down as far as the rock of Gibraltar, where we were obliged to lay wind-bound for several days, for it blew a very heavy gale of wind; but, thanks be to God, we held on, though a great many ships parted from their anchors and were driven on shore; but, on the 10th of December it moderated, and we got under-way, and, thanks be God, we arrived safe at the Downs on the 24th of December.

Our master being eager to get something fresh on board for Christmas Day, for dinner, he sent me on shore, in one of the Deal boats, to get something; for the master himself was very poorly, and he was not able to go. And I had been mate of the brig for about eighteen months,—for we lost our mate, that came out from England with us, at Smyrna, by sickness; so ashore I went. And when I left the brig the weather looked very fair, for the time of the year, and the wind was about west by south; but we scarcely got on shore when the wind shifted round to the south-south-east, and it came on to blow tremendous hard, and a heavy sea came tumbling in upon the beach. And I wanted the watermen to go off at once, but they refused to go off till low water, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and when I landed, it was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and the weather came on in thick snow showers; and two of the Deal boats tried to

get off, but both boats were swamped, and two of the Deal men, belonging to the boats, were drowned. Now, here I was on shore in a heavy gale of wind, and my poor shipmates out there by themselves; for our captain, as I told you before, was very poorly, and had been so ever since we left Gibraltar; and there were only three men and two boys on board beside himself; but I could not help them, if I had given a hundred guineas.

I could not get a boat to take me on board of the "Jane Ellen." When I found that none of the boats could go off with me, I went to Lloyd's Agents, and acquainted them how I was situated, for I knew that the brig and cargo were insured; but they told me that I must content myself till the weather moderated, and they would take care to send me on board as soon as possible. But as night came on, the gale was still increasing, and there were no hopes of me getting on board that night. But I could not sleep, though several people offered me a bed, and I stayed on the beach till day-light next morning. But it was still blowing very hard, but the weather was clearer, and we could see no vessel in the Downs, only one large ship, and that was a man-of-war, and the poor "Jane Ellen" was nowhere to be seen. What to do, or what to think, I did not know; but I concluded that the brig was lost, and all hands perished. I went to Lloyd's Agents again, and asked them what they thought of it? They told me that they expected she was lost; and they told me that I ought to think myself very lucky that I was on shore out of her; but still, the captain of the brig was to blame to send any of his crew on shore out of the ship, while she was lying in an open roadstead, and especially this time of the year; and that was all the satisfaction I could get from them. Now I was on shore, but scarce any money in my pocket; for I had nearly been two years in this brig, and had no occasion to draw any money from the captain; for, when I joined her, I had my pay from the "Friendship" to fit me out, and I had money on board, beside my clothes. But here I was hove upon the wide world once more; and I stayed in Deal for one week, to try if I could hear anything concerning the "Jane Ellen;" but hearing nothing by New Year's Day, I intended to travel up to London, and go and see if my son was alive or not. Now, all the money I had in my pocket when I started from Deal, which is seventy-two miles from London, was three shillings and sixpence; and it was bitter cold weather, for I started from Deal on the 2nd day of January, 1825; and, thanks be to God and good friends, I arrived in London on the 6th of the month; and tired enough I was; and all the money that I had left was twopence. I had middling good clothes on my back, and I went to Mr. Mellish to inquire after my son; and when I told Mr. Mellish of my new misfortune, he told me that I was a wonderful man. But when I asked him concerning my son, he told me that he was married to his housekeeper, and that they were doing very well; and that he had paid the sixty pounds to my son, according to my wish. I thanked him very kindly, and he told me that my son, in coming home in the "Seringapatam," had the misfortune to fall out of the main-top and broke his left arm, and it not being properly set, he had partly lost the use of it; and when he came home, having a very good character, Mr. Mellish made him wharfinger at his wharf, and after a little time he got married.

I told Mellish how I was situated in regard to money, and he was kind enough to give me five pounds; and he told me, that if my circumstances would ever allow me to pay him I might, but he should never ask me for it. I thanked him very kindly for it, and I asked him if he would be kind enough to send for my son, which he did; and when my son came in, he was quite surprised at seeing me, and he and I went home to his house. And when I came to tell him how I was situated, he called his wife in, and told her that I should have to stay along with them a few days, and that I was his father; but I could see by the first appearance of her actions that I was an unwelcome guest, for she said she did not know how to make room for me. I told my son; "Francis," said I, "seemingly your wife, whom I thought to embrace as a daughter, is not agreeable for me to stay here." Give me a few shillings, so that I can go and get a lodging somewhere for the night;" for I did not let him know that Mr. Mellish had given me five pounds. He told me he would try what he could do, and away he went; and I heard him and his wife having very high words outside of the room, and between other words that passed, I heard her calling me a beggar. My temper at that present time could not stand that, and I got up and went out, and wished them a good night, and I left the house, and I have never seen her since, and away I went down to Tooley Street, in the Borough, and there I got a lodging.

In a few days I got pretty well round again, and I went to Lloyd's Office to report the loss of my brig, and likewise to see if I could recover any of my wages; for I was sent on shore on duty, and certainly I ought to be entitled to my wages to the time we sailed from the last port; and they told me that as I gave in my claim for wages due to me for the "Jane Ellen," that as soon as they had returns from Sierra Leone, they would pay me what was due to me. Now, I knew well enough that it might be five or six months before they got any returns from Sierra Leone. I went to Mr. Mellish and acquainted him with it, and the next day he went along with me, and I empowered Mr. Mellish to receive any money that might be due to me from the "Jane Ellen;" and Mr. Mellish told me that

if I wanted any more money before I left London, he would let me have it. I thanked him very kindly.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

The first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with cauls; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woolsacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something towards their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something towards their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Molière, or Paul de Kock, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralisation. Many a young man who now astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian, has it, they "behave as such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where everything is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be *opulent*—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades; not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe these poor students sunning themselves, at midday, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces, bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, "circumstances" have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be anything "new under the sun," it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners' hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect—they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o'clock; others betake themselves by six to their *ateliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a hôtel, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights,—the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *semi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England, he is accustomed to find card-playing in the morning patronised only by the most reckless; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with grey hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed, at nine o'clock, upon a game of *écarté*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg Gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque

upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favourite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the paletôt description, perfectly straight, without shape or make, and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and moustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy: there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter. It may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg Garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse chestnuts would be very beautiful if in their cropped condition they did not remind the unprejudiced observer—who is, of course, English—of the poodle dogs who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican, and the lions that flank the terraces on either side, are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene more so than it is with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less blooming damsels, gaily decorated parterres, and gaily attired loungers, the occasional crash of a military band, and the continual recurrence of military manœuvres.

Just outside the gates, near the groves of tall trees leading to the Barrière d'Enfer, there is always something going on—more soldiers, of course, whom it is impossible to avoid in Paris, besides various public exhibitions, all cheap, and some gratuitous. On one side, you are attracted by that most irresistible of attractions—a crowd. Edging your way through it, as a late arrival always does, you find yourself, with the body of students whom you followed from the hôtel, "assisting" at the exhibition of a wonderful dog, who is doing nothing, under the direction of his master, in general a most repulsive-looking rascal, bearded and bloused as if hot for a barricade. The dog, by doing nothing, is not obeying orders;—on the contrary, he is proving himself a most sagacious animal by having his own way in defiance of all authority. This the master attributes, not to the stupidity of the dog, but to the absence of contributions from the spectators. A few sous are showered down upon this hint; which proceeding, perhaps, brings out the dog's talents to a slight extent; that is to say, he is induced to lie down and pretend to be asleep; but it is doubtful, at the same time, whether his compliance is attributable to the coppers of his audience, or the kicks of his spirited proprietor. This is probably the only performance of the wonderful animal, for it is remarkable that whatever the sum thrown into the circle, it is never sufficient, according to the exhibitor, to induce him to show off his grand tricks, so high a value does he place upon his own talents.

Who, among a different class of the animal creation, does not know what is called a "genius," who sets even a higher value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick?"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to everybody. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say, "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not first business. His hunch has lost its fulness, his nose, its rubicundity, and his profligacy, its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd, who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate innuendos, and meet improprieties half way, with all the well bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary amongst the students to wait for the end of Nicolet's performances. The fashionable hour for departure varies, but it is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighbourhood. It is a garden somewhat resembling Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings

in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other tenpenny dances, either in London or Paris; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to *consomme* something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great classes of the quarter—students and grisettes: some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarte* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game: an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the "Closerie" for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning which will apply to most diversions from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five he begins to think about dining; or rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realisation. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "*Associations Fraternelles des Cuisiniers*" that the student proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronised principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—everybody is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognised as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case, "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savour. "*Macaroni a la République*," "*Fricandeau a la Robespierre*," or "*Filet a la Carnot*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind cost the student little more than a franc. If he is more ostentatious or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odéon. Here for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers this to the Associated Cooks, who, it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment is not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favourite resort is, not the Odeon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Théatre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobineau's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintance across the house; indulges in coarse demonstrations of extasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. Mademoiselle Hermance, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshippers. The theatre itself is everything that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself towards oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mobile or the Château Rouge.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS*" —SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No [illegible] SATURDAY, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] What Cortes saw of the *spoil* of the Humming Bird, was [illegible] to the [illegible] representation of their [illegible] existence.

But how was this marvellous collection formed? "When were the birds sent over?" was a question we heard asked. It has been one of the many labours of an earnest and thoughtful man's life to get together this unrivalled assemblage. He began with a little case of the most beautiful and curious, picked out of the odd groups of glass domes in curiosity shops. He has sometimes bought a specimen for a dozen pence, and sometimes for as many guineas. They have come from the South American Continent and the Antilles, sometimes in packing cases, sometimes in a letter containing a single bird. The fortunate possessors of the rarer species [illegible]

[illegible] The unscientific bird stuffers are amazed that there can be life in death.

In process of time this young man [illegible] made a considerable collection. He is the possessor of a few books of Zoology, but [illegible] especially does Bewick's Birds delight him. He [illegible] longs to become a scientific naturalist, to attain to something more than the mechanical skill for which he has gained a reputation. The opportunity arises. He leaves his native town, being engaged by the Zoological Society in the preparation of specimens for their Museum. He marries. His wife has a remarkable talent for delineating objects of Natural History with accuracy and taste. They publish a beautiful example of their joint ability, he as the scientific author, she, as the accomplished artist: "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains." Their success is complete. Henceforth, JOHN GOULD, the young man who had sold stuffed birds at Eton, is to take rank amongst the best naturalists of his age.

His labours are unceasing; his success is proportionate. He commences "The Birds of Europe" in 1832, completing it in 18[illegible]7, a magnificent work, of which, though the cost is astounding, not a copy now remains for sale. After the issue of one or two [illegible] important books, he commences "The Birds of Australia," and completes the [illegible] ten years' labour. [illegible] hundred species figured and [illegible] observation in their native haunts. Connected with this work of surpassing [illegible] necessarily [illegible] history. The wife of the naturalist was the companion of his voyage. She [illegible] on stone nearly all the plates [illegible] of Europe, but her [illegible] interrupted. She died [illegible] year after our return from Australia [illegible] Mr Gould [illegible] in which country an immense mass [illegible] ings, both [illegible] made by her inimitable hand and pencil. They went to Australia in 18[illegible] returned in 1840. Mr Gould is now [illegible] on "The Birds of [illegible] the first part of a Monograph of the [illegible] chilidæ, or Humming Birds. He [illegible] which he has got together and the [illegible] some which have formed [illegible] collection in the Zoological Gardens, will be permanently represented in this book. The [illegible] gravings approach the brilliancy of the plumage of the bird themselves in [illegible] which is very remarkable.

How shall we attempt to [illegible] these resplendent children of the day star? The most vivid colours of the painter's palette cannot duplicate their [illegible] tints. The drawings of Mr Gould's [illegible] brilliant [illegible] they are [illegible] can impart metallic [illegible] as opaque when [illegible] Yet [illegible] the changing light [illegible] beneath the [illegible] of their [illegible] give out a brilliancy which art cannot even then imitate. [illegible] up the morning, and they reflect the lustre like gorgeous gems. [illegible] still more [illegible] It must resort to [illegible] naturalists [illegible] the Humming birds by typical names. One species is the velvet bird, another the topaz, another the amethyst, another the emerald, another the ruby, another the sapphire. They have frills, ruffs, feathered boots, downy muffs, crests, cravats, helmets. Some are the Sylphs, some the Coquettes, some the Fops. All this indicates the imperfection of verbal description. Strength becomes exaggeration. [illegible] is the sun, says one. They [illegible] pencils of light," says another. Science then comes in to explain their wondrous lustre. And [illegible] demonstrated mathematically that the organisation of their feathers, reflecting the rays of light from innumerable facets, was the cause of their surprising variety of colour. When, it is stated, the light falls in a vertical direction over their [illegible] feathers, the luminous rays are absorbed and they appear black. When it is reflected from their feathers each feather being [illegible] they are emeralds and rubies. Wonderful provision of the Creator! Was all this beauty for no purpose but for the [illegible] curiosity, or the [illegible] demonstration? Does it not [illegible] to the higher elements of [illegible] imperfectly [illegible] The [illegible] the poetry which [illegible] Humming Birds [illegible] the [illegible] this [illegible] the sun.

The collection of Mr Gould's exhibited in the Garden of the Zoological Society [illegible] The materials [illegible] Humming Birds [illegible] known [illegible] In 18[illegible] Mr [illegible] hundred [illegible] Mr [illegible] hundred and ninety six [illegible] Mr Gould [illegible] has [illegible] The [illegible] illustrated by the [illegible] They are [illegible] America but chiefly within the tropics. Some [illegible] found in the West India Islands; two on the island of Juan Fernandez; one in Chili [illegible] the Andes [illegible] they are most abundant. They flitter even above the snow line at an elevation of fourteen or fifteen thousand feet. Chimborazo has its peculiar bird, and so has Pichincha. Every valley of those [illegible] regions—each a world in itself from its prodigious depth—exhibits some variety in form or colour. From the immense extent of their geographical range we may form some notion of the labour necessary to describe and classify these wonders of ornithology—a labour which seems never ending, through the constant accumulation of new materials.

Let us endeavour to look a little more minutely at some of the varieties of beauty in this collection. Each case generally contains several pieces. Properly to describe one case would occupy several pages. We must be content with an unscientific glance at a few of the more attractive.

In the second case in the centre is the *Topaza pyra*. Vain were the attempt to analyse those hues. There is the metallic lustre of the brightest gold, but beneath the gold there is a vivid green, running off into scarlet, contrasting at once and harmonising

In the fifth case, the *Bourcieria* offers a different species of beauty, the new white throat and tail feathers mingling with the deepest brown and the most [illegible]. In the eighth case we have the *C[illegible]* and the *Comete* — the forked [illegible] — the two tail feathers four or five times the length of the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] family we must study [illegible] [illegible]

The [illegible] Why are they called Humming [illegible]? The name is derived from the [illegible] by the [illegible] movement of [illegible] at the little collared [illegible] very imperfect tail [illegible] for distant flights. Put [illegible] flower, the rapid vibration [illegible] produces the noise which has [illegible] to the whole family. They [illegible] motionless for hours. "The vital [illegible] wings," says Buffon, "[illegible] bird poised in the air [illegible] moveable but entirely without [illegible]." The great characteristic of this family is the power of the wing. Their muscular system is almost wholly employed to give effect to this power. They are essentially an ethereal race. They find their food on the earth, but their home is the air.

As the wings and the tail exhibit the peculiar character of their flight, so do the beaks determine the nature of their food. Within the beak, whether short or long, is a tongue which can be darted out with a spring-like movement. It pierces the flowers for their honied juices; it seizes upon minute insects. It is composed of two blades, with spoon-like termination. The beak [illegible] a weapon of attack and [illegible]. As the [illegible] Humming bird sits in her [illegible] pendulous nest, the male watches over her [illegible]. The Indians [illegible]. If a bird invade the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

A REAL SISTER OF CHARITY

[illegible] the early months [illegible] [illegible] them. Jane had [illegible] only brother was [illegible] years older than herself, so there were [illegible] children [illegible] to play with [illegible] her mother [illegible] [illegible] Jane always had companions [illegible] In the winter [illegible] kept each other warm [illegible] and she had the birds [illegible] watched for every crumb that fell from the loaf, and put it outside [illegible] for the birds which [illegible] was by or in the house [illegible] could well walk on the [illegible] to the slides, where there was [illegible] some little creature crying with [illegible] while the elder boys and girls were sliding, and wherever there was such a little creature crying with cold, there was Jane putting [illegible] hands round her neck, or covering up its feet with her frock, and telling it they would soon be warm. On the bitterest nights she was afraid dolly would be cold even in her arms, and she tucked in the sheet round the smart young lady's neck before going to sleep herself. In spring, there

were almost always some young birds to feed and rear, while boys would go bird nesting, as boys do everywhere. The first stranger who came to that part of the coast for sea bathing used to stare at the child whom they met walking with a bird perched on her head and another on her shoulder. If there was a crab that was thrown out by the fisherman because it had lost a claw, Jane would make a pool for it in the sands, and watch over it till she saw whether it could shift for itself. She was no favourite with the shepherd on the down; for they lost many a wheatear in August by her letting the birds out of their traps. She was told that it was wrong to do so, and she believed it; but still she never could [illegible] but of [illegible] and the [illegible] turf without peeping to look at [illegible] was within, and if there was one [illegible] he could not possibly help letting it free. She got many a scolding and not a few blows [illegible] she learned that [illegible] people who take wheatears out of traps leave a penny or a halfpenny in the trap. After that, every halfpenny she had, went that way; and when she had no more copper she would leave a few cherries, or an apple, or a bit of ginger bread—any treasure she happened to have; and then he was exceedingly surprised when the trapper knew who had been there. The shepherds treated her more respectfully after a certain day, when something happened that frightened the child a good deal. She was sitting on the down, and [illegible] her doll [illegible] when [illegible] up the slope. They were in pursuit of a leveret, and the leveret had [illegible] jumped into the child's lap. Instantly she covered it with her frock, and [illegible] The dogs leaped about her and made an alarming noise; and when the farmer to whom the dogs belonged came [illegible] the leveret [illegible] and [illegible] Some [illegible] story everywhere, and many were found to agree that there must be something [illegible] about the child, that a wild animal should take refuge in her lap, and that the dogs should not pull her down. When the bad weather came on, and the wind was too high for the downs, there was always some body's lame foot or aching head to nurse in her lap. And then came the shipwrecks, when there were only too many wet and cold, and hungry, and wretched people for her to try to warm and comfort.

Perhaps the greatest event of her whole childhood was the arrival in the next town of a menagerie of wild beasts. When her father took her to see it, he was little aware what he was doing. There was a young lady, dressed very grandly, with a little wand in her hand, who went into the lions' cage, and then into the tigers', and played with the creatures, and came out safe. Little Jane longed to go too but she did not venture to ask that. She only asked, and never ceased for many months to entreat, that she might be brought up to be a waiter in a menagerie. When she was so laughed at that she dared not say any more about it by day, she muttered about it in her sleep. She had glorious dreams about living with lions and tigers and playing with monkeys and parrots; and she still hoped that her parents would see that what another woman did, she might do. [illegible] however, for her parents [illegible] her [illegible] view [illegible] The [illegible] whose [illegible] she had [illegible] was [illegible] the county hospital, and there Jane went with her mother one market day. Her [illegible] She thought [illegible] with [illegible] the way of the [illegible]

[illegible] that, [illegible] When she was [illegible] sixteen [illegible] of peaking [illegible] will [illegible] enough to be in [illegible] had come [illegible] then [illegible] five years after [illegible] carpenter named Ewing, occupied more of her thoughts than either [illegible] In due time she [illegible] Ewing [illegible] years after, her [illegible] died. He [illegible] lived in London [illegible] home and children [illegible] her home-world, and [illegible] world was made [illegible] neighbours as she could help.

At forty years of age she was living in a narrow lane of the town where she had seen the menagerie. There were not even cheerful houses opposite; but high warehouse walls, without one single glazed window, but only square spaces closed with dark shutters. By peeping from the second-floor windows, the end of a chalk cliff might be seen with its cap of grass, and a strip of sky above; but otherwise, there was nothing visible but the lane. The eldest boy, now fourteen, worked with his father as a carpenter. The eldest girl was eleven, and there were some younger ones who, with the lodgers, gave mother and daughter plenty to do. There were two rooms let to lodgers—single men who would be out of the way all day, at their work. The rooms were never unlet long together; for they were clean, and the bedding was good.

When the railway works were begun on that part of the coast, there were plenty of applicants for the Ewings' rooms. They

could now pick and choose, and they chose, as the tenant of their second floor room, Allan Marsh, a young man who came from the north of England to work upon the railway. They liked, from the first, his open, good-humoured countenance, full of health and cheerfulness—to say nothing of its being very handsome—with the thick bright hair curling above his broad forehead. They liked his frank manner, and his way of speaking to the children, and they agreed after one interview that they had no doubt he was an honest man, who would pay his way and be sober. So it proved. He paid his bill on the first Saturday night, and during that week and the next [illegible] he [illegible] to [illegible] home with him or [illegible] [illegible] Allan made himself quite at home [illegible] Mrs Ewing [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] the north. He had not [illegible] [illegible] Moreover [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] shop.

[illegible]

"What [illegible]

"Something [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] on the Sunday night with [illegible] containing the day's provisions, and [illegible] up the mountain to the place of work [illegible] which [illegible] the [illegible] shop, and the other [illegible] on the Wednesday night. The work was so hard that no man [illegible] a week of it, and it was this which saved many lives, for no man [illegible] sleeping seven nights [illegible] shop. The brother [illegible] spot in the ascent, and sat down for half an hour's talk, and very pleasant [illegible] were, but Allan had sent [illegible] to his brother, that they could here, in the [illegible] work together for six days in the week, and have every evening for talk [illegible] of such sleep as could never be had in a lodging-shop."

"But what is a lodging-shop?" asked Jack again.

"It is a great house of two stories, with no opening at the back or sides, except the chimney of the fire-place below, and only two windows in each floor, on the fourth side, so that there is not air enough for so many people to breathe. Pah! I seem to smell the bad air now."

"How many people?"

"Sometimes above a hundred. There were the beds, row above row, up to the ceiling; the upper rows on posts, with ladders to get up to them, and sometimes three of us in a bed, with a fourth sleeping across the foot."

"I should never have slept in such a way as that."

"You must, if you wanted to keep it all. There was no other place to sleep in, up that mountain."

"But did you sleep?"

"Not much. Among so many there were always some that had coughs, and they disturbed the rest. Then some came in late—up to midnight, and they were cooking their supper, frying their bacon at the fire below, and the smell came up among the bed-boards. I used to think the nights seemed as long as a week. We got up more tired than we went to bed."

"Could not you go somewhere else?"

"No; the nearest public-house was seven [illegible] off. And if we had made it out daily, we should all have been discharged. I was one of three made out of eleven, but that has killed off many good fellows who ought to be living now. [illegible] with my brother. I will find somebody to write him [illegible] him to come and work on the railway, and lodge here, where [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] a dreadful change had come over Allan's state and prospects. He went out [illegible] to his work, one morning, when he [illegible] little [illegible] that he should never [illegible] to work more. As he passed through the passage he [illegible] the children [illegible] When he got to the door he saw the pretty bright-haired little Betsy Holt there [illegible] peeping at him, and began play[illegible] opposite entrance, and he stopped a minute to give the child a toss, and pretend [illegible] run after her, and this was the last time he was seen on his feet. While at work that day he set his foot on a round lump of [illegible] which began to roll, and before he could recover himself, he was carried over the verge of the cliff, and fell to a great depth.

When taken up, he [illegible] man, and those who climbed to the spot where he lay, told the people who began to gather below that his back was broken. A hurdle was brought, and he was carried down and along the beach as gently as possible, but groaning so as to sicken the hearts of those who heard him. They were going to take him to the nearest public-house, but now he showed that he was sensible. He begged them not to stop anywhere, but carry him to "Mother's." He tried hard to stop groaning, that they might not be disheartened at the way they had to go.

"Mother" was at home, busy baking, while little Jane took care of the children. In a moment, Mrs Ewing comprehended the case. She wiped the flour from her hands, handed a

pair of large scissors to the bearers, and bade them cut off poor Allan's clothes, as easily as they could, while she put clean sheets upon his bed. The doctors had already been sent for. One or two prudent neighbours asked her, in a whisper, who would pay expenses, to which she replied that she would see about that afterwards. It was terrible work moving him from the hurdle upon the bed, after the difficult business of getting him up the narrow stairs. She did not shrink from the sight, though she perceived at once that the knees and the toes were dislocated. The sufferer did not seem aware of this: his complaint being of his back. The surgeons presently arrived. They could not at present be sure about the extent of the injury to the spine; but they thought it would be fatal; and they declined attempting anything with the limbs meanwhile.

Next came the husband and son home to dinner. Ewing was much disturbed that the poor fellow had been brought here. What could they do with him? It was not so much further to the workhouse, and he ought to have been taken there. The expenses would be very great, and who was to pay? And how was the house to go on with the poor fellow groaning there night and day? The wife answered little in words beyond pleading that Allan had begged to be brought hither. She had no doubt she could manage to nurse him. His brother might be expected in time now, and with him they might arrange about the future. To satisfy Mr. Ewing's mind, the clergyman, who came as soon as he heard of the accident, wrote to Allan's family. Alas! no comfort was sent back in answer. When Mr. Franklin's letter arrived the family were already in deep affliction. Allan's brother had been killed by the caving in of the mine where he was at work. Who should tell Allan this piece of news? Mr. Franklin would have done it; but mother was afraid to do it, and some favourable opportunity might present itself in the course of her daily and nightly watch. She did find an opportunity, and whether it was her method of doing it, or her steady temper of acquiescence in all, communicating itself to him, or whether his own frightful pain of body rendered him less sensible to other kinds of suffering, Allan bore the tidings better than could have been hoped. When he spoke of his brother, it was of his being out of his pain, the greatest good, perhaps, that, at that time, poor Allan could conceive of.

Night and day did "Mother" nurse the groaning stranger thus thrown upon her charity. For many months Allan scarcely slept, for there was no complete intermission of his pain. How she did it, nobody could understand. The mere washing of the linen would have been work enough for some women, for the sheets and shirts required very frequent changing, while the treatment of the case was going on. The doctors said that no sick room they ever entered was in better condition. Her husband, though discontented and anxious, could not say that he was neglected, nor the children either. Mrs. Ewing only said that Jane was growing up to be a nice little help, and that it was good for the boys to have to help too. And they really were good little boys, quiet, and willing to give up their play and lend a hand in any way they could. As for the expenses, it was some time before any money could be obtained from any quarter; but at last Allan's claim was so pressed upon the Railway Company by Mr. Franklin that they decreed an allowance of ten shillings a week. This was, perhaps, as much as they could be expected to give; but it was very far from being a repayment even of Allan's expenses without counting the nursing. The one article of clean linen would have used up the half of it in any other house.

At the end of six months, when the pain was coming on, Allan declared himself no better, and his coming was almost as terrible to him as at first. But the doctors assured the Ewings and Mr. Franklin that the pain was very much lessened, and that it would be so still, till the lower half of the body would be wholly insensible. Poor Allan was quite unaware of believing that he suffered as much as ever. It was a case in which such a mistake often occurs, when a habit of groaning — a mood of discomfort — keeps up, in old age, the cries and sensations. If Allan could think himself easier, he would find he was so. "Mother" had for some time suspected this, — suspected that this was the turning point when the pain of body was becoming disease of mind. Not for one moment did she think of relieving herself of a burden now clearly shown to be hopeless. If Allan was neither to recover nor die, — if he was to lie there year after year, she must lay her plans for a continuance; she must enter upon a higher kind of nursing than he had yet needed. She must minister to his mind, even more carefully than to his body.

She led him to observe, as from his own sensations, the total paralysis of his legs and the lower part of his body; and when he said he feared he should never again leave his bed, she did not contradict him, but spoke cheerfully of it as the condition of his life. The tears streamed down the poor fellow's face, and she had much ado to restrain her own when he sobbed out, 'O! Mother, shall I never see the sun again?' Then, he had fits of thirst for the wind on the cliffs. If he could feel the breeze upon his face on the cliffs, he thought he could rest and be happy. But this was what he could not have; for, as has been said, it was only by peeping up from the window that the ridge of the cliff and a strip of sky could be seen. She did not rebuke him, and preach to him, and go into the sunshine, and leave him to cry in bed—

with feeble nerves, and no change of objects. She turned over in her mind what could be done to amuse him, and occupy his faculties. She did speak of resignation, and in a way which made him devour her words, but it was while putting herself in his place, and resigning herself to his circumstances. She liked the breeze upon the height, but every spare half-hour was given to Allan, and every little indulgence that offered itself to her was, somehow, changed into some comfort for him. By the time the crocuses should blow there was a little green balcony put up before the window. That was [illegible] handiwork and, after [illegible] Mr Franklin's visit, [illegible] body sent two [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] When the [illegible] she would [illegible] windows opposite [illegible], if Allan's window was open, she would call to him till he [illegible] him [illegible] the cellar, and gave her the nest she wanted. Allan was not her only [illegible] in that room. Allan had pretty [illegible] such pretty birds, that Betsy liked them better than any she saw on the downs. There was a family of canaries. 'Mother' knew where she could have a pair of canaries if only he had a cage. The cage was Allan's first piece of real work, and it occupied his mind for many days. It was to be a large cage fit for breeding in and rearing a brood. Then it was necessary to know what were the materials for building, and how the brood should be reared. Mr Franklin was inquired of, and then Allan felt what a comfort it would be if he could read for himself what he wanted to know. He could read a little, but it was irksome—almost impossible to him—to make out the meaning of anything in print. The children and he came to an agreement that they should help him to what they learned at school. They did their part as well as they could, but Allan was too quick and clever for them; and, in a little while, Mr Franklin himself was so good as to take up the task. He came for an hour every Sunday, and a few minutes two or three times in the week besides, set Allan forward so well, that he could read for his own pleasure and other people's. Mr Franklin brought him merry and entertaining, as well as grave books, and on the summer evenings, two years after his accident, Allan might be seen propped up in bed, his face as healthful and his hair as curly as ever, and his broad hands apparently as fit as ever for work—and often with a merry smile upon his countenance, reading to Mother, as she darned stockings and [illegible], smoking his pipe out of the window, and the children learning round the bed. There were times, however, when the poor fellow could do nothing but cry, and reading was out of the question, for no one could read fluently but himself. At such times the best [illegible] was to ask him to do something for Mother, to mend a wire sieve, or [illegible] [illegible] keep him at work [illegible] leave him no time for other things. [illegible] bought him paints, or [illegible] framed them [illegible] Betsy what they read about. There was something, however, that she liked better—quite as well as the canaries—and that was a skylark, with a piece of fresh turf from the down at the bottom of the cage. Not a word had Allan ever to wait for in attending to any of these wants which [illegible] fancy. He always asked Mother, and the hardest worked of women always contrived to procure for him what he wanted. She looked upon it as giving him his maintenance—as being an indispensable part of the duty towards him which she had undertaken.

A feeling of self-reproach arises in detailing these luxuries of the sick room, though it is true that they were all there. It is easy to present this gay side of the picture, so readily apprehended and relished by the imagination, and enjoyed by the sympathy of the healthy and the happy; while it is totally impossible to convey any sense of the suffering which often prevented the enjoyment of such pleasure by him for whom they were provided. The healthy and the happy cannot know, cannot conceive how unavailing they often were to the sufferer, whose whole capacity for pleasure was overborne by the pressure of sickness and confinement. To the inexperienced, it sometimes seems as if it must be a pleasant thing to be ill when everybody is kind and helpful, when the whole day is holiday, the bed comfortable, the delicate meals luxurious, the room full of flowers, and pictures, and pleasant books. But the inexpressible, incommunicable misery of the nerves, the total depression of the spirits, the terrors about anything, or nothing, the haunting ideas, the wretched sensations, are things all unknown to the inexperienced, unless he

have a power of sympathy which is as rare as it is beautiful A child who had this power of sympathy was once seen to look grave while his brother was admiringly surveying the luxuries of a sick room, and then he answered, with a sigh from the bottom of his little heart, "Ah! but the unhealthiness! That spoils everything" and the melancholy of his tone carried solace to the heart of the patient Such a power of sympathy it was that made "Mother" the best of nurses She knew that these luxuries were all very well for the gayer hours but were of no avail for the sadder In these darker hours, she found time to sit on the edge of Allan's bed and let him hold her gown, and look in her face and speak of his strange fears and anxieties, till she could lead him away to happier thoughts Or she roused him by consultation about the troubles of some neighbour, or by news of some good fortune happening to a neighbour. It was at those times that she felt most the want of education in herself and him She knew enough to be aware how many more sources of interest would have been open to him if both had known more of the structure of the universe, and of the wonders of science and of the history and present interests of men She was aware how much less oppressive the narrowness of his prison would have been, if his mind could have gone abroad on the wings of knowledge through the great world and the vast and varied scene of human life and she was deeply humble about what she could do for him, because it was not more

Such experience as she had was carefully reviewed in his service and used to plead his cause Her husband, who had never been ill in his life, was sometimes vexed that so much fuss was made about Allan's pleasures She reminded her husband that when people have a terrible ... in mind, the worst time of day is the ... in the morning. Then everything looks black, and frightful, and wretched, but when one has splashed one's self with cold water and gone out into the morning air, everything looks so differently that one can hardly believe one was so miserable an hour before Now, this mood of misery was exactly what Allan could not escape from. There was no rising from bed, no going into the open air for him, no refreshing of the frame, no change of ideas for him; but the continuing of weary sensations and dreary thoughts, from day to day, and from month to month Her husband said lightingly, that this was all very fine talk—but it made its impression on him, as she soon found When Allan wanted anything in the night, he knocked on the floor with a stick One night, at a time when she had early to prepare breakfast at five o'clock, for her husband and son, she had gone to bed at some time past midnight, so weary, that she slept through two of Allan's knocks Her husband woke her, and asked her how she could let the poor fellow keep knocking without going to him She sprang up in great delight at such a proof of sympathy from her husband

A time of adversity for the family was now at hand Ewing hurt his arm at his work, and was obliged to be idle for four months The maintenance of the family now depended on "Mother," with such help as Jack could give Mrs Ewing took in more washing, having lately procured a mangle Still, her great anxiety was that poor Allan should not suffer—should not even perceive any change in the affairs of the household Her husband could spend more time with him, now that she had less to spare This was not the same thing to Allan, and try as he would, he could not help showing it He could not help listening for her step on the stairs and he did not know how his face lighted up when she entered the room He could not help telling Mr Franklin that he "loved to hear her talk" It was at this time that the news came of the death of her brother in London The event was sudden and she wept bitterly The more she tried to restrain her tears for Allan's sake—he being then in one of his seasons of deep dejection and alarm—the more the tears would come and as soon as she had ... and had ... up some ... ladies, who had heard of Allan's case from Mr Franklin, called to see him Mother's countenance lighted up at the sight of new friends for poor Allan She washed her face and hoped she had got rid of all signs of grief when she led the way into his room with a smile and cheerful talk But, just as if no strangers had been present Allan looked wistfully in her face and whispered, "What is the matter, 'Mother'?" She at once told him, speaking of her loss not as a misfortune but with such sense and religious cheerfulness as did him more good than any concealment or cant could have done It happened to be a Saturday afternoon, and Ewing, coming in, apologised to the ladies for the staircase being dirty There was some vexation in his tone when he said it was always so on Saturdays—after ... especially—for the schoolfellows of his children always came, more or fewer of them, to visit Allan, and their feet made a sad mess His wife said, with a smile, that perhaps the ladies would come some Sunday; and then they would see how clean the stairs could be It was a pleasure to Allan, and a good thing for the children, that they should meet, and it was only cleaning the stairs at night, instead of in the morning Everybody's stairs were cleaned on Saturdays it was only doing it at night

Even at this time, her charities were not confined to Allan While she was spreading clothes on the beach, and giving the little ones charge to watch them, she observed a ragged old man, pinched, feeble, and very dirty He had slept four nights under a boat, without having taken his clothes off She

invited him home, that she might wash his shirt, gave him warm water to wash himself, made up a bed for him by the kitchen fire, and sat up to wash, iron, and mend his clothes, when everybody else was asleep. By this time, any one would have taken her to be ten years older than she was,—so worn and haggard was her face from fatigue and insufficient sleep; but it was beautiful in the eyes of all good people from the expression it bore of a bright and serene spirit.

She had yet more to endure, however. Allan was now, from his bodily state, very far from being bright or serene. Some of his pains returned from time to time, and his nervous [illegible] look so green, or sky so blue. His heart felt as if it would burst, and just at that moment he saw a man walking on the road—swinging along with vigorous stride and his head turned towards the sea. A vision of white gliding sails, of glittering waters, of flying sea-gulls came up before the sufferer's mind at the same moment with his recollection of what it was to stand with ease, and walk with vigour. If any one wonders that this was too much for the stout heart of a man, let him be sure that he knows nothing of what it is to lie in bed in one room for years together. Allan's wild cry wrung "Mother's" heart. It brought in neighbours. It made little Betsy look out from the opposite warehouse, with grave concern. Allan was soon in bed again, but his hysterical weeping did not cease all that day, nor all that night; and "Mother" was not there to comfort him. She was in bed—prematurely confined, and in great danger.

Now was the time for all friends to help the family. Now was the time when Mr. Franklin called almost daily, and sent kind ladies, "new friends for Allan," as "Mother," exultingly exclaimed, whereas, the ladies came for her sake even more than his; but the last person she ever thought of was herself. Now was the time when little Betsy was oftener missed from home, and found on the bed getting "her dear old Allan" to help her to dress her doll. Now was the time for the children to show what their training had been. Jack looked abroad and Jane at home, doing an incredible quantity of work. The air in Allan's room was as pure, and his sheets as white as ever, and the younger children waited on him, fed his birds, watered his plants, and reported to their mother that he wanted for nothing. Many times a day he sent her that message himself; but "O! he wanted something—he wanted to see her again—he wanted to hear her talk," as he earnestly told Mr. Franklin, who was not jealous of "Mother's" being the most successful minister.

Then came round again in time Ewing [illegible] "Mother" recovered at last, and more clothes were piled on the bench, and the mangle was heard at work. Allan returned to his usual state, and then said that but for the injury to 'Mother,' he could not be sorry that he had seen the grass and the sky. But he never said a word about trying again, and he had [illegible] of the world without. The [illegible] seemed to have done him good. He had always been patient and [illegible], but now he was more cheerful and sensible of his blessings. He asked visitors whether his room was not wonderfully fresh—as fresh as any nobleman's room; and he told more people than ever about the lodging-shops where he and his poor brother used to sleep. He was thankful that his poor brother had been killed outright, for if he had been merely hurt and had been laid up in a lodging shop (owing to it being twelve miles from home) he would have died by inches of bad air and misery.

Allan's time came for dying by inches. [illegible] he never complained of his lot, though his sufferings were, at times, too severe to be borne in silence. When he had been confined to his bed between five and six years, the pains from the spine, and from other internal injuries, came on again, and at times he looked like a dying man. His mind was awake and observant, however—almost as much as in his best days. He noticed that the mangle stood still, and he asked why. There was no concealing from him that "Mother" had given up the chief part of the washing on his account. He remonstrated strongly against this, and urged that, for the children's sake, the parents' occupations should proceed. He wished, as he told Mr. Franklin, that he had a thousand pounds to leave, and his nurse should have every shilling of it; but as he had nothing to leave but his blessing, he must see that the children suffered no more than was necessary on his account. He

wished that they should have nothing to complain of when he was gone. This showed that he thought his death was near, and he told "Mother" so. He said he knew she would grieve, and the more—not the less—because he had been such a trouble to her. But she must remember he would be much better off—at least that was what he expected—though she had done everything that mortal could do to make him comfortable. He was evidently anxious to speak privately to the visitors who were still admitted, when he was sufficiently at ease to see them. The poor neighbours came on Sundays and in the evenings, and the ladies at other times; and he had the same thing to say to them all—that he hoped they would, if they cared for him, keep on the watch to save "Mother" for his sake. They must never let her go without help if she needed it. If he should be where he could know such things, he should be grateful for every good act done to her.

By degrees the broad cheerful face became ghastly; the curling brown hair was limp; the veins were shrivelled on the thin head; but the most noticeable thing of all was that he would not let "Mother" leave him. He clutched hold of her gown and held it even in his snatches of sleep. His not perceiving that she never slept, struck those who knew him best as a sure sign that he was dying, losing the sense of the lapse of time and seasons, as dying persons often do. It was sad work enough until a kind lady who called, and saw the change, however matters stood, sent in an active helpful woman, who took charge of the house and the children, and enabled "Mother" to tell Allan that she need not now leave him night or day. This went on for four days, during which his hand scarcely left hold of her dress. On the fifth morning, he looked much as he had done for some days, and "Mother" [illegible] the edge of the bed, sewing. Happening to look at the hand which had clutched her gown, she saw that the fingers were [illegible]. Laying her hand on his, she found it growing cold. His eyes were half shut, and she could not see that he breathed. He was indeed gone.

Ewing and Jack made him a coffin, which cost them three pounds, before they knew whether the Railway Company would repay them. The Company paid two pounds ten shillings some time after he was laid in the ground. "Mother" paid all the rest of the funeral expenses out of her own earnings. Mr Franklin ordered a headstone for the grave, on which the story of poor Allan's trials is told briefly—principally by the significant method of dates. In doing this, Mr Franklin was not unmindful of Allan's latest requests, of the test which he proposed of the regard of neighbours for him. Through the clergyman's exertions, "Mother" is now in the place for which she was destined by nature, and prepared by lifelong habit. She is Matron of an Institution for Sick Seamen, where she will continue to be "Mother" to a succession of sufferers, to the end of her days. Mr Franklin is of opinion that she did much more for Allan than provide him with the [illegible] and cleanliness that visitors admired so much; that he saved his intellect, and rescued his very heart from perishing. It is a great thing for the Sick Seamen to have "Mother" to watch over them, and minister to them in mind and body.

A CHAPTER OF MODELS

I HAVE [illegible] visit to the *[illegible]* in the [illegible] Model Prison of [illegible]. As [illegible] my curiosity [illegible] than [illegible] official [illegible] this [illegible] prison, that I may understand the [illegible] of the system and [illegible] with it more thoroughly than I could from conversation with the gentleman who [illegible] through the wards with us [illegible], though [illegible] therefore for the present a sketch of a visit [illegible] it were [illegible] the [illegible] of the system.

The prison [illegible] buildings, [illegible] in the [illegible] suburb [illegible] Church. It has outwardly [illegible] appearance of [illegible] would [illegible] picturesque [illegible] abundance [illegible] yellow and white washed walls. It is [illegible] food [illegible] would look very like a [illegible]. But [illegible] the vaulted and white-washed hall, with long vistas of white-washed passages leading from it, with a soldier [illegible] at the door, and here and there other soldiers in the distance, something of a prison feeling sank upon me.

Having been politely received in his little bureau by the Director of the Prison, an extraordinary man, from all accounts, and famed throughout Europe for his management of this prison and for various works which he has written on prison discipline, we were conducted through the establishment by a grave, intelligent little man, the *House Master*. All the people we met in the passages, whether prisoners or not, had an intense gravity impressed on their countenances.

The first room we entered was filled with men employed in spinning. This is the first employment given to the prisoners on their entrance, and when their capability for learning has been ascertained during this spinning-period, it is decided to what trade they shall be henceforth devoted. A long row of men of all ages, in coarse, grey jackets and trousers, some with chains round their waists, which were attached to their ankles, sate all down the middle of the room, busily spinning from their tall distaffs. Along the bare walls were rows of wholesome looking beds, with coarse but white sheets neatly turned over

their quilts; rows of tin cans were seen to hang in one corner of the room against boards nailed to the walls. A large crucifix was placed conspicuously upon another wall; the windows were large and cheerful; the room was cheerful. But that row of distorted, uncouth, malformed, and but partially developed heads, those white, sallow countenances, the eyes turning furtively towards you, or sunk in a stupor upon the [illegible], [illegible] threads drawn from the distaffs by [illegible] fingers, those heavy chains and the perfect silence, save of the wheel and the little [illegible], were not cheerful. It was the first time I had ever been in a prison or had looked [illegible] [illegible]

On [illegible] with the chain [illegible] the gentleman [illegible] the [illegible] of the men who [illegible] a priest five years [illegible] life.

But how [illegible] make their escape?"

"Now and then," replied he, "but very rarely. This is a prison, and of course, where is the man who would not escape if he could? But they are always overtaken; we have bloodhounds trained for the purpose. Such cases are very rare."

We saw room after room filled with the prisoners; now they were making shoes, now they were tailoring, now weaving table linen, now cloth—now we went into a dye house, now into a carpenter's shop. All were silently, busily at work, all had the same grave look; all, with but two, or at the most, three exceptions, were countenances of the most coarse description. There were youths, and old men, and middle aged men, but all worked apparently at perfect freedom, often with wide open doors, often in the open court-yard.

It was a startling thing to see murderers wielding hammers, and sawing with saws, and cutting with sharp-edged tools, when you remembered they *were* murderers, and how some tyrant passion had once aroused the fiend within them, though now again he seemed laid to rest by years of quiet toil. Our guide informed us, that very rarely did any disobedience or passion show itself among the prisoners after the first few months, or the first year of their imprisonment. The constant employment and early rising, the silence imposed most strictly, during their hours of toil, the routine [illegible] seemed to sink them into a passive calm until [illegible] became their only characteristic. On Sundays, they are allowed to read books of the prison library and to play at dominoes and enjoy [illegible]. There is a school for the young criminals and a hospital for the sick of course. The only punishment for disobedience [illegible] is confinement in a small room which was shown to us containing a hard wooden [illegible] and is left there to his own reflection.

We [illegible] white [illegible] and aprons [illegible] table [illegible] Each room however was a kind of prisoners' [illegible] mutual watchfulness kept up among the prisoners themselves seemed, according to the report of our informant, to answer remarkably well.

In some rooms you saw prisoners turning wheels which worked the cloth weaving machines below, whilst the machines themselves were fed and tended by other prisoners. The whole place was a great manufactory and series of workshops, where, from five in summer, six in the winter, and till seven at night, no sound was heard but that of the machinery. After work hours they were permitted to talk.

I regret not having asked at the time whether there is any visible sign of moral amendment in these poor unhappy wretches—whether friendships spring up among those condemned to spend their whole lives together in this prison—whether traits of kindness were shown among them—what was the average result of this mode of punishment?—and various other questions, which now suggest themselves to me.

I was curious to know whether the prisoners were quick in acquiring a knowledge of the different trades carried on in the prison;

and, as a rule, our guide said very quick. There were criminals, it is true, who did not seem to have the power of learning anything; but these were the exceptions, and that generally it was surprising in how short a time a trade was learned, which, with an ordinary apprentice, is a matter of years. Here it was the *one* object, it became the only interest, and was unceasingly worked at day after day.

The prisoner who has been longest in this prison has been there thirty years; many are in for life; many for twenty years. There are between five and six hundred at present in the prison. The number of female prisoners is very small in comparison with the men. We found the women busy washing in their wards—a long row of very tidy looking women in the whitest of borders to their caps, with white handkerchiefs pinned over their grey dresses. Their countenances as a whole were much more cheerful than those of the men; we actually saw smiles! Here and there, however, was a heavy uncouth countenance. At one particular washing-tub stood four women. Our conductor spoke to one of them, this being a sign to us to notice them. Two looked up, and fairly beamed with smiles; one, a tall and very handsome young girl, continued to wash away with downcast eyes. I felt a sort of delicacy in staring at her, her looks were so conscious and modest. A fourth, a fat ill-looking old woman, [illegible] never looked at the visitors. The two who smiled had remarkably agreeable faces, one with good features and a very mild expression; the other, a small woman, [illegible] a certain sad [illegible] expression about her eyes and mouth. Of which of these four women were we to hear a fearful history related? The only one who looked evil was the fat old woman.

As soon as we were out of [illegible] our [illegible] said, "Now, what do you say of those women?"

"Three out of the four," we remarked, "are the only agreeable faces we have seen in the prison, and, judging from this momentary glance at their countenances, we should say could not be guilty of much crime; perhaps the fat old woman may be so; that tall young girl, however, is not only handsome, but gentle looking."

"That tall young girl," replied our guide, "was the one who a year or two ago murdered her fellow servant, and cutting up the body, buried it in the garden; the little woman next to her, some two years since, murdered her husband; and the handsome, kind, motherly-looking woman who stood next destroyed her child of seven years old. The fat old woman is in only for a slight offence,—so much for our judgment of physiognomy!"

I cannot express the painful impressions produced on me by the remembrance of this group. As I returned home, all the faces I met in the streets seemed to me, as it were, masks. I saw faces in expression a thousand times more evil than the countenances of those three unhappy women. How was it? Was it alone that some unusually painful and frightful circumstances had aroused passions in them which only slept in the breast of hundreds of other human beings who wander about free and honourably in the world; or was *expression* after all, a deception? In those three women, at the moment we saw them at all events, the expression was [illegible] and amiable. I cannot give an idea of the strange sort of distrust which seized me. I looked at the ladies who accompanied me and said to myself, *your* faces are not [illegible] [illegible] expression [illegible] I have been looking at my own face and it seems to me that it too might just as well conceal some [illegible] remembrance of crime.

I was quite glad when a friend proposed that we should go and see a model of Milan Cathedral made by an old Italian here. I was thankful for anything to banish the remembrance of the three women and of those [illegible] beautiful hands and [illegible] of the young girl, which had once been [illegible] with blood.

We entered a very humble house and [illegible] the little room of Signor S. The room was a very small but bright and cheerful [illegible] the bright little window, the [illegible] cabinets were filled with all imaginable knicknacks, glass, china, and various small models and gilding; bronze and gilded candlesticks filled with tapers stood about upon [illegible] pictures hung on the cheerful walls. In one corner stood a pretty bed covered with a pea-green silk quilt and with a snowy pillow trimmed with lace. The little room was [illegible] not "parlour, and [illegible] all," [illegible] "parlour and bedroom", but one gets quite used to such arrangements abroad. And there was the little Signor himself all smiles and [illegible] in his beautiful Italian [illegible] honoured by the ladies' visit; and there was the most ingenious model of the far-famed Milan Cathedral, standing on its raised stand of satin wood on a table in the centre of the room. It really was a beautiful model, all of cream-coloured cardboard, and with the tracery of the windows, the bas-reliefs, the capitals of the columns, the Gothic work of the pinnacles, the many thousand statues, all moulded in bread! You saw the painted glass in the windows, and as the trembling hands of the clever old Signor removed various portions of the model you looked into the interior, and beheld altars, pictures, gilding, tesselated pavements. Little, tiny people were walking about in the church; everything was there, even to a statue of San Carlo Borromeo himself, concealed behind the high altar. And see! the delighted Signor pulls out a drawer

in the satin wood base, and there is the crypt, the Chapel of San Carlo, the tesselated pavement, the winding staircases descending into the chapels, the altars—everything!

Well, it *was* wonderful! "Yes, it was vastly admired," said the little Signor; "architects had come to see it from far and wide, and all pronounced it wonderful!"

And now we began to look at other models which stood in the glass cases; many were wondrous buildings of his own creation, and if they proved that he had no accurate architectural knowledge, as he himself said, they proved at all events that he had a great deal of fancy, and was [illegible] an undeveloped architect.

"And now you must admire my china and curiosities," he said; "they are all my own making—all of paper!"

And so they were. The [illegible] tea-spoons, the [illegible] and gold cream-jug full of cream, the [illegible] covered with the heap of biscuits, the [illegible] of oranges, the [illegible] giant vases, that [illegible] and hammer [illegible] in [illegible] juxtaposition with these elegancies and dainties, all were of paper, but so capitally made that you felt quite [illegible] until you had taken them into your hand and felt how light they were. "And I hope you admire my [illegible]!" said he, laughing; "they are of paper [illegible]; and what is up there, they are of paper also! and my [illegible] the [illegible] paper!"

Yes, these massive bronze and black and gold candelabra were of paper, and the tapers also of paper—even those that were half burnt! I began to have suspicions about everything. I expected the little Signor to say next, "Well, I hope you admire me, for I am of paper!"

It was like an absurd and amusing dream. Among the various models was a small one of a grave, with its [illegible]. "That," said the old gentleman, "is the model of my wife's grave; she died two years ago. She was a Milanese; she died in that very corner where the bed stands. I've had my bed placed on the spot where she died. That is her miniature hanging above the bed beside the crucifix."

I observed, that above the bed also, hung a print of Paul finding the corpse of Virginia upon the sea-shore. No doubt there was a sentiment of true poetry in the old man's heart when he hung up that picture also. I was glad to recal his hearty laughter but a few minutes before, and to think how, by his ingenious amusement, his beloved hobby, he could banish the sad, though beautiful, ghost which, no doubt, haunted his little room.

I have heard, since our visit, that the old Signor is an entirely self-educated man; that he realised a comfortable little competence before he reached the age of thirty, and that later in life, finding time hung heavily on his hands, he began to make these paper models, which, in their way, are works of genius as well as ingenuity.

KNOWLEDGE AND IGNORANCE.

Throned in the heights of sunlit azure skies,
An angel Spirit watches o'er creation,
Gazing on men with [illegible] eye
That scan the bounds of earth's remotest nation.

Gifted with power beyond her bright compeers,
She works her wonders with a mighty magic,
And lights the smile that first [illegible] with the tears
Of weeping History, else so darkly tragic.

She wars [illegible] spells against a deadly foe,
Who [illegible] in realms which sunshine never reaches,
[illegible] with radiant glow
Nor [illegible]

There [illegible] realms the shadowy form
Of Ignorance [illegible] extended,
While the [illegible] gathering storm
Sounds in his ear with [illegible] thunder blended.

He [illegible] in his gloomy halls
And [illegible] mutters
[illegible] the tempest sweeps [illegible] walls—
[illegible] flutters.

When will thy [illegible] triumph be complete,
O Spirit [illegible] of glory!
When will [illegible] at thy feet
[illegible]

TAHITI.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, of Vienna, a lady favourably known to the reading public of Germany as the pleasant narrator of a lady's journey to the Holy Land, and of various journeys in different parts of Europe, has recently published an account of her Travels round the World. In her preface, she states that an uncontrollable desire to travel and to see distant and little known regions impelled her to undertake the bold enterprise, the details of which are now recorded in three little volumes, entitled "A Lady's Travels round the World."* In the course of so extensive a circuit much that is curious and interesting must have presented itself to an intelligent observer like Madame Pfeiffer. We subjoin, with some abridgment, her account of Tahiti and its inhabitants.

It may be well to premise, that until lately Tahiti was under the protection of England, but it is now transferred to France. The island was long an object of dispute between the Governments of both nations, but in November 1846 peace was concluded. Queen Pomare, who, during the interval of contention, fled to another island, had returned to Papeiti, one of the chief cities, a few weeks before Madame Pfeiffer arrived there. Her abode was a small house containing only four rooms, and she dined every

* Frauenfahrt um die Welt.

day at the residence of the Governor. A suitable abode is now being built for the Queen, by the French Government, from which Her Majesty receives a pension of twenty-five thousand francs per annum.

Papeiti, the port, is surrounded by coral reefs, which defend it like the outwork of a fortress, and render its entrance at once difficult and dangerous. Between the reefs, against which the billows break with frightful force, a very narrow opening barely affords sufficient room for the passage of ships. On our approach, [illegible] a pilot came out to us, and in spite of a very adverse wind, we succeeded in working our way safely into the harbour. After we had landed, we were congratulated on our lucky escape; the people who were anxiously watching our entrance assured us that at one moment we nearly struck on a coral bank [illegible] which had a short time previously befallen a French vessel.

Before we cast anchor we [illegible] half dozen Pirogues making towards us, and in the space of a few minutes our deck was thronged with Indians, who nimbly hauled up the ship's sides to offer us fruit and shell fish. But these luxuries are not now as they were in Captain Cook's time, obtained in exchange for glass beads and bits of [illegible]. They are to be had for money only, and our Tahitian visitors showed us that they knew how to drive bargains and extort high prices as well as the most practised hucksters of Europe. I presented to one of the Indians a ring made of some kind of gilt metal. He took it, and after smelling it, shook his head, giving me to understand that he knew it was not made of gold. Observing a ring on my finger, he took my hand, and whilst he smelt the ring a pleasant smile that lighted up his features seemed expressive of a request that I would give it to him.

We found Papeiti (on the [illegible] of April 1847) full of French troops, and several French ships were lying in the harbour. The town, which contains between three and four thousand inhabitants, consists chiefly of a range of wooden houses with gardens, extending along the shore. An [illegible] crowning a range of hills, forms the background of the scene, and here and there on the upland are scattered many small huts.

The only buildings of any commodious size, are the Governor's house, the French magazine, the military bakehouse (whence the barracks are supplied with bread), and the Queen's residence, not yet completed. Many little wooden houses, containing only one room, had been hastily constructed, to supply the demand for dwelling-places, which, when I was there, were so scarce that French officers of rank were glad to take up their quarters in wretched Indian huts.

I looked about in vain for a lodging. Nowhere could I find a single room to let, and at length I was fain to content myself with part of a room—in short, literally a corner. This accommodation I found in a hut occupied by a carpenter, his wife, and two children. A space about six feet in length, and four in width, was allotted to me behind the door. The floor was not boarded, and the floors were formed of [illegible]. There was neither bedstead nor chair, and yet, for this lodging, I was obliged to pay very exorbitantly.

The hut of a Tahitian Indian frequently has no walls, and consists merely of a roofing [illegible] supported on poles. Even those better sort of huts which have walls are not divided into apartments, [illegible] which usually vary from twenty to fifty feet in length [illegible]. The [illegible] furniture consists of mats of plaited straw, [illegible] a few wooden chests, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Papeiti [illegible] called the *pareu* [illegible] round the waist [illegible] and by the women it is worn long enough to reach to the ankle, but the men have it much shorter, reaching only to the knee. The men wear a [illegible] shirt of [illegible] cotton over the *pareu*, and under it they frequently have loose trousers. The upper garment of the women is a sort of long full blouse. Both sexes wear flowers in their ears instead of earrings, the hole in the lobe of the ear being bored sufficiently large to admit of flower-stalks being easily drawn through it. The Tahitian women, old as well as young, adorn themselves profusely with flowers and foliage, of which they form very tasteful wreaths and bouquets. I also frequently saw men wearing wreaths round their heads. On holidays and other festive occasions, they wear, in addition to their ordinary dress, an upper garment called the *tiputa*. This is made of a material of their own manufacture, prepared from the bark of the bread fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The bark, when newly stripped from the tree, is beat and pressed with stones until it becomes as thin as paper; after which it is coloured yellow and brown.

I visited a little wooden building used as a place of worship. It was thronged by Indians, all of whom had been converted to

Christianity. They called themselves Protestants, but, of the faith they professed they know nothing but the name. Before entering the house of prayer they all divested themselves of their floral ornaments with which they again decorated themselves on departing. Some of the women wore black satin blouses; others, who were resolved on being particularly fine, appeared in bonnets—gay creations of Parisian millinery, of a fashion which had been obsolete for at least half a dozen years. It is impossible to conceive the ludicrous effect produced by the [illegible] these Tahitian belles, under their fantastically shaped bonnets.

Whilst the psalms were being sung an air of devotion [illegible] many of whom joined in the singing with [illegible] but [illegible] of the sermon the [illegible] with the [illegible] were [illegible] playing [illegible] and eating [illegible] assembly the [illegible] were [illegible] supper [illegible]. I was informed that most of the natives [illegible] able to read, and that many of them [illegible] worship in the church. I saw only two individuals [illegible].

The Tahitians are all [illegible] rously made. [illegible] six feet [illegible] The women [illegible] waist full, and [illegible]. The men [illegible] than the women [illegible] beautiful white teeth, and fine [illegible] eyes, all have very large mouths, thick lips, and broad flat noses, the latter [illegible] infant is born it is customary to press down the cartilage of the nose in order to [illegible] the breadth, that form which is an indispensable condition of Tahitian beauty. Both men and women have long black hair, which hangs down their backs in one or two thick plaits. The complexion of the islanders is copper colour. Nearly all of them are tattooed on the lower limbs, but the hands, feet, and all other parts of the body are free of these ornaments. The figures employed in this tattooing, chiefly arabesques, are frequently executed with much artistic taste.

The Governor of Tahiti, M. Bruat, made arrangements for some grand public festivities on the 1st of May, in honour of the *fête* of Louis Philippe. In the forenoon, a sham sea-fight was got up under the superintendence of the sailors belonging to the French ships in the port. This being ended, the spectators adjourned to a meadow to witness feats of agility, exhibited by some of the natives in climbing a Maypole. At the summit of this pole coloured handkerchiefs and other trifles were the prizes won, to those who were lucky enough to reach them. At noon the principal native chiefs were invited to a grand feast prepared for them on the lawn fronting the Governor's house. The banquet consisted of salt meat, bacon, bread, roasted pigs, and fruit of various kinds. But the guests, instead of sitting down, as was expected they would, to partake of the delicacies provided for them, divided the whole into portions, and each carried his share home with him. In the evening there were fireworks, illuminations, and a ball.

I was present at the ball, and was vastly amused and interested. The assembled company exhibited the most ludicrous contrast of art and nature. Elegant Parisian ladies were seated, side by side, with coarse swarthy, native females, and French staff officers, in full uniform, might be seen holding conversation with half-naked Indians. Several of the natives, desirous of making a particularly fine appearance on this occasion, wore [illegible] white trousers; others had no other clothing than the *pareu* and the [illegible] shirt [illegible]. One of the chiefs, arrayed in this costume, was a most pitiable object: he was perfectly crippled by *elephantiasis*.

On the occasion of this ball I saw Queen Pomare for the first time. Her figure is tall and [illegible] very well formed. She is [illegible] years of age, but fresh and blooming, and I have observed that the women of Tahiti retain their youthful appearance to a more advanced period of life than the women of other warm climates. The countenance of Queen Pomare is pleasing, and is almost continually animated by a good-humoured smile. She wore a dress of azure blue satin, made very full and somewhat in the form of a blouse. It was trimmed with rich black blonde [illegible]. In her ears she wore sprigs of jasmin, and a profusion of flowers were wreathed in her hair. In her hand she held a beautifully worked cambric handkerchief trimmed with very rich broad lace. On that evening she wore stockings and shoes, but Her Majesty, on ordinary occasions, goes barefooted. I was informed that the dress worn by Queen Pomare at this ball was a present from King Louis Philippe.

The Queen's Consort, who is somewhat younger than herself, is exceedingly handsome. The French have surnamed him "*Prince Albert of Tahiti*," not only on account of his good looks, but because, like Prince Albert in England, he is not the King regnant. At the ball he appeared in the uniform of a French general officer, and wore it with tolerable grace.

Besides Queen Pomare and her Consort there was another royal personage in the company. This was King Otoume, the sovereign of one of the neighbouring islands. He was dressed in the most comical style imaginable. He wore a pair of white trousers very wide and short. Over his other garments was a kind of surtout, made of cotton of a bright canary colour. It had evidently been made in imitation of a European coat; but its shape and style of fitting proclaimed it to

be a production of native genius, rather than the handiwork of a Parisian tailor. The King was bare-footed.

The Queen's ladies in waiting, four in number, were dressed in blouses of white muslin. They also had flowers for ear ornaments, and wreaths in their hair. Their manners and deportment were not devoid of grace. These young ladies danced quadrilles with some of the French officers; but it was painful to see them dance with their bare feet; and I was continually apprehensive that their toes would be trodden on by their partners' boots. Except the Queen and her Consort, none of the natives had shoes or stockings. A few of the more elderly females wore faded old-fashioned bonnets for head-dresses; and several young mothers were accompanied by their children—even infants in arms.

A short time before supper was announced, the Queen withdrew into an adjoining apartment to smoke a cigar; and whilst her Majesty was thus engaged, her Consort amused himself by a game at billiards.

At supper, I had the honour of sitting between Prince Albert of Tahiti and the canary-coloured King of Otoume. Both were sufficiently initiated in the rules of good breeding to show me such ordinary marks of attention as filling my glass with water or with wine, helping me to the dishes near them. It was evident that they took vast pains to imitate European manners. Nevertheless some of the guests now and then committed themselves, by doing the most extraordinary things. The Queen herself, having desired an attendant to bring her a plate, placed upon it a large assortment of sweetmeats and dainties, which her Majesty selected for the purpose of carrying them home with her. It was also found necessary to check several of her company in their too copious libations of champagne; but, on the whole, the party, though exceedingly merry, was tolerably decorous.

I subsequently dined several times with the Royal Family at the residence of the Governor. On those occasions, the Queen, as well as her husband, appeared in the national costume—the coloured *pareo*, and the loose upper garment; both were barefooted. The heir to the throne, a boy of nine years of age, is already betrothed to the daughter of a neighbouring king. The future bride, who is two or three years older than the prince, resides at the court of Queen Pomare. She has been brought up in the Christian religion, and has been taught the English language.

Tati, the principal native chief of the island, who had come to the port to be present at the festivities of the 1st of May, was now about to return, with his family, to his residence at Papara; and a French officer, who was to escort the chief, proposed that I should join the party. To this proposition I very readily acceded; and on the 4th of May we embarked in a sailing-boat to proceed along the coast to Papara, a distance of thirty-six nautical miles. Tati, the chief, a venerable old man, ninety years of age, perfectly well remembered the landing of Captain Cook. His father, at that time first chief of the island, formed a close friendship with Cook; and, in conformity with a custom then prevalent in Tahiti, he changed names with the English navigator.

Tati receives from the French Government an annual pension of six thousand francs, which, at his death, will revert to his eldest son. He had with him his wife, a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, and five of his children, the offspring of a previous marriage. The lady who travelled with us was his fifth wife.

We passed several interesting points as we sailed along the coast. Nor was the sea itself less interesting than the romantic scenery on shore. Our little skiff glided over shallows, where, through the clear crystal current, every pebble,—nay, almost every grain of sand was perceptible. Looking down through the translucent waves, I beheld groups of coral and madrepore presenting such exquisite masses of form and colour, that I could readily have lent faith to the fanciful superstition which supposes the existence of fairy gardens at the bottom of the sea. In the wide spreading ramifications of marine vegetation might be pictured miniature groves and arabesque parterres, interspersed here and there with hillocks of sponge. Multitudes of little transparent fishes darted to and fro, revelling in colour and radiance, the variegated hues of the butterfly, and the brightness of the glow worm. These tiny fishes were scarcely an inch in length. For splendour of colouring, I scarcely ever beheld any thing to equal them. Some were of clear azure blue, some bright yellow, and others, nearly transparent, exhibited richly shaded tints of brown and green.

We had left Papeiti about noon; and at six o'clock, when the sun was setting, it was resolved that we should not pursue our course further that evening, as the numerous rugged cliffs which fringe that part of the coast render the passage somewhat unsafe after dark. We therefore landed at Paya (a place situated about twenty-two miles from Papeiti) of which the sixth son of Tati is the ruling chief.

In honour of his father's visit, the young chief ordered a supper to be prepared. A pig was accordingly killed, and cooked in the Tahitian fashion. A hollow dug in the ground contained a number of stones, round which a fierce fire was kindled. Meanwhile bread-tree fruits were skinned and divided into halves by a sharp wooden hatchet. When the fire burned up, and the stones were sufficiently heated, the pig and the bread-fruits were put into the oven, and heated stones laid over them. The whole was then covered over with leaves, branches of trees, and finally with a layer of earth.

Whilst the supper was being cooked by

this process, the table was laid out A straw mat having been spread on the ground, large leaves, intended to serve as plates, were placed upon it As a drinking cup, each guest was furnished with a cocoa-nut shell, half filled with a sort of acid beverage called *Vai*

In about an hour and a half supper was announced to be ready, and though the [illegible] was not prepared in the most tempting style, yet it was consumed with [illegible] By the help of a single knife the pig was divided into as many portions as there were individuals to partake of it, and each one was helped to his or her share together with half a bread-fruit [illegible] Excepting the French officer [illegible] and myself [illegible] down at the [illegible] table, it being inconsistent with the customs of the country for the [illegible]

On our [illegible] we were informed of the death of one [illegible] The event had taken place [illegible] days previously, but the funeral was [illegible] until the arrival of [illegible] handkerchief [illegible] present [illegible] custom [illegible] up by the Tahitians [illegible] who have become converts to Christianity. The body [illegible] both [illegible] with a sort of white [illegible] two straw mats were spread. On one of these mats were placed all the clothes, drinking cups, knives, &c. which had belonged to the deceased. On the other lay a vast collection of presents consisting of shirts, pareos, handkerchiefs, [illegible] &c.

I attended the ceremony of the interment. The priest delivered a short oration over the grave, and when the coffin was lowered the mats, the straw hat, and the clothes of the deceased, together with some of the presents, were thrown into the grave. In the vicinity of the place of interment there were some ancient Indian tombs called *Marais*. The [illegible] quadrangular spaces surrounded by stone walls four or five feet high. Within the *Marai* or quadrangle, the corpse used to be laid, resting on a wooden framework. There it was left until nothing remained but the skeleton, which was afterwards buried in some sequestered spot.

After my return from Papara, I made a visit to Venus Point, a little tongue of land, on which Captain Cook stationed himself to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk. The stone on which his telescope was fixed is still on the spot where it then was.

One of my most interesting excursions was to Fontana and the Diadem. Fontana is a point which the Tahitians considered to be impregnable, and where nevertheless, they sustained the most signal defeat by the French during the last war. Governor Bruat obligingly lent me his horse to make this excursion, and he sent with me as a guide a sub-officer who had been engaged in the action, and who explained to me the positions and movements of the hostile forces.

For the space of six miles I rode through thick forests and deep ravines, intersected by mountain torrents. In many parts of these ravines extremely narrow passes are flanked on either side by steep and inaccessible mountains, so that here, as in ancient Thermopylæ, a small band of brave warriors were enabled to keep at bay a strong and numerous army. The defiles of Fontana may be said to be the key to the whole island. During the late war Fontana was the principal stronghold of the Tahitians, and the only mode by which the French could hope to carry the important position was by climbing up an almost perpendicular precipice, and thereby reaching a narrow ridge near the summit. General [illegible] announced his wish that this dangerous enterprise should be entrusted only to volunteers [illegible] sixty-two men were selected from the very considerable number who eagerly offered themselves. After twelve hours of difficult and painful exertion the gallant [illegible] reached the summit. As [illegible] appeared in sight, the dismayed [illegible] down their arms exclaiming, [illegible] They must be [illegible] surrender, for it is [illegible] to attempt [illegible]

At Fontana, [illegible] watch-tower has been built. It is reached by a footpath running along a narrow mountain ridge, beneath which yawns a chasm of unfathomable depth. [illegible] persons liable to [illegible] it would be dangerous to attempt to walk along this path, which however, commands a magnificent prospect over the [illegible] surrounding country. Mountains, valleys, ravines and waterfalls diversify the romantic scene, and high above every other object in the landscape towers the Diadem. I reached that colossal mass of rock after a three hours' ride along a very difficult road. The prospect from the Diadem is still grander than that from the fort, extending in two directions, [illegible] and the boundaries of the island [illegible] distance over the sea.

This was my last excursion in the lovely island of Tahiti.

CHIPS

A DISAPPEARANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT has favoured us with the sequel of the disappearance of the pupil of Dr. G., who vanished from North Shields, in charge of certain potions he was entrusted with, very early one morning, to convey to a patient. Referring to page 249 of a recent number of "Household Words," she says:—

"Dr. G.'s son married my sister, and the young man who disappeared was a pupil in the house. When he went out with the

medicine, he was hardly dressed, having merely thrown on some clothes; and he went in slippers—which incidents induced the belief that he was made away with. After some months his family put on mourning, and the G.'s (*very* timid people) were so sure that he was murdered that they wrote verses to his memory and became sadly worn by terror. But, after a long time (I fancy, but am not sure, about a year and a half) came a letter from the young man, who was doing well in America. His explanation was, that a vessel was lying at the wharf about to sail in the morning, and the youth, who had long meditated evasion, thought it a good opportunity, and stepped on board after leaving the medicine at the proper door. I spent some weeks at Dr. G.'s after the occurrence, and very doleful we used to be about it. But the next time I went there we were naturally very angry with the inconsiderate young man.

COMPLAINT AND REPLY.

The little poem quoted in our last number under the title of "The Good Great Man" is by Coleridge. The title, printed in the newspaper cutting we had preserved, misled us in a recent search. The correct title is "Complaint and Reply."

THE STORY OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

I stayed in London till the middle of March, when I shipped on board of a brig called the "Intrepid" packet, and she was bound from London to Gibraltar, and from there to Buenos Ayres. And we sailed from London the second day of April 1825, and thanks be to God we had a very good passage to Gibraltar, where we arrived the first day of May, and sailed from there the 5th of June for Buenos Ayres, where we arrived on the 30th day of July. Now at this present time the Buenos Ayreans were at war with the Brazilians, and the River Plate was blocked up; so we were obliged to go and lay in a place called Helsinado, about seven miles from Buenos Ayres, and there we laid till March 1826, when our captain got a freight for Gibraltar, to carry some of the old Spaniards home to their own country, and we sailed from Helsinado on the 5th of April 1826. But coming from Helsinado down the river Plate, we were caught in a very heavy Pampero, and were very near losing the brig, for our mate that came out from England with us, had left us at Buenos Ayres, and the young man that we got in the room of him was not experienced with the country he was sailing in; and at twelve o'clock, when I came on deck, he told me to clear away the flying-jib, and I told him, "You had better shorten sail as fast as you can, or else you will lose every stitch of canvas that you have got set, for I see it arising;" and I showed it to him; but he said, "Never mind, do as you are told." And I told him that for the safety of myself and the brig, I could not do it; but if he would not shorten sail, I should be obliged to call Captain Gordon, which I accordingly did. And when he came on deck, we began to shorten sail; but it was too late then, for the Pampero struck the brig, and she was hove on her beam ends, and every stitch of canvas that we had set, blew into ribbons. I advised our captain to let go both anchors, so as to fetch the ship's head to wind that she might righten, and accordingly I went forward and got some of the men to lend me a hand, and I let go the best bower anchor, which brought her head to wind, and the brig righted, for she had then been nearly a quarter of an hour on her beam ends. But still she would not bring up, and with a good deal of trouble I got the small bower anchor and let it go. And [illegible] the chain [illegible] but still she would not bring up but still kept dragging, and we were afraid we should drive on a sand called the English bank. So after a good deal of trouble we got our stream anchor clear, and let it go, and thank be to God after she got the last part of the stream cable she brought up in [illegible] fathoms water. But all this time neither the captain nor I could see anything of the mate, and we were afraid that he had gone overboard and had been drowned; but after we got everything and things right, we found our mate stowed away down in the fore hold, amongst the water casks, and he said that he was knocked down the fore hatchway when the squall first struck the ship. We did not believe his story, but the captain had been obliged to make him mate for he was one of the owners' nephews. Now, after we got everything pretty snug we set the watch again, and next morning it turned out to be very fine, and we went to work to bend a fresh set of sails, for our old ones were all blown to pieces; and after getting our anchors up, and stowing them, which took us two days, we went down to Monte Video, where we arrived on the 12th day of April. And after putting everything to rights we sailed for Rio de Janeiro, where we arrived on the 1st of May. Now, as I told you that we had lost all our canvas in the Pampero and bent all new ones, except what we called our fore and aft spencer, and the brig having only one on board, I was obliged to make a new one, for the captain knew that I was able to do it; and accordingly the captain bought the canvas, and I cut the sail out; and on the 18th of May I and the mate were working about the sail, and I saw him putting a piece of canvas the wrong way, and I said, "Mr. Middleton, you are putting that piece in the wrong way." He told me to mind my own business, and words arose between him and me, and at last he jumped up and struck me. I was obliged to stand in my defence, and I gave him a

good beating, so that he was obliged to go below. Now I knew well enough that when the captain came on board he would take the mate's part, and I should have to go on shore to go to prison, which I did not like at all.

Knowing the King's ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... were bound to Callao ... We had a long and ... passage round the Cape, but arrived safe at Valparaiso on the 19th of June, after a passage of seventy-seven days. We stayed on the coast of Peru till the beginning of 18[illegible], and on the ... of February a sad accident happened to me — for I was both shot and drowned in that last.

To explain this, I must go to some particulars that occurred when we were lying at a place called Coquimbo, the last place we were going to touch at before we went round the Horn. And the Governor of the place and his suite being on board to take their farewell of our captain and officers, and our ship being hove short, and all ready for starting, and our captain intended to salute the governor when he left the ship, and in getting the ship underweigh, I was sent to look out for the buoy. And I being in the larboard fore chains, when the anchor was up to the bows, and after the anchor was settled and fixed I went forward upon the anchor, to try to get the buoy rope clear of the anchor-stock, and whilst in the act of going forward, they fired the forecastle gun, which was a long nine-pounder, and the whole charge reached me, and hove me away from the ship, and knocked the senses out of me, so that I lay upon the water like a dead, but I soon began to go down. ... an English brig lying there called the M... of London, and her boat ... ship, to ... some letters ... to take ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... I went to Kirkwall in Orkney ... but I could find nobody ... that knew anything about me. And when my liberty was up, I returned to my ship, and from Chatham we went to Spithead, and from Spithead we sailed on the 21st of September, and we arrived safe at the Cape of Good Hope on the 18th day of D...

When I came back after the voyage, I was on my own land again once more, and after receiving my pay at Somerset House, I resolved to go down to Boston in Lincolnshire, to see if I could see anybody that would know me, and I had the good luck to find an old shipmate of mine, whose name was Thomas Blyth, and he was master of a brig called the "O[illegible]," and he was bound for Rio de Janeiro. * * *

When I came back, I went on board of the "Castor" frigate, and I was shipped as able seaman, for she had no vacancy for a petty officer, but I was promised the first vacancy that occurred. We went to join the experimental squadron in the North Sea, under the command of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and there we cruised till the beginning of August, and

then the fleet went to the Cove of Cork, and from there we went a-cruising off the Land's End, and from there we were ordered to Spithead, where we arrived on the 2nd of September; and one of our gunners' mates being invalided I was made gunners' mate in his room; and here we got a new captain, he was a very good man, and I got on very well. Now, about this time, the Dutch disturbance broke out, and we were sent into the North Sea again, to cruise off the Texel, to stop all Dutch ships that were coming home, and we stopped a good many and sent them to Sheerness. We stopped here till the [illegible] of February, 1833, when we were ordered to go to Chatham to [illegible]. And whilst at Chatham fitting out, I got married to an old widow woman, who was nearly my own age, and a very good wife I found she was, and I married her on account that she had a heavy family to bring up, and I thought I could do no better with my money than to assist the widow and the fatherless, and, thanks be to God, I have never [illegible] it.

Now, after our ship was fitted out we were ordered to go to Lisbon where we arrived on the 12th of June, and from there we were ordered to go to Oporto to lay off the bar, and our captain, God bless him, was kind enough to make me quarter master. And on the [illegible] of September I having the middle watch on deck, that is from twelve o'clock at night till four o'clock next morning, our butcher—his name was Henry Ellis—was very bad in the sick bay, and the sick bay man [illegible] to me, about two o'clock, telling me that Ellis the butcher, was very bad and that he wanted to see me, and after asking permission of the officer of the watch I went down to the sick bay, and I found Ellis very bad, for the doctor did not expect he would [illegible] till the morning. And Ellis asked me to [illegible] your, and he being in the state that he was in I could not well refuse him [illegible] I told him that anything that laid in my power I would do for him, and he asked me to speak to the captain, to have him buried on shore, for I know I can't live much longer. And then, getting hold of my hand he said to me "Swear that if it ever lay in your power, you will protect my wife and children." I promised it to him, for I being a married man at that time, I had little thought that it would ever be in my power to perform it, for my wife lived at Chatham, and his at Portsmouth, and I only promised him to satisfy his mind, and, poor soul, he died very shortly after I had left him. And the next morning, the first thing that I did was to acquaint the captain of poor Ellis's last wish, and the captain very kindly granted it, and we took him on shore in the bar boat, and he was buried in the English burial-ground at Oporto.

We stayed off Portugal till February, when we were relieved by the "Belvidera" frigate. And we went to Lisbon, and here we laid till March, when orders came out from England for our ship to proceed to Plymouth, to refit our ship, to attend upon the Queen, who was going that summer to the Continent to see her friends. We arrived in Plymouth by the latter part of April, and after we had refitted our ship, we went round to Portsmouth to take the state barge on board, in order to attend upon Queen Adelaide; and from Portsmouth we went to the Nore, where we laid till the Queen came down from London in her yacht. And from there we went to Helvoetsluys, on the coast of Holland, and after landing the Queen we went back to Sheerness where we took in stores for the flag ship at Lisbon. And on the 23rd day of August we sailed from the Nore, and went down to the Downs, and on the 26th day of August at three o'clock in the morning we got under weigh from the Downs with the wind about north north east. And a little after six o'clock in the morning being just below Dover we had the misfortune to run the Champion revenue cutter down, and out of seventeen men and officers on board of her, we could only save two men and two boys. Though our ship was hove to instantly and our quarter boat down, we could not save more, so there were thirteen poor souls drowned. We stayed by the spot some time afterward but we could see no more of anything belonging to her. And we proceeded down to Plymouth, and there we had a court martial upon our captain and officers, and, our captain was honourably acquitted, but our third lieutenant was dismissed the service, and all hands on board were very sorry for it, for he was a very good man. And after the court martial was over we sailed for Santander, on the coast of Spain, where we arrived on the 1st of October, but it being a very bad roadstead for ships to lay in in winter time, we went down to a place called Passages, and there we got our ship in and moored her. But we found that our ship struck at low water and we were obliged to go from there to Santander again, and we went into Santander harbour, and there we lay snug enough. And our seamen and marines went round to Passages, and they built a fortification which they called Lord John Hay's Fort in honour of our good captain. We laid in Santander till the latter part of 1836, for we sailed from Santander the 27th day of December, to go home to England to be paid off, and we arrived at Portsmouth the 4th day of January, 1837. And as our ship was ordered to be sent round to Chatham to be paid off, about twenty petty officers and men volunteered to join the "North Star," twenty-eight, for she was commissioned for our old captain, who was left out on the coast of Spain as commodore; and I was one that joined the "North Star," for I intended, if I could, to stay along with my old captain. I had not been on board of the "North Star" above a month, when the "Princess Charlotte" was commissioned at Portsmouth, and the

captain of her seeing me, asked me if I should like to join his ship; and he told me the difference there would be in my pay, which would be nine shillings per month; for my pay in the "North Star" as quarter-master was one pound, seventeen shillings, per month, and in the "Princess Charlotte" my wages would be two pounds, six shillings, per month; and after considering, I told him that I would, if my commanding officer would give me permission, and he told me that he would settle all that; and I went on board, and I told my commanding officer of it. He told me that he should be very sorry to lose me, but if I could better myself, he would not wish to hinder me from it; and accordingly I was exchanged from the "North Star" to the "Princess Charlotte;" and I joined the "Princess Charlotte" on the 22nd day of February 1837. But before I left the "North Star," a circumstance occurred to me which I am obliged to mention.

One of my shipmates that came out of the "Castor" along with me got married, and he lived at Gosport, and he asked me to come over with him, one night, after I left the ship to spend the evening with him and his wife, and I agreed, and enjoyed ourselves till it was too late for me to go on board. I was obliged to get a bed somewhere for the night, and my shipmate's wife took me to a widow woman, who let beds. What was my surprise when I found this woman to be the widow of my old shipmate, Ellis, our butcher in the "Castor" frigate! All my promises that I made to him came fresh in my mind; and after paying her for my bed, I gave her half the money that I had in my pocket, which was no great deal; and when I left the "North Star" I took my chest and things to her house, and she washed my clothes for me, whilst we were fitting out, for my wife lived round at Chatham, and after the "Princess Charlotte" was ready for sea, we sailed from Spithead on the 3rd day of July; and we were bound up the Mediterranean, to relieve the "Caledonia," and we relieved her on the 2nd day of August. We kept cruising about at sea, for we could not go into Malta, for it was very sickly. We arrived at Malta the latter part of October; and I had not been there long, when I received a letter from Chatham, acquainting me of my wife's death; she died the same day that I sailed from Spithead, after being bad only twenty-four hours. We lay in Malta all the winter; and the latter part of January 1838 I was taken very bad; and I was obliged to be invalided on the 14th day of February, from Malta hospital. As soon as I was able to be moved, I was sent home in the "Portland" frigate; and she took me and some more invalids as far as the Rock of Gibraltar, where we were sent on board of the "Bellerophon," and she took us to Portsmouth; and we arrived at Spithead on the 8th day of April. And from her I was sent on board of the flag-ship, and from there I was discharged. And after I got my pay from the "Princess Charlotte," I went up to London, to pass the Board of Admiralty, for my pension; but all that they gave me was seventeen pounds, four shillings, per annum. And from there I went to Chatham, to see my late wife's family; but I found that they had made away with everything that belonged to me. And when I found how things were, I came back again to Gosport, with a full intent to fulfil my oath, that I swore to Henry Ellis, when he was dying. And accordingly I told Ellis's widow all that had happened between me and her late husband; and I told her that I would do anything in my power for her and her children; and that, if she was a mind to wait till my last wife had been dead a twelvemonth, I would marry her; and, after a little consideration, she consented. And we were married on the 26th day of July, 1838, in Stoke Church. And I stayed at home till April, 1839, when the "Powerful," eighty-four, was lying at Spithead, and I heard that she wanted a good many men. I went on board of her, and got shipped as able seaman; and I joined her the 9th day of April; and we went from Spithead to Plymouth Sound, and from there to the Cove of Cork, where we got a good many men. And on the 4th of June we sailed from the Cove of Cork for the Mediterranean; and we arrived at Malta the 1st of July, and from there we were ordered to go to [illegible] Bay to join the fleet; and shortly after we were at sea from Malta, I was made captain of the after-guard and I kept that situation all the time that I was in the ship. We staid along with the fleet till the beginning of September, when we were ordered to go to Smyrna; and from Smyrna we came down to Wolla Bay, where the fleet was going to winter. We staid along with the fleet till the beginning of April, 1840, when we were ordered to go to Beyrout and the Coast of Syria, and there we stopped till the fleet joined us. And our captain being made commander, we were the second in command, and there we stopped blockading Beyrout till the 10th of September, when we made a landing, and encamped our troops on shore. But the climate and the weather being very bad, we had a good many people who died, and I, myself, in the beginning of October, was taken very bad, and was sent down, with some more, to Malta Hospital, in the "Hastings," seventy-four, which had been on shore somewhere along the coast. But before I left the "Powerful" I was invalided, on the 14th day of October; and we arrived at Malta on the 4th day of November, the same day that Jean d'Acre was taken. I stayed in Malta Hospital till the "Phœnix" steamer came down from Beyrout and Jean d'Acre, with despatches for England concerning the action; and all of them that was able to go, were sent on board of her, and I was sent, for one. And we arrived in Plymouth Sound the 29th day of November, and, thanks

be to God, I got quite well, and I went down to Portsmouth as soon as my business was settled, and from Portsmouth I went to London, to pass the Board of Admiralty again, and their Lordships were kind enough to augment my pension to nineteen pounds, eight shillings, per annum And when I came down to Portsmouth again, I joined the Victory, to serve in the Portsmouth ordinary, for I had a recommendation from my last captain to the captain of the Victory, and I was taken on directly And I stayed in ordinary till August, 1841, when the "Warspite" frigate was commissioned and my old captain of the "Castor" got the ship He sent for me and I joined the Warspite as quarter master I stayed on board the Warspite about four months, when I had the misfortune to be knocked down the main hatchway and I fell down into the hold and I was obliged to be taken to Haslar Hospital I stopped in the hospital for six weeks and then thanks be to God, I got quite well I was sent on board the flag-ship which I joined the 21st February, 1842, and when our ship came back again to Spithead my captain was kind enough to return me back to the ordinary again, for he said he was afraid that I was too old to go to sea

And I remained in the ordinary till the 19th of August 1844, and then I was discharged And the captain of the Victory was kind enough to write up to the Board of Admiralty to get my pension augmented, which he got done for me, and the Admiralty granted me a pension of twenty one pounds per annum for life, and, with what little I earn I live as comfortable as circumstances will allow me to be and I hope that I am truly thankful to the Lord for the many blessings and mercies that I have received at his hands all my life Oft times, when I see a poor man or woman going along without any shoes on their feet, scarcely any clothes to cover them, how thankful I am to feel that I have got a bed to lie on, and clothes to cover me, and a house to shelter me from the weather Have I deserved to be thus favoured any more than them? No But it is God's mercy that provides for me and I hope that the Lord will grant me one prayer, and that is, contentment with the lot the Almighty has been pleased to give me And I find every day new blessings and mercies to be thankful for, and especially for health, which is one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy, for here I am, a man seventy three years old, and knocked about at sea better than fifty years, in which time I experienced some hard trials, and still, thanks be to God, I am able to go out every day to Anglesea from Gosport, and some days walk above twenty miles, which is a great deal for a man of my age But I know that the Lord fits the back to the burden I have received many kindnesses from the ladies and gentlemen about Anglesea these last two or three years; and may the Lord reward them for the many kindnesses that I have received from their hands, shall be the chiefest prayer of your humble and obedient servant

A FUQUEER'S CURSE

Among the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a vagrant fuqueer.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance unannounced in a modern drawing-room If we could imagine the cockroach brushing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates exulting in their disgust which his presence creates and intimating, with a conceited swagger that in virtue of his ugliness he considers himself entitled to some regard, the analogy would be more complete

The fuqueer is the mendicant friar of India He owns no superior, wears no clothing, performs no work, despises everybody and everything, sometimes pretends to pray and fasten and lives on the fat of the land

Thus is this much however to be said for him that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community he does it to some purpose A lenten fast or a penance of peas in his shoe, would be a mere trifle to him We have seen a fuqueer who was never known to eat at all He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man He pretended that by sucking this stone and without the aid of any sort of nutriment he had arrived at the mature age of forty, yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables, but, like the Scottish gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "no for hissel, but for a neebour" When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron Devi These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night considerately leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings, for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors

Sometimes a fuqueer will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a cart wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*, composed of chopped straw, mud, and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo

staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend,

> "O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, feet or wings, pursues his way"

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with due honours to the public well or tank; the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment enters into conversation with the assembled villagers just as if he were an ordinary mortal, making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honour of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up into a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the fuqueer makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attentions shown him, and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honour. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odour of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favourite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favour, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow: a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth: his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bones effect to his breast. When I add, that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the verandah of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage a taste of what they called *Wilaitee boinjee* (English lightning,) when a long gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude—one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out towards me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Fuqueer," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek" (alms).

"Bheek!" I exclaimed. "surely you are joking—a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek?"

The fuqueer paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work"

"We do Khooda's work," replied the fuqueer, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do,—then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the fuqueer was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended—while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work, but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of the fuqueer's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes rivetted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself;—rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head—as these fellows sometimes do—to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth. "If," I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will soon make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered—"your lightning can't touch a fuqueer,—the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the battery, and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try, and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The fuqueer seemed rather amused at the

queer looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism, nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the fuqueer's ordeal I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him But when I pushed the magnet into the coil and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon, the tongs—to which his hand was now fastened by a force beyond his will—quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment Never was human pride so abruptly cast down He was rolling about in such a frantic way that I began to fear he would do himself mischief, and, thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken, then gathering himself up he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope When he had got to what he reckoned a cursing distance, he turned round, shook his fist at me and fell to work,—pouring a torrent of imprecations,— shouting screeching and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold

There is this peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters boils and ulcers (no insufficient curse in a hot country) he does not otherwise allude to him personally, but reserves the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives—from his grandmother to his granddaughter wives, daughters, sisters aunts, and grandaunts inclusive These he inprecates individually and collectively through every clause of a prescribed formulary, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail and comprehensiveness of malediction, leaves small scope for additions or improvements

Leaving me, then, to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighbouring village to give vent to his feelings and compose his ruffled dignity

It so happened, that a short time after the fuqueer had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda, or door curtain, no attention was paid to my summons After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door On seeing me they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges The old kidmudgar was too fat to run far, so I seized him just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself, so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with Oh! *i l d re bab!* and began to blubber, as only a fat kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly to the fuqueer, and make him a present, if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun, 'For,' said he, "a fuqueer's curse is *kismut ke bat*" (a matter of fate) Some of his fellows now seeing that the man had not ventured to come back and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time

A laugh was the only answer I could make This somewhat reassured them but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well and endeavoured to explain the cause of my sickness They would have it that I was in a dying state and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a kid and a bag of rupees to the fuqueer The durdzee (tailor), who had just come from the village where the fuqueer had taken refuge, told me, that as soon as the fuqueer heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse everybody in the village as he had cursed me and mine The consequence was that pice cowries, rice and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the fuqueer surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women, to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had withered me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a fuqueer The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind What became of him I cannot tell I heard no more of him

A few such adventures as these would tend to lessen the gross, and, to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labour.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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A FEW CONVENTIONALITIES.

A correspondent enquired of us the other day, why a gentleman always said his prayer in church, into the crown of his hat. We were reduced to the ignominious necessity of replying that we didn't know—but it was the custom.

Having dismissed our young friend with a severe countenance (which we always assume under the like circumstances of discomfiture) we went on to ask ourself a few questions.

Our first had a Parliamentary reference.

Why must an honorable gentleman always '*come down*' to this house? Why can't he sometimes come up—[illegible]—or 'come in' [illegible]? What [illegible] invariably coming down? Is it indispensable that he should 'come down' to get into the House of Commons—say for instance from Saint Albans? Or is that house on a lower level than most other houses? Why is he always 'free to confess'? It is well known that Britons never never never will be slaves; then why can't he say what he has to say, without this superfluous assertion of his freedom? Why must an Irish Member always "taunt the noble Lord" with this, that, or the other? Can't he tell him of it civilly, or accuse him of it plainly? *Must* he so ruthlessly taunt him? Why does the Honorable Member for Groginhole call upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department to 'lay his hand upon his heart,' and proclaim to the country such and such a thing? The Home Secretary is not in the habit of laying his hand upon his heart. When he has anything to proclaim to the country, he generally puts his hands under his coat-tails. Why is he thus personally and solemnly adjured to lay one of them on the left side of his waistcoat for any Honorable Member's gratification? What makes my Honorable friend, the Member for Gammonrie, feel so acutely that he is required to "pin his faith" upon the measures of Her Majesty's Government? Is he always required to attach it in that particular manner only; and are needle and thread, hooks and eyes, buttons, wafers, sealing-wax, paste, bird-lime, gum, and glue, utterly prohibited to him? Who invested the unfortunate Speaker with all the wealth and poverty of the Empire that he should be told "Sir, when you look around you, and behold your seas swarming with ships of every variety of tonnage and construction—when you behold your flag waving over the tracts of a territory so vast that the Sun never sets upon it—when you consider that your storehouses are teeming with the valuable products of the earth—and when you reflect that millions of your poor are held in the bonds of pauperism and ignorance,—can you, I ask, reconcile it to yourself, can you, I demand, justify it to your conscience, can you, I enquire, Sir, stifle the voice within you, by these selfish, these time-serving, these shallow, hollow, mockeries of legislation?" It is really dreadful to have an innocent and worthy gentleman bullied in this manner.

Again, why do I hold in my hand all sorts of things? Can I never lay them down, or carry them under my arm? There was a Fairy in the Arabian Nights who could hold in her hand a pavilion large enough to shelter the Sultan's army, but she could never have held half the petitions, blue books, bills, reports, returns, volumes of Hansard, and other miscellaneous papers, that a very ordinary Member for a very ordinary place will hold in his hand nowadays. Then, again, how did it come to be necessary to the Constitution that I should be such a very circuitous and prolix peer as to 'take leave to remind you, my Lords, of what fell from the noble and learned lord on the opposite side of your Lordships' house, who preceded my noble and learned friend on the cross Benches when he addressed himself with so much ability to the observations of the Right Reverend Prelate near me, in reference to the measure now brought forward by the Noble Baron"—when, all this time, I mean, and only want to say, Lord Brougham? Is it impossible for my honorable friend the Member for Drowsyshire, to wander through his few dreary sentences immediately before the division, without premising that "at this late hour of the night and in this stage of the debate," &c.? Because if it be not impossible why does he never do it? And why, why, above all, in either house of Parliament must the English language be set to music—bad

and conventional beyond any parallel on earth—and delivered, in a manner barely expressible to the eye as follows:

Sh when I can do [illegible] tt [illegible]

wi to

I fear [illegible]

Is Parliament included in the Common Prayer-book under the denomination of "quires and places where they sing"? And if so, would it not be worth a small grant to make some national arrangement for the instruction of the [illegible] Mr. H[illegible]?

Then, consider the theatrical and operatic questions that arise, likewise admitting of no solution whatever.

No man ever knew yet, no man ever will know why a stage nobleman is bound to go to execution with a [illegible] and a step alternately, and cannot proceed to the scaffold on any other terms. It is not within the range of the loftiest intellect to explain why a stage letter, before it can be read by the recipient, must be smartly rapped, and, after being opened, with the knuckles of one hand. It is utterly unknown why elderly old gentlemen always have a trick of carrying their cane behind them between the waist-buttons of their coat. Several persons are understood to be in Bedlam at the present time, who went distracted in endeavouring to reconcile the brand-new appearance of Mr. C[illegible] and John Bull, bearing a highly polished surgical instrument-case under his arm, with the fact of his having been just fished out of the deep deep sea, in company with the [illegible]. Inexplicable phenomena continually arise at the Italian Opera where we have ourself beheld (it was in the time of Robert of Normandy) Nuns buried in garments of that perplexing nature, that the very last thing one could possibly suppose they had taken was a veil of any order. Who knows how it came about that the young Swiss maiden in the ballet should, as an established custom, revolve, on her nuptial morning, so airily and often, that at length she stands before us, for some seconds, like a beautiful white muslin pen-wiper? Why is her bed-chamber always immediately over the cottage-door? Why is she always awakened by three taps of her lover's hands? Why does her mother always spin? Why is her residence invariably near a bridge? In what Swiss canton do the hardy mountaineers pursue the chamois, in silk stockings, pumps, blue breeches, cherry-coloured bows, and their shirt-sleeves? When the Tenor Prince is made more tenor by the near approach of death from steel or poison, when the Bass enemy growls glutted vengeance, and the Heroine (who was so glad in the beginning of her story to see the villagers that she had an inexpressible impulse to be always shaking hands with them) is rushing to and fro among the living and disturbing the [illegible] of the dead, why do we always murmur in Bra—a—vo! or our Bra—a—va! as the case may be, in exactly the same tone, at exactly the same places, and execute our little audience conventionalities with the punctuality and mechanism of the stage itself? Why is the Comic Bull always rubbing his hands and tapping his nose? When did mankind enter into articles of agreement that [illegible] with the [illegible] should be [illegible]? Who first settled the [illegible] between the Demon and the brass instruments? When the sailors [illegible] how do they [illegible] out of such little [illegible] polished [illegible] that have always to be turned upside down? [illegible] why [illegible] with the [illegible] the blue [illegible]?

Then, at public dinners and meetings, why [illegible] Mr. Wilson [illegible] Mr. J[illegible] my honorable friend if he will permit me to call him so? Mr. Wilson never doubt about it. Why does Mr. Smithers say that he is sensible he has already detained you too long, and why do *you* say, "No, no, go on!" when you know you are sorry for it directly afterwards? You are not taken by surprise when the Toastmaster [illegible] in giving the Army and Navy 'Upstanding gentlemen, *and* good fires'—then what do you laugh for? No man could ever say why he was greatly cheered and fatigued by forms of words, as "Resolved That this meeting respectfully but firmly views with sorrow and apprehension not unmixed with abhorrence and dismay"—but they *do* invigorate the patient, in most cases like a cordial. It is a strange thing that the chairman is obliged to refer to "the present occasion,"—that there is a horrible fascination in the phrase which he can't elude. Also that there should be an unctuous smack and relish in the enunciation of titles [illegible] "And I may be permitted to inform this company that when I had the honor of waiting on His Royal Highness, to ask His Royal Highness to be pleased to bestow his gracious patronage on our excellent Institution, His Royal Highness did me the honor to reply, with that condescension which is ever His Royal Highness's most distinguishing characteristic"—and so forth. As to the singular circumstance that such and such a duty should not have been entrusted to abler hands than mine, everybody is familiar with that phenomenon, but it's very strange that it *must* be so!

Again, in social matters. It is all very well to wonder who invents slang phrases, referential to Mr Ferguson or any such mythological personage, but the wonder does not stop there. It extends into Belgravia. Saint James's has its slang and a great deal of it. Nobody knows who first drawled languidly that so and so, or said and such a thing was "good fun" or "capital fun," or "a—the best fun in the world I'm told"—but some fine gentleman certainly did so, and accordingly a thousand do. They don't know why. We have the same mystery [illegible]

When [illegible] a new building tumbles into a heap of ruin why are the architect, contractor and materials always the best that could be got for money with all [illegible] precautions—as if that splendid combination were the triumph of construction and all buildings that don't tumble down were failures? When a boiler bursts, why was it the very best of boilers? and why, when somebody thinks that if the accident were not the boiler's fault it is likely to have been the engineer's, is the engineer then morally certain to have been the steadiest and skilfullest of men? If a public servant be impeached, how does it happen that there never was such an excellent public servant as he will be shown to be by Red Tapeosophy? If an abuse be brought to light, how does it come to pass that it is sure to be, in fact, (if rightly viewed) a blessing? How can it be that we have gone on, for so many years, surrounding the grave with ghastly, ruinous, incongruous, and inexplicable mummeries, and curtaining the cradle with a thousand ridiculous and prejudicial customs?

All these things are conventionalities. It would be well for us if there were no more and no worse in common use. But, having run the gauntlet of so many, in a breath, we must yield to the unconventional necessity of taking breath, and stop here.

THE ISLAND IN THE RIVER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

About forty years ago, on a windy, rainy afternoon, though in the middle of summer, a procession of mourners was returning from a funeral through the main street of the town of Windsor. At the head of the party walked the undertaker, with a slow and solemn step, in spite of the rain. Next behind him was a tall strongly built man of perhaps fifty years of age, leading a little boy and struggling with a large umbrella which with such a wind blowing might have carried away a man [illegible]. Following him were twelve women wrapped in black silk scarfs and hoods, each holding down with a white handkerchief [illegible] to the face. The procession [illegible] the High Street of the [illegible] it stopped at an old house with the inscription over the door, "W[illegible] Chester, [illegible] dealer in tobacco, [illegible] and snuff." There was no shop front to the house [illegible] this was the [illegible] that the late proprietor had [illegible], when the party had turned aside into the street door, which opened into the principal room, [illegible] the late Mr [illegible] Chester. The window was small in itself, and was divided by a broken framework into innumerable little squares. Against it [illegible] wooden shelves, were [illegible] pickle bottles full of sticks of barley sugar and other sweetmeats, cakes, and [illegible] mustard and balls of cotton. On another shelf at the side were [illegible] lemons in a net, a few shrivelled apples and a large brown jar, labelled 'Hardham's 37,' and, to complete the inventory of these, was a piece of bacon hanging from a beam in the smoky ceiling. The floor was bare but the room was well stocked with old-fashioned furniture. The mantelpiece was ornamented with china images of shepherds and shepherdesses, and poodle dogs, besides some bottles, with little pictures pasted on to the glass inside, and filled up with salt for a white background. On the wall above was a large picture of a barge, sailing on a river, purporting to be a correct representation of the "Mary Chester of Eton."

The female mourners were seen, on coming out of their cloaks and hoods, to be all old women. One of their number, who appeared to be more familiar with the place than the rest, administered to each some refreshments, of which she partook herself, with a remark upon the unwholesome state of the weather, by way of apology. But the man, refusing to eat or drink, sat apart, with his face resting on his hand, and holding the

child, a little light-haired boy, upon his knee.

"Come, Mr. Chester," said the woman who had served out the refreshments, "you mustn't give way—you must keep up. Poor little Will will want your help, for a good many years to come, before he 'll be man enough to get his own living."

"No, Mrs. Frampton," replied the man. "I won't fret too much. But this is very sudden. Three weeks ago, before I sailed down the river last time, I left her alive and well. You know how fond I was of her. I have hardly any relatives living of my own; but, if she had been my own born sister instead of my poor, dear brother's widow, I couldn't have loved her more."

"Well, well!" said the woman; "your kindness to her, and the little money you allowed her every month, made her life comfortable to the last. And now to-day you've done your duty by her; paid your last respects to her memory, as I may say, and so you have nothing to reproach yourself with. I am sure she couldn't have a better grave—a nice gravelly soil."

"Did she seem to suffer much in her illness?" inquired the man.

"Oh no! not at all. She didn't think she was so nigh, till the day before she died; and then she began to wander—called me John, thinking me to be you; and begged me to take care of her boy. Then, when that lady sitting there asked her if she knew her, just to try whether she was sensible, she rose up in the bed and stared at her, and said 'You are my husband's spirit. I needn't ask you to watch over our boy, and keep him from temptation, that he may come at last before God with a pure heart.'"

"That 's correct," said the old woman referred to; "likewise tryin' to clutch my bonnet, and staring dreadfully."

"Ah, poor soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Frampton, "she 's better provided for, now, than any of us. She was a good woman, and paid her way; which, I may say, is the outward sign of a good woman. All Eton knows that."

Eleven respectable witnesses simultaneously bore testimony in the name of all Eton to the good character of the deceased, and the truth of Mrs. Frampton's observations. But John Chester's heart was too full to note their last remark. The account which they gave of his sister-in-law, mindful of him as she approached her end, had touched him more than all; and the tears were trickling down his face.

"There," said Mrs. Frampton, "I 'll not speak any more about it. Don't be giving way like that—don't."

"I 'm not giving way," he replied.

"You are giving way. You are questioning God's Providence, which is a sin."

"Well, then, I won't," he replied. "I 'll tell you what, Mrs. Frampton. You see, the barge is laden, and I must be gone to London; so, if you will take charge of the boy till I return, we can then arrange matters."

"Oh, sir!" she replied, "I wanted to say to you—though I didn't mean to talk of business to-day—but I wanted to say, that I would be glad to take the shop myself. You know the business is small, but it will be a help to me."

"You shall have it, Mrs. Frampton," said he, "and what 's in it. I know you were a good friend to my sister; and so that 's settled. As to the rent, we 'll agree about that by-and-by. And now you are going to stay here, I think you had better take charge of the child altogether. You will keep him at school, and charge me with everything."

"Oh yes, sir;" she replied. "Indeed I 'll bring him up as if he was my own."

Shortly afterwards, the female mourners, with the exception of Mrs. Frampton, departed, secretly whispering among themselves that the latter was a very artful and designing woman; and that John Chester would do well to mind what he was about. Mrs Frampton, however, was a simple, honest person, a little tedious in her discourse, but anxious, as she said "to do her duty by everybody." The child became a frank and honest youth under her care; and in after years, when the memory of his mother became less distinct, and the expression of her features was forgotten,—and even that terrible day, when with a child's curiosity he lifted the covering from her face, timidly, when no one was looking, and saw her lying still, grew less like a recollection than something that had been told him in his infancy, he felt towards his second mother all the affection of a son; and she, in her turn, loved him as if he had been her own.

His uncle came to see him every time the barge returned to Eton, bringing often with him some gift for Mrs. Frampton or the boy, and hearing him read out of the Bible, with pride at the progress that he made.

Sometimes, in school holidays, he took him down the river in the barge, returning in a few days. It was on one of these occasions that they set out early one fine summer morning, the child being then about ten years old. The barge, newly painted, was loosened from her moorings against the bridge, and floated slowly down the river, while John Chester and the apprentice raised up the great tawny sail, by means of a windlass at the head. They were laden with malt, in sacks below, and the deck was clean, and everything upon it stowed away in an orderly manner. John Chester was steering, and the child sat beside him, watching the cattle in the fields, and the long rows of willows moving slowly on either side. Above, the huge sail was flapping lazily, and the ripples on the water kept up a gentle tapping upon the bows. In the afternoon the mainsail was lowered again, and the barge swerving, came alongside an island in

the middle of the river, where the vessel was moored, and John Chester stepped ashore with the boy. Climbing up among the osiers, with which the island was thickly covered, they descended again, and crossed by a plank over a brook, filled with watercresses. Thence they entered the garden of a cottage, near the door of which sat a man basket-making. The man shaded his eyes with his hand, and looking towards them, said—

"Every one forgets me but you, Chester. It's a dull life I lead here; cut off from everything cheerful; working all day on the Ayte, just for a living. But what little boy is this?"

"My nephew," replied the barge master. "Poor fellow, he has had no father or mother since four years old."

"He's a nice boy," said the man, patting him on the head, "and I dare say a good boy, too." Then turning, he called in at the cottage-door, "Annie, here's a young friend come to see you—make haste." Some minutes elapsed before a little girl made her appearance at the door, evidently reluctant to approach strangers.

"Go," said the basket maker, "and shake hands with him." But she still held back, till the boy stepped forward and took her by the hand, saying—

"Don't be afraid, Annie; I want to be friends with you."

"What a contrast between those two children!" said John Chester, as he looked at them sitting together in the doorway;—"Will, with his light hair, and she with her black curls and little pale face."

"Ah, do not speak of that," said the basket-maker. "They tell me her poor mother was like her at her age; she is not strong." The girl looked in his face, as if conscious that he was speaking of her, although he spoke in a tone too low to be overheard. "Go, Annie," said he, raising his voice, "and show your little friend our bees; but do not walk too near." She rose; and the boy still holding her hand in his, they walked down the garden together till they came to a row of bee-hives, almost hidden among the flowers. "So you will not be friends with me, Annie?" said he, after watching the bees in silence for a few minutes.

"Yes, I will; but I do not know you," she replied, holding down her head.

"By-and-by, then, when I come again, will you promise to talk to me?"

"Yes."

"How old are you, Annie?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve! I am only ten; but I can read and write, and I have schoolfellows who are fourteen, and yet are no bigger than I. And do you always live in this pretty place in the water?"

"Always. I like to live here; even before the leaves are on the trees—though it is very cold sometimes. Where do you live?"

"A long way from here, Annie. Do you know Eton?"

"No. I only know Marlow; where I go to see my sister sometimes. She is a lace-worker. How did you come here?"

"In the barge. It is moored just out yonder; but you can't see it for the trees. Come with me, and I will show you. This way."

"No, not that way; we must go round to the plank. The brook runs right down to the river."

"Come along," said the boy, laughing; "I can leap a place twice as broad as that—see!" and, letting go her hand, he sprang across.

"Now I must go round," said his companion.

"No, no! here is a narrow part, and a dry footing at the side. Give me your hand," said he, having sunk a large stone in the stream, and placed his foot upon it, so that he could reach her. The girl hesitated for a moment, and descended timidly, till he took her by the waist and sprang back with her. "What a frightened girl you are, Annie! Did you think I could not jump with you?"

"No; but I can't help feeling afraid."

"Bless you!" said her companion, putting his arms round her neck; "I would not have done it if I had not been sure that I should not miss my footing. See, there is the barge. Stoop and look through the stems of the trees; and now follow close behind me, that I may make a way for you through the branches. There; is not that a pretty boat?"

"Yes, and do you sleep there?"

"When I go down the river with my uncle. I have a little bed below, and a cabin, with table and chairs, like a parlour; come and see—now—step upon the plank—I have got you. You are frightened this time?"

"No—not with you—" and with a timid step she walked along the narrow board, and entered the barge. "Come and sit at the helm awhile," said her companion, after he had shown her the little cabin. The sun was setting, and as she sat looking at it and the long line of sunlight on the water, the boy lay down beside her, looking up into her face without speaking, till they heard the voice of his uncle calling to them from the island. "We have been looking for you," said he, "and wondering where you were. Come, we must be gone. Bid good-bye to little Annie before I take her ashore."

"Good-bye, Annie," said he. "I will come again to see you, one day." When she was gone and the vessel was loosened from her moorings, the boy sat still at the helm, looking back upon the island, as they floated down the river in the dusk.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Many months elapsed before William Chester saw again his little friend upon the island, though he did not forget her. The prospect of the summer holidays, the escape

from the n' sch ol room and its daily duties the sail down the river and the opportunity of ... acquaintance on the Ayte made him ... the next ... count the weeks between In the winter evenings, when his uncle was absent he ... with Mrs Frampton in the old ... where his mother had died ... while she worked, or ... interest to her oft told ... story of her life, how ... her future husband ... heard the name of Frampton ... him by the merest accident in the world, and never thought, till long afterwards of how his appearance exactly fulfilled with the gipsy's description, having always been a disbeliever of such tales; how there sprang up a coldness between them, so that she did not see him for a long time till he came again and sought her out, and finally married her and settled with her at Eton,—out of which slender materials she contrived to ... a story which ... had it been written might have astonished a professed novelist Sometimes he would ask her ... his mother when she would not check him as some would have done but strove to ... him ... of her manners and appearance She even went with him, on Sundays sometimes to visit her grave, ... that it made her heart ache to think how the living are unmindful of the dead Thus the time of the holidays drew nearer— the winter passed away—the spring came with longer days and finally, on ... evening he calculated, and found that it wanted ... three weeks to the wished for time His uncle was ... his return It was ... the ... sat at the threshold of the door, and Mrs Frampton, ... to work—not ... peculiar to herself ... till it was quite dark ... the lights—had ... listening to the ticking of the clock till she could not hear it any longer, and wondered whether it was stopped, when suddenly her ... afterwards ... and her eyes shut and opened to look at the bird winking and standing upon one leg on the cross stick of his cage, and finally she nodded and fell asleep Meanwhile her young companion sat looking at the sky, and watching the tints that changed and faded still in two long drifts of cloud, till turning to bid Mrs Frampton come and look at them also, he saw that she slept beside an open window, and, rising, walked on tiptoe across the room, shut down the window slowly, so as not to wake her, and returned Even in that moment many stars seemed to have been added, the drifts of ... were darker the walls of the College looked more solemn, and the bats were ... still at the sky, and wrapped in ... fancies, he did not hear a footstep behind him till a hand was laid upon his shoulder and he turned and saw ...

"What asleep Will?" said the old man "Wake up ... whether you ... " ... behind his uncle ... "... you ... " ...

... "Where is your mother boy?" inquired John Chester after he had lifted his nephew up and kissed him

"Hush!" said he "she is tired and has fallen asleep I was afraid of waking her, so I sat at the door in the dark and waited"

The old man entered with the children, treading lightly but Mrs Frampton woke at the sound of their footsteps "Oh it's you, Mr Chester?" said she "How you made me jump! And what little girl is this?" she asked as soon as she had lighted a candle

"This is Annie Burton the ... daughter ... he replied "She comes to stay with us ... while She is not very well ... her father thinks ... that the change might do her good ... well and ... but Burton said she should not ... He was ... I've often told you what he is—a good creature but a deal of pride in him He said, positively she shouldn't come ... him a little out of temper, but afterwards I thought it was a pity the child should lose a chance of benefit because we were a couple of old fools, so I went back and agreed to take them ... It'll not hurt him, anyway, for he is not a poor man But isn't it nonsense to talk of the value of the board of a child like that? However, I think I know what was at the bottom of his heart, though he didn't know it himself He didn't want the child to go from him He carried her down to the water side, and it grieved me to see him part with her I believe he had half a mind to take her back 'Chester,' said he 'I wouldn't trust her on the water—no, not out of my sight—with any man but you I know you will take care of her.' I shook his hand and he stood looking after us till I couldn't see the island any longer."

"See, Chester," said Mrs Frampton, "you have made the child cry What a thoughtless man you are to say all that before her!"

"I *am* a rough old fellow," said he. "I am always hurting some one's feelings, without meaning it. Poor little Annie! There, you know best how to talk to children. Say something to her, Mrs Frampton."

"Never mind, Annie," said she, standing

[illegible] her and wiping her eyes "You shall come [illegible] soon, and then, perhaps, the journey will make you such a strong girl that you will be able to do a hundred things [illegible] you can't do now, and he will be so [illegible] you looking better that [illegible] he had resolution enough [illegible] you. And, after all you know, it [illegible] you came, and if you had objected to it I would have been vexed with you."

"Don't cry, Annie!" said William Chester, [illegible] at the other side of her chair, and [illegible] rubbing her eyes with the little chequered pocket handkerchief fastened to his belt at the waist by Mrs. Hampton, in order that he might not lose it. "We all like you, and you'll soon get used to this place. You can't tell what a nice place it is by daylight. We have a garden at the back larger than yours, only it has no bee hives."

"Get her something to eat," said the burgomaster; "she must be hungry, I am, myself."

Mrs. Hampton quickly spread a clean cloth upon the table, and set some bread and cheese [illegible] upon it; then [illegible] of jars upon a shelf near the window [illegible] she selected one, unfastened the [illegible] stretched over the mouth to keep it [illegible] of jam which had not seen the light since the summer [illegible] Some of this she [illegible] with a wooden spoon and set it with some bread before the children. The girl ate of it, and soon feeling [illegible] by the kind manner of all about her dried her tears and talked to them of her journey on the river till bedtime.

The visits of John Chester at [illegible] were never of long duration. A few days afterwards, the barge was again laden and he was gone. This time he expected to be absent more than a fortnight, for he had to load again at London, and proceed further down the river, and he left them, promising to take his nephew with him on his next voyage [illegible] his school holidays had begun. The girl also was to accompany them as far as the [illegible] Her young companion looked forward to the time, and talked of it, but he did not count the days between as he had done before. He saw before him, now only the day when he should part with his little friend, his "dear sister Annie," as he had already learned to call her,—perhaps to see her no more for another long year. He rose early in the morning, and called her, that he might be long with her before the time of school. In the evening—for he did not come home at midday, the school being at some distance—he hurried home across the fields, to be again at her side. He sat with her at the threshold of the door, where he had been on the evening when she first came there, bidding her watch the sky with him; and when the half-holiday came—the sunny spot in the middle of the schoolboy's week—the blessed half-way between Sunday and Sunday—she was again the companion of his ramble. It was in that sweet season of the year when the roads are lined with blossoming lilacs and laburnums—golden rains as they call them in some parts—standing in every garden and drooping over every wall and fence. The limes too, were in full bloom; the horse chestnuts were covered with their white pyramids; the meadows, [illegible] and red brown with buttercups and [illegible] were bordered by white hawthorn hedges. The days were very sultry till one night there fell some rain, that refreshed the earth. In the afternoon of the next day, being a holiday, the boy asked the permission of his guardian to go with his young friend, to show her the Castle and the Park. She, knowing him to be a bold and trustworthy boy, did not hesitate to let them go, and they went away, hand in hand together, talking as they went. They walked round the Castle and down the "Long Walk," and afterwards turned off from the highway into the Park. It was a warm still afternoon, and they sat down after awhile, upon the short turf in the shade of a great oak watching a herd of deer between the trees, quietly browsing in the sun.

"Are you tired, Annie?" said the boy.

"A very little," she replied. "After resting awhile I shall be ready to walk as far again. Oh how I love this place! I never saw so many great trees; and look yonder, at the shadow of a cloud moving along the grass. Hush!

What do you hear?"

"I don't know. Sometimes it seems so quiet [illegible] then, suddenly, I fancy that the air is full of dull sounds like the noise of [illegible] many people very far away. Do you not hear?"

"No, Annie, dear. It never seemed to me so still, except when I have lain awake at night. I hear some insect buzzing past me now and then. See how the [illegible] swim with the warmth,—it looks like [illegible] steam rising from the grass."

"I see it, but where are all the birds flown to? I don't hear one."

"I suppose they are asleep," said her companion, "and the grasshoppers too, though I saw numbers of them spring out of the dry grass as I beat it with my foot [illegible]."

"Listen again."

"I do not hear anything, Annie. What a strange girl you are!"

"Put your ear close to the ground. Now, do you not hear murmur[illegible]?"

The boy did as she told him, but hearing nothing, looked in her face to see if she was laughing, but she looked so thoughtfully at him out of her clear black eyes, that he was puzzled. "I don't know what it is," said he; "I can't hear anything. You have such curious ways—though I like you for them. You are a dear, good girl," he added, stroking her face with his hand, and playing with the

curls of her hair; then suddenly looking down at the turf on which they were sitting, he exclaimed, "Look at these little blue flowers in the grass, and these pieces of dry branches, covered with moss, like we have in a stuffed bird cage, at home." His companion did not answer him, but on looking up again, he saw that there were tears in her eyes. "What are you crying for?" said he, almost crying himself to see her.

"I do not know. I am very happy."

"Well, now, you are a strange girl, to cry because you are happy." He looked at her, some time, in wonder, and then rose and led her away gently, as if she were a sleep-walker, and he feared to awaken her.

"Are you tired now, Annie?"

"No, but I would like to drink some cold clear water."

"I know where there is a spring," said the boy; "come this way." After awhile, they descended into a hollow, and found a little rill that fell bubbling in an iron tank, at which some sheep were drinking. "I wish I had a cup, Annie; however, if you let the water fall into your hand, you can drink from it. The child did as he told her; and, as they stood there, a cloud passed before the sun and threw a shadow on the ground; at the same moment, a gust of warm air swept the surface of the tank into little waves.

"Come," said the boy; "let us walk fast; I think it is going to rain." There was again a dead warmth and stillness in the air; great clouds were slowly moving up; and lower down in the horizon they were gathered together in huge masses of a slaty colour, against which the peeled and whitened branches of an oak, smitten by lightning, stood out clearly. The girl kept up with her companion, though he quickened his pace once or twice, till the wind rose again, and beat some heavy rain-drops [illegible] faces; and almost at the same moment a sudden flash was followed by a long roll of thunder. Annie did not speak, but clung to her companion's arm, and the latter, turning round, saw that she looked pale and terrified. "Don't be frightened," said he, "but keep up with me. If once we get into the road we shall be safe." But the rain now began to fall fast with large drops.

"Let us stay under that tree," said the child.

"No, no," said her young friend. "I have heard that that is dangerous, when there is lightning. Yonder is a little house. Stay; let me tie my handkerchief over your bonnet; and now follow me." He ran towards the building that he spoke of, the girl following him. Half way, another flash dazzled them, and instantly the thunder broke again over their heads and rolled away; but they did not stop. The building that they sought was a tiled shed, open at the sides, and used as a shelter for hay. There they were protected from the rain; but the lightning continued, at intervals, to terrify the child; who, at every flash, drew close to her companion, till, at length, they became less frequent; the clouds broke up, the sun shot sideways through the falling rain, and Annie was the first to see two rainbows—one above the other—in the east. As soon as the rain had abated, they left their place of shelter, and quickly regained the road, and got back into the town before dusk. Mrs. Frampton met them on the bridge. "Oh, children, children!" she exclaimed, "I have been almost out of my wits. And you are not wet at all? Yes; why, dear me, Annie, you 've been walking in wet grass; your little feet are soaked. Come, do not stand still an instant." At home they found a fire burning, and Mrs. Frampton, having changed the child's clothes and given her some warm tea, sat her before it, where she fell asleep. Her young companion sat also beside the fire, watching the changing expression of her features, and listening to her muttering in her dreams, and, as he thought, of a murmuring and a noise of people afar off.

The child was still sleeping, and it was getting late, when there came a tapping at the door; and on Mrs. Frampton opening it, a boy bade her come to see a woman who was lying ill.

"Did you boil the herbs for her, that I gave you?" she inquired.

"Oh yes, mum!" said the boy; "but she's no better."

"Stay," said she; "I will go back with you;" and putting on her shawl and bonnet, and promising to return shortly, she went out. The boy rose; and walking on tiptoe across the room, shut the door noiselessly after her, and returned to his place beside the fire.

"Poor Annie!" said he, after watching some time, "she is wearied out with her walk."

She continued to sleep, and he to watch her, though sometimes he felt tempted to sleep himself, for the fire burnt brightly, the cat, stretched out upon the rug, purred drowsily, and the kettle sang upon the hob.

A few days afterwards the old man returned; the barge was soon ready for another voyage, and, finally, he again set sail down the river, taking the children with him. In the evening, the boy saw again the dusky form of the island across the bows; and drawing nearer to his young friend, and holding her hand in his, he bade her not forget him, though he should not come again before the next summer. "No, no," said she; "I did not forget you all last winter, though I hardly knew you then; and now I am sure I shall not."

"God bless you, Annie!" said he, as he parted with her on the Ayte; "we will walk again in the Park one day."

The barge did not stay at the island on its return. It was a clear, starlight night when they passed, sweeping the short willows with

which it was bordered, the stream being narrow between that side and the shore. The boy strained his eyes in trying to catch a glimpse of the cottage, through every opening of the trees, and listened; but he could not see it for the leaves beyond, and the place was quite still. The old man, standing at the bows, struck the pole into the banks, to urge the vessel through the narrow channel; and while the boy sat thinking of Annie lying in her little room asleep, he saw the island slowly pass and fade behind them.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION FROM ABROAD.

NOTHING which has occurred for years has been more calculated to gratify the pride of an Englishman than the Great Exhibition. Everywhere abroad the wonder which it has excited can only be conceived by those who have witnessed it. The novelty of the Glass Palace, the rapidity and energy with which it has been erected and furnished, and its final [illegible] has stamped an [illegible] of the features of England in all nations. Wherever you have come—the one great topic of conversation has been the Great Exhibition; the one great topic of the newspapers was the Great Exhibition; the Great Exhibition met your eye on all walls and in the windows of shops, post-offices, and railway stations, on placards in great letters. Steamers and railways were all put into connection with the one great object, and were compelled to accelerate their motion to meet the impatience and expectation of the universal public. To any one coming from England the only and the eternally recurring question was, "Have you, then, really seen the Great Exhibition?"—to which an affirmative answer was the mother of a million particular queries.

It was our lot the other day to find ourselves on the way to England, in a considerable throng of foreigners, proceeding to this all-absorbing spectacle. We were crossing Belgium, and the greater number of our fellow-travellers were Germans. On arriving at that most wretched of wretched places, Ostend, late in the evening, one of those scenes of confusion took place which are taking place every day, and which the Government never takes the slightest trouble to put an end to. In all other countries some rational kind of language is spoken; but as nobody is at the trouble to learn the hodge-podge of a language called Belgian, and as there is rarely an official employed at the station who can speak a word of English, German, or French, the confusion that prevails is perfectly astounding—and, in fact, so long as Ostend stands, it appears clear that Babel will never be at an end. All the passengers' luggage, even to their carpet bags and hat boxes, being taken from them at Vervier, examined, and carriage for every pound charged, it is then put into a separate wagon, and the unlucky traveller passes the rest of the journey in hoping that he may get his effects again, but believing that he never shall.

Arrived at Ostend out rush all the hoping and despairing hundreds of travellers; one asks for his luggage in French, another in English, a third in German, a fourth in Italian, a fifth in Swiss, and a sixth in Hungarian. To all these demands the porters reply by shakes of the head, and the utterance of a jargon, that only adds to the confounding and unintelligible hubbub. At length the frantic travellers, fearful of not being in time to secure their ship, see a lot of luggage dragged forth and deposited on a bench under a shed, for every one to claim his own. Never was there a finer opportunity for clever fellows to carry off what is not their own; for though you have a receipt containing the number of your packages, your name, and what you have paid for it, yet as nobody understands one another, and five hundred people at once are dragging at the trunks, bags, and hat-cases in the dark, nothing would be easier than for half of it to be carried off by wrong people; and, if it be not so, it redounds as much to the credit of the nation for honesty as it does to its discredit for business arrangements.

At length, after half an hour of the most frantic shouting, scrambling, hauling, and seeking, one half of the exasperated passengers find that their luggage is not there at all! Then are vociferated furious demands in a dozen languages, with a violent holding up of green bits of paper—the receipts for the unlucky articles that are not received, nor even visible. These vociferations are answered by the Belgian porters pointing to the benches where luggage should be, but is not; and by still more frantic protestations, on the part of the travellers that their articles are not there. Then rush a few scores to another unopened wagon on the line which is desperately defended by the porters with the outcries of 'Transit! transit!'—the only intelligible word they utter, and a word which only adds to the agitation of the travellers, who protest that their articles are not put in transit; a word which fills them with the horrible idea of their property being shipped off to London, while they themselves are going to Dover or to Calais.

At length, in our case, after nearly an hour's delay, the station-master was found, the only one who seemed capable of an English or French word; and by his authority, the transit-goods wagon being opened, the missing articles came to light. All now hurried away, some to the English steamer bound for Dover, and some to the one bound direct for London; we to the latter, congratulating ourselves that we were about to set foot on board the vessel of a nation of men of business, and that all our troubles would be at an end. Unfortunate flattery of an internal national pride! To

our consternation we found ourselves on board notorious old tub, we believe the very worst steamer that sails from the port of London. We do not mention it, for obvious reasons, but everybody who knows anything of Ostend steamers knows it. Nothing can be more excellent, seaworthy, and commodious than the same company's steamers to Antwerp, in one of which we had recently made a delightful passage out. Nothing could be more miserable than this one in which we found ourselves [illegible] midnight. It was built, we believe, some time about the days of Noah [illegible] rather [illegible] diving than [illegible] every wave of any pretension [illegible] sweeping over it [illegible] and it [illegible] at about the rate of [illegible] knots an hour!

[illegible] our astonishment at finding this old washtub the only vessel [illegible] awaiting the thronging visitors to the Great Exhibition! There was cabin accommodation for forty passengers, and there were on board one hundred and thirty! The amusement of these one hundred and thirty foreigners, chiefly Germans, who had [illegible] to the sea with the idea that they were to be conveyed over by the greatest [illegible] nation in the world, and therefore with [illegible] responding ideas of the vessel and its contents, it would be impossible to describe. The [illegible] remonstrated, but it was clear that [illegible] was useless. [illegible] the [illegible] company on board, I—for I may now use the singular number in [illegible] having found a berth for herself—expressed my astonishment that no better preparations were made for the expected influx of foreigners on this great occasion, declaring that it was at once an insult to the [illegible] and a disgrace to our country. The [illegible] assured me that a new vessel would be substituted for this in a few days, which I hope is the fact; but for the present [illegible] all on board was dismal enough! The forty lucky fellows had secured [illegible] the ninety unlucky ones had the choice of the cabin floor, the table, the seats, and the deck. To make the matter worse, the wind rose simultaneously with the vessel's quitting the [illegible], and blew strongly direct in our teeth. The old tub began to tumble about with a short chopping motion well known to crossers of that part of the Channel, and the crowded company, three-fourths of whom had probably never seen the sea before, and had all the German horror of the *[illegible]*, began to look awfully pale out of their dark forests of beards and whiskers.

My few observations to the agent had procured me a berth, a clear proof that the company was well aware that the less public observation was drawn to their accommodations for foreign visitors of the Exhibition, the better; but as this must have been done at the expense of some unfortunate victim, I did not take possession of it till I saw that no one else would. At length, tired with some days of hard travelling, I threw myself down in it in my clothes, and slept till five o'clock. On awaking, the scene was indescribable. The whole of the cabin, berths, seat[s], floor, tables, and under [the] tables, was one dense [mass] of [illegible] wretch[es] — almost every one of them in the [ago]nies of sea-sickness. The picture would have been worth something to a painter, from the strange aspect of the [illegible] bearded and moustached faces [illegible] boots and [illegible] no painter [illegible] The [old] tub was [illegible] half buried [illegible] the waves and the [illegible] the same very [illegible] lay they should [illegible] On the deck [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his arm, on which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was so many [illegible] what [illegible] sat [illegible] [illegible] lower extremity [illegible] [illegible] that he had [illegible]. The [jol]ly looking old man was no other than the Catholic Archbishop of I—— and his brother, a distinguished [illegible] nobleman, soon after made his appearance.

It seemed to me that I had never seen so wretched and [illegible] a set of people flung together on any occasion. The effects of one breezy night in that old boat, of [illegible] clothes, had, in combination with strangely wild beards and queerly cut cloaks, [illegible] almost [illegible] my unlucky fellow-travellers; but as the morning advanced, and we came into still water, a rapid metamorphosis took place. Breakfast came and completed it; and one after another, that uncouth and grizzly company most wonderfully brightened, and burnished themselves up into a most respectable, well-looking, and gentlemanly assembly. One pretty woman after another, too, emerged into daylight, and it was soon evident that we were in the midst of a very superior and intelligent class of people.

As we drew near the English coast, but long before it was visible, an intense interest began to display itself throughout the throng of foreigners. Few had before approached the renowned island, and the idea of London seemed to hang in their imaginations like some great world of wonder which was about to reveal itself before them. Long, however,

before the slightest strip of the British coast came into view, before the dimmest glimpse of the lighthouse on the North Foreland or the tower of Margate Church, caught the eye to the left, two vast lines of ships were seen coming from the opposite extremities of the horizon, and emerging to one point before us. Those were the first sign of the maritime greatness of England, and the spectacle was contemplated with exclamations of amazement. From the north and the south, hundreds of vessels were [illegible] their way to one point which [illegible] the place of the Thames, and the [illegible] of London [illegible] as if were [illegible] [illegible] world [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

But [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] The very [illegible] on the [illegible] with their [illegible] have their [illegible] and the [illegible] and neat villages and towns on the Kentish [illegible] the most perfect home-like prosperity [illegible] But the [illegible] on the waters [illegible] wonder. Great steamers with long trails of smoke [illegible] as if were tearing away to distant ports, [illegible] of our own island or the Continent [illegible] dragging out to [illegible] other great merchant ships [illegible] with sails set, going up or down, shoals of fishing smacks, and other craft. And as you advance above Gravesend, the swift [illegible] steamers to the different places on the river, flying past with crowds on deck, and music playing, as on some gay holiday. These fill the foreigner with augmenting wonder, and as you advance, the ever-growing throng of vessels that crowd the river, the hulks of convicts, the Seamen's Hospital in the old "Dreadnought," with its gilt Lion looking bravely from its prow, the war-steamers, the ships of all nations; the bustle of Woolwich and all its arsenals, its barracks, and its docks and workshops. The palace of Greenwich, that proud monument of the nation's care for its seamen; the hanging woods of the Park, and the domes of the Observatory lifting themselves above them, where longitude 0 presents itself familiarly to the mind of every foreign passer-by are contemplated with a feeling which breaks forth from long pauses of deep silence with the words— "*Grossartig!*" "*Étonnant!*" "*Unendlich!*" "*Übermächtig!*"

Every man had his Panorama of the River out, fathers were pointing out to their daughters the various places and their historic and statistical interests. On [illegible] a German whose only [illegible] this wondrous scene [illegible] "Denken sie [illegible]" (Only think [illegible] that it is the first time that she has [illegible] and what [illegible] must give her for her whole life.)

But as the Pool was approached, and the [illegible] that lay in the [illegible] of the river, [illegible] the [illegible] that lay at the wharfs [illegible] preparing for their next trips [illegible] docks, the endless warehouses [illegible] St Katherine's, the [illegible] and the East and West India Docks, [illegible] Metropolis which [illegible] All, as all [illegible] were particularly anxious to know exactly at what moment they were passing the Thames Tunnel. Then another recognised the New London Bridge [illegible] and the [illegible] of the city the dome of St Paul. And thus slowly making way in [illegible] multitude of vessels in the Pool [illegible] bringing to at the St Katharine's Wharf, amid the din of London's enormous [illegible] its astounding evidence of activity [illegible] of wonder closed. Hitherto [illegible] been calculated to gratify the pride [illegible] Englishman now came a scene which [illegible] dreadful anticlimax. This was the examination of the passengers' luggage by the officers of the Customs.

We had hoped that amid the [illegible] preparations made for smoothing the approach of the foreign visitors of all nations to the Great Exhibition, a change would have been made in this respect, befitting the honour and hospitality of the nation; that if it were deemed necessary still to subject the visitors to Custom House inspection, a measure very simple in itself and perfectly efficient, would have been adopted to spare all possible annoyance and detention; that is, that as two officers come on board at Gravesend, the luggage of the passengers should be examined on board, as the steamer came up the river, so that on arriving they might, without the slightest detention or delay, have proceeded

to their several quarters. This very plan, so easy, so obvious, so accordant with common sense and politeness to our visitors, has been strongly recommended by the Parliamentary Committee, now sitting, to inquire into the affairs of the Custom House; and it is to us marvellous that it should not have been one of the very first regulations adopted for the comfort of the foreign visitors of the Exhibition. We draw attention to it the more particularly, because even now an Order in Council might at once remove the evil, and introduce a practice which could not possibly be attended by any mischief, but would add inconceivably to the comfort of foreigners arriving in London, and give a fine feeling of our liberal courtesy. Any case of difficulty in levying any duty might be referred to the Custom House on shore; but such cases must be rare, and the general body of the passengers would be exempt from the present most vexatious detention.

So far, however, from any relaxation in the old system, in one respect the rigour is increased. Foreigners are asked to produce their passports. When you ask the meaning of this, you are told it is done at the request of the Foreign Powers themselves, to prevent the entrance of dangerous characters But why should we stoop to become the tools of foreign surveillance? Why not leave our law and police to protect public order, as they always have done?

However, on the packet touching the quay, the passengers are all marched off to the waiting-rooms of the Custom House, where their passports are examined, and while their luggage is brought from the ship to the examining-room. Here, then, were one hundred and thirty strangers cooped up like so many sheep, on their arrival in the capital of England, for several hours, while their luggage is brought ashore, and while afterwards they are, two by two, introduced to the examining room Proud as I had felt of the approach to London, I was proportionably mortified to be a witness of this humiliating termination—a termination in which we were sunk below many of the despotic powers of the Continent, for even on the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube, you have your luggage examined on board of the vessel; and in passing the Prussian frontier, the other day, neither I nor my friend had a single package opened. Every moment's miserable detention here was a torment uselessly and unnecessarily inflicted. The whole of the trunks and bags of the strangers, containing only their apparel, requisite during their visit, might just as well have been inspected on the deck, between Gravesend and London.

May it not, and shall it not, yet be so? There are yet three months at least before the close of the Exhibition. In the autumn, when on the Continent, as at home, the great bulk of professional people find themselves only at liberty,—when schools, universities, law and government offices, are to a certain degree closed,—the fullest tide of travel towards this country will set in. Is it not worth while, then, to remove this wretched stumbling-block out of the way of our visitors; to adopt a course which can lose us nothing pecuniarily, but must gain us immensely in point of national character for courtesy and true kindness? Is it worth while to destroy that generous sense of our national greatness, which must unavoidably fill the mind of the foreigner who ascends the Thames amid the gigantic evidences of our enormous commerce, our physical and intellectual energies, our wealth and inexhaustible activity, by so miserable—so gratuitously miserable—a finale as this? It is but justice to say, that on this occasion the officers performed their unpleasant duty with a courtesy and a patience which did them the highest credit; but no courtesy of manner can obliterate the real discourtesy and annoyance of a useless and most tedious detention of often many hours, and the mortifying feeling of a reception of our foreign guests, so totally out of keeping with every other arrangement for this great and unprecedented gathering of the Nations.

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF "ARABY THE BLEST."*

In Araby the Blest two brothers lived:
Ali and Zeid. Ali the elder one,
Was married and had children young and fair,
The red lipp'd fruitage of our human tree;
But Zeid dwelt singly, though his love was great.

They had one field in common, which they sow'd
With life-sustaining corn, marking no bounds
Of mine and thine, but sharing it alike.

Harvest came round again. The one long field
Of the two brothers glow'd like tawny fire,
Self-ripening as with inward heat and life,
And all the land, with depth of swarthy gold,
Fermented in the vibrating noon-glare.
Ali and Zeid work'd in the field all day.
And Ali's wife and children also work'd;
Till over heaven fell purple robes of night,
And through star kingdoms went the regal moon.

So, day by day they toil'd, till all the sheaves
Were stack'd, and the last gleanings gather'd in:
Then did each brother take his equal share,
And rest was on the land, and vacancy.

And on a night, as Zeid lay in his bed,
Steeping, in dew of silence his calm soul,
Into his mind, out of the quiet, grew
These thoughts and words:—"My brother has a wife
And children, who depend upon his arm
For food and raiment; while my own bare wants
Are all I have to heed. Is it then just
That I should take an equal share with him
Of the rich strength and fitness of the land?"—
Whereat, being strangely moved within his soul,
He rose, and quickly clad himself, and went

* The substance of this legend will be found in Margoliouth's "Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers."

Forth from the house. One darkness fill'd the air,
But from that great Oblivion in the heavens
Look'd out the crowding eyes of endless space.
A still wind slowly breath'd along the fields,
Like some dim music older than the world;
And the trees stirr'd, and talk'd among themselves.

So, in close darkness went the good Zeid forth,
Even as a thief, and took from his own heap
A dozen sheaves of corn, and laid them with
Ali's, and softly to his bed return'd.

And at that moment Ali woke, and shook
The clinging drowsiness from his wife [illegible]
"A good glad thought has come to me in sleep.
My brother is a lonely man, and lest
With wife or children who might yield to him
And in day's labour [illegible]
While God has crown'd me with a [illegible]
And [illegible] help [illegible]
It [illegible] that we should [illegible]
A [illegible] field
Since we [illegible] the [illegible]
And [illegible] think me [illegible]
To take [illegible]
And [illegible] shall [illegible]

She [illegible]
And Ali [illegible] went [illegible]
Through the [illegible]
heap
A dozen [illegible]
With Zeid's, and softly [illegible] return'd.

Next morning [illegible]
When lo! the [illegible]

[illegible] they did the [illegible]
Yet [illegible] the sheaves were [illegible]
Till [illegible] the mystery
Upon the [illegible] night [illegible]

Darkness [illegible] were [illegible]
As Zeid and Ali reach'd the open field.
Quickly they did [illegible]
When, in the middle of the way between,
Each saw a dusky figure in the gloom,
Moving uneasily beneath a [illegible]
They paus'd, each fearing that the [illegible]
(In the confused air looking vague [illegible])
Might be some angel dangerous [illegible]
Whose eyes would kill with [illegible]
Forward they moved again [illegible]
(As one who finds a subtle truth in a dream,
After long search and travail all the day),
Their hearts flew out as they stood face to face,
Each with his loving burden on his back.

Oh green and vital Mystery of Love,
Still budding in the garden of the heart,
Thou ever working miracle of God,
Not sent to clash with universal law,
But, with thy life, the world's bare mechanism
To kindle into beauty absolute,
And light, and flame like glory, and quick thought,
And warmth, and odour, and a music voice,
Which else were wanting!—Spirit young and fresh!
In these Arabian brothers thou didst find
Thy perfect type and full development.

What need to tarry longer on the scene?—
Even as their love was heaven-like, so their joy
Took wings that were not earthly, as they stood
Beneath the sacred darkness and the stars.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

CHINA.

Our Phantom Ship has deposited our friend, Henry Rubley, Esquire, at Adelaide, and has now returned to China.

Since a typhoon comes not much oftener than once in about three years it would be odd if we should sail immediately into one; but we are fairly in the Chinese seas, which are the typhoon's own peculiar sporting ground, and it is desperately sultry, and those clouds are full of might and lightning, to say nothing of a fitful gale and angry sea. Look out! There is the coast of China. Now [illegible] to see the barren, dingy hills with [illegible] and granite [illegible] out, with a few miserable trees and stunted [illegible]. That is our first sight of the flowery land, and we shall not get [illegible] yet, for the spray begins to blind us, [illegible] quite as much as we can do to see each other. Now the wind howls and tears the [illegible] up [illegible] extract the great waves [illegible] like so many of old [illegible] the little [illegible] sadly at the operation. We are driven by the wild blast that [illegible] our voices short off at the lips and [illegible] them away, no words are audible. We [illegible] a mass of spars and men wild [illegible] junks, a vessel [illegible] and we are cast, with [illegible] half a dozen wrecks [illegible] upon the shore of Hong Kong,—ourselves [illegible] for we have [illegible] whatever could be bruised upon [illegible]. How many houses have been [illegible] how many rivers have been driven back to swell canals and flood the fields, (whose [illegible] been prematurely cropped on the first warning of the typhoon [illegible] intended visit) we decline investigating. The evening sky is very wild, and we were all last night under the typhoon at sea, to-night we [illegible] in the new town of Victoria and will [illegible] phantom bedfellows to any Chinaman who has been eating pork for supper. The Chinese are very fond of pork, or anything [illegible] in their estimation, for they say "He must have foolishness, why has he want [illegible] to eat more?"

Hong Kong was one of the upshots of our cannonading in the pure and holy Chinese war, and as for the new town of Victoria, we shall walk out of it at once, for we have not travelled all this way to look at Englishmen. The island itself is eight or ten miles long, and sometimes two or some times six miles broad. It is the model of a grand mountain region on a scale of two inches to the foot. There are crags, ravines, wild torrents, fern-covered hills, but the highest mountain does not rise two thousand feet. We stand upon it now. Quite contrary to usual experience, we found, in coming up, the richest flowers at the greatest elevation. The heat and dryness of the air below, where the sun's rays are reflected from

blue surfaces, is said to be oppressive, and perhaps the flowers down there want pleasant shade. From our elevation we can see few patches of cultivation, but leaping down the rocks are many picturesque cascades. Hong Kong is christened from its own waters, its name signifying in Chinese "the Island of Fragrant Streams." There [illegible] upon the nearest rock, but look beyond. On one side is the bay, with shipping [illegible] the broad expanse of the [illegible] the sea, studded [illegible] reach with mountainous islands among which we must sail to reach Canton. Now we float onward, in the Phantom, [illegible] these islands our sharp eyes discover craft that have more hands on board than usually man such vessels. In the holes and corners of these islands [illegible] lurk to prey upon the traffic of China. We pass Macao on our way into the Canton river. Portugal was a nation of quality once, with a strong constitution, and in those days, once upon a time, wrecked Portuguese [illegible] to dry a cargo on the Island of Macao. They erected sheds a little stronger than were necessary for that temporary purpose, in fact they turned the accident to good account, and established here an infant settlement, which soon grew to maintain itself, and sent money home occasionally to its old mother. Twice the Emperors of China offered to make Macao an emporium for European trade, the Portuguese preferred to be exclusive. So the settlement fell back, and since the English made Hong Kong a place of active trade very few people trouble themselves to inquire whether Macao be dead yet, or only dying. The Portuguese town has a mournful aspect, [illegible] as it is by strong lines of character [illegible] delicate deputed power.

Still sailing among islands, mountainous and barren, we soon reach the Bocca Tigris, or mouth of the Canton river, [illegible] with very formidable forts. The Chinese since their war with England, have been profiting by experience. If their gunnery be as completely mended as their fortifications, another war with them would not be quite so much like an attack of grown men upon children. The poor Chinese, in that war, were indefatigable in the endeavour to keep up appearances. Steam ships were scarcely worth attention—they had "plenty all the same inside," and when the first encounter, near the spot on which we are now sailing, between junks and men of war had exhibited the tragedy, in flesh and bone, of John Bull in a china-shop, the Chinese Symonds, at Ningpo, was ordered to build ships exactly like the British. He could not execute the order, and played, therefore, executioner upon himself. Cannon were next ordered, that should be large enough to destroy a ship at the first burst. They were made, and the first monster tried, immediately burst and killed its three attendants; nobody could be induced to fire the others. One morning, a British fleet was very much surprised to see the shore look formidable with a line of cannon mouths. The telescope, which had formed no part of the Chinese calculations, discovered them to be a row of earthen pots. Forts in the same way, often turned out to be dummies made of matting, with the portholes painted, and sometimes real cannon, mere [illegible], had their fronts turned to the sea plugged with blocks of wood, cut and painted so as to resemble the mouths of thirty-two pounders shotted. However, we have passed [illegible] forts and veritable [illegible] through the Bocca Tigris. Nothing [illegible] now the river winds, [illegible] the flat land [illegible] richly cultivated, rice [illegible] all protected with [illegible] the flood [illegible] or provided with wheels to [illegible] water where the land is too high to [illegible] simpler manner. The embank[illegible] with water lilies, which [illegible] brown and [illegible] yellow, [illegible] China is not [illegible] Whampoa [illegible] boats—the [illegible] junks [illegible] with [illegible], and [illegible] the flower boat, boats of all shapes and sizes, down to the barber's boat which barely holds the barber and his razor. There is a city on the water, and the dwellers in these boats, who whether men or women dive or swim so naturally that they may all be fishes, curiously [illegible] their kindred with the earth. On every boat, a little soil and a few flowers are as essential as the little joss-house and the little joss. Canals flow from the river through Canton [illegible] the mud, upon the water side are wooden houses built on piles. But here we will not go ashore, the suburbs of Canton are full of thieves, and little boys who shout [illegible] (foreign devil) after all barbarians and we should not be welcome in the city; we will not go where we shall not be welcome. After floating up and down the streets and lanes of water made between the boats upon the Canton river, pleased with the strange music, the gongs, and the incessant chattering of women (Chinese women are pre-eminent as chatterers), we sail away. We do not wait even till night to wonder at the scene by lantern light; but returning by the way we came, repass the rice fields, the water lilies, and the forts, the islands, and Macao, and Hong Kong, and have again before us the expanse of ocean. Canton lies within the tropic; sugar-cane grown in its vicinity yields brown sugar and candy; but our lump sugar is a luxury to which the Chinese have not

[illegible]t attained Canton lying within the tropic, we shall change our climate on the journey northward. An empire that engrosses n[illegible] a tenth part of the globe, and includes the largest population gathered under any single government will have many climates in it [illegible] provinces. Now we are sailing swiftly northward by a [illegible] coast with [illegible] hills of [illegible] cultivated [illegible] until [illegible] Scotland.

[illegible] port [illegible] China [illegible] Amoy [illegible] Amoy [illegible] [illegible] Minan [illegible] sail among pools and temples [illegible] plant [illegible] terraced hills [illegible] and sweet potatoes [illegible] cultivation carried up some mountains [illegible] two thousand feet, and barren mountains [illegible] rocks [illegible] island, and villages, [illegible] wood [illegible] lands [illegible] rills of water [illegible] tumble down into the Min. We have sailed up the river twenty miles, and here is Foo-chow-foo. We have met on our way a good many junks, having wood lashed to their sides, and here we see acres of wood (chiefly pine) afloat before the suburbs, for here wood is a main article of trade. We pass under the bridge Wanshow ("myriad [illegible]"), which connects the suburbs on each bank; it is a bridge of granite slabs supported upon fifty pillars of strong masonry, the whole about two thousand feet in length. The suburbs happen just now to be flooded, and the large Tartar population here delights in mobbing a barbarian. This inhospitable character repels men, while the floods and rapids of the river and its tributaries, causing an uncertainty of transit, tend also to keep European traders out of Foo-chow-foo. True, the bohea tea hills are in the vicinity, but then bohea tea has not a first rate character, and the great seat of the tea trade is yet farther north. The city walls are eight or nine miles in circumference, but we will not enter their gates, for all Chinese cities have a close resemblance to each other; it is enough to visit one, and we can do [illegible] then visit this. We shall look to the [illegible] and there resume our northward voyage. We have [illegible] the mountainous or hilly half of China; farther north [illegible] the two great rivers [illegible] them to the famous Wall, a great plain [illegible] with lakes [illegible] swamps, and [illegible].

Far westward, we might journey yet [illegible] the central table land of Asia, which [illegible] extensive levels, but the [illegible] most fertile, and is [illegible] China [illegible] in all places [illegible] in our ship and talking of those plains, we naturally [illegible] to our minds [illegible] China [illegible] across a pathless [illegible] pathless level [illegible].

The [illegible] by which we sail is studded with islands [illegible] Ningpo, the fourth [illegible] we pass between the mainland [illegible] Chusan. The water here is [illegible] with islands forming the Chusan Archipelago [illegible] like a piece of the S[illegible] Islands, twenty miles long, [illegible] with rich vegetation [illegible] Chusan brings us [illegible] Ningpo. Among the numerous islands [illegible] which we have [illegible], we should have found [illegible] character not quite Chinese. One island visited for water by one of our ships, was said to be an Eden for its innocence. Crime was unknown among the islanders, [illegible] a grave look [illegible] slight [illegible] invariably [illegible] evil course. The simplicity of the natives here consisted in the fact, that they expected credit for the character they gave themselves. On another island the natives entertained snug notions of a warm bed in the winter. Their bed was a stone trough, in which they spread [illegible] this trough hot embers and over [illegible] stone over that their beds [illegible] and then tucked themselves comfortably in.

Ningpo with its bridge of boats and Chinese shipping and pagodas has a picturesque appearance from the river. It is large, populous, and wealthy; a place to which the merchant may retire to spend his gains, more than a port for active and hard working commerce. That is the reason why we will not land at Ningpo. Where then, shall we land? If you have no objection, at Shangae, the fifth and most important, although not the largest, of these ports. But sea life is monotonous, and therefore we will take five minutes' diversion ashore, after we have sailed some twenty miles up this canal. Here we will land under an avenue of pines, and walk up

to a Buddhist temple. We are in the centre of the green-tea district.

The priests, belonging, for a wonder, to a simple-minded class, receive us, of course, hospitably. The stranger is at all times welcome to a lodging, and to his portion of the Buddhist vegetable dinner. These priests are like some of our monks in mendicancy, charity, and superstition. In the pagodas they always have a meal prepared for the arrival of a hungry traveller. But hungry we are not; and we came hither to see the tea-plantations; these we now seek out. They are small farms upon the lower slopes of hills; the soil is rich; it must be rich, or the tea-plant would not long endure the frequent stripping of its leaves, which usage does of course sooner or later kill it. Each plant is at a distance of about four feet from its neighbours, and the plantations look like little shrubberies. The small proprietors inhabit wretched-looking cabins, in which each of them has fixed a flue and coppers for the drying of his tea. In the appearance of the people there is nothing wretched; old men sit at their doors like patriarchs, expecting and receiving reverence; young men, balancing bales across their shoulders, travel out, and some return with strings of copper money; the chief tea-harvest is over, and the merchants have come down now to the little inns about the district, that each husbandman may offer them his produce. There are three tea-making seasons. The first is in the middle of April, just before the rains, when the first leaves of spring are plucked: these make the choicest tea, but their removal tries the vigour of the plant. Then come the rains: the tea-plant pushes out new leaves, and already in May the plantation is again dark with foliage; that is the season of the second, the great gathering. A later gathering of coarse leaves yields an inferior tea scarcely worth exporting. It should be understood that although black and green tea are both made from the same kind of leaf, there really are two tea-plants. The plant cultivated at Canton for black tea, and known in our gardens as *Thea Bohea*, differs from the *Thea viridis*, which yields the harvest here. The Canton plant, however, is not cultivated in the North; on the Bohea hills themselves, speaking botanically, there grows no Bohea tea; the plant there, also, is the *Thea viridis*. The difference between our green and black tea is produced entirely in the making. Green tea is more quickly and lightly dried, so that it contains more of the virtues of the leaf. Black tea is dried more slowly; exposed, while moist, on mats, when it ferments a little, and then subjected in drying to a greater heat, which makes it blacker in its colour. The bright bloom on our green tea is added with a dye, to suit the gross taste of barbarians. The black tea will keep better, being better dried. There is a kind of tea called Hyson Pekoe made from the first young buds which keeps ill, being very little fired, but when good it is extremely costly. As for our names of teas,—of the first delicate harvest, the black tea is called Pekoe, and the green, Young Hyson; Hyson being the corruption of Chinese words that mean "flourishing spring." The produce of the main or second harvest yields, in green tea, Hyson; out of which are picked the leaves that prove to be best rolled for Gunpowder, or as the Chinese call it, pearl-tea. Souchong ("small or scarce sort") is the best black tea of the second crop, followed by Congou (koong-foo, "assiduity") Twankay is imported largely, a green tea from older leaves, which European retailers employ for mixing with the finer kinds. Bohea, named from the hills we talked of, is the lowest quality of black tea, though good Bohea is better than a middling quality of Congou. The botanical *Thea Bohea* comes into our pots, with refuse Congou, as Canton Bohea. At Canton, however, Young Hyson and Gunpowder are manufactured out of these leaves, chopped and painted: and this branch of the fine arts is carried on extensively in Chinese manufactories established there. As the tea-merchants go out to collect their produce of the little farmers; so the mercers in the Nankeen district leave their cities for the purchase, in the same way, of home-woven cloth. It is the same in the silk districts. If we look now into a larger Chinese farm on our way back to the Phantom, we shall find the tenants on a larger scale supplying their own wants, and making profit of the surplus. On such a farm we shall find also familiar friends, fowls, ducks, geese, pigs, goats, and dogs, bullocks, and buffaloes; in-doors there will be a best parlour in the shape of a Hall of Ancestors, containing household gods and an ancestral picture, before which is a table or altar with its offerings. There is the head of the family, who built a room for each son as he married, and left each son to add other rooms as they were necessary, till a colony arose under the common roof about the common hall, in which rules, as a high priest and patriarch, the living ancestor. Respect for the past is the whole essence of Chinese religion and morality. The oldest emperors were fountain heads of wisdom, and he who imitates the oldest doctrine is the wisest man. The tombs of ancestors are visited with pious care; respect and worship is their due. This had at all times been the Chinese principle, to which Confucius added the influence of a good man's support. No nation has been trained into this feeling so completely as the Chinese, and as long as they saw nothing beyond themselves, and were taught to look down upon barbarians out of the heights of their own ignorance concerning them, they were contented to stand still. But the Chinese are a people sharply stimulated by the love of gain; they despised what they had not seen, yet it is evident that they have

not been slow to profit by experience of European arts. An emigrant Chinese became acquainted with a Prussian blue manufactory, secretly observed the process of the manufacture, took his secret home, and China now makes at home all the Prussian blue which was before imported. The Chinese emigrant is active, shrewd. In Batavia he ko-toos to the Dutch, and lets his tail down dutifully. In Singapore he readily assumes a freer spirit, keeps his tail curled, and walks upright among the Englishmen.

We are sailing now towards Shanghae, no very long way northward from Ningpo, to the last of the five ports that we came out to visit. It is not necessary to return to the Yellow Sea, for all this part of China is so finely intersected with canals that we may sail to Shanghae among farms and rice grounds. While among the farmers we may call to mind that the great lord of the Chinese manor is the Emperor, to whom this ground immediately belongs, and who receives as rent for it a tenth of all the produce. A large part of this tenth is paid in kind. The Emperor is the great father also, his whole care of his kingdom is founded distinctly as upon the paternal form, and carried to a good deal of the maxim, that to spare the rod will spoil the child. Government is expressed in China by the symbols of bamboo and strike, and the bamboo does, in the way of striking, a vast deal of business. The central legislation is as a rule beneficent, and based upon an earnest desire to do good, for the father is answerable for the welfare of his children. National calamities have, at all times, been ascribed by the Chinese directly to their Emperors, who must by personal humiliation appease the anger of the gods. So large a household as this father has to care for requires many stewards, mandarins and others, all these officers of state are those sons who have proved themselves to be the wisest on examination into their attainments. A grand system of education pervades China, and, above the first school to which all are sent, there is a series of four examinations through which every Chinese may graduate if he will study. Not to pass the first is to be vile, and the highest degrees qualify for all the offices of state, but Chinese education means, after reading and writing, and moral precepts of Confucius, little beside a knowledge of Chinese ancient history and literature. The Emperor, belonging to a Tartar dynasty, bestows an equal patronage on Tartars and Chinese. The officers throughout the provinces are, as a further precaution, obliged to serve in places distant from their own connexions, in order that no private feelings may destroy their power to be just. They are scantily paid, however, and, as a Chinese likes profit with his honour, the minor officials drive a trade in bribery, which often nullifies the central edicts, and which very directly helped to bring about the Opium war. The Emperor himself is, of course, too sublime a person to be often seen, the Son of Heaven, he robes himself in the imperial yellow, because that is the hue of the sun's jacket; but, once a year, in enforcement of a main principle of the Chinese political economy—Honour to Agriculture—he drives the plough before a state procession, and the grain sown in those imperial furrows is afterwards bought up by courtiers, at a most flattering price.

Where are we now?—we have shot out upon a grand expanse of water like an inland sea. An horizon of water is before us—we cannot see the other bank of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the 'child of the ocean,' the great river of China, the greatest river in the old world, and surpassed only by two on the whole globe. Here, eighty miles above the sea, it is eight miles in breadth, and sixty feet deep, flowing five miles an hour; and further up, at the walls of Nankin, its breadth is three thousand six hundred feet, and its depth twenty-two fathoms, at a distance of fifty paces from either shore. Well, this is something like a river; from its source to its mouth in a straight line, the distance is one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six miles, and the windings nearly double its real length, making three thousand three hundred and thirty-six English miles, of which two thousand miles upwards are said to be quite free from all obstruction. At its mouth it is, comparatively, shallow, much of this vast body of water is diverted from its course and carried through the country in canals. We are not far, now, from the great canal which cuts across this river and the Hoang-Ho, another grand stream farther northward, with a course of two thousand six hundred and thirty miles. Between the Yang-tse-Kiang and Hoang-Ho the country is so flat that if we may judge by the scene from the mast-head of the Phantom, not a hillock breaks the level waste of fertile land. In ancient times this country was subjected to desolating floods, which, in fact, caused the removal of the capital. The canal system was commenced, then, as a means of drainage, by a wise man, who was made an emperor for his sagacity. Now the canals serve the purposes of commerce, and of agriculture also, since water in abundance is essential for the irrigation of the rice fields. We are sailing up the Shanghae river, a tributary of the Yang-tse-Kiang; this river, at Shanghae, we perceive is about as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, for we are at Shanghae. We sail through a water-gate into the centre of the town, and land beside a fleet of junks, into which heaps of rice are being shot; these are grain junks sent from Pekin to receive part of the imperial tribute.

Narrow, dirty streets, low houses, brilliant open shops, painted with red and gold. Here is a fragrant fruit-shop, where a poor Chinese is buying an iced slice of pine-apple for less money than a farthing. Here is the chandler's, gay with candles of the tallow-tree coated with

coloured wax. The chandler deals in puffs; and what an un-English appeal is this from the candle-maker on behalf of his wares—"Late at night in the snow gallery they study the books." Study the books! Yes; through the crowd of Chinese, in their picturesque familiar dresses, look at that man, with books upon a tray, who dives into house after house. He lends books on hire to the poor people and servants. Who is the puffer here? "We issue and sell Hang Chow tobacco, the name and fame of which has gallopped to the north of Kechow; and the flavour has pervaded Keaugnan in the south." Here we have "Famous teas from every province;" and you see boiling water handy in the shop, wherewith the customer may test his purchases. Here, on the other side of this triumphal arch, we peep through a gateway hung with lanterns into a small paved paradise with gold fish, (China is the home of gold fish), and exotics, and trellis-work, and vines, and singing birds; that is a mercer's shop, affecting style in China as in England, only in another way. We will walk through the paradise into a grand apartment hung with lanterns, decorated also with gilded tickets, inscribed "Pekin satins and Canton crapes," "Hang-chow reeled silks," and so on. Here a courtly Chinese, skilled in the lubrication of a customer, produces the rich heavy silks for which his country is renowned, the velvets or the satins you desire, and shaves you skilfully. Talking of shaving, and we run against a barber as we come out of the silk shop. He carries a fire on his head, with water always boiling: on a pole over his shoulder he balances his water, basin, towels, razors. Will you be shaved like a Chinese? he picks you out a reasonably quiet doorway, shaves your head, cleans your ears, tickles your eyes, and cracks your joints in a twinkling. Where heads are shaved, the wipings of the razors are [illegible], they are all bought up, and employed as manure. The Chinese have so many mouths to feed, that they can afford to lose nothing that will fertilise the ground. Instead of writing on their walls "Commit no nuisance," they place jars, and invite or even pay the pilgrim.

The long tail that the barber leaves is to the Chinese his sign of manhood. Beards do not form a feature of Mongolian faces; a few stray coarse hairs are all they get, with their square faces, high cheekbones, slanting eyes, and long dark hair upon the head. A plump body, long ears, and a long tail are the respectabilities of a Chinese. The tail is magnified by working in false hair, and it generally ends with silk. There is a man using his tail to thrash a pig along; and one traveller records that he has seen a Chinese servant use the same instrument for polishing a table. It is, of course, the thing to pull at in a street fight. Here is a phrenologist, with a large figure of a human head mapped into regions, inviting Chinese bumpkins to submit to him their bumps. Here is a dentist showing his teeth. Here—we must stop here—with a gong for drum, but raised on the true pedestal, with a man inside, who knows the veritable squeak, are Punch and Judy, all alive. This is their native land. "Pun-tse," the Chinese call our friend, because he is a little puppet, after all—Puntse meaning, in Chinese, "the son of an inch." Here is the very Chinese bridge that we have learned by heart along with the pagoda, from a willow-patterned soup-plate: steps up, steps down, and a set of Chinese lanterns. Here is a temple, flaming with red paint. Let us go in. Images, votive candles burning on an altar, and a woman on her face wrestling in prayer. After praying in a sort of agony for a few minutes, she has stopped to take a bit of stick, round on one side, for she purposes therewith to toss up and see whether her prayer is granted. Tails! She loses! She is wrestling on her knees again,—praying, doubtless, for a "bull child." Girls are undesirable, because they are of no use except for what they fetch in marriage gifts, and to fetch much they must be good-looking. Poor woman—tails again! Never mind, she must persevere, and she will get heads presently. Here comes a grave man, who prays for half a minute, and pulls out one from a jar of scrolls. Having examined it, he takes one of the little books that hang against the wall, looks happy, and departs. He has been drawing lots to see whether the issue of some undertaking will be fortunate. Poor woman—tails again! We cannot stop for the result; but I have no doubt that if she persevere she will get heads up presently. Here is a man in the street with a whole bamboo kitchen on his head, nine feet long, by six broad, uttering all manner of good things. The poor fellow who drove the pig stops in the street to dine. What a Soyer that fellow is, with his herbs, and his peppers, and his magic stove, and what a magnificent stew he gives the pig-driver! Do you know, I doubt whether the Chinese are fools. What place have we here steaming like a boiler? This, sir, is one of the public bath establishments, where a warm bath, towels, and a dressing closet are at the service of the pig-driver after his dinner, for five *le*—less than a farthing. There, too, his wife may go and obtain boiling water for the day's tea, which is to that poor Chinaman his beer, and pay for it but a single *le*. It would cost far more to boil it for herself; fuel is dear, and except for cooking or for manufactures, is not used in China. There are neither grates nor stoves in any Chinese parlour. The continent of Asia, and with it China, has a climate of extremes, great summer heat and an excessive winter cold; so that even at Canton, within the tropic, snow falls. But the Chinaman warms not his toes at a fire; he accommodates his comfortable costume to the climate; puts on more clothes as the cold makes itself felt, and takes some off again if

he should feel too warm That building on the walls is the temple of Spring, to which ladies repair to dress their hair with flowers when the first buds open This handsome structure is the temple of Confucius Yonder is the hall of United Benevolence, which supports a free hospital, a foundling hospital, and makes other provision for the poor The Chinese charities are supported generously, the Chinese are a liberal and kindly race. Here is a shoemaker's shop, with a huge boot hung over the door and an inscription which might not suit lovers of [illegible] that, "All here are measured by one rule 'When favoured by merchants who bestow their regards on us please to notice our sign of the Double Phœnix on a board and a mark, then it will be all right'" These signs are in common use on shops in China as they were formerly in England In this shop there is a wild fellow who is beating [illegible] frightfully, and who has rubbed himself with stinking filth that he may be the greater nuisance This is his way of extorting charity That shop [illegible] not having [illegible] with the [illegible] beggars for immunity from custom is of this kind, seldom have a day without [illegible] compelled to pay as he is now paying for a little peace The beggar takes his nuisance then into another shop This is a vast improvement upon our street [illegible] and [illegible] There is a pawnbroker's three per cent per month shop Here is a teahouse surrounded with [illegible] vases for rain water which is kept to acquire virtue by age—one imaginary virtue—for the making of celestial tea In that house there is the oven for hatching eggs Gates are fitted at the end of the wide street locked at night to restrain thieves, and in the [illegible] house through the gateway here a girl [illegible] screaming dreadfully Very likely it is a case of [illegible] feet The small feet of the Chinese women—about three inches long—are essential, for without them a girl cannot get a husband [illegible] she [illegible] her husband's obedient, humble servant but as a spinster she is her parents' plague The operation on the feet takes place when the girl is seven or eight years old A young naval surgeon, in his walks, heard screams (like those) proceeding from a cottage, and went in, he found a little girl in bed, with her feet bandaged, he removed the bandages, found the feet of course bent, and ulcerated He dressed the wounds, and warned the mother. Passing, another day, he found the child still suffering torment, and in a hectic fever. He again removed the bandages, and warned the mother that her child's life would be sacrificed if she continued with the process The next time he went by he saw a little coffin at the door.

The tea-gardens are in the centre of the town; we will go thither and rest We might have dined with a hospitable townsman, where we could have been present at a theatrical entertainment, in which the Chinese delight like children But a dinner in this country is a work of many hours, the list is very long of things that we should have to touch or eat Chinese eat almost anything, their carte includes birds nests, delicate meal-fed puppies, sea slugs, sharks fins and tails, frogs, snails, worms, lizards, tortoises and water snakes, with many things that we should better understand, and a great many disguised vegetables A Chinese dinner is so tediously long that we escape it altogether Milk is not used, it is thought improper to take it from the calves, and meat plays no very large part in the Chinese diet During our late war it was seriously stated, by several advisers of the Emperor, that to forbid the English tea and rhubarb would go a great way to destroy the nation 'for it is well known that the barbarians feed grossly on the flesh of animals, by which their bodies are so bound and obstructed, that rhubarb and warm tea were necessary to be taken, daily as correctives Now we are in the tea-gardens and have passed through a happy crowd sipping tea, smoking, eating melon pips, walking or looking at the jugglers Into a fairy-like house of bamboo perched over water, we ascend Here is an elegant apartment which we claim as private We recline, and take our cups of tea the cups that have been used are wiped not washed, for washing, say the people here, would spoil their capacity for preserving the pure flavour of this delicate young Hyson, upon a pinchful of which, placed in the cup hot water is now poured Opium pipes being [illegible] Ha! a hollow cane, closed at one end with a mouthpiece at the other, near the centre is the bowl, of ample size but with an outward opening no bigger than a pin's head We recline luxuriously —looking down on the gay colours of the Chinese crowd we take our long stilettos prick off a little pill of opium from its ivory reservoir, and burn it, dexterously, in the spirit lamp, then twist it, judiciously, about the pin's head orifice Three whiffs and it is out, and we are more than half deprived of active consciousness Let us repeat the operation Practised smokers will go on for hours [illegible] whiffs are enough for us Another languid gaze at the pagodas, and the flowers and the water, and the Chinamen, now some more opium to smoke!

The Phantom finding us intoxicated like a good servant may have brought us home; for, certainly, we are at home again

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THE WARNINGS OF THE PAST.

Faint dream-like voices of the spectral Past
Whisper the lessons of departed ages,
Each gathering treasured wisdom from the last,
A long succession of experience' sages

They steal upon the statesman as he sleeps,
And chant in Fancy's ear their warning numbers;
When restless Thought unceasing vigil keeps,
Trimming her taper while the body slumbers.

They bid him listen to the tales they tell
Of nations perish'd and embalm'd in story;
How inly rotting they were sapp'd and fell,
Like some proud oak whilome the forest's glory.

Sepulchral ruins crumble where a maze
Of busy streets once rang with life's commotion;
Where sculptured palaces in bygone days
Were gorged with spoils of conquer'd earth and ocean.

For Faction rent the seamless robe of Peace,
And, parting children of a common mother,
Bade fealty and loving concord cease
To link the hearts he sever'd from each other.

Such is the burthen of those solemn notes
That issue from the haunted graves of nations
Where, spread by Time, a veiling shadow floats
O'er spirits preaching from their ruin'd stations.

OLD CAIRO AND ITS MOSQUE.

One of the most agreeable places in Egypt, is old Cairo, either to pass through, or to reside in. After jogging through a mile or two of narrow bustling streets, with tall houses and balconies jealously excluding the sun, and leaving the sacred precincts of Sitti Zeyneb behind, you emerge suddenly behind rubbish-mounds and villages into full view of the great aqueduct winding down on your left to the river's edge. The sun beats, and the wind blows clouds of dust; donkeys laden with burseem, camels, and—such is the progress of civilisation—water carts pour along in unbroken succession; women scream, and men roar, and beggars importune. Luckily the navigation is short. You go round the head of the aqueduct, and suddenly find yourself in the nicest little street you can imagine, the entrance shaded by trees, and the distant vista prolonged by trees—the houses small and quiet-looking, with flowers in the windows and pretty faces at the doors—nothing but the costume to tell you that you are not in a tranquil village in England.

A little farther the scene changes—you are almost out in the country again; and the breaks between the houses and the trees on the right, show the rapid narrow channel of the Nile, that runs between you and Rhoda Island, where a succession of palm groves and white palaces, with romantic-looking landing stairs, shaded by some drooping sycamore, strongly remind one of many scenes in the "Arabian Nights." In the other direction, the gigantic tapering minarets of the new Mosque on the citadel constantly reappear as you ride along.

But the street closes in again, and assumes a different character. Large walled gardens, within which one can occasionally distinguish corners or pinnacles of mysterious-looking houses embowered in trees; courtyards devoted to business, and containing huge mountains of grain or of chopped straw; boat-builders' stations, and all the signs of a commercial place, soon begin to appear. And then you get into a bazaar or street of ships; and then into the market-place, from near which the ferry-boats start for Gizeh and the Pyramids; and then into another bazaar, and to the neighbourhood of the Custom-house, where first this huge by-street makes a bend, and after going through a neighbourhood principally devoted to private houses and gardens, becomes at length a country road, leading out to the Attar-En-Nebbi or Prophet's Footstep.

What I have thus endeavoured to describe, is almost the only aspect of Old Cairo which visitors usually witness; and indeed there are many parts of the place which it is not easy to see, unless you go with a very positive determination to do so. If you turn off from the great street in any other direction but the real bazaar, you are instantly assailed by the information, generally vouchsafed by old women and children, that there is no thoroughfare; you turn, and twist, and wind, and generally come back to the place from which you started, after having passed through a variety of narrow lanes, and ventured into twenty blind alleys. The town, in fact, is divided into quarters, each with its separate gate, and each inhabited, no doubt, by a kind of class of people—the relics, probably, of the original population that settled here in the time of Amer-ibn-el-As, some twelve hundred years ago. It is impossible to imagine anything more quiet than these quarters, without being dismal. For, although the light of the sun is generally shut out, yet here and there a few bright beams find their way down upon some carved projecting window, or into some little square, where perhaps a single palm-tree bends gracefully over, and throws a small patch of shadow upon some snug corner, where two or three children gracefully sit, and look in unfeigned astonishment at the intruder in another costume, and of another faith.

The bazaar is in itself tolerably well-stocked, although many shops are closed. A certain bustle prevails, because boatmen and country people often come there to buy; but the manners of the place seem a century behind those of Cairo. The dealers are more grave, and more impressed with the importance of their social position, and, without being in the slightest degree rude, evidently regard a Frank as an object of curiosity. There they sit, pipe in hand, calmly waiting for customers, generally in silence, sometimes talking with neighbours over the way; but all with a decent gravity quite delightful to behold.

There are a good many other things to see and notice in and about the strange old decayed city, as the fortified convent where the Chamber of the Virgin is shown; but the most curious object is the Mosque of Amer, that stands on the eastern side. I went one day to visit it, in company with a devout Arab. It stands almost alone amidst dusty mounds,

and a few hovels. There is nothing very remarkable in its exterior appearance, which presents nothing but long, littering, dead walls. On entering the narrow gate, however, it is impossible not to be struck with the effect of an immense square court, surrounded by vast colonnades, with plain round arches of simple grandeur. An octagonal building in the centre, containing a well, improves the general effect. We were first conducted to the Pillars of Purity—that is to say, two marble columns, placed so close together that only a spare man can squeeze through. In old times it was esteemed that none but good and true Moslems—and yet all of these—could pass between. When such a standard was chosen, not very long after the Prophet had promulgated his faith—few, indeed, must have been the specimens of bulky orthodoxy, such as we have so often met with parading the streets, fluttering in their ample silk robes. At present, it is believed the columns are still a test of remarkable purity; and my corpulent companion sighed as he acknowledged the absolute impossibility of his succeeding in an attempt which was easy to me. A hideous old lady, who played the part of cicerone, repeatedly excited him to prove his freedom from sin; but even to ascend the steps would have been to him a difficult operation; and he sadly renounced all claim to be considered one of the "very righteous."

The old lady was a capital and original guide—not original, however, in her eagerness to hurry us from one point of interest to the other. She led us along the vast colonnades, telling us, with rare faith, that the true believers would be trampled under foot by the heathen whenever this most sacred Mosque fell into decay; and it really requires some such persuasion to excuse the tasteless reparations which have recently been made at various points. After permitting us to peep into a small cell containing the tomb of the founder of the Mosque, she took us through a perfect forest of columns to one particular one, up to which she ran, and, slapping it triumphantly, cried, "Look there!" She had evidently reached what, to her, was the most interesting spot of the whole. I could at first see nothing at all remarkable; but, on closer examination, found that the column was slightly depressed, and stained with a greenish colour, and that there was a crack across it. I learned that the impression was caused by a slap from the hand of the Prophet himself; and the crack, by a blow from his *Koorbash*. My companion, to whom I observed, that, as far as I knew, Mohammed had never been in Egypt, was a little puzzled and shaken in his faith, and he admitted that there were many supposititious relics: but, on reflection, his doubts were satisfied. "See," quoth he, "here is the proof you require; all the genuine marks of the Prophet are of a green colour; this stone is green; therefore—" The conclusion was irresistible; and I was told that the Great Rasail's Footstep in the Mosque to the south of Old Cairo is also green.

I have seen it somewhere remarked, that Moslims do not look with reverence upon antique monuments of their faith. This, however, is not so. I have never known greater respect paid to ancient buildings than is paid to their mosques by the Egyptians. It is true they despise everything else that is old; and feel a pleasure in demolishing the relics of the unblessed Kafirs, who preceded them. In breaking them, they seem to feel all the pleasures of a contest with supernatural power; for they firmly believe that the huge stones with which the ancient piles that we respect are built, were not raised by human arms, but by the influence of spells and talismans. When, in spite of an opportunity, they refrain from destruction, it is in the belief that they may bring down the vengeance of accursed spirits upon themselves. It is another article of their faith that the ruins contain hidden treasures, and, so firm is their conviction, that every relic of ancient times would have been long swept away, were there not a counteracting superstition that these treasures are protected by evil spirits. Near Shabour, on the Rosetta branch, I am told there is a huge stone, covering the entrance of a cave, supposed to contain incalculable riches; and that every night a magic cock is supposed to come out and chant, to draw attention to the fact; but it is also supposed that any one who should venture to remove the stone, would have his heart pecked out by the imaginary cock that protects the imaginary treasure. The wild fancy of the Arabs has adorned nearly every spot in their country with similar legends. Even the Mosque of Amer itself was once believed to contain immense wealth—or rather, *is* believed; for the disappointment of the searchers is said to be the work of genii.

But, as I was saying, the Moslims do respect their ancient mosques; and, indeed, one of the chief features in the conversation of the devout, is the emission of various opinions on the ages of their places of public worship. Some of the fanciful, forgetting the recent existence of the Prophet, heap thousands on thousands of years with complacent fervour; but, generally speaking, the information current seems to be tolerably exact—more so than one would expect to be the case. I found that donkey-boys and boatmen agreed to give the Mosque of Amer twelve hundred and odd years (it was built in A. D. 639), and that the knowledge of the particular incidents connected with its foundation was not very incorrect. The old lady cicerone told us some long stories about the period at which various additions were made, and the generosity of people who gave up their houses to make room for the expanding Mosque. Among

other things, she said that a Jewish lady of extraordinary beauty, built a house close to the northern side, leaving only a narrow passage between.' It was determined to throw back the colonnade in that direction, such room being wanted for the increasing crowd of worshippers; and, accordingly (property being held, it appears, on a different tenure then to what it is now), application was made to the lady to sell her house. She refused, and the improvement was delayed for a year, when its urgency increasing, a new demand produced a new and decided refusal. Then the Governor of Egypt, in a moment of passion, ordered the house to be forcibly entered, and its owner expelled. She would not give up the point, but travelled all the way to Bagdad to lay her complaint before the Caliph. A simple statement was sufficient and an order was immediately issued that the property should not only be restored, but a heavy indemnity paid. But the heart of the Jewish lady was touched by the eloquence of the Lord of the Faithful, or by divine interposition, and she suddenly, not only declared herself willing to give the house in dispute as a present, but embraced Islam, and—so the story goes—became one of the favourite wives of the Caliph himself. In the midst of much extravagance, there is often a hidden purpose in these Arab tales; and I am inclined to think this one was a correct mode of satirising the manner in which, of late years, Government has interfered with private property.

I went away much pleased with this my first visit to the Mosque of Old Cairo, and was glad to find that, in accordance with former experience in other places, every one about was quite tolerant in demeanour, and that the usual present, instead of being exacted with rudeness, was gently solicited, and received with gratitude. It must not be supposed, however, that we paid for admission to the Mosque. There the door stood open for us and the winds to enter; but we made a voluntary donation, in accordance with the custom of a country in which charity degrades neither the giver nor the receiver. I tried to avoid drawing mental comparisons with home; but could not help thinking that, at least in Egypt, places of public worship were *not* put on a level with theatres.

CHIPS.

GAS PERFUMERY.

A CORRESPONDENT, while assuring us that the Imperial Gas Company does not drain all its refuse, directly or indirectly, into the Thames, (as the complaint of the "Dirty little Town," in No. 61 of "Household Words," imputed to it,) sets forth some curious facts respecting the ultimate destiny of the noxious refuse of gas, which will startle some of our gentle readers. They are just as much prepared to learn that sugar can be obtained from verjuice, or that champagne can be produced from that inestimable composition which is manufactured by the Messrs. Day and Martin of High Holborn, London, as that the most offensive residuum of coal, after the gas has been extracted from it, can be transformed by the magic still of the chemist into perfumes.

The residual products of the coal used in gas-making, he says, consist of coke, tar, and ammoniacal liquor; the latter the most offensive of known fluids. To those must be added the lime used in the purification of gas, which, becoming strongly impregnated with ammonia, is also very disgusting; and it is carried away in carts by night, to be used for agricultural purposes. The coke and tar, of course, meet a ready sale; the former being much used in greenhouses and conservatories, and also by the poor, as fuel. Lastly, the ammoniacal liquor is actually sold by contract to persons engaged in chemical works, who carry it away by night, in barges; and convert it, by concentration, into smelling salts, and to other chemical purposes.

Thus, this offensive product becomes the reviving essence which the delicate young lady "ever and anon gives her nose:" and, to show still further how nearly extremes meet, the chemists succeed in extracting also from this same unsavoury liquor, a delicate perfume like violets, which is used for scenting soap.

THE HISTORY OF A ROSE.

THE moral of the following trait of Royal life in France lies in the illustration it affords of "the good old times." It is abridged from the French of Eugene de Mirecourt.

The gallery parallel to the course of the Seine, and which joins the Palace of the Tuileries to the Louvre, was designed by Philibert de l'Orme, and finished towards the end of 1663. On the 15th of January, 1664, Louis the Fourteenth descended into the vast greenhouses, where his gardener, Le Nôtre, had collected from all parts of the world the rarest and most beautiful plants and flowers.

The air was soft and balmy as that of spring-time in the south. At the right of the great Monarch stood Colbert, silently revolving gigantic projects of state; at the left was Lauzun, that ambitious courtier, who, not possessing sufficient tact to discern royal hatred under the mask of court favour, was afterwards destined to expiate, at Pignerol, the crime of being more amiable and handsomer than the king.

"Messieurs," said Louis, showing to his companions a long and richly-laden avenue of orange-trees, "are not these a noble present from our ancient enemy, Philip the Fourth, now our father-in-law? He has rifled his own gardens to deck the Tuileries; and the

Infanta, we hope, when walking beneath these trees, will cease to regret the shade of the Escurial."

"Sire," said Colbert gravely, "the Queen mourns a much greater loss—that of your Majesty's affections."

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Lauzun, gaily, "in order to lose anything, one must first have possessed it. Now, if I don't mistake —"

"Silence! M. Le Duc. M. De Colbert, my marriage was the work of Mazarin—quite sufficient to guarantee that the *heart* was not consulted."

The minister bowed, without replying.

"As to you, M. De Lauzun," continued the King, "beware, henceforward, how you forget that Marie Thérèse is Queen of France, and that the [illegible] of our [illegible] is not to be [illegible] of discussion."

"Sire, I [illegible] —"

"Enough," interrupted Louis, approaching a man who, unmindful of the King's presence, had taken off his coat, in order the more easily to prune a tall flowering [illegible].

This was the celebrated gardener Le Nôtre. Absorbed in [illegible], he had not heard the approach of visitors, and continued to mutter and grumble to himself while [illegible] the pruning knife.

"What! are you out of humour?" said Louis.

Without [illegible] his [illegible] the gardener [illegible] "[illegible] Sire! [illegible] the Queen Dowager's maids of honour [illegible] hither, and, in spite of my remonstrances, did an infinity of mischief. See this American magnolia, the only one your Majesty possesses. Well, Sire, they cut off its fine blossoms; neither [illegible] nor [illegible] could escape them. Happily I succeeded in hiding from them my favourite child—my beautiful rose-tree, which I have nursed with so much care, and which will live for fifty years, provided care be taken not to allow it to produce more than one rose in the season." Then pointing to the plant of which he spoke, Le Nôtre continued, "'Tis the hundred-leaved rose, Sire! Hitherto I have saved it from pillage; but I protest to your Majesty, if such conduct be renewed"—

"Come, come!" interposed the Monarch, "we must not be too hard on young girls. They are like butterflies, and love flowers."

"*Morbleu!* Sire, butterflies don't break boughs, and eat oranges!"

Louis deigned to smile at his gardener's repartee. "Tell us," he said, "who were the culprits?"

"All the ladies, Sire! Yet, no, I am wrong. There was one young creature, as fresh and lovely as this very rose, who did not imitate her companions. The poor child even tried to comfort me, while the others were tearing my flowers: they called her Louise."

"It was Mademoiselle de la Vallière," said Lauzun, "the young person whom your Majesty remarked yesterday in attendance on Madame Henriette."

"She shall have her reward," said Louis. "Let Mademoiselle de la Vallière be the only maid of honour invited to the ball to be given here to-night."

"A ball! Ah, my poor flowers!" cried Le Nôtre, clasping his hands in despair.

Colbert ventured to remind his Majesty that he had promised to give an audience that evening to two architects, Claude Perrault and Libéral Bruant, of whom the first was to bring designs for the Observatory, the second a plan for the Hôtel des Invalides.

"Receive the gentlemen yourself," replied the King; "while we are dancing, M. de Colbert will labour for our glory; posterity will never [illegible] the wiser! Only in order to [illegible] these [illegible] will [illegible] the goodness to send to the manufactory of the Gobelins, which you have [illegible] established, for some of the beautiful tapestry which you praise so highly."

According to the utter despair of Le Nôtre, the ball took place in the greenhouses, metamorphosed, as if by magic, into a vast [illegible] illuminated by a thousand lustres, sparkling [illegible] flowers and precious stones. Each [illegible] orange tree bore wax-lights [illegible] its branches, and many lovely faces [illegible] amid the flowery thickets, while [illegible] watched the footstep of the mighty master of the revel. The cutting north-east wind blew outside, poor wretches shivered on the pavement; but what did that matter while the [illegible] danced and laughed amid trees and flowers, and breathed the soft [illegible] summer air?

Marie Thérèse did not mingle in the scene. Timid and retiring, the young Queen fled from the noisy gaiety of the court, and usually remained with her aunt, the Queen Mother. On this occasion, therefore, the ball was presided over by Madame Henriette, and by Olympia Mancini, Countess of Soissons. [illegible] Louise La Vallière kept modestly in the background, until espied by the King [illegible] beneath the magnolia, which her companions had so recklessly despoiled of its flowers, and which had cost them their exclusion from the *fête*.

The next moment the hand of Louise trembled in that of her Sovereign; for Louis the Fourteenth had chosen the maid of honour for his partner in the dance. At the close of the evening Le Nôtre, who had received private orders, brought forward his favourite rose-tree, transplanted into a richly-gilded vase. The poor man looked like a criminal approaching the place of execution. He laid the flower on a raised step near the throne; and on the front of its vase everyone read the words which had formerly set Olympus in a flame—"To the most beautiful!"

Many rival belles grew pale when they heard the Duc de Lauzun ordered by Louis

to convey the precious rose-tree into the apartment of Mademoiselle de la Vallière. But Le Nôtre rejoiced, for the fair one gave him leave to come each day and attend to the welfare of his beloved flower.

The rose-tree soon became to the favourite a mysterious talisman by which she estimated the constancy of Louis the Fourteenth. She watched with anxiety all its changes of vegetation, trembling at the fall of a leaf, and weeping whenever a new bud failed to replace a withered blossom. Louise had yielded her erring heart to the dreams of love, not to the visions of ambition "Tender, and ashamed of being so," as Madame de Sévigné has described her, the young girl mourned for her fault at the foot of the altar. Remorse punished her for her happiness; and more than once has the priest who read first mass at the chapel of Versailles, turned at the sound of stifled sobs proceeding from the Royal recess, and seen there a closely-veiled kneeling figure.

The fallen angel still remembered heaven.

Thus passed ten years. At their end, the rose-tree might be seen placed on a magnificent stand in the Palace of St. Germain; but despite of Le Nôtre's constant care, the flower bent sadly on its blighted stem. Near it the Duchesse de la Vallière (for so she had just been created) was weeping bitterly.

Her most intimate friend, Françoise Athenaïs de Montemar, Comtesse de Montespan, entered, and exclaimed, "What, weeping, Louise! Has not the King just given you the *tabouret* as a fresh proof of his love?"

Without replying, La Vallière pointed to her rose.

"What an absurd superstition!" cried Madame de Montespan, seating herself near her friend. "'Tis really childish to fancy that the affections of a Monarch should follow the destiny of a flower. Come, child," she continued, playfully slapping the fair mourner's hands with her fan, "you know you are always adorable, and why should you not be always adored?"

"Because another has had the art to supplant me."

Athenaïs bit her lip. Louise had at length discovered that her pretended friend was seeking to undermine her. On the previous evening the King had conversed for a long time with Madame de Montespan in the Queen's apartments. He had greatly enjoyed her clever mimicry of certain court personages; and when La Vallière had ventured to reproach him tenderly, he had replied—

"Louise, you are silly; your rose-tree speaks untruly when it calumniates me!"

None but Athenaïs, to whom alone it had been confided, could have betrayed the secret. And now, at the entrance of her rival, La Vallière hastened to dry up her tears, but not so speedily as to prevent the other from perceiving them. Her feigned caresses, and ill-disguised tone of triumph, provoked Louise to let her see that she discerned her treachery. But Athenaïs pretended not to feel that the shaft was aimed at her.

"Supplant you, dear Louise!" she said in a tone of surprise; "it would be difficult to do that, I should think, when the King is wholly devoted to you!"

Rising with a careless air, she approached the rose-tree, drew from her glove an almost invisible phial, and, with a rapid gesture, poured on its foot-stalk the corrosive liquid which the tiny flask contained.

This was the third time that Madame de Montespan had practised this unworthy manœuvre, unknown to the sorrowful favourite, who, as her insidious rival well knew, would believe the infidelity of the King, only on the testimony of his precious gift.

Next morning, Le Nôtre found the rose-tree quite dead. The poor old man loved it as if it had been his child, and his eyes were filled with tears as he carried it to its mistress.

Then Louise felt, indeed, that no hope remained. Pale and trembling, she took a pair of scissors, cut off the withered blossom, and placed it under a crystal vase. Afterwards, falling on her knees, she prayed to Heaven for strength to fulfil the resolution she had made.

The age of Louis the Fourteenth passed away, with its glory and with its crimes. France had now reached that disastrous epoch, when famine and pestilence mowed down the peaceful inhabitants, and Marlborough and Prince Eugene cut the royal army to pieces on the frontiers.

One day, the death-bell tolled from a convent tower in the Rue St. Jacques, and two long files of female Carmelites bore, to her last dwelling, one of the sisters of their strict and silent order.

When the last offices were finished, and all the nuns had retired to their cells, an old man came and knelt beside the quiet grave. His trembling hand raised a crystal vase which had been placed on the stone; he took from beneath it a withered rose, which he pressed to his lips, and murmured, in a voice broken by sobs:—

"Poor heart! Poor flower!"

The old man was Le Nôtre; and the Carmelite nun, buried that morning, was *Sister Louise de la Miséricorde*, formerly Duchesse de la Vallière.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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MR. BENDIGO BUSTER ON THE MODEL COTTAGES.

I KNEW they would turn out a failure, sir; I knew they would. It's infamous. What has a Prince to do with building cottages? What has the royally high to do with the villanously low, sir? When the Prince becomes a bricklayer, what are the bricklayers to be?—answer me that! What I say, is, that if the Queen don't go down to the Bricklayers' Arms to live, and Mr. Cubitt doesn't move his works to certain other premises in Pimlico, there will be loss of balance somewhere; there will be a man floored, and a bruise for somebody. Whoever thinks to chop meat with a penknife, must let pens be mended with a cleaver. Well, sir, I knew they would turn out a failure, and it gives me pain to see the flooring of a prince, or, in point of fact, his tiling either. My allusion is in this place to houses, not to hats. Nevertheless, I am an upright, downright sort of fellow; my name's Bendigo, and I'm a stickler for fair-play. I knew the Model Cottages would turn out a humbug, but being an impartial umpire, thinks I to myself, Buster, you shall go and see, and give a fair opinion. So, my old Tartar, come along, says I to Mrs. B. She put a knuckle of ham in a basket, with a few bottles of the best Jamaica, and we very soon were on the way to Knightsbridge. I scorn to deny that I had private motives. As a man inheriting old family property in Church Lane, and some other places that I needn't mention—as a man experienced in the sort of tenants aimed at by his Royal Highness, Buster felt naturally bound to go, as an impartial man, to see the Knightsbridge Cottages, and give a straightforward opinion. That is just what he has been and done.

The Model Cottages, you know, are at the Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks. Their object is to defraud owners of existing cottage property, by offering to tenants a superior article at the same price. Pretty competition for a Prince to be engaged upon! They may well be built at Knightsbridge;—a place famous in the good old times as the lurking-place of robbers, ought to keep up its reputation, certainly. Well, sir, these cottages are at the Cavalry Barracks, just opposite that tremendous failure, the Great Exhibition, for which His Royal Highness has, I believe, also something to answer. I call the Great Exhibition a failure, because I've been to it and found it barren. There's not a boxing-glove in the whole trumpery collection, and I could fight any five of the visitors—the puny, marrowless, perspiring creatures. There's nothing in the Exhibition fit to look at, and I only stopped five minutes. As for the glass house, pooh! it's not original. There was a glass palace built in China about a thousand years ago. I don't carry a history of China in my pocket, so I can't tell the precise date, nor whether the emperor was Wou-ti or Wen-ti; but I'll bet you ten to one it's a fact that somewhere about the year 800, two strangers from the West came into China, and they told the emperor, whatever his name might be, that they could teach the art of making coloured glass; an article which had before that time been imported at a great expense.

The emperor said "Done;" the Tartars, or whatever they were, led the way among mountains, and showed where to find the mineral pigments. coloured glass was made; and Wou-ti, Wen-ti, or whatever Ti he was, ordered a palatial hall to be constructed of this glass, that should be large enough to hold one hundred people! It was built; and all the newspaper puff concerning crystal splendour, super-terrestrial beauty, and so on—all the identical phrases now in use, are to be found in Chinese, uttered by the Chinamen a thousand years ago.

That's not my opinion of the Model Houses. Certainly it isn't. My opinion of them is, that nothing so ridiculous was ever perpetrated, whether in China or Peru, or Little Pedlington, from Anno Mundi one, down to this Monday, Anno eighteen hundred and fifty-one, on which I have walked down with Mrs. B. to see them for myself, and judge impartially. Well, here they are, and they look rather neat outside,—but *Fronti nulla fides*, the front's not worth a fiddle. Yes, I believe you, I pick up some Latin: one don't box with Oxford men for nothing. But you may cheer up; I scorn to take much advantage of my opportunities, and I may say as I heard a rector say, who'd grown too stout to box, but was a jolly fellow for all that, and has

drank many 's the pint of beer with me in his young days:

"There is but litel Latin in my mawe,"

said he, quoting from Chaw-somebody,—and so says honest Ben. Well, sir, as we were coming to the Cottages, I saw a number of people going up and down stairs in them, for His Royal Highness (or His R. H.'s architect) has turned the stairs out of window, you must know, and yet they 're not turned out of house. When I saw that, I could almost have made a riddle if any one had been nigh to put it into words for me. Well, there were a number of people going up and down stairs, and there was a great crowd in the road, and right on the other side there was the thing called the Crystal Palace, which is very much frequented, owing to the disgusting manner in which it 's talked about by every man's newspaper. I scorn newspapers. Is it or is it not true that the editor of a great sporting paper printed his determination to leave off counting knocks, and pay no more attention to the ring, because he couldn't send reporters to be blackguarded? If any editor said so, he wants his nose punched; the newspapers are all behind the age, and the whole age is behind ME. As for "Household Words," it 's ignorantly conducted by a fellow whom I 've challenged in his own pages, and who hasn't the pluck to fight me. I despise the press. Now, when I saw the people going up and down stairs outside the houses and yet inside,—for the stairs, you must know, are outside the walls, and yet under the roof, in a recess or bay;—when I saw how numerous the people were, and how popular the Cottages appeared to be, I turned to Moll; says I, my Tartar, I 've an allegory in my head. You 've a bull head, says she, but it won't hold an allegory. Moll, says I, you mean a crocodile; I mean an allegory of the Nile. Says she, that is a crocodile. Says I, it isn't. It is thus;—When the Nile overflows, the trees that grow near at the river's edge get the most water. So they thrive enormously. But, when the flood goes down, they die off at the roots, because they have been over pampered, so that they can't live upon short commons; while trees further off that have been dosed more moderately, are the better for it. Behold, Molly, the crystal surface of a Nile, the inundation of the people coming from it spreads over this block of Cottages. It 's very fine, my Tartar, very fine to-day—but wait a bit. Yes, Molly says, it 's very fine, indeed, Ben: but we 'd best go in at once: I shouldn't wonder if it turned to rain this evening.

So in we went. There was a policeman behind a palisade, which was a bitter mockery of the poor fellow, who must stand all day long behind the railing, as if he was going down into the area, and have never an area to go to all the while. I thought the poor chap was a modern Tantalus, and knew what sort of region I was getting into as I passed him, showing my ticket, with my collar up, and my Tartar's basket under her shawl. So we went in, under the recess, and turned to a door at the foot of the stairs, which led into one of the four family mansions. That door was locked; so I turned sharp round on Tantalus. Move on, says he; the four sets of rooms are all precisely on the same plan. What, says I, all exhibited with the doors locked, for to be peeped at through a keyhole? But I saw the door was open opposite, so we went in. First we squeezed among some old gents in a little lobby four or five feet square, into a room that is the model living-room, a little bit larger than fourteen feet by ten. There were a lot of people in it, and a table, and a few chairs of stained deal, and a dresser under the window; that is, a dresser by day, and folds up over the window as a shutter at night, so that it 's indifferent whether you say that a model cottager is forced to make pies on the window shutter, or to barricade his window with a dresser—both statements are true, more 's the pity. Pretty architecture, stairs and all considered. On the dresser now there are clay pies laid out, in the shape of hollow bricks, and we are told that these cottages are altogether built of such bricks, in which the more there is of the hollow, and the less there is of the brick, the better the speculation answers. What I say is, that 's your model philanthropy; the more a man has in him of hollowness, and the less he has of the brick, the better speculation he will make of it. One side of these bricks is glazed and coloured, or painted to pattern, like the surface of a wash hand basin—of such glazed bricks the walls in this model living-room are built; the floor is lava, or cement; the ceiling cemented, slightly arched, with two or three slender iron beams running across; for in these cottages there is no wood used, nor anything combustible, except in doors, shelves, furniture, and such like. There 's some kind of model grate, of course, and a slate mantel-piece, and simple cornicing of glazed brick, and a rod for picture-hanging over the mantel-pieces, and a cupboard, and a run of shelf, considerably above the reach of children; model children not being exempt from a propensity to taste the "rat poison," or break the mugs. There are ventilators and so on, of course; that 's an old trick. All wood-work is of stained deal, which I don't mind saying I prefer to paint myself; it looks well, and wears well, for there 's nothing to peel off; I 'd introduce it in my own properties, but all my cottages are old, and all the wood-work in them has been pretty considerably stained these fifty years past; so I 've nothing more to do. If Prince Albert were a practical man, he would know well enough that when a landlord finds the wood, the tenant does not lose much time in staining it.

At the far end of the living-room, two doors lead into two little chambers, nine feet by five feet nine inches, with good windows; and in one a little stove and ventilators. In these are iron bedsteads; these are children's sleeping-rooms. A door at the side of the living-room leads into the scullery, which runs partly behind the stairs, and is fitted with a ventilated meat-safe, sink, plate-rack, and is to be supplied with water on the constant system in the year—? ? ? ? when that system will be introduced into London. A door from the scullery on one side opens into the parents' bed room, eleven feet six inches by nine feet, separated from the living-room by an intervening piece of scullery. The scullery door being shut at night, that apartment becomes a dressing room, supplied with water, to which wife or husband may retire and wash in privacy, as sanitary fellows say they ought to do every morning.

Under the sink is the coal box; under the plate rack is the entrance to the dust-shaft, the dust bin being under the external stairs. It's an infamous fact, sir, that all these things,—these five rooms and a closet leaving out the lobby—are specially so contrived that they can be let to tenants at a weekly rent of four shillings and sixpence. I wanted to go up-stairs, but to do that we had to go out of doors again; the stairs are outside in that covered recess, in order that each family may go home without crossing a neighbour's threshold. Up we went, and having mounted the slate staircase and got upon a little first-floor porch or balcony, turned to the left. Well, there we had the arrangement of down stairs over again, and we came out; and I was going down disgusted, when Molly was for seeing number three, on the right-hand side upstairs, but a policeman stops her; says he, it's the office there for giving information. Round I turn, and sure enough there's a notice stuck up to the same effect. I immediately look bland, and give a wink to my Tartar which she immediately twigs; we look as much like spoonies as we can, and pretend such uncommon satisfaction when we go into the office, that we desire the amplest information; for reason why, says I, sir, I've got a little money, and I'd like to build some cottages on this here plan. There are a lot of plans laid out on the shutter, as if they only wanted taking to a hospital to be mended, bad enough, no doubt, they are, but I could'nt make much out of them. There were pamphlets and prospectuses, and we seemed to have got into a nest feathered all round with bits of edifying paper, in the middle of which were two male birds, one of whom I addressed in the way I've mentioned. Thinks I, as another Ben says, Ben Jonson, somewhere—

"I am a gentleman come here disguised
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;"

I'll get this chap to talk, and he will soon commit himself. So, says I, sir, I've got a little money, and I'd like to build some cottages on this here plan.

I'm very glad to hear you say so, sir, says he, and I shall be delighted to give you every necessary information. Many gentlemen have left these cottages, expressing their intention to adopt the main ideas. Yes, I reply, feeling as I do, doubtless. Exactly so, says he; and I put my tongue in my cheek, and look at Molly. Sir, I remark, as far as I can see, you are a little hard upon existing landlords. Lanes and allies yield a profit. Certainly, he answers, smiling—nine, twelve, twenty per cent. Seven, say I, with a chuckle; but look at the losses. It's necessary that rents of poor folks' dwellings should be high, because so many don't pay, that we must hope to get a living out of those who do. He looks at me. Certainly, sir, says he; people reduced by filth and disease rot upon gin, and don't respect their landlord. Nevertheless, as you observe, ordinary hovels are a source of no small profit. He takes up one from a heap of pamphlets lying on the table, and, says he, Here's an Address upon the Habitations of the Industrial Classes, by Dr Gavin. It contains a multitude of facts. Look here, in Leicester, "there are eleven houses of one room each, at first used as pigstyes, but the speculation failing, they were converted into dwellings, each fourteen feet by ten, by six feet six inches high, with an average of five persons in each room." Elsewhere "some of the worst description of dwellings are those called the cellars. These are small two-roomed houses, situated in a dip, or hollow, between a line of road and a vast cinder-heap. In these miserable tenements, which are closely packed together, and with nothing in front and between them but stagnant pools of liquid and house refuse, it is said that nearly one thousand five hundred human beings are congregated." In Clitheroe, "in order to induce the people to live in them, the landlords made an agreement with the tenants, by which, whenever the cellars were flooded, no rent was to be paid for the month in which it occurred." "In these haunts of wretchedness, I found," says Mr. Babbage, "everybody toned down to the same dull round of dirt, foul air, and damp, and all the better feelings long extinguished, unable to exist in such an atmosphere." People toned down in that way, my dear sir, can neither work nor pay their landlord like more healthy men. You know how it is in London, sir, says he. I think I do, says I, turning up the whites of my eyes;—shocking. Look, too, here, he continues—"Mr. Richmond adverts to places in Chorlton-upon-Medlock, termed cellars, which are unfit for the habitation of any living thing higher in the scale of creation than toads and vermin." If you've ever been into such places, you will know that the expression is not a bit too strong. I've been into such places, certainly, says I, and I consider the expression very strong. But now I'll trouble you for information on

the subject of these cottages. The actual rent of each is not particularly low; about ten or twelve pounds a-year you might be asking. Well, sir, he says, I'll tell you what it is. Rents differ. In Liverpool, a room equal in size to this living-room in which we now stand, would lodge a family, and let at five shillings a week; in London it would let for something less—for the four rooms, eight or ten shillings a week: that is to say, you know such rents are charged for equal space enclosed in damp and rotten walls, that will not hold a water-pipe, they are so rotten, but hold vermin in plenty, suck up water from the soil and from the cesspools, and imbibe and retain all noxious effluvia. Here are the measurements and rents of rooms ravaged by fever in Church Lane, St. Giles's. I stared to hear him talk about Church Lane, but got his list, and here you have it. After all, it's something to be proud of in a business point of view.

	Rent per week
Room 13 ft. by 14 feet, 6 ft. high . . .	8s.
Room 11 ft. 4 in. by 11 ft. 3 in., 6 ft. 5 in. high	
Room 17 ft. 8 in. by 13 ft., 8 ft. high . .	5s.
Room 11 ft. 2 in. by 9 ft. 4 in., 5 ft. 6 in. high	2s.
Room 14 ft. 6 in. by 13 ft., 6 ft. 5 in. high . .	4s.
Room 9 ft. by 7 ft., 6 ft. 5 in. high . . .	4s.

Now, our rooms average a shilling apiece weekly. Down with your particulars, said I, doubling my fist, although it wasn't policy to hit him. Well, sir, said he, one grand point in these houses is the use of hollow bricks. And what of that? I ask. Is that a new idea? Quite so, says the gentleman; it is little more than brick piping made rectangular; but the idea is new, and the manufacture in its infancy. They must be very weak, says I. But, he replies, look at the Britannia Bridge. That was to have been a solid beam; but it is hollow, and the trains run through it. There is no strength lost by using hollow bricks; and you save money to the tune of twenty four per cent. on your material. One pair of these model cottages, in ordinary brick work, can be put up for one hundred and eighty-one pounds. If built on our principles, and of hollow bricks, there is a saving in the

	£	s.	d.
Walls, of	£22	0	0
Floors, of	3	0	0
Roof, of	7	0	0
Plastering to walls, of . .	5	0	0
Plastering to ceilings, of .	1	15	0
Heads, sills, and flaps, of .	2	10	0
	£41	5	0

But the saving by the use of hollow bricks does not end here. Go on then, sir, says I, sucking my stick. Absence of timber will save fire insurance; and there is a constant current saving in repairs and fuel. I don't see that, says I. Why, sir, he answers, the common loose brick is an absorbent. By capillary attraction, which, you know, means— Go a-head, says I. Well, says he, by capillary attraction, brick walls suck up water from the ground, and make the damp kitchens and parlours with which we are all familiar; walls also exposed to rain, and sheltered from the sun, imbibe much moisture. A common brick, when saturated, will hold somewhere about a pint of water; so that a damp cottage, with five hundred cubic feet of wall, may possibly contain in the said walls eight hundred and seventy-five gallons, or fourteen hogsheads of water. This water evaporates constantly upon the surface of the walls within the dwelling; and as evaporation can only take place by the conversion of sensible heat into latent, a degree of cold is produced, which it would take more than half a ton of coal to neutralise. The chill acts upon inmates, and depresses vital power; they waste fuel in vain, while the damp walls are rotting, and the entire dwelling falls into a quick decay. How many infant lives are nipped by these chills! how many inflammations, catarrhs, agues, rheumatisms, might be done away with by the use of hollow bricks! Preventive measures, hitherto, foundation drains, layers of pitch, or slate, or zinc, coatings of stucco, have been certainly expensive, and of uncertain advantage very often. They cannot be afforded for the dwellings of the poor. Well, says I, sir, as for damp walls from driving rain, and so on, what you say reminds me of my old friend, Tom Ottenstrong, who travels as a commercial gent. Whenever you go into a country inn, says he, don't sleep in any room with a north aspect. I've always, says he, met with damp beds in them rooms. Their walls never get a touch of the sun, and if a bedstead touches such a wall, look out, my man, for damp sheets and lumbago. To be sure they might light fires to dry the rooms. Yes, sir, replies the gent, but fires cost money to be added to the rental. Against damp, hollow bricks were suggested long ago, sir, by Vitruvius; only he wanted to put pitch inside them.

Anything more, sir, about hollow bricks?

Much, I assure you. The enclosed air hindering absorption, not only makes the bricks less damp and cold, but it prevents the warmth within, or the cold without a house, from passing through its walls. For all purposes of defence against the weather, a five inch wall of hollow brick is equal to a nine-inch common one; that gives more space within. Four inches won out of each wall will add five hundred cubic feet to the accommodations of a fourth-class house. The confined air, again, not only hinders the transmission of heat and cold, but it hinders also the transmission of sound. Our flooring here is a thin arch of hollow brick, and you may have observed, down-stairs, that there was silence overhead, though many people walked about the rooms above. Through floors, and thin partitions made of hollow bricks, romping of children, crying, laughing, music, conversations, do not pass as distinct

sounds, and the inhabitants of each room enjoy a perfect privacy. I needn't again mention to how great an extent these buildings are fireproof.

Well, sir, said I, dissembling my contempt, if all this turn out as you say—And as these buildings prove, added the model-monger—there ought soon to be a revolution in the world of brick. Hollow bricks, you would tell me, cost a quarter less than solid ones, and are, in every respect, four times better. Now what about the glazing? Well, sir, said the gent, the use of it is obvious. It looks much better than any plastering or whitewash, or than common paper. It never rots, spoils, or stains; can be washed with a clout, and can't be made untidy. You see by the specimens of imitation oak, and other patterns, that rooms in houses of a better class might be walled handsomely with this glazed surface. Here, with a plain glaze, the additional cost in these cottages would average five pounds a room, and so add about one-fourth to the estimated cost and rental of the same houses in plain brick, whitewashed. The living-room, however, might be lined with glazed brick, at an extra cost of six or seven pounds, which would add little to the rent and a great deal to the comforts of the occupant. However, sir, when once the manufacture of these bricks is set into active operation, we shall soon have the glazing process simplified and cheapened. Those used by us are the first specimens; the future price, therefore, is undetermined. I just happened, by the merest accident, to be looking at the stove, when the gent plucked a paper feather from his nest. Here, says he, is an account of the grates and ranges used here. Thank you, sir, says I, I'll put it in my pocket. Anything else? Here are the ventilators; and here's an account of them. Here are plans and descriptions of the Model Dwellings in London erected by the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes. The office of that society is at 21, Exeter Hall, Strand, and every information you desire to guide you in erecting improved cottages, they will rejoice to furnish, if you take the trouble to apply to them at that address.

Any other information in our power now, sir, or at any time, tending to practical results, is at your service here. We desire nothing so much as that all gentlemen who build for labourers and petty renters should make free inquiry. There are people who have hitherto obtained large profits by the suffocation of the poor——. Good morning, sir, says I; and as my blessed Tartar got out of her chair in the corner, to follow me down stairs, she gave the fellow such a stamp upon his toes, by accident, as made his eyes water. So we came away, and all I've got to say about it is, that I should like to see one of my varmints in Church Lane inhabiting one of them set of rooms. I'd as soon expect to see a mermaid. When the gentlemen officers die off in Sierra Leone, and their effects are sold, the Kruboys buy their finery. There you may see a Kruboy, otherwise naked, sporting a light leather stock and Wellington boots, or a cocked-hat and flowing dressing-gown. I don't like inconsistencies; but my opinion is, we needn't fear what scraps of gentility our chaps in England here pick up. Humbugs may trade upon an Education cry, or get up agitation about wholesome dwellings. What I say is, Britons won't be humbugged. You say, that thousands of Her Majesty's subjects are filthy and ignorant. They are of age, ar'n't they? Let them look after themselves; wait, if you please, you mighty forward gentlemen, until they ask you to be cleansed and taught. Mind your own business, and don't be prying into the affairs of other people. If I ever come to think my rents in danger, I've a bulldog that will like to taste some people's legs, and I hope, for his sake, that he'll find their calves as juicy as he likes. That's all I've got to say.

THE ISLAND IN THE RIVER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.—CHAPTER THE THIRD.

From year to year, the friendship of young William Chester for the girl increased, ripening at length into an affection more deep and disinterested than is known by any but children, though by them more often than is generally believed. Her visit to Eton was repeated every summer, and once the boy returned with her, and remained upon the island during his holidays. His uncle marked the intimacy between them without displeasure; for he said it was not well that the young should be always with the old. The nephew was now fifteen years old, and many were the deliberations between Mrs. Frampton and his uncle upon the business which should be chosen for him. "He shall not take to my trade," said he, "leading a kind of vagabond life, never stopping two days in one place. No, no, Mrs. Frampton; whenever I may die, the barge shall be sold, and all my little money shall be his and yours."

"Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Frampton, with more sincerity than always accompanies such ejaculations.

"He is a 'clever boy,'" he continued, "and has got learning, which I never had. If he'd like to be a doctor, I would try what I could do to get him apprenticed."

"My opinion is," said Mrs. Frampton, "that we should let him choose his own trade. You may depend he won't thrive so well in any of our choosing."

When his nephew returned from school that evening, the barge-master told him of their conversation, and asked him if he had thought of any trade which he would like to learn.

"Yes," said the boy, "I would like to be a basket-maker. Annie's father would teach me. I tried to help him when I was there last summer, and he said I should soon learn to make baskets."

"Well, boy," said the old man, "I will speak to Burton about it, though I would rather you had chosen something better."

"And so you want to leave me, Will?" said Mrs. Frampton, reproachfully. "Ten years ago, or more, I promised to supply the place of your poor mother, and to bring you up as if you were my own. God knows that I have kept my promise! I take no credit to myself for that. I loved you, because it was natural for any one to love you, and you were a consolation to me, living here alone. I have indeed, felt for you as if you had been mine; but if you had been, I don't think you would be so quick to leave me for new faces."

"I didn't think of that," said the boy, walking up to her and kissing her. "I won't go."

"No, no," said John Chester. "The boy is right. It is not good for him to live all his life at home. It'll make him a fool in time." The strong natural sense and decision of the barge-master, so often displayed in his councils with Mrs. Frampton, had given her the habit of relying upon him, and implicitly obeying him in all things; so with a heavy heart she yielded to him this time, consoling herself with the thought that it was for the welfare of the boy. It was not long before the arrangements with the basket-maker were completed, and William Chester bade farewell to his old home. Mrs. Frampton went with him to the bridge, and, bidding him have a letter ready for her when the barge returned from London, and to come to see her whenever he could be spared, with a hundred other injunctions, she parted sorrowfully with her young companion.

It was evening when they arrived at the island. The sky was cloudy and dark, and the old man lit a lanthorn to guide them in the path; but the horn being broken, the wind drove out the light, and they climbed in darkness, holding on to the leafless twigs. "A dreary place this in the winter time, Will," said the old man. The boy followed close behind him till they descended again, and saw the cottage by the light that passed through the crevices of the shutters. The door was opened by Annie. The room had a cheerful look as they entered. The large wood fire blazed, and the tea things shone upon the table. The basket-maker sat before the fire, and next to him was a young woman, whom the boy had not seen before.

"We began to give you up," said the basket maker.

"Aye," replied the barge-master, "I meant to have been here before dark; but we delayed at Eton."

"I am so glad you have come to-day," said Annie. "This is my sister Mary, from Marlow. She goes away in the morning." The boy shook hands with her, and afterwards, sitting at the tea table, stole a glance at her, and saw that she was older than Annie; and afterwards, glancing again, he thought she looked very good-tempered, and something like Annie, though far less beautiful.

As his master had predicted, William Chester became soon an adept in the art of basket-making. From the rougher work to which he had set him at first, he gradually instructed him in the branches requiring more taste and skill, till finally he was outstripped by his apprentice in the devising and constructing of articles more fanciful and delicate. The old house at Eton contained no end of things which he had made, and sent as presents for his old protector: stools for her feet, baskets for her threads and needles, a small house for the cat and her kittens, a cage for the lark, wrought in the slenderest of osier twigs.

Annie was now twenty-one years of age, and had such a womanly air, that William Chester, who was two years younger, looked still a boy beside her. Living constantly with her, sharing in all her games and pleasures, and calling her still his sister Annie, he had never spoken to her of his feeling, though he loved her deeply. It was not till it was proposed that she should leave them that he knew this truth in all its force. Mrs. Frampton was growing old, and though she was not infirm the solitude in which she lived was irksome to her, and she begged that Annie Burton might come to stay with her, as she had done when the boy was there, though for a longer period; and her father, anxious still to benefit her health—for she was still weak—again consented, the more readily also, as he had a growing affection for his apprentice, and would not now be left alone when she was gone. When William Chester heard of this, his heart failed within him. He could not endure the thought of leaving his old companion, whose thoughts and ways had become so familiar to him. He did not tell her, at first, how grieved he was. He thought over it, and tried to reconcile it to himself, but could not. Many times the words were on his lip to tell her all his heart, and how the thought of her departure troubled him night and day; but sometimes he stopped himself, determining to wait for a better opportunity—to test her feeling towards him; and sometimes he was hurt to see that her manner, when she spoke of leaving, was still light-hearted, as if to her, at least, it caused no pain. This it was that grieved him more than all. He remembered now his parting with Mrs. Frampton—how, in his childish love for Annie, he forgot his old protector; and, although she had touched him with her reproaches, till he had repented of his thoughtlessness, he could not help feeling that this was a punishment to him for the heedless

way in which he left her, after all. Yet, sometimes he reproached her in his thoughts, until he reflected that he had never told her that he loved her, and that it was not natural for her to show any love for him until he had. So on the eve of the day that was fixed for her departure, he resolved to speak to her.

He sat at the door of the cottage with her in the evening, basket-making, while she was engaged in needlework. He had been talking with her of old times; of their first meeting on the island; of their walks together in the Park; all which she remembered. He came nearer to the present, and spoke of the night when he first came to live upon the Ayte, and the many happy days they had spent together since. Then he sat silent for awhile. He had still a lingering hope that Annie would speak of her departure, and by some word or look show that she was grieved to quit her old companion. Yet he feared to prompt it by any remark of his own,—at first, lest she should be driven to say more than her heart dictated, and afterwards, from a secret fear that something she might say, in answer, would destroy his hopes for ever. He had no thought of the work before him, though he bent the twigs around the upright wands, passing his fingers swiftly to and fro, and only now and then, when he stooped to pick up another twig, glancing upward at Annie. She also was bent over her work and did not look towards him once. A sudden hope arose within him,—a fancy that, perhaps, she, too, thought of their separation, and, wondering at his silence, waited also, hoping that he would speak. He remembered how happy she had always seemed with him in all their summer rambles,—how, through many a long summer evening, while they were yet children, he had sat with her, upon that very threshold, talking of their childish projects, till she had laid her hand upon his shoulder, telling him how happy she should be to live for ever with him there. And even now, he thought, the same impulse might move her, if she were not now become a woman, with a woman's natural fear of seeming bold and forward. It was not vanity that made him think thus. But for his fear of the result, he would have risen and held her by the hand, as he used to do in the old times, and told her frankly of his love. Yet he looked down again at his work, fearing to glance towards her, though fancying still that she might be thinking of him. It was getting almost too dark for working. The blackbird had fallen asleep in his wicker cage, hung out at the door to let him enjoy the summer day; and there was not a sound through all the island, though far away upon the river, hidden by the trees, they could hear voices from some barge or pleasure-boat. Annie spoke at length, and said she could not see the stitches any longer, and must go in doors.

"You are very busy this evening, Annie."

"Yes. You see, I go away to-morrow, and have many things to make up before I go."

"I thought you had fallen asleep," replied her companion, "although your needle went in and out as briskly as ever. You have not said a word for nearly an hour."

"I have been thinking," said she, laying her work aside, "of those old times of which we had been talking. And you, why have you been so quiet?"

"I also was thinking of the past, Annie," he replied, "and wondering whether we should always be such good friends as we have been. Many who grow up from infancy together are parted afterwards, and think of one another no more. They grow accustomed to new friends and other ways of life, and forget all their old pleasures."

"What is all this?" said Annie, suddenly turning towards him, and looking intently in his face. "I never heard you speak like this before. Do you think, because to-morrow I go away for awhile, at my father's wish, that I shall ever cease to think of those I leave behind? Besides, is not Mrs. Frampton an old friend, and is not the old house at Eton, also, as it were, my second home? I long to be there again after so long, to see again the place where I recollect so well coming for the first time, with your uncle, when we found you sitting in the doorway."

"And you have not forgotten that, though it happened so long ago?"

"No; William, I have forgotten nothing, though you seem now to reproach me. I know not what it is you hide from me—what circumstance you treasure up against me; but this I know, that there is not in the world another friend so dear to me as you are; and how could it be otherwise? I cannot call to mind a single happy day that has rested in my memory, but was spent with you —many, many, too, do I remember—some perhaps, that you, yourself, have forgotten—and always looking back, you were my kind companion—seeking by all means to please me, and never once angry with me, or reproaching me, till now."

"And do you call to mind nothing that should grieve me at this moment?" he interrupted; "nothing that should make me think you changed from what you were in those happy times you speak of?"

"Nothing. God knows the very thought of having hurt you would make me the most unhappy creature upon earth. Think, then, of whatever I have done, that I never in one moment dreamed of paining you. What do I not owe to you? I was a poor ignorant girl, compared with you, until you taught me better—taught me to understand the wise and beautiful thoughts that are to be found in books; and raised me up, and made me what I am. Well do I remember how I listened to you, at first, and thought that I should never learn such things; but you

were so patient with me, and took such pains to teach me, that I knew not when I learned them. Indeed, I am not the ungrateful girl you think me—nor have I forgotten one of all those kind ways that have made you dearer to me than ever brother could be."

Her companion strove to speak, but his voice was husky, and almost inaudible, and he paused to speak with greater calmness; but Annie rose suddenly from her seat, and going to him sobbing, laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, William, how can I go away to-morrow after this? You will break my heart. Why have you chosen this night to make me so unhappy? Tell me, only, what it is that I have done?"

"Nothing, nothing," he replied, soothing her. "You are a good girl, and it was very cruel of me to reproach you. It was because I thought of your leaving me to-morrow, and you seemed to be so glad to go! while I, Annie—I know no rest for thinking of it."

"And was this all? I never once thought that my going grieved you; knowing, too, your affection for old Mrs. Frampton, and that I go for her sake chiefly. Besides you never said a word of this before."

"I could not speak to you before," he answered, "though the words were always on my lips. I saw you always cheerful,—heard you talk of going so lightly, that I thought you were no longer like my old playmate, and I shrank from speaking to you, lest my dream should be utterly gone. Listen, Annie. I I have no time for further trifling—to-morrow you go from me, I know not for how long In all this time that we have been together, although I knew no pleasure like the being with you, I never knew till now how dear you were to me. I will never call you again my 'sister Annie,' for I know now that I love you with a different love to that of any brother; and but for the hope of being one day something more to you than brother, I could not bear to part with you. Speak, then —I know not what I would have you say—something that I may think of when you are gone—some word that I may cherish more than any gift or keepsake, till we meet again."

Annie made no answer, but turned her face from him, and slowly drew her hand from his; while he sat motionless, stretching forth his hand, as if he held her still, and watching her. She lingered a moment, and then returning to her seat, sat down again, and with her face between her hands, sobbed deeper than before.

"It is, then, as I feared," said her companion. "Oh, Annie, Annie! this night, for me, divides the future from the past for ever. I did not dream of this till lately. You were so good and kind to me, how could I think of making distinctions between this or that love? It was enough that you were always with me, and I was happy; but to-night I learn the truth."

"No, no," sobbed Annie; "it is not that. Let me go in now. I will talk to you to-morrow, before I go. Indeed, I like no one on earth better than you. I do not know what more you would have me say; but do not ask me more to-night. You have made me very unhappy, though I do not reproach you for it."

The young basket-maker sat long after she was gone, musing upon her words. In spite of all she had said of her affection for him, he felt that she did not love him. Gratitude she spoke of, and the warmest friendship; but he knew that had she really loved him, her manner would have been far different. He wondered how it was that he had not discovered this before; and yet it was not strange. "I see it all now," he said; "because I was always by her side, I did not know how deeply I loved her; and she, for the same reason, has never thought upon her feeling, until now she finds she does not love me, though she would." He rose and walked about the garden, pondering upon their acquaintance, and calling to mind a hundred things which seemed to confirm his belief. It was getting late, but he waited, watching for a light at Annie's bed-room window; for he did not wish to meet her again that night. He looked again and again, but he did not see one, though it was past her bed-time; when, suddenly, as he turned to walk once more in the garden, he heard her footstep behind him.

"I have stolen out to speak to you again," she said; "I could not rest till I had told you that I have been thinking over all that you have said, and that I am sure that I love you dearly. Indeed, I know not why I behaved to you as I did, except that you surprised me, and I hardly knew what I said. Come, then, and let us never make each other unhappy again."

"Dear, good, kind Annie," said William Chester. "I think I read your thoughts, and know them better than you do yourself. God bless you for them. I will never reproach you again."

"Come, then," said Annie; "my father has been asking for you many times, and will wonder at my absence. Let us go in-doors."

He followed her into the cottage, and, without going into the room where her father was sitting, went up to bed. He lay awake till day-break, thinking over all that she had said; then falling into a happy sleep, he wandered back, and lived again in the old times.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The gap in the household of the basket-maker, occasioned by the departure of Annie, was filled by her sister, the lace-worker from Marlow. She was, as we have said, something like Annie; but there was a readiness in her speech, and a liveliness in all her movements, that contrasted strangely with her

sister's thoughtful and eccentric manners, and reminded William Chester every day of the change. By degrees, however, he became accustomed to her, so far as to confide to her his passion for Annie, and how strangely she had received his declaration; and the sister appeared to feel so warmly for him, that he never returned from a visit to Eton without relating to her faithfully all that had passed between them; upon which she would advise him, interpreting all things for the best, and always insisting that she knew her sister better than he did, and was sure that she could not be mistaken. For several months, indeed, after her departure, Annie received him always affectionately; and although they never spoke of the conversation in the garden, he saw that she did not forget it; until, one day, he observed a change in her manner. She did not come to meet him as usual, though he had told her the time when he would arrive. She avoided, as he thought, every occasion of being alone with him, and even, when sitting with him and Mrs Frampton, she spoke to him but seldom, shrinking when he looked towards her; though once he thought he saw her glance at him with a look so full of sorrow, that he could not banish it from his mind for long after.

"I will see her myself," said Mary Burton, when he told her in the evening what had passed. "I believe her to be dying in love for you, while you sit there saying nothing, and fancying all kinds of things of one another."

"No, no," he replied; "I will not have her made more unhappy on my account. Already I have seen how she has striven to love me, for my sake, and if by some strange fate she cannot return my passion, I will not blame her."

After that, his visits at Eton were less frequent; and, even when with her, he sought by every means to relieve her from embarrassment. He studiously avoided their old topic, the early days of their acquaintance, and if by any accident something reminded them of those days, he turned away, and did not look at her again for some time afterwards. And thus, month after month, until two years were past from the time she left the island, he found her still more strange, still seeking to avoid him, yet sometimes glancing at him still with the same old sorrowful expression.

One afternoon, in the winter-time of the year, he was sitting with her again in the large room of the house at Eton. He had not been there for many days previously, and even then he would soon have taken his departure, if Mrs. Frampton, upon going out, had not begged him to wait until she returned. He sat some time in silence after she was gone; for Annie remained at the table reading, and did not raise her eyes from the book.

"I am afraid I must go, Annie," said he, at length, "although Mrs. Frampton does not return. I want to get back to-night, and the coach will start very shortly."

"No, no," exclaimed Annie, shutting the book, and looking at him so wildly that he was alarmed. "Do not leave me here alone to-night. I cannot trust myself to be alone."

"Why, what is the matter, Annie?"

"Do not question me," she replied, "but stay with me; or, if you must go, take me with you home." Then walking over to him, she held his arm firmly, and said, almost in a whisper, "I have never been truly happy since I left my father's roof;—dreams I have had of happiness—guilty dreams of pleasure to be purchased by the sacrifice of others—at the price of sorrow and shame to those who would shrink from causing me a moment's pain; but to-night I wake and know how hollow they have been. Oh, William! I would that I had never come to Eton. How I would that I could bring back that night when I promised—God knows, sincerely as I thought—to love you, and be true to you, as you deserved! A mist has been before my eyes, so that I have not seen things clearly; but now, thank God, I see all, and by His help I will go back, and lead again an innocent and peaceful life with those who love me truly. Come, then; let us not wait another moment, but begone from here for ever."

Bewildered by the wildness of her manner, William Chester scarcely understood her words. He knew she had referred to their conversation on the island, on the night before she left him, and knowing now that she wanted to go back, he thought that she was stricken with remorse for her neglect of him, and strove to repair it in spite of herself.

"Nay, Annie," he replied, "I will not be so selfish as to hold you to a compact which your heart rejects. Live here a little longer—till my apprenticeship is ended—and I will leave the island for good, and you can come back."

"Let us begone," said Annie, hardly heeding his words; "you do not understand me. I have told you all. Let us begone."

So saying, she flung on her shawl hastily, and taking down her bonnet which hung upon the wall, prepared to put it on; but, as she turned, her companion saw her fix her eye upon the little window behind him, and a moment afterwards she uttered a faint shriek, and fell back in a chair. He ran to her, and held her; but her eyes were shut, and she breathed slowly. He got her some water, and fanned her face with a book. "Annie, Annie!" he cried; but she did not answer him. "My God!" he exclaimed, "she might die: yet I dare not leave her." He ran to the door; but it was getting dark, and seeing no one near, he returned to her chair. He sprinkled the water upon her face, and called upon her again and again. He placed his hand upon her temples, took her hands, and chafed them, weeping bitterly; and, finally, when he saw her still pale and almost motion-

less, he knelt beside her, and burying his face in his hands, prayed to God, more fervently than he had ever prayed before, to restore her to her senses. On looking up again, he saw that her eyes were half open. She stretched forth her arm languidly, and laid her hand upon his shoulder; and then, slowly opening her eyes further, stared at him with an expression of wonder.

"I am better," she said. "I have been very ill."

"Indeed you have Annie," he replied. "What have I not suffered in these few moments! I prayed to God that He would not let you die, and He has heard me."

"Yes, yes," said Annie, as if in answer to her own thoughts, "I remember now how it was." A sudden shudder seized her as she spoke; and she turned in her chair, and lying sideways, moaned.

At this moment Mrs Frampton returned, and William Chester related to her what had happened. "Hush!" she said; "her manner has been very strange lately. I have thought sometimes," she added, lowering her voice into a whisper, "that her mind has wandered."

The thought that Mrs Frampton's conjecture might be right passed suddenly through the mind of the young basket maker; but he remembered the terrible earnestness of her manner. "No, no, mother," he said, "it is not that——but she is looking towards us."

"Why, how now, poor Annie—poor little Annie!" said the old woman, smoothing her hair with the palm of her hand. "You have been ill, and I away."

Annie did not answer, but smiled faintly; and Mrs. Frampton, leading her gently, sat her down in a large arm chair with a high leathern back; and with the help of her companion wheeling her round to the front of the fire, began to prepare for her some warm drink.

"I had intended to return to-night," said he; "and I am sure they will be anxious for me on the island. However, the coach is gone now, and I may as well stay and wait upon Annie."

"Aye, aye," replied Mrs. Frampton, "I shall be going out again, by-and-bye, to a neighbour's house, to get her something which will restore her, if she should be attacked again; and it would not be safe to leave her. Poor girl! the fire has drawn her to sleep."

As soon as Mrs. Frampton was gone, the young basket maker took his seat beside the fire, and watched her as she slept. Suddenly he recalled the night when he sat and watched her in the same manner many years before. He was sitting in the same place and she was sleeping in the same arm-chair. Nothing seemed to have changed since then, except that she had become a woman. They were alone. The kettle was singing beside the cheerful fire, and the cat, though probably a grandchild of his old favourite, was purring still, coiled up upon the rug; and he wondered, as he turned and gazed at the live coals, whether that strange fancy, which sometimes makes the present seem a reflex of the past, might be, in truth, a shadowy memory of something we have thought or done, in the long list of forgotten days. Many other fancies chased each other through his mind, as he waited for Mrs. Frampton's return. It was a rough night out of doors: it was not raining, but the wind blew hard, and shook the doors and shutters; yet Annie slept on. It might have been a fancy, as it struck him at first, but once he thought he heard a tapping on the shutters, which seemed too regular to be the beating of the gusts. He listened, and not hearing it any more, fell again into a deep thought, till once more he thought he heard a tapping. He stretched forward, and listened intently, and then, whether it was again a fancy, growing out of the eagerness with which he listened, or not, he felt sure of having heard a voice without pronounce the name of "Annie." He rose from his seat, and, walking quickly, on tiptoe, across the room, opened the street door without noise. The night was dark; and, looking up and down the street, at first it seemed deserted; but, on turning again towards the College, he saw, by the light of an oil lamp, a figure, at some distance, on the opposite side of the way. Instantly, he drew the key out of the lock, and putting it again into the keyhole on the outside, so as to fasten the door, silently, without awakening the sleeper, he left her in the house alone, and darted across the road in the direction of the lamp. The figure glided under the trees at his approach, and disappeared; but the young basket-maker followed swiftly, till he came to the entrance of the College, and, finding the gate ajar (which he knew to be unusual at that hour) he pushed it open and entered.

The place was dark, but still he thought he heard the sound of a footstep retreating across the quadrangle, and he followed again. Passing under the clock-tower, he entered the cloisters, and stayed to listen; but he heard nothing. Fancying still, however, that he had heard a footstep in that direction, he walked around the cloisters; but, though they were lighted by several lamps, he saw nothing. It was plain that the object had escaped him; and, remembering that he had left Annie alone; and, that if she awakened, she would be alarmed, he passed again quickly across the quadrangle and returned home. Annie was still sleeping and Mrs. Frampton had not returned; so he took his seat again beside the fire, and listened, though he had little expectation of hearing the voice again.

The young basket-maker did not mention to any one what he had heard and seen. Though, strongly suspecting that some im-

minent danger threatened his old companion—and believing that the stranger who had disappeared in the College was in some way connected with it—he resolved to wait for something that might confirm his surmises, for he reflected that the stranger he had followed might possibly have known nothing of the knocking; and that even the knocking itself, although he had also seemed to hear distinctly some one calling upon Annie, might have been a fancy arising from his lonely situation, favoured by the windy night and the dreamy thoughts in which he had been indulging. Yet the thought of leaving Annie exposed to peril was worse to him than all, and for many hours that night he lay awake, pondering upon the course which it would be best for him to pursue. Sometimes he thought of hinting to Mrs. Frampton something of his conjectures; but the fear of awakening suspicions, perhaps unfounded, and subjecting the object of his solicitude to a painful watching, deterred him, and then he thought of stationing himself, at night, at some distance from the house, and watching for anyone who might return to repeat the knocking; but the hope that Annie would herself speak to him in the morning, and beg him again to take her back to the island, induced him to banish the project from his mind.

He lingered all the next day though still anxious to be gone, hoping that Annie would speak to him, but her manner was again silent and reserved, and she did not allude to the events of the preceding night. Once or twice, he saw her looking at him; but she turned away as soon as she saw that he was observing her. Even when alone with her again, she busied herself with her work, speaking little; and then he knew that she had changed her mind. She rose at length, and he stretched out his hand to bid her "good-bye;" and, as she took it, he felt that she was trembling. The words were on his lips to speak to her;—to bid her tell him what it was that troubled her, and to offer her all the assistance in his power to extricate her from it, whatever it might be; but again a sorrowful look from her, as if she read his thoughts, and implored him not to utter them, restrained him. He only bade her farewell; and, promising to see her again that day week, went out and shut the door. Half resolved to return, however, he lingered for some time in the street. He walked under the trees where he had pursued the man, and wandered about the quadrangle and cloisters of the College until dusk. Then he returned; and, leaning on the parapet of a bridge over a little stream that flows into the Thames, looked sideways down the street, and watched the house. Seeing no one, however, after awhile, he departed.

A week passed slowly with him. The more he reflected upon the occurrences of that night, the more he became alarmed for Annie's safety. He pictured to himself all possible evils that might befal her, living there almost alone; for Mrs. Frampton was now in years, and little protection for her. He strove to recal what she had said, and by weighing every word, to discover the nature of her secret. He dreamed sometimes that she was dead, and sometimes that she had come to shame and sorrow, worse than death; and then he reproached himself for having left her there that night, bitterly, now that it was too late.

At length the day came round that he was to return to Eton, and he hastened to be gone, resolving to speak to her about it, and entreat her to confide to him her trouble; and if she were in danger, at every hazard to bring her back with him that night. He descended quickly from the coach, on arriving, and hastened down the town; but on coming to the house, to his astonishment he found the shutters closed, although it was still daylight. He knocked at the door several times, but received no answer; and, greatly alarmed (for he knew that Mrs. Frampton had expected him that afternoon) he went round by a passage beside the house; and, climbing the low wall of the garden, gained admittance by the back door. He walked in the lower rooms, calling upon Mrs. Frampton and Annie by name, but they were evidently from home. Ascending the stairs to the upper rooms, he found everything in order—removing his first impression that the house had been robbed; and as he now began to think that they had gone out together, and would soon come back, he descended again into the parlour, put back the shutters, and sat down to wait for their return.

He paced to and fro in the room, now and then walking to the door and looking out, till the daylight became twilight; the darkness came on, and the feeble lamps were lighted. The College clock seemed to have forgotten to chime the quarters, and only now to mark the hours. He sat down in a chair, and listened to every footstep that passed, in the hope that it would stop at the door. But several hours had passed, and still he was alone; when, as he was about to go out and seek them in the streets, he heard a key turned in the keyhole, and running to open the door at once, he admitted Mrs. Frampton.

"Where is Annie?" he exclaimed.

"Is she not here?" said Mrs. Frampton. "Oh dear, dear me! I saw the shutters opened, and hoped she had come in."

"Where is Annie?" he repeated in a loud and eager tone.

"I do not know," she replied, terrified by his manner. "I have been out of my senses about her—inquiring everywhere since noon."

"When did you see her last?" he inquired.

"She went out early this morning, before I was up. I never knew her to do so before.

I fear much that something has befallen her."

"She will never return," said he; "she is lost to us for ever."

"Nay, nay," replied Mrs. Frampton; "she hasn't run away, for all her things are up-stairs."

"She will never return!" he repeated. "She has been tempted, and has fallen; and I knew this, and might have prevented it: but I left her to her fate!"

"The ungrateful girl!" said Mrs. Frampton, wiping the tears from her eyes, "to leave us all in such trouble; and you, too, who were so kind to her!"

The young basket-maker paced to and fro several times, and then turning to his old protector, said—

"What proof was she, poor child, against a villain who had discovered her unsuspecting nature? Brought up with those who have been ever kind and gentle with her; cut off from life in her solitary home, and guarded from all knowledge of the evil of the world, what wonder that she readily believed some artful tale, and fell into the snare!" Then taking his hat, he continued, "I alone could have saved her; but I let the moment go, and I alone will seek for her. My uncle will be here to-morrow; let him know what has happened, if, meanwhile, you have no tidings of her. As for myself, I may be some days before I return. I know not where I go; but I must go somewhere, seeking her continually."

Then shaking hands with his old guardian, he left her crying and bewildered, and ran out into the street.

THE SONG OF THE SABRE.

I HAVE leapt from the sheath in the hand of the brave,
To dig for whole armies a mo[illegible] grave;
I have sated my thirst in the hot blood of man,
When along the red plain in broad rivers it ran

Mine eye sparkles brightly to think of the tear
That is shed by the wife in her vigils of fear,
When she tremblingly prays to the God of the lorn
For the husband who left her in secret to mourn

And well may she weep! for my edge is too keen
To be blunted by pity for sorrow, I ween;
I swear by my might that her husband shall fall,
Where the smoke of the cannon will spread him a pall!

And when I return from the triumphs of war,
Indented with blows, and empurpled with gore,
I love to peep forth from my scabbard of steel,
And gloat o'er the pangs that the fatherless feel.

For it gladdens my heart when I hear them bewail
Their sire, who with thousands lies tainting the gale;
And I chuckle to think that ere long they may yield
A rich banquet for me on some new battle-field.

Then, beware of the sabre, the first-born of Death,
More potent to slay than the plague's noisome breath;
Lest it mow down strong nations that tower in their pride,
And sweep them from earth on a red-rolling tide!

THE "MOUTH" OF CHINA.

TILL lately, the only entrance to the Celestial Empire vouchsafed to us Western barbarians, was the "Bogue," or mouth of the Canton river. Macao, Hong-Kong, and Canton were the only places Europeans were allowed to profane with their presence. The ship in which Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose Voyage round the World we have before mentioned, was conveyed from Tahiti to this place, not being a Phantom Ship, only introduced her to those places On the 9th of July, 1847, she cast anchor in the roads of Macao. A throng of Chinese, she tells us, speedily made their appearance on the deck of our ship, whilst others, without quitting their boats, offered for sale, fruit, cakes, and other articles—all very prettily arranged; in short, we were speedily surrounded by a sort of floating fair.

The captain ordered a boat to be got ready, and we eagerly went ashore. Each individual, on landing, was required to pay half a dollar to the mandarin—an exaction which I was informed would speedily be abolished. We proceeded to the house of the Portuguese merchants resident in Macao; and on our road thither, we passed through a great part of the town. Europeans, women as well as men, may freely travel the streets of Macao without fear of being stoned—a danger to which they are not unfrequently exposed in other Chinese towns. Those streets exclusively inhabited by Chinese, presented a very animated aspect. Groups of men, seated out of doors, were engaged in playing at dominoes, whilst the occupants of the shops, carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers, were working, gossiping, or taking their meals. I saw but few women, and those few belonged to the lower class. I was greatly amused by the mode of eating practised by the Chinese. They use two pieces of stick, by the help of which they raise the food to their mouths, with extraordinary dexterity. When eating rice, the vessel containing it is raised to the widely-expanded mouth, into which the rice is thrown by help of one of the little sticks above mentioned. When partaking of dishes of a more fluid kind, they use round spoons made of porcelain.

The houses present nothing remarkable as to style of building. They are usually fronted by a court-yard or garden. I visited the Grotto in which the celebrated Camoens wrote some portion of his "Lusiad." The umbrage created by the satirical poem entitled "Disparates na India," caused Camoens to be banished to Macao, where he remained in exile for several years. The Grotto is built

on a little eminence at a short distance from the town.

Our captain finding that he could not transact the business he expected to do in Macao, proposed to sail on the following morning; and he kindly invited me to make the trip to Hong-Kong, though I had engaged my passage only as far as Macao. I very gladly accepted his invitation.

On the morning of the 10th of July, we sailed for Hong-Kong, which is about sixty nautical miles from Macao. The voyage from the one place to the other is varied and interesting. We were continually in sight of picturesque bays and groups of islands. Hong-Kong was ceded to the English by the Chinese after the peace in 1842. The sea-port town, called Victoria, built by the English, contains many handsome stone edifices.

The Europeans, of whom there are only a few hundreds here, are somewhat dissatisfied, trade not being so prosperous as was at first expected. The English Government gratuitously gives portions of land to merchants, on condition of their building houses. Many have erected on these grants of land large houses, which they would willingly sell for half the price they have cost. Victoria is surrounded by barren hills, or not very pleasingly situated. The town has altogether a European character; and, but for the Chinese porters, labourers, hucksters, &c., seen in the streets and in the shops, it would be difficult to imagine one's self on Chinese ground. I was a little surprised at not seeing any native women in the streets; from which circumstance it might have been inferred that a European female could not safely have ventured out of doors alone. However, I never met with the least insult or annoyance on the part of the Chinese: even their curiosity was not offensively manifested.

In Victoria I had the pleasure of being introduced to the celebrated Gutzlaff. Four other German missionaries were also residing there. They were dressed in the Chinese style; had their heads shaved, and the back hair plaited in long tails in the style worn by the natives. These missionaries were studying the Chinese language, which is exceedingly difficult, both to speak and to write. The written language consists of characters, of which there are upwards of four thousand; and the spoken language is composed of pure monosyllabic sounds. The Chinese write with pencils dipped in Indian ink; their lines run from right to left, and from the top of the paper downward.

After the lapse of a few days, I met with an opportunity of going to Canton on board of a Chinese junk. Mr. P., a merchant residing at Victoria, who had received me very kindly, recommended me not to venture in the junk alone, as he assured me the Chinese people were not to be trusted. He advised me either to take a boat for myself, or to engage a berth on board one of the steamers; but these modes of travelling were too expensive for the limited means at my disposal. A place in the steamer, or a hired boat, would have cost twelve dollars; whilst the fare by the junk was only three. However, I must confess that I saw nothing either in the looks or conduct of the Chinese to excite alarm. "I put my pistols in order—(continues the fearless lady)—and, on the 12th of July, I went on board the junk."

As evening drew in, heavy rain obliged me to return to the covered part of the vessel, where I amused myself by observing my Chinese companions.

The party on board the junk, though not the most select, was nevertheless perfectly decorous in demeanour. Some of the men were seated at dominoes, others were listening to the performance of a musician, who drew forth doleful strains from a sort of mandoline with three strings. A few were gossiping; a great many smoking; and all, by turns, drank unsugared tea. Of this beverage, which was served in small cups, I was civilly invited to partake. The Chinese of all ranks and classes, rich and poor, drink neither pure water nor fermented liquors. Weak tea, without sugar, is their constant beverage.

Late in the evening I retired to my cabin, where, to my discomfort, I found the rain dripping through the roof. The captain, on being apprised of this fact, immediately accommodated me with another berth, where I found myself in company with two Chinese women. When I entered the cabin they were completely enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which they were puffing from small pipes, no larger than thimbles.

My companions, observing that I was unprovided with the head-stool, which in China is used instead of a pillow, kindly offered me one of theirs; and the offer was so urgently pressed that I felt myself obliged to accept it. These head-stools are made of bamboo, or of a very thick kind of pasteboard. They are about eight inches high, and from one to three feet long, rounded at top, and have no stuffing. The head rests more comfortably than might be expected on one of these stools.

Early next morning I hurried on deck to see the entrance to the mouth of the Si-kiang or Tiger River; but we had advanced so far up, that no trace of the mouth was discernible. I, however, saw it subsequently, when I returned from Canton to Hong Kong. The Si-kiang is one of the largest rivers in China. At a very short distance from the point at which it falls into the sea, it is nearly eight nautical miles in width; but at its mouth it is so contracted by rocks that it is only about half that breadth. The views along the banks are pleasing; and some fortifications erected on the heights give a romantic character to the scenery.

At Hoo-man (which place also bears the name of Whampoa) the river branches into several separate streams. One which flows

up to Canton is called the Pearl River. Its banks are lined with extensive rice plantations, amidst which bananas and other trees are planted, in rows; the intervening spaces forming pleasant avenues. But these trees are intended less for ornament than for use. Rice requires a very damp soil, and the trees are planted with the view of giving the earth a certain degree of consistency, and preventing the rice from being washed away by the copious irrigation which the soil demands. Neat little Chinese country houses with pointed and notched roofs, and walls profusely adorned with coloured tiles and clay ornaments, are seen nestling amid groups of shady trees; and pagodas—or *tas*, as they are called by the Chinese—varying from three to nine stories in height, stand on hills in the vicinity of the villages, and from a vast distance attract the eye of the traveller. The river is defended along its banks by numerous fortified posts.

Some miles below Canton, we passed a succession of poor looking villages, for the most part consisting of huts built on piles driven into the bed of the river; numerous boats floating in the stream, also served as habitations for their owners.

As we drew near to Canton, the aspect of the river became more and more animated, and the number of boats of every description augmented. There were vessels of the most extraordinary forms. Some of the junks, two tiers above water at the stern, looked like houses with high balconied windows. Many of these junks are exceedingly large, and they are not unfrequently of a thousand tons burthen. I saw several Chinese ships of war, of a flat and long build, and carrying from twenty to thirty guns. The mandarins' boats, with doors and windows painted on the outside, are like neat little houses decorated with silk flags. But, above all, I admired the flower-boats, with their upper [illegible] adorned with garlands, arabesques, and other ornaments. The windows and doors of these flower-boats are somewhat in the gothic style; the doors lead to the interior of the boat, which consists of one large saloon, and a few small cabins. Mirrors and silken tapestry adorn the walls; crystal lustres, and coloured paper lamps, between which are suspended pretty little baskets filled with fresh flowers, serve to complete a picture which, to European eyes, presents an almost magical effect.

These flower-boats, which constantly lie at anchor in the river, are places of entertainment to which the Chinese resort both by day and by night. The amusements consist of dramatic performances, jugglery, and dancing. No females, save those of a depraved class, visit these places. Europeans are not prohibited from entering them; yet, the present hostile state of feeling on the part of the Chinese, exposes them to the chance of insult, and, possibly, of ill-treatment.

The bustle and movement on the river is still further augmented by thousands of very small boats, called shampans; some lying at anchor, and others floating about among the large vessels and flower-boats. Meanwhile, fishermen are seen in all directions casting their nets; and children and grown persons are bathing and swimming. It is frightful to see the young children in the small shampans. They are suffered to play and swing on the edges of these boats, and they are every moment in danger of falling overboard. Careful parents adopt the precaution of fastening hollow gourds, or bladders inflated with air, on the shoulders of very young children, to save them from immediately sinking when they fall into the water—an accident of continual occurrence.

In short, the varied objects and strange manners; the active life and movement observable on the Pearl River, altogether make up a picture of the singularity of which description can convey no adequate idea.

During the last few years, European women have been permitted to enter the factories of Canton, and even to reside within them. I consequently left the junk without hesitation; but having landed, I had to find my way to the residence of Mr Agassiz, to whom I had been directed, and as I could not speak a word of Chinese, I was obliged to have recourse to signs. I made the captain of the junk understand that I had no money with me, and that he must conduct me to the factory, where I would pay him. He readily understood me, and escorted me to the place I wished to go to. When Mr. Agassiz saw me, and learned how I had travelled,—above all, when he was informed that I had walked from the junk to his house, he was very much astonished that I had escaped so fortunately. I now, for the first time, became aware that it is very hazardous for a woman to walk through the streets of Canton unaccompanied by any one but a Chinese guide. It is quite an unheard-of thing: and I was assured that I might consider myself very lucky in having escaped being insulted, and even stoned, by the people. On my way from the junk to the factory, I observed the people staring at me, calling after me; and, by degrees, they ran out of the shops and houses, thus forming a crowd which followed us. However, I walked on fearlessly; and possibly my safety was due to the fact of my having manifested no symptoms of alarm. I was not disposed to stay very long in Canton; for since the last war between the English and the Chinese, the place has become more than ever insecure to Europeans. To European women especially, a strong dislike is manifested; because, according to a Chinese prophesy, the Celestial Empire will one day or other be conquered by a woman. The plan I had laid down was to direct my course to the north of China, to the port of Tschang-hai, where I was assured I might,

with comparative ease, enter into communion with the people.

I was, however, induced to change my plan. By good fortune, I formed acquaintance with Herr von Carlowitz, a German, who had resided for many years in Canton. He kindly offered to act the part of my Mentor; and to his courtesy I am indebted for having seen more of China than any other European woman ever saw.

Our first excursion was to the famous Temple of Honan, accounted the most beautiful in China. The temple and its surrounding gardens are enclosed by a lofty wall. We first entered a spacious outer court, at the further end of which a colossal portal led into an inner court. Beneath the arch of this portal there were two figures of War Gods, each eighteen feet in height, and exceedingly fierce in attitude and aspect. Their presence is supposed to guard the entrance against evil spirits. A second portal of the same kind, beneath which were figures of the four Celestial Kings, leads to the third, or innermost, court, in which the Grand Temple is situated. The interior of this temple is about a hundred feet square. The flat roof, whence are suspended a multitude of glass lustres, lamps, artificial flowers, and coloured silk flags, is supported by a range of wooden pillars. Numerous images, altars, vessels filled with flowers and incense, candelabra, wax-tapers, &c., give to the decorations of this temple some resemblance to those of a Catholic church. Near the entrance there are three altars, and behind them three statues, representing the god Buddha in three different ways; allegorically personifying the Past, the Present, and the Future. The figures are of colossal proportions, and in sitting attitudes.

It happened that service was being performed in the Temple, at the moment when we entered. It was a sort of mass for the dead, which a mandarin had commanded for his deceased wives. At the two side altars there were officiating priests, whose garments, as well as the ceremonies they were performing, resembled those of the Catholic Church. At the centre altar was the mandarin devoutly engaged in prayer, whilst two attendants were fanning him. He frequently kissed the ground, and every time he performed this ceremony, three perfumed tapers were presented to him. Holding these in his hands, he raised them up as high as he could reach, and then gave them to a priest, who placed them before one of the statues of Buddha, but without lighting them. The musical part of the service was performed by three men; one strummed on a stringed instrument, another struck a metal ball, and the third played a sort of flute.

Besides this principal temple, there are several minor temples and halls, all decorated with images of gods. One of the smaller temples is held in especial veneration. It contains twenty-four images of the deity who is supposed to preside over mercy. Some of these images have six and others eight arms. All the gods, Buddha included, are carved in wood, gilt, and painted in a variety of tawdry colours.

Our guide next conducted us to the sanctuary of the Holy Swine—for the animal which the Mohammedan holds in utter detestation, the Chinese deifies. The interior chiefly consists of a handsome stone hall; and though some care is taken to keep it clean, it does not smell much more agreeably than pigstyes in general. The holy swine are so watchfully tended and abundantly fed, that they are usually killed with kindness and die a premature death. At the time of my visit, the sanctuary contained only one happy pair; and I was informed that there are seldom more than six of the animals living at a time.

Adjoining the Temple of the Sacred Swine was the dwelling-place of one of the Bonzes or priests. It consisted of a sitting-room and sleeping apartment, very neatly fitted up. The walls of the sitting-room were ornamented with wood carving, and the furniture was very elegant and curious. In the dwelling of the Bonze we saw an opium smoker. He was lying on the ground stretched on a mat, and beside him he had a cup of tea, some fruit, a lamp, and several very small pipes, through one of which he was inhaling the inebriating vapour. Not being in a state of total unconsciousness when we entered, he arose slowly, laid aside his pipe, and crawled to a seat. His eyes were fixed, and a death-like pallor pervaded his countenance. He was altogether a most miserable looking creature.

We were next conducted to the garden in which the remains of the Bonzes are burned after death—an honour accorded exclusively to them, the remains of other persons being merely buried. Our attention was directed to a simple mausoleum, about thirty feet square, in which the bones of the Bonzes are preserved after the rest of their bodies have been consumed by fire. At a little distance from the mausoleum stands a tower built of stone, about eight feet in diameter, and eighteen in height. On the floor within the tower there is a small hollow, in which a fire is kindled, and the body of the dead Bonze, dressed in full costume, and seated in an arm-chair, is placed over this fire to be burned. Round about it are laid wood and dry rice, and when the whole begins to blaze up, the door of the Tower is closed. After the lapse of an hour, it is again opened, when the ashes are scattered round the Tower. The bones of the Bonze are left undisturbed for a year, after which time they are collected and deposited in the mausoleum. Another remarkable object in this garden is the beautiful water-rose, or Lotus flower (*Nymphæa Nelumbo*), which properly claims China as its native land. The Chinese are so fond of this flower, that for the sake of

rearing it, they have a pond in almost every garden. The flower measures about six inches in diameter. It is white, but sometimes, though very seldom, of a pale pink hue. The seeds resemble in size and taste those of the hazel-nut: the roots, when cooked, are said to have the flavour of artichokes. Upwards of a hundred Bonzes live in the Temple of Honan. Their ordinary dress differs in no way from that worn by other Chinese, from whom they are distinguished only by having their heads completely shaven.

I made a visit to the Half-Way Pagoda, so named by the English because it is situated half-way between Canton and Whampoa. We went by a boat up the Pearl River. The pagoda stands on a mound of earth, in the vicinity of a village, and is surrounded by immense rice fields. It has nine stories, and is one hundred and seventy feet high. Its circumference is not very considerable, and does not materially diminish from the lower part upwards. This pagoda is one of the most celebrated in China; but it has long ceased to be used. The interior was totally dismantled; no trace of images or any other ornaments remaining. There is no flooring between the different stories, so that when looking upwards from the ground in the interior, the eye uninterruptedly scans the pointed summit of the structure. On the outside, each story is marked by a small gallery without balustrades. These galleries are reached by steep flights of steps, and are extremely difficult of access. They are curiously inlaid with coloured tiles, placed lozenge-wise, one over another, the point of each tile projecting about four inches beyond the one below it. When viewed from a distance, this appears like some kind of open work; and from the brilliant hues and delicate fabric of the tiles the whole might be mistaken for a mass of porcelain.

Whilst we were viewing the pagoda, some of the people from the neighbouring village collected around us, and, as they seemed to be very harmless and peaceable, we thought we might venture to take a peep at them in their own little settlement. Accordingly, we wended our way to the village. It consisted of a cluster of small houses, or rather huts, built of brick, and externally presenting no peculiarity except their flat roofs. The rooms had no ceiling—the external roof of the house serving for that purpose; the flooring was of stamped earth, and bamboo mats formed the partition walls between the rooms. These houses contained but few articles of furniture, and were exceedingly dirty. In the middle of the village there were several small temples, and before the image of the principal deity dingy lamps were lighted. I was much struck by the vast quantity of poultry collected in front of all the huts. The chickens were so numerous, that it was difficult to avoid trampling on them as we passed along. Here, as in Egypt, hatching is effected by artificial heat.

I had long been desirous of seeing the celebrated wall of the city of Canton, and, by good luck, I was enabled to surmount the obstacles which seemed to render the gratification of this wish impossible. Herr Von Carlowitz engaged a missionary to accompany us on this expedition. Missionaries, I may mention, are the best possible escorts and guides for travellers in China. They speak the language of the country, make friendly acquaintance with the people, and, in consequence, enjoy the privilege of going about without danger or interruption. The good missionary whom Herr Von Carlowitz had engaged, expressed his readiness to escort us on the wished-for excursion, on condition that I would disguise myself in male attire. Hitherto, no woman had ventured on the expedition, and I was assured that even I, who had ventured so much, could not undertake it with safety. I speedily provided myself with the requisite disguise, and thus equipped, set out early one morning.

We walked a long way through narrow streets, paved with broad stones. In front of every house we observed a niche, within which there was a little altar two or three feet in height; and as it was not yet broad day, the night lamps were still alight. This lamp-burning rite of the Chinese religion must occasion an inconceivable consumption of oil! Gradually the shops began to be opened. They were merely little square rooms, without front walls. The goods were displayed partly in open drawers, and partly on tables, behind which the shopkeepers usually sat, engaged at their work. From one corner of the shop a narrow flight of steps leads to the upper part of the house, which is the dwelling-place of the family.

Here, as in the cities of Turkey, particular streets are appropriated to particular trades and professions; one is occupied exclusively by glass-vendors, another by silk-mercers, and so on. In one of the streets of Canton, in which all the doctors reside, the only shops are those of apothecaries; for in China the functions of physician and apothecary are exercised by one and the same individual. The shops in which provisions are sold are very elegantly arranged; and these are all in one street. Between the houses there are frequently small temples, which no way differ in style from the adjoining buildings. The gods are confined to the lower stories of these temples; and all the space above is appropriated to the use of mortals.

As the day advanced, I found the streets exceedingly crowded and busy, especially those containing the shops in which provisions were sold. Women and young girls of the lower class were hurrying to and fro, making their marketings, much in the same way as in the cities of Europe. They were all unveiled, and many of them waddled like ducks; for the practice of crippling female feet is not exclusively confined to the higher

ranks of society. The crowd and confusion were not a little augmented by men carrying on their shoulders large baskets filled with provisions; in loud voices, they alternately crying the articles they offered for sale, and shouting to the people who thronged the streets. Every now and then a palanquin, bearing one of the wealthy Chinese traders to his place of business, would work its way into a narrow lane, checking the course of the living tide that poured through it, and completely blocking up the thoroughfare.

All these narrow streets or lanes are situated close to the city wall, upon which many of them abut. Along the wall there are many little doors or gates leading into the interior of the city These gates are closed in the evening, and at all times foreigners are strictly prohibited from passing through them. If, as it frequently happens, an unlucky foreign sailor, in the course of an idle stroll, unwittingly passes through one of these forbidden gates, a volley of stones, directed upon him from all quarters, is the first intimation he receives of his mistake.

After we had walked about two miles through the labyrinth of narrow streets, we came in sight of the celebrated wall. It is about sixty feet high, and in most parts covered with grass, moss, creeping plants, and other kinds of vegetation, so that it has the appearance of a garden wall. From the summit of a little neighbouring hill, we obtained a fine view over the city. It was a mere chaos of small houses, between most of which stood a single tree. We discerned no fine streets or squares; no temples, or handsome buildings of any kind. A single pagoda, five stories high, was the only object that reminded us we were surveying a Chinese city.

Our homeward course lay across fertile uplands, and well-cultivated meadows and fields. Many of the hills are cemeteries, and are thickly scattered over with graves, marked by little heaps of earth, and tombstones about two feet high. Some of these stones were nearly covered with inscriptions. Here and there were family tombs, consisting of large graves surrounded by walls in the form of a horse-shoe. The Chinese do not inter all their dead. They have another very peculiar mode of burial, which consists in depositing the corpse in tombs of masonry. These tombs have two walls and a roof, the unwalled sides being left open. They contain two or three, and sometimes as many as four coffins, which rest on wooden benches. The coffins are made of trunks of trees hollowed out.

The little villages or hamlets through which we passed were marked by poverty and dirtiness. In all of them I observed vast numbers of poultry and pigs; but in the course of the whole excursion I saw only two horses and a buffalo. These animals were of a very small species.

When near our journey's end, we met a funeral. Its approach was announced by strains of dismal music; and we had scarcely time to look about us and to get out of the way, when the procession advanced almost at a running pace. First came the musicians, followed by a few Chinese (probably relatives of the deceased); next were two empty palanquins, followed by the coffin, formed of the hollowed stem of a tree. It was slung on a pole, and carried by bearers. The procession was closed by a few priests and a long train of people, who followed from mere idle curiosity.

The high priest wore a white head-dress, with a triple point, looking not unlike three fool's caps fastened together. The mourners (who are all men) wore a piece of white cloth, either tied round the arm or wound round the head. White is the colour worn by the Chinese for mourning. They are particularly sensitive respecting death, and direct allusion to it in conversation is considered highly indecorous. When they speak of a funeral, they call it "a white affair."

CHIPS.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE STORY OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

The Old Sailor, whose autobiography we lately published in successive chapters, under the title of "The Story of a Sailor's Life," has not finished his adventures yet. He is laid up in the infirmary of Greenwich Hospital, at this time, in consequence of an unfortunate occurrence occasioned by the publication of a passage in that chapter of his story, which appeared in No. 63 of "Household Words," page 259—a passage which has given pain, we regret to learn, to the members of a highly respectable London mercantile firm. It runs thus:—

"Mr. Scovell, being connected with a great many country bankers, and a great many of them breaking. Mr. Scovell was obliged to stop payment, and I got a shilling in the pound for the little money that he had of mine."

Having been assured, not only by the parties most interested, but by other gentlemen, that the statement that Mr. Scovell ever stopped payment, is utterly incorrect, we wrote to Gosport, and caused Francis Bergh (the Old Sailor) to be questioned on the subject. When the matter was explained to him, he was so shocked at having, although unintentionally, committed an error which compromises the character of a gentleman who had been more than once a benefactor to him, that he instantly set off for London to explain personally to ourselves, and to Mr. Scovell, the origin of the mis-statement. He started on Monday, the 16th of June, alone, and without letting any one know whither he was going. Nothing

was heard of him until the Monday following, when it was ascertained that he had been taken ill on the road, and had made his way to Greenwich Hospital. We found him there in bed very much troubled with the gout. He told us, in explanation of his unfortunate mistake, that he commissioned his friend Bland, in 1801, to place his "little money" in some secure hand, while he was at sea; and he understood that Bland had deposited it with Mr. Scovell. This, he is now convinced, could not have been the case. He is inclined to believe that his agent in the matter invested it in one of the many banks which failed in 1815; and that when he returned to London in that year, he, in consequence, only got a shilling for every pound of his savings. It is certain that Mr. Scovell never had anything to do with the lost money, and never was a bankrupt.

Bergh's whole narrative is so romantic, that we took care, in printing it, to preserve every test of its truth. Of these tests, the easiest and best are names and dates. In retaining them, we guardedly furnished the reader with the same means for verifying the probability of the autobiography, that had been supplied to ourselves. We cannot express too strongly our regret that the name of Mr. Scovell—which is well known, and widely respected in the commercial world—should, in consequence of our necessary precautions, have been connected in these pages with any wholly unfounded statement. Mr. Scovell never did stop payment, and has conducted an extensive business as a wharfinger for a great many years, without failure or compromise of any kind.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT SALT.

We present a few facts about salt to our readers, with the object of enlisting their sympathies in behalf of some forty millions of our fellow-subjects in India, who are at present suffering from "Salt Laws," of so odious and oppressive a nature as only to be worthy of the old Spanish Inquisition. Let us see:—

Salt, in India, is a Government monopoly. It is partially imported, and partially manufactured in Government factories. These factories are situated in dreary marshes; the workers obtaining certain equivocal privileges, on condition of following their occupation in these pestiferous regions, where hundreds of these wretched people fall, annually, victims to the plague or the floods.

The salt consumed in India must be purchased through the Government, at a duty of upwards of two pounds per ton, making the price to the consumer about eight pence per pound. In England, salt may be purchased by retail, three pounds, or wholesale, five pounds for one penny; while in India, upwards of thirty millions of persons, whose average incomes do not amount to above three shillings per week, are compelled to expend one-fourth of that pittance in salt for themselves and families.

It may naturally be inferred, that, with such a heavy duty upon this important necessary of life, that underhand measures are adopted by the poor natives of supplying themselves. We shall see, however, by the following severe regulations, that the experiment is too hazardous to be often attempted. Throughout the whole country there are numerous "salt chokies," or police stations, the superintendents of which are invested with powers of startling and extraordinary magnitude.

When information is lodged with such superintendent, that salt is stored in any place without a "*rawana*," or permit, he proceeds to collect particulars of the description of the article, the quantity stated to be stored, and the name of the owner of the store. If the quantity stated to be stored exceeds seventy pounds, he proceeds with a body of police to make the seizure. If the door is not opened to him at once, he is invested with full power to break it open; and if the police officers exhibit the least backwardness in assisting, or show any sympathy with the unfortunate owner, they are liable to be heavily fined. The owner of the salt, with all persons found upon the premises, are immediately apprehended, and are liable to six months' imprisonment for the first offence, twelve for the second, and eighteen months for the third; so that if a poor Indian was to see a shower of salt in his garden (there *are* showers of salt sometimes), and to attempt to take advantage of it without paying duty, he would become liable to this heavy punishment. The superintendent of police is also empowered to detain and search trading vessels, and if salt be found on board without a permit, the whole of the crew may be apprehended and tried for the offence. Any person erecting a distilling apparatus in his own house, merely to distil enough sea-water for the use of his household, is liable to such a fine as may ruin him. In this case, direct proof is not required, but inferred from circumstances at the discretion of the judge!

If a person wishes to erect a factory upon his own estate, he must first give notice to the collector of revenue of all particulars relative thereto, failing which, the collector may order all the works to be destroyed. Having given notice, officers are immediately quartered upon the premises, who have access to all parts thereof, for fear the Company should be defrauded of the smallest amount of duty. When duty *is* paid upon any portion, the collector, upon giving a receipt, specifies the name and residence of the person to whom it is to be delivered, to whom it *must* be delivered within a stated period, or become liable to fresh duty. To wind up, and make assurance doubly sure, the police may seize and detain

any load or package which may pass the stations, till they are satisfied such load or package does not contain contraband salt.

Such are the Salt Laws of India, such the monopoly by which a revenue of three millions sterling is raised, and such the system which, in these days of progress and improvement, acts as an incubus upon the energies, the mental resources, and social advancement of the immense population of India.

Political economists of all shades of opinion, men who have well studied the subject, deliberately assert, that nothing would tend so much towards the improvement of that country, and to a more complete development of its vast natural resources, than the abolition of these laws; and we can only hope without blaming any one, that at no distant day a more enlightened policy will prevail in the councils of the East India Company, and that the poor Hindoo will be emancipated from the thraldom of this odious enactment.

But apart from every other consideration there is one in connexion with the Indian Salt Laws which touches the domestic happiness and vital interest of every inhabitant in Great Britain. It is declared, by incontrovertible medical testimony, that cholera (whose ravages every individual amongst us knows something of, but too well about) is in a great measure engendered, and its progress facilitated, by the prohibitory duties on salt in India, the very cradle of the pestilence. Our precautionary measures to turn aside the plague from our doors, appear somewhat ridiculous while the plague itself is suffered to exist, when it might be destroyed, its existence being tolerated only to administer to the pecuniary advantage of a certain small class of the community. Let the medical men of this country look to it. Let the people of this country generally look to it; for there is matter for grave and solemn consideration, both nationally and individually, in the Indian Salt-Tax.

EXCURSION TRAINS.

FOR several years the South-Western Railway Company were solicited to run Cheap Excursion Trains; but for some reasons or other refused to do so. At length a reluctant consent was obtained, though with many "qualms" as to its result. The first train started one fine Sunday last year, with upwards of fifteen hundred passengers, which in the short space of two months gradually increased to three thousand, and has been steadily on the increase. It was considered that these trains would only answer on Sundays. The results of a Monday experiment, however, were that three excursion trains were running on this line at one time, consisting of nearly one hundred carriages, containing three thousand persons, yielding a large amount of profit to the Company. It was thought, however, that although trains *from* London to Southampton might pay, the latter town would never be able to furnish a sufficient number of persons to fill a remunerative train to the Metropolis. In consequence, only a few excursion trains were started from Southampton to London, and these at fares double those charged on those running in the opposite direction. The consequence was, total failure from want of patronage.

At last the experiment was tried of an excursion train at the same fares as those charged from London to Southampton. The result was extraordinary. On the morning of departure the neighbourhood of Southampton was like a fair. Upwards of one thousand five hundred persons took advantage of it to visit the Metropolis. The receipts were two hundred and eighty three pounds, and the expense of working by three engines did not exceed forty pounds. So complete was the success of these excursion trains, and so profitable were they to the company, that measures were immediately taken to provide extra accommodation. These trains, in fact, came to be regarded as a regular, and not an occasional, source of revenue—it being found that they did not interfere with the ordinary traffic.

On the Great Western line the results of excursion trains were beyond all expectation. On the occasion of the first cheap Sunday trip to Bath and Bristol, although the advertised time for starting was eight o'clock, the excursionists had arrived in such large numbers long before that time that two immense trains were despatched by half past seven, and a third at eight o'clock. Each of these trains comprised about twenty five of the company's large carriages, the number of persons conveyed by them being nearly six thousand. The profit netted by the company was very considerable.

But, however gratifying all these facts may be, (and they are rendered still more so by the preparations at present made and making by several Railway Companies to accommodate the public with excursion trains at considerably reduced fares) still we can only accept them as instalments of what must eventually be done. The wants of the great bulk of the people yet remain to be provided for; and this can only be accomplished by a further reduction in the present scale of transit. The progress of cheapness has, by no means, found its terminus. To it the doctrine of finality cannot be at present applied. It has been prognosticated by those thoroughly conversant with railways, and equally so with arithmetic, that a railway Rowland Hill will yet arise, and organise periodical excursion trains to run similar distances as the mileage between London and Brighton (say, for simplicity, fifty miles), for the small sum of sixpence.

If omnibuses can "rattle over the stones" for two hours, for sixpence each passenger

and after deducting the expense of coachman, conductor, horses, the wear and tear of the vehicle itself, still yield a good profit to the proprietor, a railway train occupying only the same time in the journey, stuffed full of sixpenny passengers, would yield a handsome profit. It must be remembered, too, that the omnibus pays a tax of three-halfpence per mile, while the government has very properly remitted the impost on excursion trains. A great and significant fact, too, connected with cheap trains, is that the North-Western and Blackwall Junction Railway, with a fare of only sixpence between London and Camden Town and back, a distance of more than a dozen miles, and on which a very small mouthful of fresh air and only five minutes' view of "the country" can be obtained, numbers every Sunday between ten and twelve thousand passengers.

Now, more than ever, when we have invited the world to come and make itself at home amongst us, the boon of these cheap excursions would be appreciated by millions as particularly grateful and valuable; and we have no fear but that the results would afford matter of heartfelt congratulation to all parties.

THE CLAIMS OF LABOUR.

LAYING in dust the giant arm of strife,
Upraised in menace o'er a troubled nation,
Let warring parties join to cheer the life
Of those who languish in a lowly station.

The germs of good with which their minds are fraught
Let genial kindness foster into bearing;
Feed them with bread for which their hands have wrought;
Weave from the sheep warm raiment for their wearing.

Teach every soul the lore of Christian truth,
On which amid the peace of home to ponder;
Train them in right from early budding youth;
Close up the paths that tempt their feet to wander.

Unlock the jealous treasure vaults of Art,
And spread their wealth before the sons of Labour;
That all may find in every crowded mart
Topics for wholesome converse with their neighbour.

Let Printing multiply the works of Mind,
To form their taste, and guide them to reflection.
Thought is the common heirloom of mankind,
No privilege of any favour'd section.

And thou, who boastest an ennobled name,
Which Time has gilded with a storied splendour,
Win for thyself upon the page of Fame
The title of the poor man's stout defender!
Thou wieldest in thy hand the might of Laws;
Thou canst restrain the wicked from oppressing;
Therefore be foremost in the sacred cause,
And earn the guerdon of thy country's blessing!

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND THE LITTLE ONE.

IT was seen by a few philosophers long since, that the abstract faculties of man could not be increased in number, neither could they be enlarged and refined beyond a given extent; and it was therefore concluded that the advances of mankind in their practical social condition were limited to the ordinary characteristics of a high condition of civilisation. This belief was generally entertained down to a comparatively recent period. It has been reserved, not merely for our modern times, but we may fairly say for our own day, to perceive the truth, and to announce a belief in the gradual advances of the human family to a condition very superior to anything conveyed by mere "civilisation," in the common acceptation of the word, and in the common characteristics which it displays. In brief, we consider that our present period recognises the progress of humanity, step by step, towards a social condition in which nobler feelings, thoughts, and actions, in concert for the good of all, instead of in general antagonism, producing a more refined and fixed condition of happiness, may be the common inheritance of great and small communities, and of all those nations of the earth who recognise and aspire to fulfil this law of human progression.

There may be—for a free will, and a perverse one, too, appear to be allowed by Providence to nations as well as individuals—there may be an odd, barbarous, or eccentric nation, here and there, upon the face of the globe, who may see fit to exercise its free will, in the negative form of will-not, and who may seclude itself from the rest of the world, resolved not to move on with it. For the rest of earth's inhabitants, the shades, and steps, and gradations of the ascending scale will be various, and no doubt numerous; but, that we are moving in a right direction towards some superior condition of society—politically, morally, intellectually, and religiously—that newly turned-up furrows of the earth are being sown with larger, nobler, and more healthy seed than the earth has ever yet received, we humbly yet proudly, and with heartfelt joy that partakes of solemnity, do fully recognise as a great fact—the greatest and grandest, by far, of all the facts that crowdingly display themselves at the present time, because it indicates the ultimate combination of all our noblest efforts.

Let us glance at a few of the special signs and tokens of the struggle that is now going on in the world, and we shall clearly see that the period of revolutionary excitement has in a great measure subsided into an industrial

excitement. It looks as though England had said to the continental nations—"Pause awhile to take breath after your barricades, and the putting to flight of your kings, and consider whether a good round of industrious work will not show us all whereabouts we are; whether it will not give time to reflect upon the best means of gaining greater strength by means of the knowledge of things, and of each other, than can possibly be acquired by the sword. Who can tell but the political rights of nations may be more easily and permanently attained by works of peace, by studious observation, and by steady persevering resolution, than by any number of *émeutes*, however successful at the time?" Far from thinking that such a course is likely to merge energies in abstract speculation, or that it can supersede the ever-present necessity for practical action and direct effort, we are of opinion that such a speech from the mouth of sturdy Old England is very worthy of careful consideration, by many of those nations who have contributed to the present Exhibition of Industry.

Of these special signs and tokens of the peaceful progress of the world, how numerous, how diversified are they!—and—let us honestly add—how impossible to be thoroughly singled out and examined amidst the crowding masses of men and things, raw materials and manufactured articles, machines and engines that surround you on every side! Where to begin, and how to advance with any prospect of concluding in a reasonable number of daily visits—is the difficulty. It is not much diminished by the great official Catalogue, (to say nothing of the "Synopsis," the "Popular Guide," &c.,) to which no index is attached, nor any compass-box—which is almost equally needed by the persevering navigator of all the "bays" and other intricacies below and above. Suppose, therefore, we lay aside the Catalogue, and turning over Porter's "Progress of the Nation," adopt his divisions to guide us in our examination.

Mr. Porter begins with "Population." We cannot do much with this question, as it is not at all represented or representable by any exhibition of this kind. Yet the question is too important in any consideration of national progress to be entirely passed over.

It appears that England doubles its population in fifty-two years; France, in one hundred and twenty-five years; Russia, in forty-two years; the United States of America, in twenty-two and-a-half years; Sweden doubles its population in one hundred years; and all Europe in fifty-seven years. What are we to say of China? We believe the figures are not known; and, even if they were, the practice of infanticide would in a great measure perplex, if not defeat, our judgment and deductions. Here, however, we find all other countries doubling their populations in a comparatively short period of years, and England, Russia, and the United States of America, in alarmingly short periods of years—the latter, more especially.

Are there any corresponding means of increasing the power of producing food, so as to meet this constantly progressive demand for it? The great number of ploughs, and the exercise of so much thought and mechanical ingenuity in their varieties of invention, has been the subject of some good natured merriment among other nations; but, when we look forward twenty-two years, and behold the American States with double their present population, the contemplation of these ploughs and other agricultural implements, must induce very serious reflections—reflections which do not end with the thought of America. It is not our present business to consider the causes of this extraordinary difference in the numerical advances of our species in different countries, curious and intricately interesting as that examination would be; but to look at such means of meeting the increase as now present themselves before us. In England, we may regard our machinery and workshops as so many means of obtaining corn, and other food-productions of the earth. Our machinery and engines are our ploughs, by an indirect process, since we manufacture for those countries whose agricultural produce is far more abundant than our own

This brings us to the second division of Porter's examination of the "Progress of the Nation," namely, agricultural and manufacturing production. Under this head, we have to point, first, to the great quantity and variety of raw materials—mining and mineral products—chemical and pharmaceutical products—substances used as food—and vegetable and animal substances used in manufactures; and secondly, to the extraordinary display of enginery and machinery. Under this latter head are to be included all the improvements in railway travelling, no less than in farming and in manufacturing.

As it is impossible in any allowable space to "go through" the whole Exhibition, or touch upon a tithe of its Catalogue, let us suggest as curious subjects of comparison, those two countries which display (on the whole) the greatest degree of progress, and the least—say England and China. England, maintaining commercial intercourse with the whole world; China, shutting itself up, as far as possible, within itself. The true Tory spirit would have made a China of England, if it could. Behold its results in the curious little Exhibition now established close beside the great one. It is very curious to have the Exhibition of a people who came to a dead stop, Heaven knows how many hundred years ago, side by side with the Exhibition of the moving world. It points the moral in a surprising manner.

Consider our English raw materials, and our engines and machinery. We do not pause to particularise; there they are, and may be

seen. Enormous blocks of coal, great masses of stone, and timber, and marble, and mineral and vegetable substances.

Consider the materials employed at the great Teacup Works of Kiang-tiht-Chin (or Tight-Chin) the "bedaubing powder, ready mixed," and the "bedaubing material;"—pith of stick, to make rice-paper; medicine roots, hemp-seed, vegetable paints, varnishes, dyes, raw silk, oils, white and yellow arsenic, saffron, camphor, green tea dyes, &c. Consider the greatness of the English results, and the extraordinary littleness of the Chinese. Go from the silk-weaving and cotton-spinning of us outer barbarians, to the laboriously-carved ivory balls of the flowery Empire, ball within ball and circle within circle, which have made no advance and been of no earthly use for thousands of years. Well may the three Chinese divinities of the Past, the Present, and the Future be represented with the same heavy face. Well may the dull, immoveable, respectable triad sit so amicably, side by side, in a glory of yellow jaundice, with a strong family likeness among them! As the Past was, so the Present is, and so the Future shall be, saith the Emperor. And all the Mandarins prostrate themselves, and cry Amen.

The railway engines, and agricultural engines, and machines; the locomotives, in all their variety; the farm-engines, such as the compound plough, the harrow, the clod-crusher, the revolving sub-soiler, (some of them looking not a little alarming, like instruments of torture for the Titans), the draining-plough, the centrifugal pump, the sowing-machine, the reaping, the thrashing, and the winnowing machines, the chaff-cutter, the barley-hummeller, the straw-shaker, the combined thrashing, shaking, and blowing machine; the "machine to sow and hoe an acre of turnips in five minutes,"—how can we possibly describe these, so as to be understood? Then, there are sawing-machines of great power; machines for planing; others by which a large hurdle can be cut from the solid timber, and put together in nine minutes, and a fifty-six gallon beer-barrel made in five minutes. As for the machinery of our manufactures, with all their complex powers, their wonderful strength, velocity, and minutely precise manipulations, one's head whizzes with the recollection of them. But among all these wonders, nothing exceeds, and but few approach, the printing machinery of the "Illustrated London News," which is the same as that used by the "Times."

After contemplating this extraordinary piece of mechanism, and its ordinary practical results, take a walk across, and along, "hither and thither," to the Little Exhibition, and look at the means of printing which is there exhibited.

"The operation is very quick," says the Chinese Catalogue, "and from two thousand to three thousand may be taken off in a day by a single workman." This rude expedient has never been improved from the hour of its first construction. It is an illustration of the true doctrine of Finality; the gospel according to which would have taught us (under heavy pains and penalties) to print for ever, as CAXTON prints upon the Royal Academy walls, in Mr. Maclise's wonderful picture, and to keep the stupendous machinery which produces our daily newspapers with the regularity of the sun, through all eternity, in the limbo of things waiting to be born.

There are some stupendous anchors lying in the outer part of the Great Exhibition. Their enormous size and weight naturally suggest the present advanced state of naval architecture in England and America; we may turn from sailing ships to the models of our steam-navy, and of the magnificent steamboats on the lakes and rivers of the United States.

Compare these with the models of junks and boats in the Chinese Exhibition. Compare these with the Junk itself, lying in the Thames hard by the Temple-stairs. As a bamboo palanquin is, beside a Railway-train, so is an English or American ship, beside this ridiculous abortion. Aboard of which, the sailors decline to enter until "a considerable amount of tin-foil, silvered paper, and joss stick," has been purchased for their worship. Where they make offerings of tea, sweet-cake, and pork, to the compass, on the voyage, to induce it to be true and faithful. Where the best that seamanship can do for the ship is to paint two immense eyes on her bows, in order that she may see her way, (do the Chinese do this to their blind?) and to hang out bits of red rag in stormy weather to mollify the wrath of the ocean. Where the crew live in china closets, wearing crape petticoats and wooden clogs. Where the cabin is fitted up with every sort of small scented object that is utterly irreconcileable with water or motion. Where nobody thinks of going aloft, or could possibly carry out his wild intention if he did. Where the crew ought to be armed with sticks of cinnamon, and the captain with a lanthorn at the end of a pole. Where the whole is under the protection of an ornithological phenomenon on the stern, who crows with all his might and main, "I was the representation of a cock a thousand years ago, and the man who says I could possibly be *made more* like one, shall immediately be sawn in half, *according to law*!"

Return to the Great Exhibition. In the department (Class 7) of Civil Engineering, architecture, and building contrivances, we find the revolving, dioptric, and catadioptric apparatus of lighthouses; models of railways, of iron bridges, of self-supporting suspension-bridges, of submarine steam-propellers, of the great tubular bridge, and of the proposed "grand ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez"?

Step over to the Little Exhibition, and consider how the Chinese Lanthorns would look on the North or South Foreland, or the Long Ships, or the Eddystone, in heavy weather, and what capital floating lights they would make on the Goodwin Sands.

The Chinese self-supporting bridges, houses, pagodas, and little islands, on their porcelain, all standing upon nothing, are equally curious with the models of their actual structure

In the Great Exhibition, among the philosophical, musical, horological, and surgical instruments, we find, first, the great Electric Clock; and next we notice clocks that will go for four hundred days with once winding up, watches that are so secure from injury by damp, that they are exhibited suspended in water, and performing with regularity, a money calculating machine, suited to the currency of all nations; an instrument for the solution of difficult problems in spherical trigonometry (obviously a great comfort); clocks showing the days of the month, months of the year, motions of the sun and moon and the state of the tide at the principal sea-ports of Great Britain, Ireland, France, America, Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Germany—and showing all this for a whole year with only one winding up; oxy-hydrogen microscopes; daguerreotype and calotype apparatus, and, above all, the electric telegraphs.

In competition with these, the Little Exhibition presents us with "a very curious porcelain box in the form of a crab, with moveable eyes and feet," and with no clock or watch at all In the absence of public clocks to strike the hours, a Chinese watchman hits a large bell with a mallet; first ascertaining the time by an European watch, or from the burning of a candle, or the running of sand, or the descent of some liquid in a vessel.

We ought not to omit the mention of a few of the ingenious surgical inventions (and here our French exhibitors are most skilful) such as the artificial leech; apparatus and tools to meet the loss of the right hand; the artificial leg, to enable those who have lost that limb above the knee, to ride, walk, sit gracefully, or even dance; an illuminative instrument for inspecting the inside of the ear, and another for the eye; the guard razor, which shaves off hair, and will not cut flesh; the ostracide (grand and killing term for the easy oyster-opener); the masticating knife and fork, for dyspeptic persons; artificial arms, hands, feet, legs, eyes; the artificial silver nose, warranted; and so on.

Chinese philosophical instruments we have neither seen, nor heard of, with very few exceptions. A maritime compass-box, however, is exhibited, and is considered efficient, notwithstanding that the needle points due south. The Chinese say it always does—one end of it. Of their surgical instruments we know very little; but, if we may judge of them from their knives and razors, and carpenters' tools, they must be sufficiently primitive and curious.

In the arts of sculpture and modelling, the progress made by all nations (we do not include Italy, because she has so long been famous for her excellence) is sufficiently apparent. With regard to English sculpture, we have only to call the attention of the visitor of the Great Exhibition to Mr. MacDowell's model of "Eve," to Mr. Lough's "Titania," to Mr. Bell's "Andromeda," and "Eagle Slayer," to the two figures by Mr. Baily, to the group in bronze by Mr. Wyatt, and to the colossal groups by Messrs. Lough and MacDowell, to establish the fact of our having attained a high position in the art. The models in plaster, clay, and terra-cotta, and other works of plastic art, are also very numerous, and many of them display great excellence.

In the Little Exhibition, we find the old and never to-be-surpassed ugly lion-monsters, with the mouth stretched until the head is half off, and the eye-balls rolling out of their sockets; we have figures of the same mandarins and the same ladies, who have sat on the same teapots and screens from time immemorial; we have carved chessmen, and caddies, and cabinets, and richly painted lanthorns, and teapots, and tea-cups, and soapstone josses, and other stout gentlemen, very much in *déshabille*, and with an unpleasant habit of putting out their tongues; we have slim young ladies, standing askew, with long-legged umbrellas, or some incomprehensible knick-knack, in one hand; we have models of the common people, looking very dirty and half-starved; we have more teapots; and a revolving lanthorn (not exactly meant to rival our catadioptric one); and elaborately insignificant designs carved on mother-of-pearl and ivory; and more teapots, and ivory balls, with twenty other balls each a size less than the other, inside, and all moveable, and no joints visible, if any exist; and diminutive boxes carved from peach-stones; and hand-screens made from the gelatine of the heads of fish; and more lanthorns; and the Goddess Chin-Te with no end of arms; and all sorts of horrible old grinners who are to be devoutly worshipped; and the God of War, who is by far the finest fellow of the party, for he really *does* mean something, and it is by no means fighting. He is considering, with a very cunning face, "Now, let me see. What will be the best way out of this? Shall I arrange to pay so many sacks of silver and afterwards fill them with lead, or how, otherwise, shall I circumvent the Barbarians and restore peace to the dominions of my Emperor, whose official name is Reason's Glory?"

The construction of musical instruments has always been a marked sign of the progress of nations, in refinement of taste and skill of

hand. Frankly admitting that the great improvements (more particularly the cornopeans, sax-horns, ophecleides, the flautenente, the many-keyed flutes, the cornomusa, and other fine inventions) are originally derived from Germany, we may yet claim credit for our sense and skill in adopting and manufacturing them; and this applies to one grand instrument, the grandest of all, wherein, we believe, it may now be said that we have attained a superiority to all other nations. The great organ in the gallery, by Willis, of London, may be adduced in proof of this; while the piano-fortes, also, of Broadwood, and of Collard, are without superiors in any part of the world. We have made great efforts to arrive at the highest excellence in all the nice and intricate mechanism of musical instruments, and with complete success, being now upon an equality with nearly all the finest productions of Germany, Italy, and France.

But what has the Celestial Empire been doing in this way during the last twenty years, or the last fifty years, or the last five hundred years, or the last thousand years? See the Chinese harp—the flute—the horn—guitar, or mandoline. The only real instruments worthy of the name as "things capable," though not to be called "most musical," are the gong, and the brass pan and kettle inventions, wherewith that Dragon who attacks the Sun (when Barbarians suppose there is an eclipse) is scared away. The Celestial people have "a sort of a kind of a" flute, guitar, fiddle, bagpipe, horn, and drum. They have no idea of sounding boards, strings of catgut, semitones, counterpoint, or parts in music. The very tree of which their instruments are made, is such a Chinese tree in the essential of always doing the same thing that the moment it sheds a leaf, the autumn is sure to have set in.

One of the indications of the progress of a nation is "interchange," including internal communication and trade, and external communication and commerce, currency, and wages. What the first and second of these are, with respect to Europe generally, both in extent and quality, the Great Exhibition fully attests.

The internal communication of China is chiefly an affair of official pigtails—a series of Mandarins of different sizes, buttons, and feathers, sending letters to each other of various tints, and varying from two feet to six feet in length; while the trade is limited entirely to articles of home produce: the Celestials disdaining all trade and commerce with "outside people," except at certain sea-ports, which are so remote from the Emperor and his capital that their doings are scarcely known, and are not recognised as part and parcel of the transactions of the empire.

The following divisions of Mr. Porter's work—public revenue and expenditure—consumption—and accumulation—by which last he means the increase of *national works* and buildings, of commercial and agricultural stock, and of articles that minister to the comfort and convenience of individuals—are well illustrated by the numerous models of large public edifices and works, projected, or already existing, in the United Kingdom.

In China, there are the Great Wall, and the Imperial Palace at Pekin, and the pagodas with their turned-up corners and their bells, and the temples and bridges, and the various teapot works, with few additions, if any, and probably none, all just as they were centuries ago, suggesting the idea of the same Emperor having sat upon the same enamelled porcelain throne during the whole time, with the same thin arched pair of elevated eyebrows, admiring and wondering, with the same inanity, at the same inanimate perfection of himself and all around him.

To complete the contrast, it is worth while to glance at the real Police associated with the Great Exhibition, and the mimic police in the Little One—to say nothing of the sweltering robber in the tub, at the latter place, or the other culprit in the bamboo cage. It is worth while to compare the work-people in the Machinery Courts of the Great Exhibition, with the models of the Chinese workpeople at *their* various trades. It is worth while to contemplate the Chinese Lady with her lotus feet, two inches and a half in length, and to consider how many other things are crippled by conceited absolutism and distrust. You are quite surprised, in the Little Exhibition, to find Chinese fish gasping like other fish, or a Chinese frog without very oval eyes, until you recollect that neither species are the natural-born subjects of Reason's Glory, but that the happy privilege is reserved for men and women.

Reader, in the comparison between the Great and Little Exhibition, you have the comparison between Stoppage and Progress, between the exclusive principle and all other principles, between the good old times and the bad new times, between perfect Toryism and imperfect advancement. Who can doubt that you will be led to conclusions, unhappily a little at a discount in this degenerate age, and that you will mentally take suit and service in the favored Chinese Empire, with Reason's Glory!

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A NARRATIVE OF EXTRAORDINARY SUFFERING.

A GENTLEMAN of credit and of average ability, whose name we have permission to publish—Mr. Lost, of the Maze, Ware—was recently desirous to make a certain journey in England. Previous to entering on this excursion, which we believe had a commercial object (though Mr. Lost has for some years retired from business as a Woolstapler, having been succeeded in 1831 by his son who now carries on the firm of Lost and Lost, in the old-established premises at Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire, where it may be interesting to our readers to know that he married, in 1834, a Miss Shakespeare, supposed to be a lineal descendant of the immortal bard,) it was necessary that Mr. Lost should come to London, to adjust some unsettled accounts with a merchant in the Borough, arising out of a transaction in Hops. His Diary originating on the day previous to his leaving home is before us, and we shall present its rather voluminous information to our readers in a condensed form: endeavouring to extract its essence only.

It would appear that Mrs. Lost had a decided objection to her husband's undertaking the journey in question. She observed, "that he had much better stay at home, and not go and make a fool of himself"—which she seems to have had a strong presentiment that he would ultimately do. A young person in their employ as confidential domestic, also protested against his intention, remarking "that Master warn't the man as was fit for Railways, and Railways warn't the spearses as was fit for Master." Mr. Lost, however, adhering to his purpose, in spite of these dissuasions, Mrs. Lost made no effort (as she might easily have done with perfect success) to restrain him by force. But, she stipulated with Mr. Lost, that he should purchase an Assurance Ticket of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, entitling his representatives to three thousand pounds in case of the worst. It was also understood that in the event of his failing to write home by any single night's post, he would be advertised in the Times, at full length, next day.

These satisfactory preliminaries concluded, Mr. Lost sent out the confidential domestic (Mary Anne Mag by name, and born of poor but honest parents) to purchase a Railway Guide. This document was the first shock in connexion with his extraordinary journey which Mr Lost and family received. For, on referring to the Index, to ascertain how Ware stood in reference to the Railways of the United Kingdom and the Principality of Wales, they encountered the following mysterious characters:—

WARE TU 6

No farther information could be obtained. They thought of page six, but there was no such page in the book, which had the sportive eccentricity of beginning at page eight. In desperate remembrance of the dark monosyllable Tu, they turned to the "classification of Railways," but found nothing there, under the letter T except "Taff Vale and Aberdare"—and who (as the confidential domestic said) could ever want *them!* Mr. Lost has placed it on record that his "brain reeled" when he glanced down the page, and found himself, in search of Ware, wandering among such names as Ravenglass, Bootle, and Sprouston.

Reduced to the necessity of proceeding to London by turnpike-road, Mr. Lost made the best of his way to the metropolis in his own one-horse chaise, which he then dismissed in charge of his man, George Flay, who had accompanied him for that purpose. Proceeding to Southwark, he had the satisfaction of finding that the total of his loss upon the Hop transaction did not exceed three hundred and forty-seven pounds, four shillings, and twopence halfpenny. This, he justly regarded as, on the whole, a success for an amateur in that promising branch of speculation; in commemoration of his good fortune, he gave a plain but substantial dinner to the Hop Merchant and two friends at Tom's Coffee House on Ludgate Hill.

He did not sleep at that house of entertainment, but repaired in a hackney cab (No. 482) to the Euston Hotel, adjoining the terminus of the North-Western Railway. On the following morning his remarkable adventures may be considered to have commenced.

It appears that with a view to the farther prosecution of his contemplated journey, it was, in the first place, necessary for Mr. Lost

to make for the ancient city of Worcester. Knowing that place to be attainable by way of Birmingham, he started by the train at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and proceeded, pleasantly and at an even pace, to Leighton. Here he found, to his great amazement, a powerful black bar drawn across the road, hopelessly impeding his progress!

After some consideration, during which, as he informs us, his "brain reeled" again, Mr. Lost returned to London. Having partaken of some refreshment, and endeavoured to compose his mind with sleep, (from which, however, he describes himself to have derived but little comfort, in consequence of being fitfully pursued by the mystic signs WARE TU 6), he awoke unrefreshed, and at five minutes past five in the afternoon once again set forth in quest of Birmingham. But now, he was even less fortunate than in the morning; for, on arriving at Tring, some ten miles short of his former place of stoppage, he suddenly found the dreaded black barrier across the road, and was thus warned by an insane voice, which seemed to have something supernatural in its awful sound. "RUGBY TO LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, AND DERBY!"

With the spirit of an Englishman, Mr. Lost absolutely refused to proceed to either of those towns. If such were the meaning of the voice, it fell powerless upon him. Why should he go to Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby; and what right had Rugby to interfere with him at Tring? He again returned to London, and, fearing that his mind was going, took the precaution of being bled.

When he arose on the following morning, it was with a haggard countenance, on which the most indifferent observer might have seen the traces of a corroding anxiety, and where the practised eye might have easily detected what was really wrong within. Even conscience does not sear like mystery. Where now were the glowing cheek the [illegible] chin, the mellow nose, the dancing eye? Fled. And in their place—

In the silent watches of the night, he had formed the resolution of endeavouring to reach the object of his pursuit by Gloucester, on the Great Western Railway. Leaving London once more, this time at half-an hour after twelve at noon, he proceeded to Swindon Junction. Not without difficulty. For, at Didcot, he again found the black barrier across the road, and was violently conducted to seven places, with none of which he had the least concern—in particular, to one dreadful spot with the savage appellation of Aynho. But, escaping from these hostile towns after undergoing a variety of hardships, he arrived (as has been said) at Swindon Junction.

Here, all hope appeared to desert him. It was evident that the whole country was in a state of barricade, and that the insurgents (whoever they were) had taken their measures but too well. His imprisonment was of the severest kind. Tortures were applied, to induce him to go to Bath, to Bristol, Yatton, Clevedon Junction, Weston Super Mare Junction, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, and the remotest fastnesses of West Cornwall. No chance of Gloucester was held out to him for a moment. Remaining firm, however, and watching his opportunity, he at length escaped—more by the aid of good fortune, he considers, than through his own exertions—and sliding underneath the dreaded barrier, departed by way of Cheltenham for Gloucester.

And now indeed he might have thought that after combating with so many obstacles, and undergoing perils so extreme, his way at length lay clear before him, and a ray of sunshine fell upon his dismal path. The delusive hope, if any such were entertained by the forlorn man, was soon dispelled. It was his horrible fate to depart from Cirencester exactly an hour before he arrived there, and to leave Gloucester ten minutes before he got to it!

It were vain to endeavour to describe the condition to which Mr. Lost was reduced by this overwhelming culmination of his many hardships. It had been no light shock to find his native country in the hands of a nameless foe, cutting off the communication between one town and another, and carrying out a system of barricade, little, if at all, inferior in strength and skill, to the fortification of Gibraltar. It had been no light shock to be addressed by maniac voices urging him to fly to various remote parts of the kingdom. But, this tremendous blow, the annihilation of time, the stupendous reversal of the natural sequence and order of things, was too much for his endurance—too much, perhaps, for the endurance of humanity. He quailed beneath it, and became insensible.

When consciousness returned, he found himself again on the North Western line of Railway, listlessly travelling anywhere. He remembers, he says, Four Ashes, Spread Eagle, and Penkridge. They were black, he thinks, and coaly. He had no business there; he didn't care whether he was there or not. He knew where he wanted to go, and he knew he couldn't go where he wanted. He was taken to Manchester, Bangor, Liverpool, Windermere, Dundee and Montrose, Edinburgh and Glasgow. He repeatedly found himself in the Isle of Man; believes he was, several times, all over Wales; knows he was at Kingstown and Dublin, but has only a general idea how he got there. Once, when he thought he was going his own way at last, he was dropped at a North Staffordshire Station called (he thinks in mockery) Mow Cop. As a general rule he observed that whatsoever divergence he made, he came to Edinburgh. But, there were exceptions—as when he was set down on the extreme verge of land at Holyhead, or put aboard a Steamboat, and carried by way of Paris into

the heart of France. He thinks the most remarkable journey he was made to take, was from Euston Square into Northamptonshire; so, by the fens of Lincolnshire round to Rugby; thence, through the whole of the North of England and a considerable part of Scotland, to Liverpool; thence, to Douglas in the Isle of Man; and back, by way of Ireland, Wales, Great Yarmouth, and Bishop Stortford, to Windsor Castle. Throughout the whole of these travels, he observed the black barrier system in active operation, and was always stopped when he least expected it. He invariably travelled against his will, and found a code of cabalistic signs in use all over the country.

Anxiety and disappointment had now produced their natural results. His face was wan, his voice much weakened, his hair scanty and grey, the whole man expressive of fatigue and endurance. It is an affecting instance of the influence of uneasiness and depression on the mind of Mr. Lost, that he now commenced wildly to seek the object of his journey in the strangest directions. Abandoning the Railroads on which he had undergone so much, he began to institute a feverish inquiry for it among a host of boarding houses and hotels. "Bed, breakfast, boots, and attendance, two and sixpence per day"—"Bed and boots seven shillings per week."—"Wines and spirits of the choicest quality."—"Night Porter in constant attendance."—"For night arrivals, ring the private door bell"—"Omnibuses to and from all parts of London, every minute."—"Do not confound this house with any other of the same name." Among such addresses to the public, did Mr. Lost now seek for a way to Worcester. As he might have anticipated—as he *did* anticipate in fact, for he was hopeless now—it was not to be found there. His intellect was greatly shaken.

Mr. Lost has left, in his Diary, a record so minute of the gradual deadening of his intelligence and benumbing of his faculties, that he can be followed downward, as it were step by step. Thus, we find that when he had exhausted the boarding-houses and hotels, family, commercial and otherwise (in which he found his intellect much enfeebled by the constant recurrence of the hieroglyphic "1—6—51—W. J. A."), he addressed himself, with the same dismal object, to Messrs. Moses and Son, and to Mr. Medwin, bootmaker to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. After them, even to inanimate things, as the Patent Compendium Portmanteau, the improved Chaff Machines and Corn Crushers, the Norman Razor, the Bank of England Sealing Wax, Schweppe's Soda Water, the Extract of Sarsaparilla, the Registered Paletot, Rowlands' Kalydor, the Cycloidal Parasol, the Cough Lozenges, the universal night-light, the poncho, Allsopp's pale ale, and the patent knife cleaner. Failing, naturally, in all these appeals, and in a final address to His Grace the Duke of Wellington in the gentlemanly summer garment, and to Mr. Burton of the General Furnishing Ironmongery Warehouse, he sank into a stupor, and abandoned hope.

Mr. Lost is now a ruin. He is at the Euston Square Hotel. When advised to return home he merely shakes his head and mutters "Ware Tu . . 6." No Cabman can be found who will take charge of him on those instructions. He sits continually turning over the leaves of a small, dog's-eared quarto volume with a yellow cover, and babbling in a plaintive voice, "BRADSHAW, BRADSHAW."

A few days since, Mrs. Lost, having been cautiously made acquainted with his condition, arrived at the hotel, accompanied by the confidential domestic. The first words of the heroic woman were:

"John Lost, don't make a spectacle of yourself, don't. Who am I?"

He replied "BRADSHAW."

"John Lost," said Mrs. Lost, "I have no patience with you. Where have you been to?"

Fluttering the leaves of the book, he answered "To BRADSHAW."

"Stuff and nonsense, you tiresome man," said Mrs. Lost. "You put me out of patience. What on earth has brought you to this stupid state?"

He feebly answered, "BRADSHAW."

No one knows what he means.

THE ISLAND IN THE RIVER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.—CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

WHOLLY engrossed by the idea of seeking Annie, no matter how remote his chance of finding her, the young basket-maker had not, for a moment, paused to consider that if she had left Eton, as was most probable, he had not the slightest clue to the direction of her flight. Bitterly repenting of his indecision in bidding her farewell the last time he had seen her without again alluding to the events of the preceding night, he felt that he could find no rest, nor escape his own reproaches, but in seeking her. What would he not have given to bring back that night when she begged him so earnestly to take her away? He remembered now, more vividly than ever, her wild and anxious manner—the pale and care-worn expression of her features, as she sat sleeping by the firelight. He recalled also her thrilling tone, while speaking of her old, happy life, to which in that interval of repentance—trembling as she was upon the brink of guilt—she had so entreated to return. He could not account to himself for the weakness which had withheld him from speaking to her in the morning. A kind of fascination seemed to have been upon him—a hope, almost to the last moment, that she would be the first to speak—a feeling of uncertainty as to the nature of her trouble—a fear of paining her with a mistaken interpretation of her

conduct—but chiefly a lack of rapid judgment how to act in a position which he had scarcely anticipated—an indecision common to young men where reflection has exceeded experience, or where a habit of musing upon the action of the mind has weakened its instinctive grasp of outward life. It was not till he had proceeded some distance up the town, that the utter hopelessness of his search smote upon him; and he paused. His first idea had been to make some inquiries at places where she was known in the neighbourhood; but he remembered that Mrs. Frampton had herself been seeking her, and had doubtless applied wherever there was a probability of her having been seen. Next, he thought of inquiring at the College; but although he felt convinced that the stranger he had followed, and had missed in the cloisters, was the cause of Annie's flight, he knew that there was little hope of any good result from his inquiries, ignorant as he was of the man's name, and destitute of the slightest means of identifying him. Resolved, however, not to reject the wildest chance where every resource was hopeless, he retraced his footsteps. He passed the house again, but did not enter. At another time he would have been grieved by the thought of his old protector, left there in sorrow and alone; but now he thought only of Annie; and again, for her sake, he forgot the careful guardian of his infancy, to whom he owed so much. He passed under the trees again, and coming to the College gate, found it closed. He saw a light, however through the shutters at the window of the porter's room; and, hearing voices, pulled the bell. He rang again, and again; but received no answer. He heard the voices still, with now and then a roar of laughter, and he knew that they were too merry within to hear his ringing; till pulling the bell more sharply, he distinguished the footsteps of some one coming to answer his summons.

"Who's there?"

"You do not know me," replied the basket-maker; for the voice was strange to him. "I knew the porter here some years back; but he, I suppose, is dead. I wish to speak with you."

"What do you want?"

"My business is of a private nature. I cannot talk to you through the door."

"Can't you come in the morning?"

"No, I must see you now."

"Wait a moment, then," said the voice, peevishly. Several bolts having been withdrawn, and a key turned slowly in the lock, the door opened, and a man stood there, and so stout as almost to fill up the narrow doorway, although his visitor saw the cheerful light of a fire, falling from the side door of the porter's lodge.

"What do you want?" repeated the man, holding up a lamp to his disturber's face. "We don't expect calls at night. There's nobody here now."

Not daunted by his churlish manner, the basket-maker replied, "Some one has left here to-day; there is some one missing who resides here."

"What do you mean?" said the man, more peevishly than before. "There has been nobody here these three weeks—we are in vacation. Next 'half' don't begin till Friday." He was about to shut the little door, but his visitor pushed it back.

"Stay!" Chester exclaimed. "I am not questioning you idly. This is more than a matter of life and death to me. This night week this door was open at a late hour, and a man whom I followed then, and whom I have the strongest interest in finding, entered and escaped me."

"Did you *see* him enter?" said the man.

"No," replied the basket-maker. "But I missed him under the trees, and afterwards heard a footstep in the quadrangle."

"Oh, he didn't come in here," replied the man at the door, evidently anxious to stifle the inquiry; "he didn't come in here, you may depend. I might have been asleep, it's true; but my door was ajar. A mouse 'ud wake me. I sleep with one eye open. I defy any one to come in here like that, without my hearing 'em. He didn't come in here, young man"

His visitor forbore to reply with the practical refutation of his assertion, in the fact that he had himself entered there, and come out again, without his knowledge. He saw that the man knew nothing of the circumstance; and, the College being empty, he knew that he must either be mistaken in supposing that the stranger had entered there, or else he must have found the door open, like himself, by chance, and knowing himself pursued, must have thought that an antique building afforded him a good chance of escaping, or secreting himself until the pursuit was abandoned; so he thanked the porter, merely replying that he supposed he was mistaken. The man answered, "that he might depend upon that;" and shutting the door, left his visitor again in the dark street, listening to the laughter of the porter and his guests, as he related to them the conversation at the gate.

At a loss in what way to continue his search, the young basket-maker sat himself down upon a low wooden railing, under the trees. It was a dark night. Every light seemed to be out in the town. A watchman, at some distance, was crying the time, though William Chester could not hear him distinctly, and the clanging chimes of the College clock, marking two quarters, did not tell him the hour. The thought had struck him of going to London; although it was already too late for any conveyance, and he hardly knew the distance. It is there, no doubt, he thought, that Annie had gone; and he resolved to set out, at once, on foot. He had never been yet to London, though he had often spoken of it with those who had. He had a confused

notion of its magnitude and crowded streets, but he did not doubt that if Annie were really there, he should find her at length, by continually walking about, and observing all he met. So, after a moment's reflection, he rose and walked away in the direction of Slough. Keeping along the College walls, he soon passed the last oil-lamp, and was walking alone on the open road. He stopped, after awhile, to look back. The way that he had come looked so dreary that he felt as if he would not go back for any inducement. Dark as it was, he saw still the black walls of the College chapel, and the round towers of the Castle on the height. With a stronger determination to pursue his object, he turned and walked again, without looking back, till he got to Slough. He passed through the quiet street, without meeting even the watchman, and was again on the open road. The night became still darker; for, a long bank of cloud in the horizon driven upward by the wind, had shut out a strip of sky in which the stars were shining. Darkness brooded on the fields on either side of the road, hiding everything beyond, except the black edges of a fir-plantation or a long row of naked elms against the sky. It was a relief to him when he came to the gate of the road-side public-house, at which, though he knew it was past midnight, he could see lights, and hear the noise of voices. One or two gipsies' encampments he passed by the way, but keeping in the middle of the road, he went past them unmolested. A long time had elapsed without passing through any town, when he met the Windsor coach, coming at full gallop—the lamp at each side sending a stream of light far down the road, and showing its four horses, steaming from the nostrils. Standing aside for a moment till it had passed, he went on his way, and arrived at some straggling cottages, and finally at the main street of a town—still ignorant of where he was till he read by the light of a lamp, at its farther extremity, the name "Colnbrook," painted upon a narrow board. Not staying to rest—for every moment of delay would have seemed to him a culpable falling-off from his purpose—he left the town behind, and found himself again on the lonely highway. Once he found a milestone by the road, but there was not sufficient light to read the inscription. He leant down, and felt the surface with his hand; but the letters were evidently cut in, instead of being raised, and perhaps worn, for he could not trace them. Pursuing his way for a mile or two farther, he was surprised to find no other town or village. Looking across the country from a hedge-bank, he could see no lights in any direction; and, after awhile, the roadway became narrower and seemed dwindling into a lane with ditch and hedge at each side. Much fearing that he had missed his way, and turned from the highway at some junction of roads without perceiving it, he would have returned; but seeing something like a habitation a little lower down, he went on in the hope of getting information. It was a small white toll-house connected with a bar across the lane, and he knocked at the door. A voice answered instantly.

"What road is this?" he inquired.

"Why, you know as well as I do," replied the voice.

"I do not, indeed," rejoined Chester. "I was on the London road an hour since, and I'm afraid I have turned off, accidentally."

"I know you," cried the voice, "you want a horsewhip, you do. Be off! I'm getting up to talk to you. Dom you!"

Not hoping for any information from the surly owner of the voice, the basket-maker turned back; and, after some time, perceived that he had come again into the high road, at the point where he must have quitted it. Looking backward in the direction of Colnbrook, he saw some horses, as he thought, drawing a wagon, for he could see a lanthorn hanging high above them, and he heard the tinkling of bells. It was some time before they came up to him,—for the six horses crawled leisurely on; the driver beside them. The basket-maker accosted the man, and seemed thereby to rouse him from a deep slumber, although he was upon his feet and walking. Having ascertained that he was going to London, he agreed with him to give him a place in the wagon; and, with much difficulty, he climbed to a little nest under the top of the arched tarpauling, where the lanthorn was hanging. The place was well lined with straw and cloths, and contained half-a-dozen persons. An old soldier was smoking, with a child on his lap. A sunburnt and freckled young woman, whose face was seen under the lanthorn, slept. The rest were men in the dress of farm labourers. They scrutinised the new-comer, till he volunteered an account of his walk, and told them his destination; after which he looked out in silence, watching the horizon. Although he was tired, and much in need of rest, he frequently repented that he had not pursued his way on foot. Hour after hour seemed to pass, as the great team moved on by the slow strides of the horses, with the endless accompaniment of bells and jingling chains. At length he saw many lights in the distance, and, appealing to his companions, to know whether that was London, was told that he saw the lamps of Hounslow. They passed through the town, and creeping again along the highway, beheld at last the red glare of London, hovering between the city and the dark sky. Day dawned, however, before they reached it, and the road, as they drew nearer, became more busy; till at length they were fairly in the midst of the traffic. Yet, even then, it seemed to him an endless time consumed before they turned down a narrow lane, and entered the gateway of an ancient inn.

Day by day he wandered in the streets, meeting the same crowd and traffic, scrutinising every face in that vast multitude with the same disappointment, walking in the roar and bustle, from the time when it began in the morning, till at length it subsided and was succeeded by the hush of night, and he returned, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, through the cold and cheerless streets dreading the coming of the next day. Once he wandered beyond the houses and by lanes with only now and then a villa or a row of carcases left half finished by the builder, till he came to higher ground and, looking back, saw all the smoky city spread below. He sat down and looked towards it, wondering in what part of all that labyrinth of houses Annie might be, wishing with the earnest desire which is itself a prayer that [illegible] bright messenger as yet unknown in the early world, would take him by the hand invisibly, and lead him on with [illegible] blind instinct, so [illegible] him that he might arise, not knowing why, and going down among the houses straightway find her out. So he sat and mused, till his mind grew weary and vacant, and he went back to the [illegible]. But on that night he dreamed a strange dream. Three times the panel of his door was [illegible] awakening him, and, going thither, he opened but found no one. And again the door was three times smitten but, finding no one, till he dressed himself and went across the yard. And looking down the narrow street he saw a figure at a distance clothed in white, and followed as it sped before him with its garments rustling like the flame of a furnace beaten to [illegible] whiteness by the wind. When suddenly, it vanished, and, on coming up to where he saw it last, he stood against the door of a large house. The door was half open and he entered and upon a winding staircase climbed with [illegible] until he gained a landing, and [illegible] door. Then, known [illegible] himself what was within, he [illegible], in great fear because he knew not whether she yet lived till, slowly pushing back the door he saw her sitting in a chair before the fire. He walked around her, yet she did not move but in that moment the smoke above the coals caught in a flame, and flickered, so that now he saw she slept. And then he woke—and that day went out with better hope, but again the crowd and roar, the fruitless search, and the return at night through the deserted streets, wore out his spirit, and took away the comfort of his dream.

Meanwhile, nothing had been heard of Annie at Eton. The night when William Chester left, Mrs Frampton did not go to bed, but sat all night in the old parlour, waiting and listening anxiously for some knock at the door, but none came, and the next day she went about again, inquiring till the afternoon, when John Chester arrived. It was a heavy blow for the old man, when she told him what had occurred, for he was fond of Annie, and every time he returned from the barge his first inquiry was for her, if she was absent, but mostly he dreaded the task of conveying the news to the Island. However he did not delay, but going back to the bridge, put off at once in the small boat, and went down the river. Mrs Frampton had told him of the departure of his nephew, and what he [illegible] of the cause of Annie's flight, and his intention to seek her, but he did not doubt that if he had not gone first to the Island he should hear of him there soon. Mooring his boat to the trunk of a willow he went ashore upon the Ait, and found his old friend the basket-maker sitting by the fire [illegible] with Mary. Shrinking from his purpose for some time, the barge-master [illegible], but guessing from his manner that some misfortune had occurred, they [illegible] told them all he knew.

'You, Chester,' said he, taking him by the [illegible], 'you will [illegible] by me at this time. I will go back with you to Eton to-night.'

'No, no,' replied his friend. 'Mary must not be left in this lonely place alone, to cry her eyes out.'

'Oh, father,' exclaimed Mary, 'Go on [illegible] a hundred times [illegible].'

'Come then,' said the basket-maker [illegible] Mary [illegible] that he hoped [illegible] with some good news [illegible].

'It is a dark night to be on the river,'" said Chester, but his friend did not answer him. He loosened the boat, and hauling it to the bank they stepped in and began to pull hard against the stream and a keen wind, that would have frozen them but for the exertion. For three days Mary Chester waited for their return. Throughout long sleepless nights she listened for them, and by day she stood at the water-side, looking up the river anxiously, but still they did not come, and the faint hope with which her father's words had inspired her gradually died out. On the fourth day they came, saying they had no tidings of her, although, as William Chester had not returned, there was still a faint hope that he had found some trace of her, and would soon come back with better news. Day by day the barge-master grew more alarmed at the absence of his nephew. He passed to and fro between Eton and the Island continually, yet a fortnight passed without any tidings of him at either place, till one night when he was sitting with the basket-maker and his daughter in the cottage, and talking still of his nephew's strange disappearance, they heard a knock at the shutters, and on opening the door, William Chester entered. Mary held the candle up to him, scarcely sure that it was he, so changed had he become in the short time

that he had been absent His clothes looked worn and dusty; his face was pale and care worn, and she saw that his eyes were bloodshot He glanced eagerly around the room, and then sank into a chair without speaking and they were silent, showing by his manner that he had no news of Annie

CHAPTER THE LAST

Slowly, as the weeks and months went by without bringing any news of Annie, the habit of thinking of her as if she had been taken from them by the hand of God grew on them. Her father, [illegible] his faith in her innocence [illegible] heart [illegible] of her always as if she were dead. Even his [illegible] still anxious for some [illegible] of her [illegible] to look back upon the [illegible] acquaintance [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Annie might [illegible] perhaps [illegible] upon all [illegible] for many [illegible] William Chester. Only [illegible] Annie's disappearance [illegible] suddenly [illegible] found that he had died but a few hours before! With a heavy heart [illegible] the [illegible] after the funeral [illegible] must [illegible] awakening [illegible] had partly [illegible] fell on him heavily A sense of the terrible mystery of her [illegible] pressed him with [illegible] of the future A great change had come upon him He became reserved and thoughtful, sitting sometimes whole nights with [illegible] without speaking At such times Mary Chester would endeavour to console him, trying for his sake to be cheerful, and by every means she could devise to lead him to a better and more trustful spirit In the evening, she would bring her work and sit beside him at the door, as Annie used; though not to talk to him of bygone days but of a happier future and the duty of resignation, and faith that all things work together for the best, and in-doors, when the shutters were closed and the fire burnt brightly she would beg him to read to her, or would read aloud herself, from some book which she thought most fitted to amuse him, begging him to correct her if she read badly; chiefly for the sake of keeping him from sadder thoughts On Sundays, they went ashore in the boat, and walked across the fields to church together, the old man accompanying them; and sometimes, in the afternoon, they went to visit a friend in a neighbouring village On one of these occasions they had lingered long, and it was near sunset when they set out to return. It was in the autumn of the year The sky had been without a cloud all day although the air had been cool, and the evening crept slowly upon the earth without a breath of wind. There was a blacksmith's shed at the bottom of the village and they waited awhile looking in at the window watching the glowing furnace and the men at work as they hammered the bright metal into showers of sparks They walked away together down the lane, and passed the wide brook that running bright and shallow across the roadway, wound under rows of willows in the meadow and lingered [illegible] upon a little plank bridge watching the [illegible] above the stream rising and falling in the mellow sunlight, and the leaves as they dropped now and then into the water and floated on Then they turned off by a stile and walked across the ploughed field

"A feeling of autumn is in the very air," said Mary [illegible] Ever since [illegible] the woods have become deeper [illegible] the bright motes in the sunlight [illegible] upon everything, like [illegible] There was a power in that calm day in the country [illegible] somewhat [illegible] than any words that could be spoken Mary felt this, and said little [illegible] in his silence He in truth [illegible] [illegible] the day that he had [illegible] many months [illegible] thought of Mary's goodness and all the pain that she had taken to soothe him and he [illegible] her in his heart From that day he [illegible] cheerful and out of gratitude to Mary promised [illegible] that henceforth she should see [illegible]

Twelve months had elapsed since Annie's flight when one evening William Chester was sitting as usual with Mary reading The [illegible] turned the leaves of the book and by [illegible] discovered some writing of Annie's, and they remembered that it was a twelvemonth, that [illegible] since her disappearance William Chester closed the book and sat gazing thoughtfully at the fire for a few moments till looking up at Mary, he saw the tears in her eyes He pressed her hand, and this time he was the comforter, bidding her hope, and assuring her that if she had lost a sister in Annie he would be to her a brother and would [illegible] and by her and protect her all his life

"Hush!" exclaimed Mary "I hear a footstep in the garden"

They listened intently for although her father was absent and they expected him, a sudden fancy arose out of their conversation, that perhaps it was Annie who had returned that very night, and had come, by some means, upon the Island to surprise them. He ran to the door, and opened it, but it was only the basket maker

"I should have been back before dark," said he; "but I went up to the village for a letter that I heard was waiting for you there. It had been in the postmaster's window these three days"

"From Mrs. Frampton?" said William.

William Chester broke the seal hurriedly, and read. "This is strange," said he, as soon as he had finished. This letter is in an unknown hand, bidding me come to London immediately; and although it does not mention Annie, I do not doubt that it relates to her. I will begone this night."

"Let us go together," said the old man.

"No," he replied; "the letter bids me come alone. I will write to you to morrow. Good-bye, Mary. Let us hope yet for better news." The old man went with him to the water-side, and, unmooring the boat, pulled down the river with him as far as Teddington. They found a cart standing at an inn-door, whose owner was going to Brentford, where he promised to convey him in time for a coach passing through there to London.

It was three o'clock, and quite dark, when he arrived at his destination. He inquired of the watchman for the quarter to which he was directed, and found that it was at some distance, in the suburbs; and he started again on foot, at a quick pace. He inquired several times of the watch as he pursued his way, running and walking alternately, thinking of his sojourn in London the year before, when he passed in like manner through deserted streets, and remembering, as he drew nearer, that he had frequently gone that way, in his hopeless search. At length he arrived at the street, and looking up at the numbers by the light of the lamps, found the house that he sought. It was a small white house, fronting a row of trees, which had been spared by the builder, there being no other house on the opposite side of the way. At the upper window a faint light was burning; and he knocked gently. A woman opened the door, to whom he told his business; and she bade him enter.

"You come just in time to see her, poor thing," said she, showing him into a parlour, and speaking in a whisper, as she shut the door. "The doctor does not know, from day to day, how many hours she may live"

"Why was I not sent for before?" said he.

"Ah!" said the woman, "that is what I have said fifty times. She is a very strange young woman, sir! She has lived here twelve months, and never did we discover who her friends were, till the other day. She overheard the doctor say how bad she was, and that she couldn't live; and then she begged that some one would write. Poor thing! She's as steady and industrious as young woman could be; but she was always very secret in her ways."

"Let me see her," said he.

The woman took the candle, and bidding him follow her, led the way up-stairs. They entered a small room, lit only by a feeble light, that floated in a goblet half-filled with oil and water. The faint smell of the sick-chamber struck him as he entered. A small fire was burning in the grate. The floor was bare, and the room, besides the bedstead, contained nothing but a table, and two chairs, with a lace-maker's frame against the wall. Drawing aside the curtains, he held the candle in his hand, and looked down at the sleeper. It was Annie. He had no doubt of that, though none in that house had spoken of her by her right name, and though her features were so changed, that he might well have doubted. Hollow-eyed, sharp-boned, pale; her long black hair lying in disorder half over her face; her parched lips muttering to her dream: she was still that Annie whom he knew in childhood, and for whom he had suffered pain and sorrow so long.

"I will wait here till she wakes," said he. The old woman nodded and went out. For several hours he remained watching her. She continued to mutter aloud, though her words were indistinct. She moved restlessly in her bed, every moment changing her position; and once, stretching forth her hand, she let it fall again, as if it were lifeless, outside the bed-clothes. He took it up, softly, and looking at it by the candle-light, held the long, thin fingers betwixt both his hands, and chafed them, staring vacantly at the candle, till it glimmered through his tears. Then, turning, he saw that her eyes were wide open. She was looking at him, calmly, as if not surprised to find him there.

"I knew that you would come," she said, "though I have waited long"

"Oh, Annie!" he exclaimed, "why did you not send for me before?"

"No, no," said she; "I had much to tell you; but the time was not yet come; and yet, since I have known that there was no hope, how I have prayed to live till now, and every night begged for another day. My father?"

"Your father is still living. I left him yesterday, with Mary, at the Island."

"God be praised! I feared that he was dead. I will tell you all," she continued, "and you must forgive me, and believe me; for I know that I am going to die, and dare not speak an untruth."

"I have always forgiven you, Annie," he replied; "and though, till now, I thought that you had fallen, I knew that you were young and ignorant of life, and, on my own account, I have never reproached you."

"That night, upon the Island, when I promised to love you," replied Annie, "I spoke sincerely. I declare before God, I had no thought of deceiving you; nor did I dream of meeting with another, whose power could lead me to forget all, and to plunge into sorrow all those who, next to him, were dearest to me in the world. I need not tell you now his name—the past is passed. We met again, and again; and, by degrees, a feeling grew upon me that I could not master. Forgive me, if my story pains you, for I must tell you this."

"Go on," said he. "I see it all now, Annie."

"From morning till night I had no thought of anything but him. A passion, such as I had never before imagined, possessed me. With my whole soul I worshipped him. He spoke to me of life, and pictured it more beautiful than an Arabian tale. He woke in me such visions of happiness, that I lived no longer in the daily world. He knew how much I loved him, for I did not hide it from him, and, with many promises and explanations, which I then believed, he tempted me. I rose early in the morning, and fled with him to London. Yet, even then, I was not quite abandoned. That very day, when I found that he had spoken falsely, I left him for ever."

"The villain!" he exclaimed, rising from his seat, and walking to and fro, impatiently. "Why do you conceal his name? I would wait until his dying day, to tell him to what sorrow he had brought an innocent girl."

"Let me go on," said Annie; "I have more to tell you yet. Ashamed to go back to Windsor, I sought another part of the city, far from where I had parted with him. I had a little money, and I took a lodging here. Since then, I have found work as a lace-maker."

"Oh, Annie!" he exclaimed, leaning over her, "if you had but come back to us, how gladly we would have believed you, and all might have been well."

"No, no!" she replied; "what I have endured may take off something from my wickedness. Grieving incessantly, and working early and late, with no companion but my own sad thoughts, I fell ill at last. I have been lying here many weeks." The tone with which she spoke, told him, more feelingly than any words, what she had suffered in that time from bodily and mental anguish. He turned away that she might not see his tears; but afterwards, unable to restrain himself, he laid his face upon the bed, and sobbed aloud; but Annie placed her hand upon his head, and told him not to grieve, for that she was happier now than she had been for a long time. There was a calmness in her tone and manner, that was not the indifference of a broken heart, or of long pain that numbs the senses, but the resignation of a weary spirit reconciled with death, as something that would bring her rest and peace. Her companion felt this, and did not talk to her, as he would have done, of happy days that might be yet to come in the midst of the old scenes, and with those to whom she was still dear. Towards morning she slept again. The next day he begged her to let him send for her father and sister, and she consented; and all day long he sat beside her bed, and talked with her. The doctor came again, and said he could do nothing—medicine was of no use—she must be kept still. Her companion followed him out, and asked whether by any means she could be removed into a better air—to a spot in which she had lived from childhood, where she would, no doubt, be happier in her mind: but the doctor shook his head.

It was near Christmas, and all that day the snow had been falling. The basket-maker had not arrived. William Chester sat still with the sick girl. In the afternoon she talked to him again of the monotony and sorrow of the days that she had spent there alone, though as a trouble which was passed now, and could never come again. Afterwards, her companion, fearing to tire her with talking, stood at the window, looking through the glass at the snow, which was falling fast. Looking upward, the flakes filled the air, dancing and crossing each other in all directions; sometimes they were carried upwards by the wind; then they fell steadily, till again the wind arose, and swept them round the house. Looking round, as it grew dusk, Annie had fallen asleep; and wearied with watching, he sat down also, and slept.

Towards midnight he awoke. The snow had ceased to fall, and the moon shone brightly in a bed of clouds. Annie slept still. Presently, he heard music at a distance, and voices singing a Christmas hymn. Annie opened her eyes, and seemed to listen, and then shut them again. He watched her for awhile. She lay back; her hand stretched out again upon the bedclothes. He did not dare to go over, and listen for her breathing. He knew that she was dead.

It was a cause of sorrow to Mary Purton and her father that they never saw her again alive; but the thought that she had not brought herself to shame consoled them. Even to know that she was dead was better than that terrible uncertainty in which they had lived. They took her back, and she was buried in the village churchyard, through which they passed on Sundays. Often, as the summer came round again, the young basket maker passed that way with Mary, lingering sometimes in the twilight after church, to talk about her; for they now felt no restraint, but found a pleasure in recalling all her ways; till, with a blessed faith that she still lived beyond the reach of sorrow, they arose, and went upon their way. And throughout all Mary alone knew how to cheer him, when the remembrance of these things came over him, and made him thoughtful; claiming always, playfully, her right, as being three years older than he, of lecturing him on such occasions.

But again, before many months, another sorrow was added to their share. Mary's father died suddenly; and now it was she who had need of consolation, for even her cheerful spirit gave way at last. Poor old Mrs. Frampton gave up the shop at Eton, and came to live with them upon the Island, and she and Mary soon became good friends.

William Chester felt that his affection for Mary increased from day to day; and, one evening, as they sat together as usual at the door, he told her, for the first time, that he

loved her, and asked her whether she would be his wife, and she consented.

"Look up, dear Mary," said he. "In spite of all that we have gone through, we may still be happy, if we will. Trustfully, whatever may befal us, let us walk together, hand in hand, through life. And for the sake of Annie, and for your father's sake, but chiefly because I love you dearly, I shall delight to cherish and protect you all my days. Oh believe me, there is nothing for which I am more thankful to Heaven than that it has left me you, without whom life were desolate indeed."

THE GLOBE IN A SQUARE

We walk about the surface of our globe, tread the hot flag-stones of its towns, or crush the soft grass of its forests, bathe on the margin of its seas, float on its rivers, look abroad from its mountain tops, and like good commonplace folk, here we say we are in town, there by the sea-side, there we are in the country. We walk into Leicester Square and enter a neatly-made brick packing-case, look at the world boxed up in a diameter of sixty feet, and say, Ah, here is a colossal Globe! here is a work of beauty! what a clever man its maker Mr. Wyld must be! I, Jones, have entered Leicester Square—I, Jones, and Tomkins, my companion; we have paid our shillings and have entered the neat building in Leicester Square, where we perambulate the corridor between the outer wall and the convex surface of the contained Globe. It is pleasantly fitted up as what Tomkins denominates an interesting and instructive promenade, profusely filled with maps and globes. My friend ignores the attendant shopman, and magnanimously refuses to regard this corridor as a mere branch of Mr. Wyld's shop in the Strand. I tell him that I look upon the whole undertaking as a shop transaction, and ask of Tomkins, with me, how ungenerous it is

> "To look upon a work of rare device,
> The which a workman setteth out to view,
> And not to yield it the deserved price
> That unto such a workmanship is due."

Tomkins, I answer, it is no discredit to a work like this that it has emanated from a shop. Of all years, the year 1851 is that in which the dignity of trade ought least to be forgotten. Trade may be made mean by its least worthy votaries, and so may law, or physic, or divinity; but traders are the fertilising bees that flit with pollen on their wings among the barren branches of the world, and make them fruitful. The intellect of man is scattered abroad for increase by the hands of commerce. Take away from England ships and shops, what will remain, Tomkins? When I call the erection of this Globe a trade speculation, I neither degrade the work nor exalt the department in which it is classed; the house of trade is noble, and this work is worthy to be born of such a house.

Where are we now? says Tomkins. Must we tear up this boarding that we stand upon to get a view of the South Pole? Where's the South Pole, I say? Hollo, waiter! I say, South Pole directly, if you please!—Sir, says a gentleman with a wand, you had better commence your examination from the top; and he points upstairs, and we go up to a landing with bits of the world, cosmical fragments, all about us, seen through the woodwork of a thick central pagoda of four stories in height. We mount to the next landing, and the next; gentlemen with long sticks, whom my friend Tomkins persists in calling waiters, are standing by the railing which runs round the edge of each stage, at a distance of ten feet from the model, pointing out rapidly the items of the bill of fare. Under the balustrade of each landing there runs a circle of gas-jets with reflectors; these illuminate the model. We are on the topmost landing, and my friend Tomkins looks curiously to see how Mr. Wyld has solved the question of an open Polar Sea. A judicious hole in the model there admits a ventilator, except the door in the Pacific Ocean by which we entered, and this ventilator, the model, I believe, is air-tight, and the heat reflected on all sides from the concave surface rises to make a little Sahara of the North Pole station. Tomkins, on the point of fainting, stops the gentleman who sails on up on the course of Franklin with a cry of "Waiter, ice!" He is indignantly informed that no ice is to be had at the North Pole, he must go down into the corridor. On our way down, finding it somewhat cooler within the tropics, we remain there to wonder at the world.

The modelling of the Earth's surface within rather than without so large a Globe, involves no possible misunderstanding, or apparent inconsistency. It is, in that respect, neither more nor less than a wall map. Instead of having one large square map hung up in a room, we have a room made globular, and a map of the whole world evenly spread over it, so that all relative distances and sizes can be kept, and the whole picture be seen without distortion.

Perfect, isn't it, my boy? says Tomkins, as we lean over the railing, and look down on a continuous expanse of land and sea.—Beautiful, admirable, I reply; but perfect it is not.—Ah, mutters Tomkins, that fellow wants enthusiasm! Well, Jones, name your drawback, and have done with it.—In the first place, then—— —First place, eh? How many places more?—I am not discontented, Tomkins. Perfection is a myth. I only mean to point out, in this instance, what the drawbacks on perfection are. In the first place, I do not get so much of the Earth's surface at a glance as I had been led to expect. The heavy wooden scaffolding is greatly in the way of our eyes. A lighter iron edifice, with open floors, would

have permitted, I suspect, a more complete impression to be made of the Earth's whole surface from one point of view. Perhaps, however, that is a practical difficulty not to be overcome. Then, secondly, I note a very serious drawback upon perfection. Two different scales are used in the construction of the map, or model. On the surface an inch represents ten miles, but in elevation of the hills and mountains an inch represents one mile only; so that of all heights there is a tenfold exaggeration. The consequence is, that as we have a fair notion of the heights of mountains, and see on the model mountain chains, the mind tacitly and inevitably accepts them as the only standard of comparison, and we form an idea of the Earth's magnitude ten times too small. For this reason, the idea of smallness was one of the first that struck me when I was looking under it at America. Nor is this the only objection to the use of two scales; there is another, to my mind greater. [illegible] Anything like a model of the true form of a mountain can obviously not be attained when [illegible] ten times smaller than a due proportion to its height requires. Carve a mountain out of indian rubber, and lay it upon the table. Say it is now [illegible] fully modelled on the scale of ten miles to an inch. Now, when I tell you that such a mountain, to be suited to this map, must have its base remain unaltered in extent, while it is pulled upward to ten times its original height, you will perceive that the true features of a mountain country, modelled on such a plan, can only be caricatured. Fancy a sculptor's carving of a man nearly sixty feet high, with body and limbs no thicker than belong to ordinary mortals, fingers no longer round than yours, dear Tomkins, only ten times as long. Were such a piece of sculpture shown in another planet as the model of a man, it would convey just such a false notion as we get out of these modelled mountains.

Jones, you will make me discontented with the model.—Tomkins, I don't wish to do that. Mr. Wyld did wisely, I think, in adopting the two scales. He was perplexed between a choice of disadvantages, and chose, perhaps, the least. I only want to show how very, very far a globe or map is from conveying a true notion of the Earth we live upon—how far from perfect this Globe is, although the grandest, and in some points the most useful, ever yet constructed. A marking of snow peaks, an icy painting of the Arctic regions, and a lurid painting of the deserts, are as far from representing all the marvels of scenery whereof the world is full, as yonder expanse of blue painted wall is from revealing all the wonders of the ocean.

Does not the ocean please you? What a quantity there is of it!—Why, Tomkins, perhaps I'm wrong in wishing for it, but I do wish the painter's brush had indicated, as it might so easily have done, the ocean currents. These are not less fixed than rivers in importance, more magnificent in extent, and scarcely less beneficent in operation. I look forward to the time when sea will no longer be represented as a mere blank even in our worst maps; and on this model, therefore, I should have liked to see the path of ocean rivers painted.

Now you have done objecting, I suppose?

No, I have not. I don't dwell much upon my last want, but there is another obvious defect in this model, the very great defect that it is in some places rather too perfect.

Go on, go on! Why, Jones, you are absolutely an atrocious grumbler.

Look here, Tomkins, at this unexplored region modelled without any indication of the fact that we know nothing, or nearly nothing, of its features. Mr. Wyld seems to have solved all problems in geography; at any rate the model bears no testimony to the fact that problems still exist; and yonder highly respectable-looking clergyman who pointed to the Andes and asked what they were, is informed by nothing on the model that there are some portions of their geography about which [illegible] is [illegible] Alma Mater. What would you have done? says Tomkins; would you have the model spoilt? No, certainly, I answer. What could be more easy than to hang a cloud of gauze over those districts of which I speak, making the cloud thicker or thinner in proportion to the degree of obscurity it means to indicate? But now my friend, is it not time to admire this work, which is not, indeed, perfect, but which is, intellectually speaking, of inestimable value. It teaches many things that never have been illustrated so coherently before, and many more things certainly it can and will be made to teach with new force by a few simple arrangements on the surface. Let me tell you, my dear friend, the history of this Globe.

The original idea which followed upon the announcement of Prince Albert's Exhibition scheme, was to construct a Globe, one hundred feet in diameter, to be placed in the Great Exhibition of All Nations, that [illegible] nations there might see their homes. The Globe was to have elevations and depressions modelled on its surface, externally as usual, and galleries were to run round it and over it, from which it was to be seen. Practical difficulties which suggested themselves at this stage of the idea, were not to be overcome, and the proposed Great Globe was of necessity excluded from the Exhibition building. A globe of this magnitude ceases to be a globe in the sense applied to those smaller spheres, comparatively speaking, globules, commonly in use. It is much rather a continuous set of maps adjusted; and as you would not lay a large map of Europe on the floor, and walk over it, in order to see it naturally, so the first notion of walking over and about a large globe modelled externally, not only involved a much larger expenditure of space

for the external galleries, but was in reality too clumsy to be worth the pains of execution. The idea grew in importance twenty-fold when it developed itself into the design of a model executed on spherical walls of a room. Out of a cumbrous notion of a show Globe for the Exhibition, sprang the plan which forms really an important epoch in the history of study; for henceforth all students should have access to a Globe like this. The execution of Mr. Wyld's mature design was commenced in the October of last year. One of the first checks to be encountered was the difficulty of finding a sufficient number of suitable workmen to manipulate in the modelling department. The business was almost a new one, and there was created a demand for many hands. Most of the workmen had to be instructed as they went; all were required daily to read books, and examine many maps, illustrative of the region upon which they chanced to be engaged. The labour was an exercise of mind; the labourers became excited and interested, entered into emulation, worked late and early, and went home to their families proud of the information they had stored up in their minds, delighting in a sense of intellectual advancement.

Upon a square containing five degrees of latitude, and three of longitude, the drawing for a single block was, in the first instance, made with painful care, and subjected to scrupulous examination. Being found correct, it was then placed upon a cylinder, and thinly covered with a coat of clay. Upon this clay the lines drawn by the artist were traced out in his turn by the modeller. The modeller then, having removed the drawing, began building mountains, cutting rivers, shaping lakes, on the substratum to which he had transferred the artists' sketch; and here he brought a practical result out of his daily reading. The model, when completed in this way, underwent, of course, tests and examinations, and corrections, until, being pronounced true, it was placed in the moulder's hands, that a cast from it might be taken in plaster. The plaster cast had to be tested, and sometimes corrected to ensure its perfectness: after this it was oiled, numbered, and placed on a rack. Of such moulds, blocks of plaster averaging three feet square, about six thousand were required, having a total weight of twenty tons. From these moulds casts are taken, which fit side by side, and form the Globe in which we now are talking. The moulds are, of course, preserved; so a set of casts precisely similar can be at any time supplied to order. The cost of this model, with its case of brickwork, exceeds twenty thousand pounds. For this outlay, the proprietor is being slowly reimbursed by the proceeds of the exhibition. It is the whole cost of mould-making, and so forth. At what price casts from these moulds could be sold, I am unable to determine; but that they should be issued at a fairly remunerative price, and that Great Globes like this should be erected wherever there exist large populations that have intellects to satisfy, I am sure, Tomkins, you will agree with me in thinking.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, remarks Tomkins, should erect such Globes for the instruction of their students. Why do you grunt, Jones?

Alas! my dear Tomkins, you are a very sanguine fellow. Did you not hear that reverend Oxonian asking about the Andes? I have more hope in the spirit of our towns. The noble advances made by Manchester in the way of parks, and recently in the establishment of a Free Library, give me reason to fear that Manchester will take the lead of Oxford in all matters of this kind. Let us go now to the other side of the world, where you will find your ices.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

'Tis waste in glittering piles to hoard
The wealth that blesses toil;
In rusting coffers idly stored,
A miser's treasured spoil;
'Tis waste to spend on selfish greed
The debt to Mercy owed,
While countless thousands mourn the need
Of what our lot bestow'd.

For there are dying men enow,
With hollow, sunken eyes,
And famine written on their brow,
Who coin no beggar's lies;
Once tenants of a decent home,
They plied an honest trade;
Now houseless in the streets they roam,
Fit objects for our aid!

And there are widows newly reft
Of joys of happier years,
In bleak and lonely sorrow left
To shed unheeded tears;
And orphan children cry aloud
For food to nourish life;
Where wraps the sire a tatter'd shroud,
And shrieks the frenzied wife.

Aye! these are scenes for wealth to seek,
And scatter gifts around;
Where pine the starved, where crawl the weak,
On holy British ground.
Let us not brook that aught should breathe
Our country's air in vain;
But kindle beaming smiles to wreathe
The brow of Want and Pain!

LOST IN LONDON.

The following are extracts from the manuscript of a German gentleman of education, who fled from hopeless poverty, occasioned by political persecution at home, to endure poverty, with hope of better days, in London. He landed at Blackwall on a cold morning, in December, 1846, with a small spare body, a nearly empty purse, and a carpet-bag. His hope was that he might earn bread by trans-

lating German works, and he had a fancy that he would begin with Hegel; he was prepared also to labour in original composition as an English writer. That he can write English well, our extracts from his autobiographical sketch testify.

In the waiting-room at the Custom House he was abashed by a party of neat gentlemen and ladies. Their clothes were clean, he says, and mine had not felt a brush since I got into the railway train at Cologne. Their hair was very short, wiry, and prim, while mine was long and dishevelled. Their cravats were as stiff as they were high, and I had the assurance to wear my shirt-collar turned down. There was something exceedingly painful to me in the sneering curiosity with which I was surveyed. I left the room.

I had scarcely gone out on the quay, when a dirty man, with large whiskers, came shuffling up, and addressed me in German. He asked whether I had come with the boat from Rotterdam? and on my saying, "No," he wished to be informed what hotel I had fixed upon. I knew of the touters for the low inns, who lie in ambush about the London wharfs to entice strangers, and particularly foreigners, into their lairs. But what had I to fear? I was no prey for thieves. My falling in with a touter was somewhat fortunate. A home was at once recommended to me, of which my whiskered countryman, with the dirty face, informed me he was the proprietor. He called it "fatherland in the midst of London."

After a short palaver, we agreed to his proposal, that I should pay him for my board and lodging at the rate of half-a-crown per diem. This, he said, was the usual sum; but I found afterwards that I paid a shilling more than he was in the habit of receiving. I was, however, well pleased with my bargain. As for him, he seemed in such conceit with his new customer, that he would not leave me for a single moment alone, for fear I should make my escape or lose my way.

I was very cold, and felt feverishly impatient to change my dress, wash my face, and brush my hair. I looked, consequently, with great eagerness towards the "fatherland in the heart of London." Besides I had not yet breakfasted; and when Mr. Wernstuk (such was the whiskered man's name) proposed to go to a public-house on the wharf, I readily accompanied him, and was forthwith led into a large room, where an enormous fire was drying the smock-frocks of above a hundred coalheavers, draymen, and porters, who sat on black benches, drinking ale, and eating cheese. They all smoked clay pipes, and seemed greatly to enjoy their bad tobacco. My landlord dragged me to a table at the further end of the room, where he told me to sit down by the side of a pale woman, whose dress and long braids, escaping from under a skullcap embroidered with beads, plainly bespoke her as one of my fair countrywomen. While the landlord, who appeared an *habitué* of the place, bustled off to get some refreshment at the bar, I entered into a conversation with the poor woman, who seemed quite bewildered by the surrounding uproar. She said she and her husband had but that morning arrived from Rotterdam, and that they had been at once secured and carried off by Mr. Wernstuk. The last-named person returning with a dish of cold beef, and sundry pots and glasses, put the beef before me, and bade me take especial care of the blunt knife and iron fork which he placed into my hands—for he had become bail for them at the bar. While I was engaged in conquering the toughness of the meat, I understood that knives and forks being continually stolen by the haunters of this place, every guest was bound to go to the bar and return those articles when done with.

The noise and the smell of the room were too powerful; and declaring my intention to set out by myself on a voyage of discovery for Mr. Wernstuk's hotel, I returned the knife and fork to that gentleman, who loudly predicted I was sure of falling into the jaws of other sharks, and who seemed half agonised at the idea of a certain rival house in Leman Street, which he told me was worse than a murderer's den. But neither his curses nor his prayers could prevail with me. I merely stayed to inquire for the situation and number of his house in Wellclose Square, took my carpet-bag, and a few moments afterwards I alighted at the Fenchurch Street Station of the Blackwall Railway.

The men whom I saw in Rosemary Lane, as I passed through it on my way to Wellclose Square, seemed to be almost all Jews, anxious to sell me coats, or buy my carpet-bag; and the women, many of whom peered out from little windows that were almost on a level with the pavement, were gross in their language, and licentious in their manners. Some of them were assembled in small knots in the street, so that I found difficulty in passing along. But soon I found an object of a more formidable nature in my way in the shape of a woman, whose size and evident strength of limb, joined to a certain swaggering deportment, bespoke her a heroine of rows. This woman, who had watched my progress up the street, separated from some of her companions, and placed herself in my way. There was something in her manner which made me sure she would speak to me, and be angry at any answer I might give; but, for all that, I could not avoid her. I might have crossed the road, but that would have betrayed the fear which I confess I felt; and I therefore walked boldly up to her, and in a polite tone addressing her as "Madam," asked her for the direct way to Wellclose Square.

My stratagem succeeded. The woman was

not accustomed to politeness, she seemed half confused, and immediately began to describe the route I was to take. There was evidently some better feeling in her, which made her feel flattered at being mistaken for what she was not, but perhaps had been. She accompanied me almost to the end of the lane. In the course of my progress through this neighbourhood, I remarked that all the inhabitants looked squalid. The very air seemed full of pestilential matter; I felt cold shudders, and my breath came short. I thought of the "città dolente" of Dante. Wellclose Square appeared very quiet; no human being met my eye, when I first entered it; no face appeared at the windows. It was indeed the quiet of a churchyard.

My knock at the door of Mr Weinstuk's house to which I had been directed, was speedily answered by a rakish looking young man, in shirt sleeves, with a scarlet Calpac on his head. Evidently astonished at the appearance of a guest whose deportment differed from what he was accustomed to see in this place, he seemed unable to comprehend my request for accommodation. It was not until I showed him the card which the landlord had given me that he opened the door and led me into the parlour. The room was dirty, cold, and damp. A low fire burned in a desolate looking grate; the hearth was full of cinders, and the leavings of a late and disorderly breakfast stood upon the table. Music, wearing apparel, and sundry stone bottles strewed the floor. A powerful, square built fellow, in a Flushing jacket with brass buttons, forced an unmelodious twang from the three remaining strings of an old guitar.

There was no one else in the room; but on the violent shouts of the man in the Calpac, a negligently dressed woman ascended from some place below. Her features were haggard and bore an expression of habitual ill humour, such as bad health, fatigue and hopelessness stamp on the face. The sharp cough which accompanied the first words she spoke, told her history at once. She was fast sinking under the attacks of consumption.

Surveying me with an air in which kindness struggled with vexation, she said, after a few explanatory remarks from my introducer, "Did my husband indeed send you here, mein Herr?" And when I said, "Yes," she continued, "I think Weinstuk is mad. He brags about his house, and his hotel, and his accommodation; whereas you may now see with your own eyes whether a place like this is fit for such as you. Wernstuk is mad!"

"Not so mad as you think, my good woman," said I. "At least not in the present case. What his accommodation is, I know not; but his prices suit me excellently. Therefore, let the door be shut, and stir the fire, for it is very cold."

"Ja, ja, mein Herr!" said the man in the Flushing coat with a broad Westphalian accent, and he betook himself eagerly to obey my commands, while his companion—whom the landlady called Tillmans—placed a chair close to the fender, and asked me to sit down on it. "Since you insist on remaining here," added he, "we will at least do all we can to make you comfortable."

But I asked to be forthwith shown to a room where I might wash and dress. The man in the Flushing coat looked astonished, and the pale features of the landlady bore an expression of blank dismay. She hesitated for some moments, and then explained to me, that there was no room in the house but this in which a fire was kept, and that to wash and undress in any other room would give me my death of cold. We were interrupted by a violent knocking at the street door which being opened admitted the landlord, the pale woman, and half a dozen men who were evidently the worse for liquor and who would have been the better for some water and soap. Their entrance was the signal for a scene of confusion, which lasted until the appearance of the landlord, who with a huge dish full of hot potatoes gave the signal for dinner.

A dozen eager hands were at once in motion to assist him. The table which still bore the traces of the last meals was covered with a coarse cloth. Louis the waiter emptied a basket of tin spoons, knives, and iron forks on the table, and while the man in the Flushing jacket, armed with a large knife, prepared to act as carver by stripping himself of his upper garment and tucking up the sleeves of his shirt, the company arranged themselves round the table, and made an unceremonious attack on the provisions, which consisted of cold beef, boiled mutton, sausages, and the hot potatoes. The appetite with which the company eat was truly edifying, and the pauses of the meal were duly filled with laughter, disputing, and swearing. Each guest seemed eager to impress all others with his great proficiency in London life.

Coffee was brought in after dinner, and the men, scarcely any of whom had as yet found employment in their respective trades, produced large pipes, and fell with great vehemence to smoking and disputing; while the landlady and the pale woman, with the embroidered skullcap, sat down in a further corner of the room.

Presently, a man in rusty black entered with a boisterous air, which was evidently assumed for the purpose of conciliating the good-will of the landlord, who at once welcomed the new comer. "You are just in the nick of time, Mr Speellman," said he. "There is foreign money in the house."

"Great demand for sovereigns, eh?" said Mr Speellman. "Well and good. I have brought gold and silver, and give as much for a dollar, or florin, as any man in the trade."

"Gentlemen and ladies!" cried the landlord. "You hear what Mr Speellman says. He is ready to change whatever coins you

may have in your pockets; for you must know your Prussian, or Bavarian, or Badenish money could not buy you a penny roll in a shop." Some of the guests broke out in exclamations of surprise, and hastened to the table. Mr. Speellman produced a large leather bag full of English money, and did, what he called, "a little business," with every one. The man in the Calpac and the wearer of the Flushing coat, alone, had no money to change. The money-changer was just about to go, when he saw the latter, who looked at him with a grave face.

"Ah, Braun!" said he. "I have not yet found anything for you. Bad time for farriers now. Winter—no horses in town—Schmidt, I say, what are you doing here? Why are you not at your work in Whitechapel?"

"Because some one has knocked a nail into my cask, and I've ran that nail into my foot."

"Some one has knocked a nail into your cask!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said he turning to me, while the money-changer left the room, "I am a carpenter by trade, but finding no work, I engaged myself with a fellow in Whitechapel to "cure" skins. I have done it now a fortnight, but some one who wished for my place disabled me by knocking a nail into my cask."

I could not make out his meaning.

"I had to get up at three in the morning," he explained; "I undressed, and then went into a cask with hare-skins, which I had to stamp upon all day long. If I continued that work till seven or eight in the evening, I could earn about a shilling a day; just enough to keep me alive."

"And were you kicked out of so miserable an employment?"

"Certainly. There are dozens who wait for one of the workmen to fall ill; and, if they have to wait long, they make him fall ill by secretly disabling him. Every one has his place so long as he can keep it. They are all Germans who work there, and many of them are clever in their trades; but they cannot find other employment."

This afforded me food for reflection. What a market is London to bring one's labour to!

A sudden stillness in the room interrupted the train of my thoughts. I looked up and found that almost all the guests were gone to see something of the town. Mrs. Wernstuk sat on a wooden chair close to me, and coughed violently. "That is a bad cough, which you have," said I; "have you long suffered from it?" "No; not very long," said the poor woman; "it has come on gradually, and is very bad just now. I had the typhus fever in spring; it was my first illness, and it was dreadful. I was out of my mind, Lord knows how long, and when my senses came back, I could not walk from sheer weakness. The doctor sent me to Gravesend, where I remained three weeks. I wish I could go there again. I was very happy at Gravesend." "Are you less happy here?" said I. "I am very miserable. You see the house is dirty. I cannot clean it. The scrubbing and washing it is my death. I find difficulty in mounting the stairs. I have always a mind to lie down and sleep. My husband abuses me; he says it is my laziness. But it is the disease; I feel it. Here," she pressed her hand on her breast, "is a spot which burns like fire. It makes me cough."

I knew the poor woman spoke the truth, and that death was at her heart. She sat there for a long time, coughing, and telling me of her father's farm between Duren and Stolberg; of the rich green meadows and the wild forests; of the Corpus Christi processions, when she and her maiden-friends crowned the rustic altar with flowers; and of the merry Kirmesses on the Rhine, where she had danced. She said she had been so fond of dancing, and that she had often danced all through the short, starry summer nights, and walked home after sunrise, when the dew was on the deep grass, and the birds were in the air.

But I had to attend to my own affairs. I had no friends in England. There was one man, however, to whom a mutual friend had consigned my fate and fortunes. He was at Brighton. To Brighton I consequently resolved to go, after I had first informed him of my arrival in London. I called for writing materials, indited a letter, and hastened to bed, before the wilder part of the inmates of the house returned from their experiment on London life. The bedroom to which I was shown, though at the top of the house, was wet and cold as a cellar. The plaster of the unpapered walls was, in many places, broken and the floor looked as if it had but just been washed. Fancying this to be the case I was angry at this unseasonable attempt at cleanliness; but, when I awoke next morning, I found that this was the usual condition of the floor. It was always wet. The beds in the room were arranged ship-fashion—one standing upon the other; so that the room, which was very small, might be made to contain three persons, or, if necessity required it, six.

I chose the topmost bed, for I thought there I was safest if the "fittings" should break; and I kept my clothes on, for I found on examination, that the straw over which the sheets lay, and the sheets themselves, and the blankets, were very damp. I thought my bed would give me rheumatism, and with this thought I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning I was chilled and sick. I found that I had shared the room with an Italian Swiss, who was about to go to Buenos Ayres.

Descending to the common room, I found all busy at breakfast. A Dutchman, with the complexion of a bad tallow candle, treated the company to potted salmon, schiedam, strong cigars, and other delicacies. The

wild young men, who, the evening before, had gone to see the town, were elated with the night's adventures. They spoke highly of a certain house of public resort in "Dog Street." Mr. Wernstuk, the landlord, was noisier, and his whiskers were, if possible, more shaggy than the day before. His wife still complained of her illness. She said her cough had been very "trying" during the night.

After breakfast, I set off for Brighton, where I had an interview with Mr. Vitriol, the author, to whom I had been recommended. I had been assured I could confide in Mr. Vitriol, and I gave plain and candid answers to the searching cross-questions about my prospects with which he assailed me. I told him my plans and intentions, nor did I conceal from him that it was of vital importance to me to be at once employed. He drew his eyebrows up, and the corners of his mouth down, and said it would not do. He exclaimed at the crowds of Englishmen who wanted literary engagements, and mentioned the number of applications he had received within the last month. "I believe it," said I. "But those people had not the good fortune to be particularly recommended to Mr. Vitriol." He smiled, but grimly, and plied me with new questions. He made me confess that I was almost penniless, and that my sole resource, at present, was my pen. He condemned me for having come to England, spicing his condemnation with a little blasphemy. I was resolved to suffer all, rather than offend him; for he seemed desirous of taking offence; so I merely replied that I had told him of my misfortunes, and that I had come to England because poverty in a foreign country seemed preferable to poverty at home, where people knew me. I entreated him to look at some of my productions. He had no time. Besides, it was useless. A foreigner could never write English. I asked him to try me but once; but he said again it would not do. I might still have spoken. I might have said many things; but there was something in Mr. Vitriol's manner which crushed me. I felt my spirit broken.

I was obliged to accept the bed which Mr. Vitriol offered me in his house. That night was dreadful. Mr. Vitriol said in the morning he would think about my case, and asked me meanwhile to stay in his house. I had no choice, and accepted. Mrs. Vitriol, his wife, seemed afraid of me; not because I am a very formidable person, but because I was poor. To relieve her of my presence, and myself of the awkwardness of continually repeating my name to her, which she could not remember, I walked about Brighton all day, and felt miserable when I saw people meet and shake hands. It made me feel my loneliness. Next morning Mr. Vitriol sent me to London. I was but too happy to go. Indeed, I would have gone the day before, had I not feared to give him an occasion to be offended. He said my circumstances were such, that I must be at once employed. He would give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his, whose literary career he had fostered. That friend should take cheap lodgings for me, and I should write to give him my address. He would then send me letters of recommendation to publishers and authors; in fact, he said all he could say to send me off easy. I understood afterwards that his wife had persuaded him to give me some hope, lest despair should drive me to commit suicide in his house; a circumstance which would have unpleasantly disturbed their domestic arrangements.

It was about seven in the evening when I knocked at the door of the house in Soho, where Mr. Pebble, the man to whom Mr. Vitriol had addressed me, lived. I had promised Mr. Vitriol to deliver the letter that very night, for it contained some information which it was important Mr. Pebble should have at once, and Mr. Pebble should assist me in finding cheap lodgings, because I was "hard up." There is at times something soothing in a cant phrase, it takes the sting off a humiliating position by making it familiar. The woman who answered my knock told me Mr. Pebble was out, but she expected him back every minute. On my inquiry where I might wait for him, she directed me to a coffee-shop in St. Martin's Court, and I sallied out in search of it, carrying my carpet-bag with me. I had by this time grown heartily tired of my carpet-bag. It was not heavy; but it had become torn during the journey, so that it was awkward to carry, and it exposed me to the attacks of all the boys about the streets, who continually offered to carry it for me. After some trouble, I found St. Martin's Court and the coffee house, where I dined on a cup of coffee and some dry toast.

When I called on Mr. Pebble next morning, he said that lodgings, such as I wished, might be found in one of the smaller streets between Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, and he accordingly accompanied me to that quarter of the town. There were many bills in the windows, but we had to see a great many rooms before we found one which would suit me. I knew lodgings in London were not cheap; but I had no idea that such exorbitant prices could be asked for rooms like those which I saw. We found at last two rooms on the top of a house in Percy Street, at a comparatively moderate rent; and Mr. Pebble urged me to take them. I did so, with a heavy heart, for all the money in my pocket would scarcely suffice to pay the first week's rent. I said I would come to the house that very afternoon, and was about to go for my carpet-bag, when Mr. Pebble told me that it would *look very bad* if I carried my luggage myself. He said I must send a porter with it; it would only be a shilling—only a shilling! He looked like a man who

would run away from me, or knock me down, if he had really known of how much importance a shilling was to me.

An hour after sunset I went to Percy Street, and went up the dark stairs to my rooms. The bedroom, which I first entered, struck me as cold and damp, but in the grate of the sitting-room burned a cheerful fire, which lighted the whole apartment. It may appear strange that in my straitened circumstances I should have indulged myself with *two* rooms. I can only say that these two rooms together were smaller and cheaper than any one room which I had seen. The bedroom, which communicated with the landing on the top of the stairs, was just large enough to hold a bed and a small wash-hand stand. The sitting-room was of the size of a moderate dining-table. There was a view from the window of a block-tin manufactory, where a bell was rung at the end of every hour. There was an incessant noise of the steam-engine and the hammers. When Londoners advertise rooms of this kind, they put in an assurance that "the situation is cheerful."

I was visited on my arrival, by a little servant, who looked as if she had been made on purpose to fit the room, she was so small and thin. She brought a candle, and looked at me with almost as much interest as I did at her. She said, "Miss Brown had told her to ask whether I wanted anything for supper." I was about to say, no; but I recollected Mr. Pebble's advice about appearances, and told her I would go out for my tea.

I went out and took a walk up Oxford Street, partly with the intention of buying writing materials; partly in order to accustom myself to the London streets. London street life has an astonishing influence on the minds of new-comers. The strong glare of light in the principal thoroughfares, and the comparative darkness in the streets where there are no shops, joined to the incessant rattling of wheels, and the crowds of people going and coming give a foreigner a dizziness in the head. I had seen, in Wellclose Square, how violently London operated on the lower classes of my countrymen; they seemed almost as drunk with the town as with the liquor they had taken. On me it acted in a different manner. I saw every thing confusedly, and my ears were almost stunned with the noise. I walked as in a dream. I was curious to see, and yet I could not mark anything. I must have passed half-a-dozen stationers' shops; yet I had almost reached the end of Oxford Street before I found one. When I entered it, I talked confusedly, and my manner was so trembling, that the shop-people stared at me with surprise. I had great difficulty in finding my way back, and was extremely fatigued when I lay down on the little flock bed. That night, I had no dreams.

The first week which I passed in my lodging, in Percy Street, was a sorry one. On the first morning I was embarrassed by Miss Brown, the landlady, coming up and asking whether I wished my room "done" at once, or whether she should wait till I had gone out to my business? I stared at the word *business*, for it reminded me that I had none. It is true there was a hope that I should soon be employed; but there was something in that very hope which sickened me. I had duly informed Mr. Vitriol of my exact address, and written my name in large letters for the information of the little Hackney servant; for I was very nervous about my letter being lost. The postman's knock made my heart beat; and I was once almost choked with emotion, when, immediately after that knock, the girl came up-stairs. I listened with trembling eagerness to the sound of her steps. There was no letter for me. Since there was none, the idea of that letter had become fixed in my mind. I thought of it during the day—I dreamed of it in the night. In the meanwhile I spent my time equally between writing and walking. Economy was my grand object; but ignorance of the town made saving difficult. My proceedings in the first days struck me sometimes as being penny wise and shilling foolish; but at last I hit upon a plan of spending sixpence a-day for my eating. Sausage rolls are very fat, and, consequently, satisfying. I bought one for my breakfast, one for dinner, and a third, which I ate at night, to make me go to sleep. I never bought all three at a time, but went out for each, in order to have something to do. Now and then, being madly fond of smoking, I stinted myself of one roll, and bought a cigar instead. Still following Mr. Pebble's advice about appearances, I usually took my walks between three and six in the afternoon, to impress the people in the house with the idea I had gone out to dinner. Nevertheless, I saw my few shillings fast vanishing; and one anxious day passed after another without a letter from Mr. Vitriol. I had meanwhile written an essay about the state of Prussia, which I took to Mr. Pebble, and asked him to procure its insertion in some journal. He put it by, saying he was very busy just then, but hoped, in a fortnight or three weeks' time he should find leisure to look it over, which he must do before he could recommend it. I ventured to hint that its immediate disposal was of great importance to me, and that the looking over it would scarcely take him half an hour. He contemplated me with great astonishment, and grew very restless and pettish in his manner. In going away, I thought of the German nursery tale of people who sowed the wheat when the child was hungry, and, by the time the harvest came, the child was dead. The next day I received a letter from Mr. Vitriol. I could hardly read it, for trembling. There were no letters of recommendation in it. I was merely informed that Mr. Vitriol had put off writing because he had returned

to town, and that he wished me to call upon him the next morning There was some hope in being appointed to meet him The night passed away in feverish impatience

I punctually attended the appointment Alas! my interview with Mr Vitriol showed me only that I had nothing to hope from him His first question was, whether I had found out and obtained pecuniary assistance from any of my countrymen? At first I did not exactly understand the meaning of his words but, when I did I felt greatly insulted and told him I wanted no assistance except literary employment which none of my country men in London could give me 'The only alms I want are the wages of labour' He shrugged his shoulders and said he would talk to some publishers I might tell ... tions But he would not h a ... me letters to those publishers A ... view with him was better I should ... from him

To say that I left Mr Vitriol in despair would be a wrong description of my state of mind The sickening hopes which hitherto confined my energies had proved fallacious I had done with them Still I was resolved not to despair of anything and to hope every thing After returning from Mr Vitriol's house, I formed my plans I would offer my services to all London papers and periodicals, I would try to live upon next to nothing, and wait the result My state of mind was very strange, it was less depressed and anxious than it had been during the previous week There were even times when I could smile and find an interest in the deep importance which pence and farthings had acquired in my eyes I could reconcile myself to the present, but dared not think of the future

Meanwhile, I studied the ... of journals in the news venders' shops and wrote to the editors, stating my case and asking for employment The delivery of the letters at the offices was very instructive to me, it made me acquainted with the principal streets of the town I delighted in carrying my own letters; it gave my excursions some purpose, beyond the mere walking I wrote and carried some letters each day but I received no answer whatever I had, meanwhile, reformed my way of living by discovering a shop in High Holborn where little hot things, which they called meat pies, might be had for a penny They were very indigestible, and, I doubt not, unwholesome, but they did for me, because anything indigestible was just what I wanted Good digestion was precisely the thing to be avoided As the days and weeks wore on, I felt time more and more heavy on my hands. I had now nobody to speak to, for, the last time I had called on Mr Pebble he looked so alarmed, that I could not repeat my visit. I had no books to read; there was absolutely nothing I could do, except writing But then I had great reason to be careful with my paper I amused myself now and then by crossing the leaves of an old copy-book with short notes of my feelings and impressions My little servant had grown sulky It seemed as if the days would not end, and the nights were very long I could not go to the expense of having a fire, and remained in bed the greater part of the day to keep myself warm Christmas Day passed away almost unheeded I had no almanack and I would have remained unconscious of the beginning of the new year, but for my little servant who said she was going to spend New Year Day with her friends at Hackney

January set in with severe weather, and I fell ill I felt ... loss of appetite was one of the first symptoms of my illness My appetite had ... been very troublesome I was never blessed with so large a capacity for eating than when I least had the means ... When the fever left me in its ... all the pangs of a morbid hunger

The unfortunate gentleman during the first walk after his recovery calls on a German bookseller, from whom he obtains leave to sit in the shop sometimes ... gratuitously The bookseller invites him to tea one evening, he stays late and on returning to his lodgings, finds himself accidentally shut out 'There was no choice left,' he says 'but to keep out the cold by walking about the streets, for to go to any hotel or public house was quite out of the question" So wandering about the lonely streets upon a rainy January night, he was for a time lost in London

The bookseller and his connexions were eventually useful The writer's acquirements were made known, and procured him employment He is now connected with the Foreign department of an eminent journal, and prospers

SOUTH AMERICAN SCRAPS.

LA PLATA

It was in 1848 1849 that I made my visits to the Sierra or mountain, the Pampas or plains, and the Pampas-Indians of the vast province of Buenos Ayres—also called the province of La Plata I was not thoroughly unacquainted with the general nature or the principal features and remarkable aspect of the scenery and native population of the South American provinces; nevertheless, in the course of these visits, I was struck with as much of novelty and interest by the remarkable objects everywhere around me, as if my mind had not been previously impressed with any preconceived ideas of any of those objects, by means of the general information I possessed. I expected to see an immense river, and many considerable rivers of less magnitude, but whose size, in many European

countries, would be estimated as large; but I had conceived no expectation of beholding any so immense as the River Plate, or even as the Uruguay, or the Parana. I likewise expected to view a vast extent of plains proceeding from along the banks of La Plata further than eye could reach—but not an expanse so vast and characteristic as the Pampas. So of the mountains running in the interior of the province, I had no adequate conception of the Sierra.

As an old traveller, I always feel more comfortable, if, before taking a journey into any unexplored region, I ascertain as much as possible of its geography. Possessed of such information, *some* obstacles have been cleared away from any line of route I may choose; and I certainly feel the safer and more confidence as I proceed through the unknown country. Let me, therefore, before taking you to the Sierra, or beyond, just lead you by the hand, and proceed at a gentle pace to take a bird's eye view of La Plata.

Look first on La Plata as much as you can see of it breadth and its length, and whatever your notion of it may be, I must confess that the more I behold in reality, or in memory, or in description, of this magnificent river, its vastness impresses me more and more with that inexpressible feeling which I think no other object in nature not even the wildest grandeur of the highest mountains, so powerfully inspires one with, after the first view, as the sublime expanse of waters, though peacefully slumbering in their might, commanding the majesty of silence around. In breadth, La Plata equals that of the Amazons, and is navigable by vessels of considerable tonnage, even to the distance of four hundred leagues from its mouth. Of its vastness the European traveller will be able to form some idea from the fact, that one of the many tributary rivers flowing into La Plata, the Uruguay, is itself in magnitude one that surpasses the Rhine or the Elbe. In speaking of the Uruguay, it must not be forgotten that at its mouth its breadth is so great that the eye cannot from any point take in both its banks at one view—not even from the centre of the river; and that proceeding two hundred leagues higher up, it requires an hour to cross it.

In another tributary of La Plata, the Parana, itself an immense river, is the great Cataract (situated in the twenty-fourth degree of latitude, not far from the city of Guayra), which, over the extent of twelve leagues, hurls itself with ever-increasing rapidity and impetuosity over and amongst numberless rocks of very singular and startling forms. Of all the tributary rivers, the largest by far, it is asserted, is the Parana; hence the natural designation of La Plata by the natives as the Parana, comprising all the aggregate rivers of La Plata and its tributaries. The Spanish designation, however, appears for geographical purposes the more suitable for adoption. The Parana—regarding it as a separate, though a tributary river—springs from the environs of Villa del Carmen, to the north of Rio de Janeiro, and in its course flowing through a mountainous country, augments itself immensely, receiving, in its downward progress to the vast plains, numerous other streams. It likewise there receives the Paraguay, which originating in a plain in the north, called Campos Paresis, that during the rainy season forms the Lake of Xarayes, is greatly augmented before it disembogues itself into the Parana, by receiving the Pilcomayo—itself a large river—which, having its source near Potosi, is the channel of all the inland navigation from the mines. The Vermeogo and the Salado also flow into La Plata from the side of the Andes, and the Uruguay from the side of Brazil.

Bearing in mind, as far as you can, this assemblage of magnificent rivers, and the thousand minor streams perpetually rolling down the divers mountains of the far-extending Sierra, picture an apparently interminable expanse of pampas, or plains not verdant, nor prairie-like in appearance, whose scarcely undulating surface forms a line of horizon scarcely broken, save by abrupt and almost perpendicularly rising mountains of extraordinary form and aspect, and numberless low hills among the intermediate valleys, intersected by innumerable rivers and streams, and covered by multitudes of wild cattle,—and you will then have a very inadequate idea of the vastness, the wildness, the magnificence, and the dreary and awe-inspiring peculiarities of those regions, thus possessed of so many of the grandest elements of picturesque beauty in its more savage aspects.

The apparently interminable Pampas of Buenos Ayres are at a distance of one hundred leagues (three hundred English miles) south from the town of Buenos Ayres, almost equally divided by the remarkable chain of mountains, termed the Sierra, which runs from east to west. Taking the south frontier of the Pampas to be the river Colorado, as it is usually considered, but without sufficient reason, we should find that the distance thence to the Sierra is little more than one hundred leagues.

Before I proceeded to the Sierra, I had frequently heard and laughed at one of those trivial little superstitions which the gossips of every country delight in circulating. It is believed that, immediately on the arrival of every stranger who never before has seen the Sierra, it will infallibly rain. Let the learned in meteorology discuss this question if they please; I can, at least, throw in one fact, namely, that for many weeks prior to my arrival at the Sierra, the weather had been continuously dry. I approached the Sierra in the afternoon when it was decidedly fine and dry, as the glass would indicate; nevertheless, very soon after I had reached the Sierra, the heavens became covered with

sombre clouds. I looked above and around, and showers of thin rain enveloped the whole range of the mountains.

The first sight of the Sierra is startling. Fatigued with long journeys through Pampas, which discourage the heart by their seeming interminability, while even the eye, which, loves to rove wherever new objects of interest may be discovered, becomes satiated,—the sudden appearance and peculiar aspect of the Sierra, starting into existence by magic, and stepping forth, as it were, from the surrounding Pampas to meet your approach, strike the traveller with a sensation of awe and astonishment. The gigantic eminence, the Sierra, already rises forth immediately from the surrounding Pampas, alike on the north side and the south side. There can be no doubt that this Sierra is a single detachment from the Cordilleras, which, in various forms, traverse the whole Southern Continent of South America. Generally speaking, it is much more remarkable for its curious formation, than its height; for the highest point is not more than between eleven thousand and twelve thousand feet.

There are, contiguous to Tandil on the eastern side, several conical mountains of sandstone, which are surrounded by enormous blocks of the same stone. Every one of them shows evident signs of the most violent demolition in, probably, a former age, and, doubtless, by volcanic action. Immense heaps of immense stones are there in various and curious formations. Amongst this chaos, of what I regarded as the disjointed components of mighty mountains in their throes of agony, there is one which, although in its general structure and nature it may be justly viewed as a specimen, in one particular presents a phenomenon scarcely again to be found. It is this: on the very summit of a perfectly conical mountain about eight hundred feet in height, thus surrounded by these multiform accumulations, there lies at the very edge of the top of the cone, and inclining from the south side of it over a precipice of nearly six hundred feet, an enormous stone, remarkable for its position upon a mountain eight hundred feet high. It measures forty feet in height by one hundred and twenty feet, and reposes on a small base, a kind of pediment or pedestal, of only four feet in circumference. There it has been rocking and balancing itself for ages in defiance of tempests and hurricanes, spite of all the efforts made to disturb its equilibrium by every person who climbs up to see it. Unlike a similar stone in Cornwall, which was thrown down by a naval officer, who at a great cost was made to replace it, nearly every strong wind moves it on its small base, always shifting it towards the precipice and back again. The north wind particularly, which I could [illegible] the longest side of it, inclines it to read; [illegible] that when I viewed it under the [illegible] de, except that wind, every one of our party,

expected to see the gigantic mass, at every moment, hurled down the precipice.

The whole range of the Sierra is, what is there called, populated; that is to say, it belongs to various persons, and forms many Estancias, which are generally situated in valleys, on the banks of the numerous small rivers. A long and very hard grass covers the whole district of the Sierra. The grass is found there only, and although it is the abode of the great and small game, which abounds there, no animal touches it as food. Deer are not numerous there; but there are, in abundance, partridges of various sizes, woodcocks of several classes, ducks and geese in great variety, ostriches, lions, foxes, snakes. The *mulita* is an armadillo which lives in small holes, and appears to require many such habitations. The number of such holes is so great that the greatest caution is necessary in riding quickly through the valleys. The *peludo* is another species of the same class, differing from the former (the *mulita*) in respect of it being larger, flatter, of lighter colour, and covered with shaggy hair under the belly. The *peludo* is found also in the Pampas, and throughout the South American provinces, but the *mulita* lives only in the Sierra. It is much esteemed throughout South America on account of the delicacy of its flesh. It may be easily taken if attacked in front, while facing you; but otherwise its capture alive is extremely difficult and improbable. The lion or puma is only ferocious when protecting its young; a ferocity springing solely from its natural affection for the young. This is strongly exemplified in its behaviour while hunted under circumstances which do not excite the protective energies of its natural affection. Pursued by the dexterous Guachos, mounted on horseback, it is a singular spectacle to behold an animal so powerful, when hotly pressed, after a swift and perhaps long pursuit, suddenly lie down, turn his head in the direction opposite to that of its pursuer, like a dog expecting to receive the whip of his master, or, as if having resolved upon an unconditional surrender, thus places itself in the best possible position to be enmeshed in the toils of the lasso. Of course the Guacho throws the never-erring lasso over the willing neck of the lion, thus crouching—a single turn of his horse and the wretched beast dies. Indeed, few wild animals in this country can be designed "game," in the sporting sense. Partridges are almost as easily to be captured. In the districts of the Sierra scarcely a fowling-piece is to be found. Mounted on *old* horses—the older the better, because it is desirable that when you dismount, for the purpose of your "sport," your horses should remain standing—you proceed, in company, armed with only a long stick. You will soon find yourself amongst innumerable coveys. You get off your horses; this movement may cause some of them to rise a little; but it is rather probable that

neither the approach of yourselves, on horseback, nor the subsequent movements of your dismounting, have had any other effect on the partridges than causing a few of them just to run a little farther off at their ordinary pedestrian speed. Even if one or two should take the trouble to fly, do not fancy the birds will escape you: they do not wish to escape, and only fly a little way to save themselves the trouble of walking; they soon fall again, only a little way off. As you approach, one or two may choose to exert a few more flaps of their wings, and therefore fly a few paces further. You may be sure none of them will take that trouble a third time; few a second. You approach: as soon as one sees you, down it thrusts its head, concealing it in the grass, and remains perfectly motionless:—a little touch of your stick, and the poor bird dies. So easy and gentle is its death, that I would term the touch that causes it a *gentle* one, if the result were otherwise than fatal.

Thus the sportsman pursues his sport, if sport it be, without molestation, that is, if he escape a deadly and insidious foe—a certain snake in the grass, called the Vivora. This reptile is the living calamity of the Sierra. Being of a greenish grey colour, at a short distance even, it is scarcely distinguishable from the thick grass. It is not large, being scarcely one foot one-and-a-half inch long. There is no remedy for man or beast bitten or stung by the Vivora.

Although, fortunately, the instances of people thus bitten have been rare, generally it is the horse that is the victim, whose curiosity leads him to thrust his nose into the haunts of this formidable little snake; and something more than his nose pays the penalty of his curiosity before he can snort. Three minutes elapse, and the blood issues copiously: another minute or two, and the horse is dead.

THE CURATES OF TITTLEBATINGTON.

Tittlebatington is a small snug parish, not quite three hours' railway-journey from London. It contains plenty of people, some of whom have plenty of money, plenty of gentility, and plenty of other desirables. A great many more have neither much money, many superfluities, nor any gentility whatever.

Tittlebatington, being boxed up, at some distance from any great trunk line, in a shady vale that leads to nowhere in particular, has not felt any very sudden rise or fall in the social tide, such as some other places have experienced. I am not aware that the whole neighbourhood, immediate and surrounding, belongs to any one great family, who "have everything from London," and are, consequently, very unpopular with local shopkeepers; nor do I believe that there is any butcher, baker, or farmer, in the neighbourhood capable of buying or selling up the whole parish. To be sure, old Joseph Scromps, who always dressed very shabbily, and was continually going to law, was supposed to be the man to do so; but, when he died, he only left enough to pay for whitewashing the front of the County Gaol.

Tittlebatington is quite respectable, nevertheless. Its inhabitants live steadily on: they envy and backbite one another as little as is compatible with respectability in general; are as charitable as their own interests, their vanity, and sometimes their better feelings, allow them to be. Those among them who have made money laud themselves, and are pointed out by others, as examples; and those who have not made money are in the same position as people who have not much money anywhere else. It is needless to say that such a parish possesses a tolerably handsome church; that, the duty of the church being rather light, the tithes are extremely high; and that, consequently, this piece of preferment has been always bestowed, since the days of Charles the Second, upon a gentleman holding a canonry worth about fifteen hundred a year, besides an archdeaconry, and a couple of minor pluralities situated, perhaps, at opposite points of the compass.

The rector in possession—the Reverend the Professor of Cingalese, as he is called by under-graduates of the College of St. Alfred the Great—was a most ecclesiastical character. He had been a dashing man in his youth; but was reformed, and was inspired with a call to the ministry by the circumstance of a family-living decidedly worth having, falling in quite unexpectedly. How suddenly he abandoned the turf and the tandem, can only be remembered by dirty men in dirty plaid frocks and fur caps, who hang about the streets near St. Alfred, and pick up an unrecognised existence by holding horses, and expressing a wish to drink the healths of passers-by. How firmly he answered the bishop's question as to a "call," and how long he was in persuading himself of its reality, I don't know; but I do know that his subsequent preferments had something to do with his marriage with the cousin of the nephew of the Earl of Grayfriars.

Of course a canon cannot be expected to read college prayers: the chaplains, who live sumptuously on seventy pounds a year, do all that. Our canon's duty consisted in going occasionally to an University sermon, and now and then reading communion service at the cathedral of the Most Holy St. John of Cappadocia. He, however, sometimes preached a sermon in Tittlebatington parish; which, being chiefly composed of extracts from his great work, entitled "Subjection of the Soul, its Ideal of Reality," and being almost always directed against some peculiar heretic who was not among the congregation, rather failed in its effect upon his hearers. He was very zealous, very pompous, and very indolent; but people thought him by no means a bad sort of man. He had a large family, whereof the sons were

all elected to scholarships of St. Alfred as soon as they were old enough. Knotty, who knew them at Tipton, says they were not clever, but that their father had great interest in St. Alfred. His daughters were infinitely accomplished, talked much of "society," and did a great deal of visiting among the poor, with whom they were not popular

With all the Reverend Hugh Philip Ogle's (we come now to his parochial name) faults of omission, he was tolerably well liked. He did not interfere with his parishioners. His curate, moreover, was a quiet sensible man of thirty, who performed the marriages christenings and burials with unerring propriety. When he was wanted, he always came; if people called, he was always at home; he talked with the farmers about their crops, and joked with their daughters about getting married. He rode a seldom-clipped, clumsy-looking, but very sure-footed horse; had a party of men from town to see him twice a year; and had very little money, but never appeared to be in want of more. Altogether, the Reverend Charles Burchell, A.M., was a much greater favourite in the parish of Tittlebatington, than the Reverend Hugh Philip Ogle, S.T.P., Regius Professor of Cingalese, late fellow of St. Alfred the Great, Canon of the Most Holy St. John of Cappadocia, Vicar of Gllym-y-nannygoatte, North Wales, &c., &c.

It was an evil day for the parish of Tittlebatington, when the Reverend Charles Burchell received a letter from the old Earl of Colbath Fields. The Earl of Colbath Fields wanted a domestic chaplain, and the Reverend Charles Burchell had been private tutor to the heir-apparent of that fair domain. The offer was tempting, and the Tittlebatingtonians had forced upon them a farewell sermon, kind looks, and kinder wishes. Their return for these, were universal good wishes and not a few tears.

So quiet and even had been the course of things hitherto, that people never dreamt but that the new curate would be just the same sort of man as the last; and, that beyond his looking a little shy at first, the Reverend Charles Burchell's successor would be only a reproduction of the Reverend Charles Burchell himself. To be sure, Clipps, the stonemason, thought something might be got up for repairing the porch of the church; and Moggs, the churchwarden—who was a retired dealer in furniture, and still did a little in building societies and bill-discounting—had some vague fears for the cause of Protestantism.

It was a great surprise to the public of little Tittlebatington, when four gentlemen, in long black coats of close and ungainly cut, with slender hoops of white linen round their necks, and with sleek, smooth hair, made their appearance at the inn of Tittlebatington. One of them was remarkably thin and bilious-looking. Though evidently young, he walked with a slight stoop, and his little grey eyes were constantly fixed on the ground. This was the new curate, the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame, B.A., formerly of St. Martin's Hall. One of the taller gentlemen was the Warden of St. Immaculate's College, the ecclesiastical disciplinarian of the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame, and of his two other friends.

Somehow or other, the new-comers didn't catch the feelings or partialities of the Tittlebatingtonians. A butcher-boy, who had read something about the Jesuits in an illustrated abridgment of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," expressed some misgivings on the subject to his mistress, who was well read in the novels published in cheap Sunday papers. But the greatest alarm was elicited by the enormous quantity of eggs consumed at the Fish and Golden Piece; the landlord of which was seldom reminded of Lent until it was over; and only then by the additional consumption of beer during the Easter week following. Two of the gentlemen walked about the place a great deal, and made various strange inquiries The pew-opener was kept in private conversation with the other two for upwards of an hour. When she re-appeared, the poor woman was crying very much, and expressing her happiness to the parish beadle that her eyes had been opened to the deadly sinfulness of her past life. All this did not so much matter; but when the church bell began ringing at a quarter to seven the next morning—a thing unheard of in the annals of Tittlebatington—the promoters thereof were denounced as the promoters of a public nuisance.

Mr. Moggs had thought they might as well have consulted him, the senior churchwarden, before they tampered with the belfry. His dignity was offended. He felt persuaded they were of the wrong sort; and couldn't help arousing the partner of his joys and griefs, who was in a blissful state of drowsy unconsciousness.

Mrs. Moggs was as fond of sleep as any other mother of a family of fifty-two years' standing. Her reply was rather querulous, but soon gave way to expressions of surprise and indignation.

"To set the church-bell a ringing at this time of morning—"

"And without consulting the—the—church-warden," burst in her better half, struggling to disengage himself from the refractory strings of his nightcap. "It's plain that they are going to try on the Oxford doings here—but——"

The remainder of this sentence was lost in a hunt after certain articles of dress. Mr. Moggs shortly commenced shaving with nervous energy.

Mrs. Moggs was practical, rather than enthusiastic, and it occurred to her that her husband might as well have his breakfast before he started on his apparent errand of reform. Mr. Moggs—who perhaps thought that fasting would be only an encouragement of what he was in duty bound to detest—felt

the force of the suggestion. Having finished a light breakfast, consisting of about three quarters of a pound of cold beef besides a couple of eggs, he started off, armed with a stern resolution of his own, and an admonition from his wife "not to lose his temper."

But Mr. Moggs was too well known to be allowed to find his way straight to the lodgings of the new curate; numbers of friends stopped him with inquiries; and, while they rendered him still more anxious by curious suggestions and improbable surmises, they so completely bewildered him, that when he found himself in the presence of the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame, he discovered that he had quite forgotten the purport of his visit; that is, if ever he had any.

The young clergyman received him in a suspicious-looking black gown, and a black silk skullcap, which made Mr. Moggs feel ill at ease. The reverend gentleman was quietly polite in manner, and not affable. The brief, decided answers he made to a few clumsily put questions, made the churchwarden feel completely "off his dignity," as he afterwards confessed to his wife. The interview was not long, for Mr. Arthur's ecclesiastical nurse or warden happening to come in, such a conversation commenced respecting bishops, rood-screens, rogation days, collections, and Pugin's window at St. Catherine's, that Mr. Moggs retired with a vague notion of something called the *Rubric*, and a still more vague one that something, he knew not what, was going to happen.

As he went home, he had to endure a still larger round of questionings, and felt more silly than ever. He fancied everything looked changed. Passing a bookseller's, he saw a flaming advertisement of "Thoughts on Confession," by the Rev. Arthur de Notre Dame, B.A., and near it, "Tracts for the Seasons Part One;—on the Power of the Church in Absolution;" the vignette of which was a Cardinal's hat printed in colours, with an illuminated cross-hatching of croziers. He was dreadfully alarmed, and felt that something required to be "put down," although he didn't feel very certain what. A small stationer displayed a view of the window he had just heard of and a design for a proposed new church in the mediæval gothic style, to be erected in a neighbouring parish by voluntary subscription.

Mrs. Moggs was, of course, terrified, and went to a dissenting tea-party that very evening, in order to glean an impartial account of the new minister's proceedings. Mr. Moggs discussed the matter in the parlour of the Fish and Golden Piece, and went home rather the worse for that worst of helps to argument —brandy-and-water.

The excitement was by no means confined to the churchwarden. It spread rapidly. The Tittlebatington medical men, who were as friendly as two medical men in the same neighbourhood usually are, were horrified at hearing that the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame had brought an homœopathic case of medicines with him; and had actually prescribed three globules of Bryonia of the third dilution, to an old woman with the lumbago. The thoughts of an homœopathic dispensary, with the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame as chairman, and subscriber of one guinea per annum, were fitting matter for alarm. This alarm was increased by the old woman herself, who talked homœopathy, and recommended "globulars" to every one she met.

The organist, whose musical abilities were by no means of the highest class, received orders to introduce some chants which appeared to have neither time nor tune; and which put himself, the charity children, and the congregation into utter discord whenever they were attempted. A new style of reading was introduced, consisting of a chant somewhat in the manner of Charles Mathews the Younger, only much slower. Some people rather liked it; only it was spoilt, they said, by the curate having the uncontrollable falsetto peculiar to early adolescence, which caused him to scream the words which he ought to have delivered in the deepest bass, and to growl out the passages he ought to have delivered in a high treble. Those who couldn't read the prayers knew not a word of what was passing.

The party who appeared most delighted with these changes, were the young ladies at Crucifix House, and their worthy preceptress, Mrs. Arundel de Vox. It was no matter how unseasonable the time, but they were always at church, and Mr. de Notre Dame was as regular a daily visitor at the school-room as the milkman. In fact, the young ladies were known to be employed upon a superb altar cloth and carpet, wrought in Berlin wool and silk, and young Rapid, of the Twelfth, who had been great in the "breaking up" balls at Crucifix House, was disappointed of the embroidered braces promised him by Lady Flora Russellton, to whom he was engaged. Mrs. Linsey, who supplied Crucifix House with every requisite for the work-table, expressed her fears that it would shortly be turned into a nunnery. This was, however, a mistake.

Before many weeks the whole service was rendered so elaborate that people were so much occupied in looking at the clergyman officiating, that they had very little attention left for the service. Every variety of gesture and position that could be brought to bear upon our simple and impressive Liturgy was brought into full play; and as these were imitated by one part of the congregation, and sneered at by the other, a total ununiformity was the result. The plain, harmonious hymns hitherto sung by the charity children gave place to a bad attempt at cathedral service, and the Gregorian chants were half stuttered, half gasped out, to the misery of the really musical part of the congregation.

At length those people who were not afraid of the rector, broke out into open complaints; and angry vestry-meetings, at which the curate never made his appearance, roused a turmoil almost unknown within the memory of the oldest Tittlebatingtonian. The rector was much too indolent to interfere, and too haughty to listen to the complaints of laymen; but feeling that he must do his duty, he came down from St. Alfred's, and preached a severe sermon against schism, heresy, and private judgment. This made matters worse.

It must not be supposed that the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame was not conscientious in much that he did. Possessed of some moderate property, he was in reality spending more money in works of charity and church decoration than he derived from his stipend. But there was a cold repulsiveness in his manner, a strong pertinacity, which, while it disdained to give reasons, gave decided offence. The numerous clergy who frequently visited and officiated for him were of the same stamp; there was little conciliation in their language or manner; and what there was, was too evidently artificial and constrained to be agreeable. Without giving himself a moment's rest, the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame did his duty so fully, that the congregation began to look thinner and thinner every day. A few vehement sermons, in which excommunication was more than hinted at, and a constant adaptation of Popish language in speaking of ritual-makers—in short, an obvious determination to say and do odd things for opposition's sake, confirmed all the doubts, fears, and surmises of the most Low Church party among the Tittlebatingtonians.

Chapels of a Dissenting character began to number many new faces among their congregations. A popular London platform speaker came down, and lectured upon "The Pope the true Antichrist," at the Town Hall; and an enthusiastic haberdasher, who was chief deacon of the King Street Meeting-house, published "Groans from the Grave of John Huss." Finally, the drunken part of the community, who never went near a church, and whose only religion was a free use of oaths, wrote "No Popery!" "No Puseyism!" "Down with the Pope!" and other similar sentiments, often less delicately expressed, upon every dead wall, door, scaffolding and enclosure throughout Tittlebatington.

Mr. Arthur de Notre Dame had learning enough to render him tolerably self-confident, and religion enough to make him earnest and uncompromising; but of the solid good sense, derived from mingling with others than the merely scholastic, he had little; and in that modest self-diffidence which might have conciliated even the refractory, he was utterly deficient. His parishioners spoke for the Bible; he spoke only of the Church: the Bible was only to be received in the qualified sense assigned to it by certain saints of antiquity, many of whom were incapable of reading it in the original language. It seemed to be his perpetual delight to use Popish phraseology, to dwell upon expressions likely to offend, rather than allay, the prejudices of his hearers; and he, at length, openly professed his opinion, that, in matters of doubt, Rome was the most natural court of appeal.

The patronage of a few persons, whose vanity or fears had been interested, proved insufficient to withstand the growing current of popular disapprobation. Mr. Arthur de Notre Dame threw up his curacy in disgust; and, having preached a sermon highly redolent of mock martyrdom and but doubtful charity, joined two of his clerical companions in a visit to Rome for the purpose of having his doubts set at rest.

Several heroic young ladies said the Reverend Arthur de Notre Dame had been hunted out of the parish: a few wise old ones rejoiced in the comfort of going to church, and hearing and understanding, as they had done formerly. Mr. Churchwarden Moggs felt as if he was somebody once more; and Dr. Iodyne Wilks, M.R.C.P., invited Mr. Potash, M.R.C.S., to a quiet chop, to discuss parochial matters, to condemn the rabid orthodoxy of Oxford, and the cheap fallacies of homœopathy.

A few years went by, a few curates made themselves unpopular by following the example of their predecessor. Indolence and good living took the Reverend the Professor of Cingalese from the easy cares of this world to a more anxious reckoning in the next. The regrets which followed him were solely those of his own family, who lamented their now limited means and reduced establishment.

Joyful circumstance! Mr. Burchell came, and came as their rector. Everybody was delighted, for he was but little changed since they had known him when a curate. He had mingled more with the world; was perhaps more active and energetic; but that was the only change. He preached for all, and against no one. As he had made no changes himself, so he made no violent reforms, in order to throw contempt upon his predecessors. The young ladies of Crucifix House had the satisfaction of seeing their altar cloth and carpet remain untouched; but the candlesticks on the altar, which answered no purpose, were summarily removed. Mr. Moggs was sociably consulted as to enlarging the parochial school; and forthwith gave ten pounds to further that object. So great was the unanimity which ensued, that Doctor Iodyne Wilks volunteered his gratuitous services as consulting physician to a rapidly-forming Dispensary, provided Mr. Potash was appointed surgeon. The organist and charity children again rejoice in short metre; the service is no longer "intoned"; the bell, except before the regular services, is silenced; and Mrs. Moggs sleeps in peace till a late breakfast hour every morning.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—SMITH!

Our age, among other curious phenomena, has produced a new religion designated Mormonism, and a prophet, named Joe Smith. Within the last twenty-five years, the sect founded by this man has risen into a state, and swelled into the number of three hundred thousand. It exhibits fanaticism in its newest garb—homely, wild, vulgar fanaticism—singing hymns to nigger tunes, and seeing visions in the age of railways. This rise of the Mormons is, indeed, a curious and interesting feature of our age. In sectarian history nothing so strangely important has happened for a century at least.

In 1805 there was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, United States, a boy to the house of one Smith there. He was named Joseph. His parents—poor industrious people—moved shortly afterwards to Palmyra, New York. Joseph was brought up as a farmer. Joseph, a vigorous, wild, uncultivated boy, seems to have been used to working from the beginning. His lot turned to the homely side of affairs in general. What he saw of daily life was the necessity of digging and clearing; what he heard of religious matters was through the medium of a squabbling violent fanatical sectarianism. Joe's career was the product of these two influences. his "religion" presents, accordingly, two marked phenomena;—immense practical industry, and pitiable superstitious delusion. What the Mormons do, seems to be excellent; what they say, is mostly nonsense.

At the very outset of the story, we are met by the marvellous. Joseph Smith, the ignorant rustic, sees visions, lays claim to inspiration, and pretends to communion with angels and with the Divinity Himself. He is a ploughboy, and aspires to be a prophet; he is at first what they call "wild," but repents; in his rude, coarse life, and narrow way, he really has a genuine interest in the Bible. In this disturbed variety of feelings the young [illegible] grows up; he is, as you see [illegible], naturally shrewd—yet [illegible]. The neighbours are puzzled what to make of Joseph; he complains that "persecution [illegible] his lot very early." The neighbouring ministers did not listen very favourably to Joe's visions. The time for all that, they told him, was gone by; nobody had visions now-a-days! But Joseph struggled on; for he felt some power in himself, felt that he was, in his way, a shining light—but, like many other shining lights, set in a desperately thick horn lantern! The fact was, Joseph, naturally gifted, was wretchedly brought up. Perhaps it would be fair to say that he hoped to be able to do some good in his time; so rushed into his career with stratagetic disguises to help him on. The world would not listen to plain Joe Smith junior, prophet, unaided. Joe Smith must have something to help him. In the Nineteenth century you must "rig" your spiritual market, Joe thought, as well as any other. So, to make things pleasant, he set about cooking up his own accounts of his own prophecies with a tale of the marvellous. Accordingly, in 1827, a rumour spread about among persons interested in these matters, that Joseph Smith junior, had made a discovery of importance. Inspired by a vision, he had searched in a certain spot of ground, and there had discovered some records, written on "plates, apparently of gold," which contained, in Egyptian characters, an additional Bible! This was, indeed, the "Book of Mormon," from which the sect derive their name. The book professed to be a sacred and inspired narrative, reserved for the new prophet to usher into the world, and is thus described by one of the Mormon apostles:—

"The Book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph; of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle, in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrine, which he engraved on plates, and afterwards, being slain, the record fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days, by means of a Gentile nation, who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year four hundred and twenty, on

a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario county, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration. And the great Jehovah bore record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world."

This book is extant (in its printed English form, of course) in the British Museum, and resembles the Scriptures about as much as a paraphrase of the Pentateuch by Moses and Son's poet! It appears from all the evidence, in fact, that this book of Mormon was founded on a historical romance, written by an American author some years before Prophet Smith's time, which fell, while still in MS., into the hands of a friend of the prophet's, and which was sublimated into an 'inspired' state by the prophet and a personal acquaintance. It was followed by a book of doctrines and covenants.

Not long after their publication the success of these works was so great, that Joseph's faith in his own fabrications appears to have become wonderfully strengthened; and he began, poor fellow, to believe in himself, and to take up prophecy as a trade. He had occasional "revelations" to suit each new phase in his career. He professed also to work miracles, and to cast devils out of the bodies of brother Tomlinsons and brother Gibbs whenever those worthy men were troubled with them.

The sect increased with great rapidity. It gained converts everywhere in the States. The disciples took the name of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." They held that these present days are the "latter" ones, preparatory to the Millennium. A material, eminently Jonathonian form of Christianity organised itself gradually. Joseph had apostles and disciples; once more the world saw a man believed in by his fellow-men, and reverenced as sacred.

It seems strange to hear of a church having a "location!" But a "location" was the term they applied to their place of settlement. Their first one was in Jackson County, Missouri. Here was to be the "New Jerusalem." Picture to yourselves loaded waggons travelling westward, canal boats swimming low and deep down the rivers—the tall brawny prophet with dull eyes—the Church is on its way! One likes to see a love of the beautiful in Joe. Joe looks round the landscape, and sees "the great rolling prairies like a sea of meadows." Here was Zion at last, and Joseph had a revelation on the subject. His revelations are the oddest compositions—scriptural phrases and sturdy business-details blended. "*Verily I say unto you*, let my servant Sidney Gilbert plant himself in this place and establish a store!" This is an odd weaving together of velvet and fustian, like using Raphael's "Madonna" for a public house sign.

Prophets, we all know, are persecuted in all ages. Joe was no exception. But the happily Joseph was ludicrously persecuted. He was a martyr; but a martyr to practical jokes. The brawny man was dragged from his bed one night by a horde of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites, and other burning zealots. Wild cries are heard through the night air, the prophet is hauled along, furious orthodoxy buffeting him right and left—Where is the tar bucket?

The fatal bucket—black and calm as a pool of Erebus—is brought. Joe is ferociously anointed with pitch; the thick dark fluid sticks all over him, and causes the plumage mercilessly emptied over his sacred person to adhere as tightly as if he had been really blessed with wings. A saint tarred and feathered is, indeed, a new chapter in the Book of Martyrs. The faith that could survive so tremendous a bathos was impregnable, and showed the unbounded power of the prophet over his followers. It took the whole night for the "inspired" friends of the prophet to cleanse his revered and economised skin! Yet, scarred and blemished as he was—raw as some goose plucked alive—Joe preached the next day to his own egregious multitude.

The agitation in Jackson County, Missouri, by degrees grew furious. There were Mormon newspapers and anti-Mormon newspapers, and when the pen and the leading article had done their worst, the sword, (the States' name for which is bowie-knife) the bludgeon and the revolver were brought into play. Judge Lynch—who never is to be bothered with juries, and decides in a second on his own responsibility—was continually invoked; and there were perpetual scenes of bloodshed. In the end, the war waxed too hot even for the dauntless Joseph. When he found that active valour was of no avail against his enemies, he betook himself to the courage of discretion, the passive and better part of valour. He went away. In May, 1834, the entire community packed up its "notions" and effected a successful exodus.

We find that after their expulsion from Missouri, they migrated to Illinois and mustered fifteen thousand souls. Here they established a city, which they called "Nauvoo," or the "Beautiful," and by the consent of everybody worked right well. Joe was mayor, president, prophet, spiritual and temporal head of the settlement. They now began to send out missionaries, and to build a temple of polished white limestone. It was one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, and eighty-eight in breadth, surmounted by a pyramidal tower, and was so elevated on a rising ground that it stood in the sight of the whole population. The Mormons spent a million of dollars on this edifice.

We now view Joe at the summit of his career. Joe has military rank, and reviews his troops as Lieutenant-General. Drums beat, and flags are waved. He rides abroad a King. His work is now nearly done. The city grows around him daily; houses with

gardens spring up; the hum of the mill is constantly heard. Every visitor to Nauvoo describes the prosperity of the place as marvellous. The solid element of the religion invented by Joseph Smith is, that it inculcates work; hard, useful, wealth-creating labour. The Prophet also incorporated into his creed a thorough appreciation of relaxation. That all work and no play makes a dull boy of Jack, nobody knew better than Joe. One does not like to speak with levity of a prophet; but, perhaps, the exact adjective for Joe's religion is—jolly! An air of jollity attends the faith. It is a jovial heresy; a heresy that "don't go home till morning!" Thus, after some squabbling, a small fight or two (not more intestine dissension than falls to the lot of most new communities) the two grand desiderata of this life were realised—prosperity and ease. It was soon spread abroad that one of the first things realised in this good, substantial town of Nauvoo, was plenty to eat and drink. In consequence, Joe's disciples increased by the thousand. All sorts of pleasant fellows who loved an easy life flocked thitherward.

There was, travellers say, a healthy happy look about the place. Life rolled along there in a clear, vigorous way, like the flood of the Mississippi hard by. Joe himself is described as a "cheerful, social companion." So very social in his tastes, that there got about a rumour that he had a tendency to make "Nauvoo" into a kind of New World Oriental Paradise. One of his apostles, Sidney Rigdon, broached a doctrine concerning "spiritual wives" which excited great scandal.

We have read one or two of Joe's published letters; they show a shrewd, hard-headed fellow. He writes to one man—"facts, like diamonds, not only cut glass, but they are the most precious diamonds on earth." There is a sturdy self-assertion about him; and that self assertion is perpetuated; for the Mormons seem to differ from other sects chiefly in believing the continued inspiration of their prophets. Their faith—with its materialism, its rude hopes, its belief in the superiority of their best teachers, its heartiness in physical labour—is indeed a piece of genuine Transatlantic life, likely to hold together long. Their belief in their "Book of Mormon" implies a rugged, ignorant belief in Holy Writ, too. To speak seriously of our prophet, Joe Smith, we should say that the sturdy, illiterate, shrewd Yankee conceived power in him to do a work; brooding over the Bible in his youth, and seeing it through the hazy eyes of his rude ignorance, such a man, with a warm heart, might fancy many strange things. Orthodoxy should consider whose fault it is that Joe Smithism could erect itself into a sect; orthodoxy should look at the three hundred thousand souls, and reflect on them. The ruling powers of the world should stoop to learn lessons of these things. Balaam learned something very important from the speaking of his poor ass. The ass saw the angel when respectable Balaam could not. In Roman history, when anything terrible was happening to the republic, we find—*bos locutus est!* Things are bad indeed when the very ox has to have his say!

We now come to the close of Joe's earthly career. The peace and prosperity of Nauvoo were soon interrupted. The prophet's old Missourian enemies kept harassing him with litigation; and some bad sheep in his own flock gave him great trouble. "At this time he appears to have been quite as convinced of the divinity of his mission, as the most credulous of his disciples," says his latest historian. No such thing: what good he was destined to do, he had now done—and for the bad he was about to pay. There were dissenters from Joe's Church; heretics to his heterodoxy; who looked on the prophet as a humbug. These were not genuine believers; but wretched cunning impostors, who were never "deluded;" being far too bad for any such innocent exercise of faith. These committed acts of licentiousness (such as cannot be proved against Joe), and he had to excommunicate some of them. They started a newspaper, called the "Nauvoo Expositor." In this they calumniated Joseph so vilely that his supporters rose; two hundred men attacked the office of the journal armed with muskets, swords, pistols, and axes, and reduced it to ashes.

The proprietors, editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen of the journal fled to the town of Carthage, and applied for a warrant against Joseph, his brother Hiram, and sixteen others. The warrant was served on Joseph as Mayor, and he refused to acknowledge its validity. Illinois instantly made preparations for civil war. Mormons gathered from all parts, and Anti-Mormons, likewise. Governor Ford took the field: Nauvoo was fortified. Everywhere resounded the note of preparation for war.

Governor Ford issued a proclamation calling on Joseph Smith and his brother to surrender, pledging his word that they should be protected. They agreed, accordingly, to stand their trial; Joe, however, observing, with a sad, calm heart, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning!" (The tranquil, life-enjoying prophet!) "I shall die innocent."

We now are to picture the brothers in prison. Their assailants prowl uneasily round the walls; there is a desperate hungry uneasiness about the mob—they are afraid Joe will escape. One can fancy their murmuring reaching the prophet's ears—the low, murderous humming, every now and then.

The evening of the 27th of June, 1844, came;—it had been a warm summer day in the Western country. The brothers were standing chatting with two friends in an up-stairs room of their house of detention.

There was a rattle of musketry. They sprang forward against the door—a bullet went through it. They sprang backwards. Open flew the door, and an armed mob with blackened faces came in. A flash and a roar, and down went Hiram Smith, shot. Joe's revolver snapped three times, missing fire. He made a bound to the window. Two balls struck him from the door—one struck him from the window. There was one wild cry from his heart, "O Lord, my God!"—and down he fell out of the window on the ground. They propped him against a wall there, and shot at him again, as his bleeding body drooped forward from it. Four bullets were found in his body—and will, peradventure, be carried to the credit side of his life account.

After his death, the Mormons had a time of sad tribulation, a time of troubles from within and without. It is easy to see that a certain ferocity was at the bottom of the persecution they met with. Governor Ford issued a proclamation denying, for himself any belief in their having committed certain crimes attributed to them, and sometime before, the celebrated Henry Clay had expressed his "lively interest" in their progress, and his "sympathy with their sufferings." But the neighbours could not be pacified: the Mormons had to go away west, once more, and the town they had built was reduced to ashes. They crossed the Mississippi, and set out for the "Great Salt Lake Valley"—away beyond the *Rocky Mountains*.

Their passage is one of the most marvellous things on record. Colonel Kane of the United States, who travelled with them has left an extremely interesting account of it. We hear of waggons crossing the Mississippi on the ice, of weary journeys across wild prairies, long chill nights of dead cold, sickness and death, graves by the line of march, seed sown here and there with thoughtful benevolence, that after voyagers might find a crop growing for them. Then there were halts when "tabernacle camps" were pitched, and hymns were chanted. The prairies heard—

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept,

sung there. Their depth of faith through that dreary journey was wonderful: it seems to have warmed them like actual fire.

They established themselves in the State of Deseret, and some of their body were the first who discovered the gold of California. But it seems that the colony did not send many there; they esteem it their proper office to "raise grain, and to build cities." They claim, too, the distinction of living in better and higher relation to the Indian tribes than any settlers have yet done.

We have scattered up and down, such remarks as we thought would illustrate Joe Smith's career. Let us say a word of the Mormon organisation.

The Mormons are governed by elders, priests, teachers, exhorters, and deacons. An apostle is an elder, and baptises and ordains. The priest teaches, expounds, and administers sacraments. The teacher watches over the church, and sees that there is no iniquity; he exercises, in fact, a kind of censorship. The elders meet in conference every three months; and the presiding elder or president is ordained by the direction of a high council or general conference.

By the latest accounts, the Great Salt Lake City prospers very well. It is the capital of the state of "Deseret," with boundaries of immense extent. They stretch from thirty-three degrees of northern latitude, to a point where they intersect the one hundred and eighth degree of western longitude. Thence they run to the south west, to rejoin the northern frontier of Mexico, and follow to the west even to its mouth, the bed of the lower Gila, which separates the state of Deseret from the Mexican frontiers. The line of separation further runs along the frontier of Low California to the Pacific Ocean. It remounts the side towards the north west, as far as one hundred and eight degrees thirty minutes of west longitude, while it trends towards the north to the point where this line meets the principal crest of Sierra Nevada. These boundaries stretch still northward along this chain till it meets with that which separates the waters of Columbia, and those waters which are lost in the great basin. They then double towards the east, to follow this last chain, which separates the waters of the Gulf of Mexico from those of the Gulf of California, at the point of departure. Such are the boundaries as described on a map published by order of the Senate of the United States.

Accessions to the Mormon community are being fast made from this country; a fact we learn from a well drawn up volume of the "National Illustrated Library," entitled, "The Mormons or Latter-Day Saints: a Contemporary History." Another authority avers that from Liverpool alone, fifteen thousand emigrants have turned their faces to the new Mormon Mecca in Deseret, with the view of making it their future home. "Under the name of Latter-Day Saints," says one of Mr Johnston's "Notes of North America," "the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been despatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving an historical position to this rising heresy?"

Nauvoo was a neglected ruin, when M. Cabet, the spirited speculator in "Icaria," thought the site more salubrious than Texas, and resolved to establish his French colony there. His party arrived at the spot in 1849. We see from a letter of M. Cabet's that the

system he has established is "a commonalty, founded on fraternity and equality, on education and work."

The American journals also afford a favourable account of the progress of Nauvoo. It will be a matter of philosophical interest to see how a colony, founded on social impulses, will advance in comparison with another founded on religious ones.

THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN WATHENDALE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HIGH up among the mountains of Westmoreland, there is a valley which we shall call Wathendale. The lowest part of this valley is some hundreds of feet above the heads of the dwellers on the nearest mail road; and yet, as if such a place of abode was not near enough to the sky, there are houses as high up as they can well be put, in the hollows of the mountains which overlook the dale. One of these small farmsteads is as old-fashioned a place as can be seen, and well it may be so, for the last owners were fond of telling that the land had been in their family for five hundred years. A stranger might wonder what could carry anybody up to such a place five hundred years ago, but the wonder would only show that the stranger did not know what was doing in the district in those days. Those were the days when the tenants of the Abbots of Furness used to hold land in the more fertile spots, in companies of four,—one of whom was always to be ready to go forth to fight in the Border wars. And those were the days when the shepherds and herdsmen in the service of the Abbey used to lead their sheep and cattle as far up the mountains as they could find food,—to be the better out of the way of the marauders from the north. Besides the coarse grass of these uplands, there were the sprouts of the ash and holly, which were a good food for the beasts. To be sure, there were wolves, up in those lonely places; but they were kept out by rough stone walls, which were run up higher and higher on the mountain side, as the woods receded before the tillage of new settlers. The first of the Fells, who made their boast of a proprietorship of five hundred years, was probably a shepherd of the Abbots of Furness; who, having walled in some of the sprouting and sheltering wood on this upland, and built himself a hut of stones in the midst, became regarded as the tenant first, and then the proprietor, like many of the dwellers in the vales below. When the woods were decayed and gone, the croft came under tillage; and no tradition has told of the time when the Fells did not yearly crop, in one way or another, the three fields which were seen from below, like little patches of green beside the fissure which contained the beck (or brook) that helped to feed the tarn (or mountain pond) a quarter of a mile below.

There was grumbling in this mountain nest about the badness of our times in comparison with the old days;—grumbling in a different dialect from that which is heard in our cities; but in much the same spirit. In this house, people were said to be merrier formerly,—the girls spinning and weaving, and the lads finding plenty to do in all weathers, while the land produced almost everything that the family wanted,—with the help of the hill-side range for the cows and sheep. A man had not to go often to market then; and very rarely was it necessary to buy anything for money, though a little bartering might go forward among the Dalesmen on occasion. Now——But we shall see how it was "now."

Mrs. Fell and her daughter Janet were making oaten bread one December day;—a work which requires the full attention of two persons. The cow-boy appeared at the door, with a look of excitement very unusual in him. He said somebody was coming; and the somebody was Backhouse, the travelling merchant. The women could not believe it,—so late in the year; but they left their baking to look out, and there, sure enough, was the pedlar, with his pack on his shoulders, toiling up the steep. They saw him sit down beside the barn, and wipe his brows, though it was December. They saw him shoulder his pack again; and then the women entered into consultation about something very particular that they had to say to him. As people who live in such places grow dull, and get to think and speak with extraordinary slowness, the plot was not complete when the pedlar appeared at the door. He explained himself quickly enough,—had thought he would make one more round, as the season was mild,—did not know how long the snow might lie when it did come,—believed people liked to wear something new at Christmas; so here he was. When would he take his next round? O! when the weather should allow of his bringing his stock of spring goods. He detected some purpose under the earnestness with which he was pressed to say when he would come. He would come when the Fells pleased, and bring what they pleased. He must come before the first of April, and must bring a bunch of orange flowers, and a white shawl, and—

"Two sets of the orange flowers," said Janet.

"What! two brides!" exclaimed Backhouse. "Are they to be both married in one day?"

Mrs. Fell explained that there was to be a bride's maid, and that Janet wished that her friend should be dressed exactly like herself. Backhouse endeavoured to prove that only brides should wear orange flowers; but Janet was sure her friend would be best pleased to wear what she wore; and the pedlar remembered that nobody within call of the chapel bell would know any better; so he promised all that was desired. And next, he sold half the contents of his pack, supplying the women with plenty of needle-work for the winter evenings. Brides enjoy having a new ward-

robe as much in the mountains as in towns—perhaps more.

Whenever the young carpenter, Raven, came up to see his betrothed, he found her sewing, and some pretty print, or muslin, or bit of gay silk lying about. It was all very pleasant. The whole winter went off pleasantly, except for some shadow of trouble now and then, which soon passed away. For instance, Raven was once absent longer than usual, by full three days; and when he did come, there were marks left which told that he had staid away because he had been ashamed of two black eyes.

"He had been drinking, I dare say," said Mrs Fell to Janet afterwards, with the air of indifference with which drunkenness is apt to be spoken of in the district. "I don't wonder he did not like to show himself."

"I don't think it is his way," observed Janet.

"No; it is not a habit with him; and they all do get too much, now and then—two or three times a year—and it will be seldomer than that when he comes to live up here."

Raven was to be adopted as a son, on marrying the only child, and it was very right; for Fell was growing old, and he was more feeble than his years warranted. Rheumatism plagued him in the winter, and he was overworked in the summer. Raven would help to manage the little farm, and he would do all the carpentering work, and put the whole place in repair, outside and in. Everything was to go well after the wedding.

Sally, the bridesmaid, came in good time to put the orange flowers into her coarse Dunstable bonnet, which streamed with white ribbons. It was a fine April morning, when the party set off down the mountain for their walk of three miles to the chapel. The mother remained at home. When Fell returned, he told her it had gone off extremely well, and the clergyman had spoken very kindly, and that Fleming's cart was ready, as had been promised, to take the young people to the town where they were to be entertained at dinner. It was all right, and very pleasant. And the old people sat down to dinner, dressed in their best, and saying, many times over, that it was all right with them, and very pleasant. The only thing was—if Raven's name had but been Fell! The Fells having lived here for five hundred years——

"The family, but not always the name," the wife observed. There was a Bell that lived here once; and the land would be in the family still, in the best way it could, as they had no children but Janet.

Well; that was true, Fell agreed; and it was all right, and very pleasant.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

That evening, three ladies went up to the chapel to see the sunset from the churchyard, which commanded an exquisite view. It was a place in which, at such an hour, it was easy to forget, even with the graves before their eyes, that there was sin or sorrow in the world. The ladies sat on the steps till the last glow had faded from the clouds, and the mountains stood up, clear and solemn, against a green sky, from which every tinge of sunset had vanished; and then they came down, with thoughts as bright and calm as the stars which were beginning to come out overhead. When they entered on a long stretch of straight road, they saw before them an odd-looking group. In the dusk it seemed as if a man and a woman were carrying something very heavy,—moving towards them at a pace hopelessly slow. A woman was some way in advance of them,—loitering and looking back. When they came up to her, it was a young woman, with orange flowers in her bonnet, and a smart white shawl on her shoulders. She was carrying a man's hat, new, but half covered with mud. It was now too clear that the heavy thing which the other two were trying to haul along was a man. Never did man look more like a brute. His face, when it could be seen, was odious, swollen, purple, without a trace of reason or feeling left in it, but his head hung so low, with his long black hair dipping on the ground, that it was not easy to see his face. His legs trailed behind him, and his new clothes were spattered with dirt.

"It looks like apoplexy," said the elder lady to her companions; and she asked the young woman who was carrying the hat, whether the man was in a fit.

"No, ma'am; he has only been overcome. It is his wedding. He was married this morning."

"Married this morning! And is that his wife?"

"Yes, ma'am; and the other is bridegroom's man."

It would have touched my heart to see poor Janet, as the ladies passed,—her honest sun-burned face, all framed in orange flowers, grave and quiet, while she put forth her utmost strength (which was not small) to hold up her wretched husband from the dirt of the road. The other man was a comely youth, dressed in his best, with a new plaid fastened across his breast. The ladies looked back, and saw that it would never do. The elder lady returned, and laying her hand on the poor young woman's shoulder, said,

"This is no work for you. It is too much for you. Let him lie, while I speak to the people at this farm-house. I know them; and they will send a man to take him into the house."

Poor Janet spoke very calmly when she said they could take him a little further; but her lips quivered slightly. The lady spoke to a man who was feeding calves in a stable; and asked him to help to dip the bridegroom's head in a cistern by the road-side, and then take him into the house.

"How far is it from his home?" the lady inquired of Sally. "The High House in Wathendale! You will not get him there to-night at this rate."

The farm-house people promised a cart, if the party could wait till it came by.

"How could such a thing happen?" said the lady. "Is there no one to teach this man his duty better than this? Does he know the clergyman?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sally,—adding, very simply, "but there would be no use in the clergyman speaking to him now, he would not understand."

"No, indeed!" replied the lady. "But he will feel ill enough to-morrow, and then I hope somebody that he respects will speak to him in a way that he will remember."

"To think," she said to her companions as they walked away past the cart in which the grovelling bridegroom was wallowing in his drinking, "that that is the creature whom the poor girl bound herself this morning to love, cherish, and obey! What a beginning of the cherishing!"

Fell and his wife had not expected the young people home early, but it was much later than the latest time they had fixed before they heard anything of them. When at last the party appeared, emerging from the night, most all the three sober ones were dreadfully weary. The ascent had been terrible, for Raven had not yet begun to recover.

No fine sentiment was wasted upon the occasion, for the indifference which had rather shocked the ladies, was the real state of mind of people too much accustomed to the spectacle of intemperance. Mrs Fell declared she was vexed with him—that she was; and then she put on her bedgown, in order to sit up with her daughter, for Raven was now so sick that he must be waited on all night. Mrs Fell said repeatedly, as so often before, that all men were apt to take too much now and then; and it would happen less often now he had come to live up here. Yet, her husband's words would run in her head, that it was all right, and very pleasant. When, in the dawn of the morning, her daughter made her go to bed, she dropped asleep with those words in her ears, while poor Janet, chilly, sick at heart, and worn out, was at length melting into tears.

When, the next afternoon, her husband sat nursing his aching head beside the fireplace, he was struck with some compunction at the sight of her red eyes. Of course, he declared, as drunkards always do, it should never happen again. Of course, he laid the blame, as drunkards always do, on other people. Of course, he said, as drunkards always do, that it was no habit of his; and that this was an accident—for once and away. Of course, his wife believed him, as young wives always do.

For some time it appeared all true, and everything went on very cheerfully. On the fine days there was as much field-work as both men could do; and so many repairs were needed, of gates and posts, cart and cowhouse, dwelling-house and utensils, that all the rainy days for six months were too little for the carpentering Raven had upon his hands. He had not been tipsy above twice in all that time: once on a stormy day, when he had sat lazily scorching himself before the fire, with the labourer and cow-boy, who were driven in by stress of weather, and who yawned till they made the whole party weary. Raven disappeared for a couple of hours in the afternoon, and came out of the barn to supper in a state far from sober. The other time was when he had gone to market in October, to sell oats. At all other times he worked well, was kind to the old people, and very fond of Janet, and justified Fell's frequent declaration that it was all right now, and very pleasant.

The winter was the trying season. Sometimes the dwellers in the high house were snowed up, and many days were too stormy for work. The men grew tired of sitting round the fire all day hearing the wind blow, and the rain pelt, and the women were yet more tired of having them there. There were no books, and nobody seemed to think of reading. There were some caricatures of the Pope and of Buonaparte, and a portrait of King George the Third, on the walls, and these were all the intellectual entertainment in the house, unless we except four lines of a hymn which Janet had marked on her sampler, when she was a child. Raven went more and more to the barn, sometimes on pretence of working, but his hammer and saw were less and less heard, and instead of coming in cheerfully to supper, he was apt to loiter in in a slouching way, to hide the unsteadiness of his gait, and was quarrelsome with Fell and cross to Janet. He never conducted himself better, however, never was more active, affectionate, helpful, and considerate, than at the time when old Fell sank and died—during that month of early spring when Janet was confined. He was like son and daughter at once, Mrs Fell declared—and doctor and nurse, too, for that matter; and his father-in-law died blessing him, and desiring him to take care of the farm, and prosper on it, as it had been in the family for five hundred years.

When the old man was buried, and the seed all in the ground, and Janet about again, Raven not only relaxed in his industry, but seemed to think some compensation due to him for his late good behaviour. Certain repairs having been left too long untouched, and Mrs Fell being rather urgent that they should not be further neglected, it came out that Raven had sold his tools. Sold his tools!—Yes; how could he help it? It was necessary, as they had all agreed, to change away the old cow for a spring calver; and what could he do but sell his tools to pay the difference? Janet knew, and so did her mother,

though neither of them said so, that more money had gone down his throat, all alone in the barn, than would have paid for the exchange of cows.

The decline of their property began with this. When decline has begun with the "statesmen" of the Lake District, it is seldom or never known to stop, and there was nothing to stop it in this case. On a small farm, where the health and industry of the owner are necessary to enable him to contend with the new fashions and improvements of the low country, and where there is no money capital behind to fall back upon, any decline of activity is fatal; and in two or three years Raven's health had evidently given way. His industry had relaxed before. He lost his appetite; could not relish the unvaried and homely fare which his land supplied, craved for dainties which could not be had, except by purchase; lost his regular sleep, and was either feverish and restless, or slept for fifteen hours together, in a sort of stupor. His limbs lost their strength, and he became subject to rheumatism. Then he could not go out in all weathers to look after his stock. One of his best sheep was missing after a flood; and it was found jammed in between two rocks in the beck, feet uppermost,—drowned, of course. Another time, four more sheep were lost in a snow-drift, from not being looked after in time. Then came the borrowing a plough. It was true, many people borrowed a plough; nobody thought much of that—nobody but Mrs. Fell. She thought much of it; for her husband, and his father before him, had always used their own ploughs. Then came borrowing money upon the land, to buy seed and stock. It was true, many "statesmen" mortgaged their land; but then, sooner or later, it was always found too difficult to pay the interest, and the land went into the hands of strangers; and Mrs. Fell sighed when she said she hoped Raven would remember that the farm had been in one family for five hundred years. Raven answered that he was not likely to forget it for want of being told; and from that moment the fact was not mentioned again. Mrs. Fell kept it in her heart, and died in the hope that no new-fangled farmer, with a south-country name, would ever drive his plough through the old fields.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

After her mother's death, Janet found her hands over-full of work, when her heart was, as she thought, over-full of care. She did not know how much more she could bear. There were two children now, and another coming. Fine children they were; and the eldest was her pride and comfort. He was beginning to prattle; and never was speech so pretty as his. His father loved to carry him about, in his arms; and sometimes, when he was far from sober, this child seemed to set his wits straight, and soften his temper, in a sort of magical way. There was the drawback that Raven would sometimes insist on having the boy with him when he was by no means fit to have the charge of so young a child: but the mother tried to trust that all would be well; and that God would watch over an innocent little creature who was like an angel to his sinning parent. She had not considered (as too many do not consider), that "the promises" are given under conditions, and that it is impious to blame Providence for disasters when the conditions are not observed. The promises, as she had heard them at the chapel, dwelt on her mind, and gave her great comfort in dark seasons; and it would have been a dreary word to her if any one had reminded her that they might fail through man's neglect and sin. She had some severe lessons on this head, however. It was pleasant to hear that day and night, seed time and harvest, should not cease; and when difficulties pressed, she looked on the dear old fields, and thought of this. but, to say nothing of what day and night were often to her—the day as black to her spirits as night, and the night as sleepless as the day—seed time was nothing, if her husband was too ill or too lazy to sow his land; and the harvest month was worse than nothing if there was no crop. And there was no true religion in trusting that her babes would be safe if she put them into the hands of a drunkard, who was as likely as not to do them a mischief. And so she too sadly learned. One day, Raven insisted on carrying the boy with him into the barn. He staggered, stumbled, dashed the child's head against the door-post, and let him fall. It was some minutes before the boy cried; and when he did, what a relief it was! But, O! that cry! It went on for days and nights, with an incessant prattle. When at last he slept, and the doctor hoped there would be no lasting mischief, the prattle went on in his sleep, till his mother prayed that he might become silent, and look like himself again. He became silent; but he never more looked like himself. After he seemed to be well, he dropped one pretty word, after another,—very slowly,—week by week, for long months; but the end of it was that he grew up a dumb idiot.

His father had heart and conscience enough to be touched by this to the point of reformation. For some months, he never went down into the valley at all, except to church, for fear of being tempted to drink. He suffered cruelly, in body as well as mind, for a time; and Janet wished it had pleased God to take the child at once, as she feared her husband would never recover his spirits with that sad spectacle always before his eyes. Yet she did not venture to propose any change of scene or amusement, for fear of the consequences. She did her utmost to promote cheerfulness at home; but it was a great day to her when Backhouse, paying his spring visit, with his pack, produced, among the handbills, of which he was the hawker, one which announced a Temperance meeting in the next vale. The

Temperance movement had reached these secluded vales at last, where it was only too much wanted, and so retired had been the life of the family of the High House, that they had not even heard of it. They heard much of it now, for Backhouse had sold a good many ribbons and gay shawls among members who were about to attend Temperance festivals. When he told of processions, and bands of music, and public tea-drinkings, and speeches and clapping, with plenty of laughter [illegible] and there even dancing on [illegible] thought it the [illegible] she had ever heard. Her [illegible] and amusement [illegible] only [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] teetotaller.

This event [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] decency [illegible] to the kind [illegible] [illegible] vow.

The vow [illegible] the introduction of drink [illegible] opportunity for the [illegible], and the habit and the thought of drink [illegible] as a reason [illegible] refusing [illegible] buyer or seller down in the [illegible] drum. It was [illegible] knowledge of drinking [illegible] in the house. It was [illegible] in the eyes of his neighbours [illegible]. But was it certainly and invariably [illegible] in every crisis of temptation? Would it [illegible] a charm when a weak man [illegible] weak in health, weak in old associations, weak in self-respect, should find himself in a merry company of old comrades, with fumes of grog rising on every side, intoxicating his mind before a drop had passed his lips? Raven came to know, as many have learned before him, that self-restraint is too serious a thing to be attained at a slip, in a moment, by taking an oath; and that reform must have gone deeper, and risen higher, than any process of sudden conversion, before a man should venture upon a vow; and in such a case, a vow is not needed. And if a man is not strong enough for the work of moral restraint, his vow may become a snare, and plunge him into two sins instead of one. A Temperance pledge is an admirable convenience for the secure, but it must always be doubtful whether it will prove a safeguard or a snare to the infirm. If they trust wholly to it, it will too probably, become a snare—and thus it was with poor Raven. When the Temperance lecturer was gone, and the festival was over, and the flags were put away, and the enthusiasm passed, while his descents among his old companions were continued, without fear or precaution, he was in circumstances too hard for a vow the newness of which had faded. He hardly knew how it happened. He was, as the neighbours said, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to the old [illegible] the seven devils of drink rushed into the swept and [illegible] house, and the [illegible] was left in a worse state than ever [illegible].

[illegible], for [illegible] his self-respect was utterly [illegible] to dwell on the next year—the [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ill-health [illegible], and the growing [illegible] him who caused the [illegible].

No [illegible] festival now! no call to the [illegible] future dances! and so [illegible] that he ceased to come, [illegible] almost in rags. No [illegible] anybody! When the [illegible] was in the [illegible] quarter [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] to [illegible] it, then [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] the promise [illegible] what could she make of [illegible]? [illegible] unspeakably fearful [illegible] how she ought [illegible] vow them. The eldest girl was nursing [illegible] in her lap while the young children [illegible] at play, when the poor [illegible] [illegible] her.

"Poor Dan!" said she. "You can't [illegible] [illegible] like the others, but I will always take care of you, poor Dan!"

[illegible] Willy heard this, and stopped his play. In another moment his face flushed, his eyes flashed, he clenched his hand, and even stamped, as he cried out,

'Mother, it's too bad! Why did God make Dan different from the rest?'

His panic-stricken mother clapped her hand over his mouth. But this was no answer to his question. She thought she must be a wicked mother that a child of hers should ask such a question as that. It was not often that she wept, but she wept [illegible] now. It brought her back to the old lesson of the seed-time and harvest. The promise here, too, failed, because the conditions were not fulfilled. The hope had been broken by a collision with the great natural laws, under which alone all promise can be fulfilled. But how explain this to Willy? How teach him that the Heavenly Father had made Dan as noble a little fellow as ever was seen, and that it was his own father there that had made him an idiot?

When Raven came in, he could not but see

her state, and he happened to be in so mild a mood, that she ventured to tell him what her terror and sorrow were about. He was dumb for a time. Then he began to say that he was bitterly punished for what was no habit of his, but that he vowed——

"No, no—don't vow!" said his wife more alarmed than ever. She put her arm round his neck, and whispered into his ear,

"I dare not hear you vow any more. You know how often—— You know you had better not. I dare not hear you promise any more."

He loosened her arm from his neck, and called Willy to him. He held the frightened boy between his knees, and looked him full in the face, while he said,

"Willy, you must not say that God made Dan an idiot. God is very good, and I am very bad. *I* made Dan an idiot."

The stare with which Willy heard this was too much for his mother. She rushed up stairs and threw herself upon the bed, where she was heard long afterwards sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Father," said Willy, timidly but curiously, "did you make mother cry too?"

"Yes, Willy, I did. It is all my doing."

"Then I think you are very wicked."

"So I am—very wicked. Take care that you are not. Take care you are never wicked."

"That I will. I can't bear that mother should cry."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Janet did all she could to arrest the ruin which all saw to be inevitable. Her [illegible] piece of success was the training she gave to her eldest daughter, little Sally. By the time she was twelve years old, she was the most efficient person in the house. Without her, they could hardly have kept their last remaining cow; and many a time she set her mother at liberty to attend upon her father and pr[illegible] him, when otherwise the children must have engrossed her. There was no cowboy now; and her mother too often filled the place of the labourer, when the sowing or reaping season would otherwise have passed away unused. It was a thing unheard of in the district that a woman should work in the fields; but what else could be done? Raven's wasted and trembling limbs were unequal to the work alone; and little as he could do at best, he could always do his best when his wife was helping him. So Sally took care of poor Dan and the four young ones, and made the oaten bread with Willy's help, and boiled the potatoes and milked and fed the cow, and knitted, at all spare minutes; for there was no prospect of stockings for anybody, in the bitter winter, but from the knitting done at home. The children had learned to be thankful now, when they could eat their oat bread and potatoes in peace. They seldom had anything else, and they wanted nothing else when they could eat that without terror. But their father was now sometimes mad. It was a particular kind of madness, which they had heard the doctor call by a long name (delirium tremens), and they thought it must be the most terrible kind of all, though it always went off after a fit of it, which might last from a day to a week. The doctor had said that it would not always go off—that he would die in one of the attacks. The dread was lest he should kill somebody else before that day came; for he was as ungovernable as any man in bedlam at these times, and fearfully strong, though so weak before and after them.

When it was possible, the children went down into the valley and sent up strong men to hold him. But if the weather was stormy, or their father was in the way, they could only go and hide themselves out of his sight, [illegible] in the bed, or up in the loft, or somewhere; and then they knew what their mother must be suffering with him by [illegible]. They had scarcely any furniture left whole but their heavy old-fashioned bedstead. The last of their crockery was broken by his overturning the table at which they had been dining. Their mother said with a sigh that they must [illegible] things before [illegible] now [illegible] any of them [illegible]. She must get some wooden trenchers and tin mugs, for she would have no more crockery. But how to get the money? for the whole of the land was mortgaged already.

A little money was coming for oats when November arrived; and the purchaser had sent word that he should be at a certain sale in [illegible] at Martinmas, and that if Raven should be there, they could then settle accounts. Now this money had been destined to go as far as it would towards the payment of interest due at Christmas. But if Raven went to the sale (the usual occasions for social meeting in the Lake district, in spring and autumn), he would only waste or lose the money. He had long ceased to bring home any money, unless his wife was with him; and then it was she that brought it, and, if possible, without his knowledge. She must go with him, and lay out the money immediately, in necessaries for the house and the children, before her husband could make away with it, in a worse way than if he threw it into the sea.

They went at dawn, in a clear cold November day. Raven had taken care of himself for a day or two, aware of the importance of the occasion, and anxious not to disable himself for the first social meeting he had enjoyed for long, and thinking, in spite of himself, of the glasses of spirits which are, unhappily, handed round very often indeed at these country sales. As the walk was an arduous one for an infirm man, and the days were short, and the sale was to last two days, the children were to be left for one night. Oatmeal and potatoes enough were left out for

two days, and peat, to dry within the house, for fuel. Willy engaged to nurse the baby, while Sally looked to the cow. Their mother promised the little ones some nice things for the winter, if they were good while she was gone, and then father kissed them all, and said he knew they would be good.

And so they were, all that first day, and a very good dinner they made after playing about the whole morning, and they all went instantly to sleep at night while Sally sat knitting for an hour longer by the dimmed light of the peat fire. The next day was not so fine. The mountain ridges were clear, but the sky was full of very heavy grey clouds, and before dinner at noon there was snow falling. It came on thicker and thicker, and the younger children began to get weary because they could not go out to play, and did not know what to do with themselves. Sally [illegible] them with telling [illegible] about how soon their [illegible] would come home. Mother [illegible] did not come home, however, when the little ones were tired and went to bed. Nor had she come home [illegible] when Sally herself went to bed [illegible] much to her [illegible]. She had looked out at the door very often, and it was still snowing, and the last time such a cloud of [illegible] was driven against her face that it was [illegible] she made up her mind at once that father and mother would not be home to-night. They would stay in the [illegible] for the night and come up to breakfast. So she put on another peat to keep in the fire, and went to bed.

In the morning it seemed a deal whiter when baby cried to get up; and well it might, for the window was blocked up with snow, almost to the very top. When the door was opened, a mass of snow fell in, though what remained was up to Willy's shoulders. The first thing to be done was to get to the cow to give her her breakfast and bring baby's. So Sally laid on her last dry peat, and filled the kettle, and then she and Willy set to work to clear a way to the cow. They were obliged to leave baby to the little ones, and it took an hour to cross the yard. Willy was to have brought in some fuel, but the peat stack was at the end of the house, and, as they could see, so completely buried in snow as to be hopelessly out of reach. Here was the milk, however, and there was a little of the oatmeal left, and some potatoes. Sally wished now they had brought in more from the barn, but who could have thought they would want any more? Father would get them presently, when he came.

But nobody came all that day. Late at night, all the children but Sally were asleep at last, though they had been too cold and too hungry to go to rest quietly, as usual. The fire had been out since noon, and the last cold potatoes had been eaten in the afternoon. Sally was lying with the baby cuddled close to her for warmth, and, at last, she fell asleep too, though she was very unhappy. In the morning, she felt that their affairs were desperate. Willy must get down the mountain, be the snow what it might, and tell somebody what state they were in; for now, there was no more food for the cow within reach, and she gave very little milk this morning, and there was nothing else. It had not snowed for some hours, and Willy knew the way so well that he got down to the valley, being wet to the neck, and having had a good many falls by the way. At the first farmhouse he got help directly. The good woman took one of the labourers with her with food, and a basket of dry peat, and a promise to clear the way to the oat straw and hay for the relief of the cow. The farmer set off to consult the neighbours and find out where Raven and his wife could be, and the rest of the family dried the boy's clothes and gave him a good bowl of porridge.

In a very short time, all the men in the valley and their dogs, were out on the snow, their figures showing like moving specks on the white expanse. Two of them who had been at the sale knew that Raven and his wife had set out for home long before dark on the second day. Raven was, as might be expected, the worse for liquor, but not so much so but that he could walk, with his wife to keep him in the path. They might possibly have turned back, but it was too probable that they were lost. Before night it was ascertained that they had not been seen again in [illegible]dale, and in two days more, during which the whole population was occupied in the search, and in taking care of the children, their fate was known. Raven's body was found, a little way from the track, looking like a man in a drunken sleep. Some hours after, the barking of a dog brought the searchers to where Janet was lying at the foot of a precipice about thirty feet deep. Her death must have been immediate. It seemed that her husband, overcome by the effect of the cold (which, however, had not been excessive) on his tipsy brain, had fallen down in sleep or a stupor, and that Janet, unable to rouse him, had attempted to find her way back, and, by going three or four yards aside from the path in the uniformity of the snow, had stepped over the rock. There was a strange and ghastly correspondence between the last day of her married life and the first, and so thought her old friend and bridesmaid, Sally, who came over to the funeral, and who, in turning over the poor remnants of Janet's wardrobe, found the bunches of orange flowers carefully papered up, and put away in the furthest corner of a drawer.

There was nothing left for the children, but the warning of their father's life, and the memory of their mother's trials. They were not allowed to go upon the parish—not even Dan. It was plain that he would not live very long, and neighbourly charity was sure to last as long as he. The others were dispersed among the farms in that and the

nearest vales, and they have grown up as labourers. The land and buildings had been mortgaged beyond their value, and they went at once into the hands of strangers.

CHIPS

THE LIGHTING OF [illegible] SEAS.

LIKE the remote town of Little Pedlington into which street-lamps have not yet been introduced, and where each traveller, at night, to save his shins carries his lanthorn, a remote sea, even where it forms part of a great European highway, may have its stumbling places in the nightly darkness. A correspondent, practically well acquainted with the subject, writes:—Your [illegible] in Ship [illegible] in many seas, but in the Red Sea she has not yet been, [illegible] navigators must have noticed [illegible] want prevailing in those parts. Lighting the Red Sea, the Great Basses off Ceylon and several stations in the Strait of Mal[illegible] and Singapore, are the points to which I would draw your serious attention.

It may be calculated that ten thousand British subjects, including the passengers and crews of the steamers, pass up and down the Red Sea annually, embarked in ships of great tonnage and value. The loss of one of these argosies would be seriously felt, for it would involve the destruction not only of a valuable ship and cargo, but of a very large number of passengers. Sometimes one hundred and eighty travel in one vessel; the average is about ninety in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships and fifty in ships that belong to the East India Company. The correspondence of the month is placed in jeopardy. What will be the consternation in England when any steamer going twelve knots, shall strike on one of [illegible] shoals? How rapidly a vessel in such circumstances would go down the fate of the "Orion" and of other ships has taught us.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company have offered to assist in this matter. Existing contracts will shortly expire, the speed of the steamers must be brought to an equality with that of the Cunard line, and the time has arrived when it becomes imperative on men acquainted with the facts to urge upon the public the necessity of building lighthouses in many parts where they are now seriously wanted, as well as of adopting floating lights where revolving lights are requisite. Small shipwrecks excite no attention, must we wait until [illegible] newspapers are fed with a "Tremendous Catastrophe," before we do our duty to the men who navigate these distant seas?

THE TAX ON EXCURSION TRAINS.

A CORRESPONDENT has [illegible] us with a letter on this subject. [illegible]

It is stated, he says, in the article on Excursion Trains, which appeared at page 355 of your journal, that Government has remitted the impost on Excursion Trains. This is not untrue, but should have been stated with considerable qualification. If a Railway Company conveys passengers in the most inferior and inconvenient carriages that run on rails or if the fares be less than one penny per mile then and then only, the exemption is, upon application, usually allowed; but if a company due to improve its accommodation, and [illegible] the public in the more comfortable second class, or in the luxurious first-class [illegible] *lower* fares (in many cases within my knowledge at less than a halfpenny per mile for first and considerably lower for second class), your friend Red Tape declares that [illegible] or "that he is [illegible] the Act of Parliament from making the allowance." Consequently the company, which [illegible] loser by the experiment is mulcted in the same ratio, upon [illegible] upon its Express Trains [illegible] whereas, [illegible] choose to force them into the [illegible] fares [illegible]

One company [illegible] this [illegible] of this [illegible] but [illegible] the letter of the Act of Parliament is against them, they will [illegible] a lawyer's bill.

When [illegible] has to be gathered from small profits (and if the views you express as to the probable increase of excursion traffic be correct—as I think they are—this will be more the case than ever), the item of a five-per cent duty, though apparently insignificant, becomes of real importance, while its being [illegible] upon every [illegible] of the class of passengers I have named renders it more than a set off against the omnibus three halfpence per mile.

It is Red Tape then, that ties the wheels of Cheap Excursion Trains and not the directors of railways.

SMILES.

Smiles melt the hate of foemen into love,
Smiles banish anguish from the sorrow smitten;
Amongst the millions of the blest above,
Perennial smiles on every brow are written.

In this our world, where care and grief are rife,
How sweetly beams the smile of tender kindness;
Without its light how darksome oft were life,
Through which to grope our weary way in blindness!

Yet some there are who seldom wear a smile,
Whose hearts are charged with bitterness and malice,
Who, in the thirst of selfishness and guile,
Drain the foul dregs of envy's poison'd chalice

Others but smile on those they would cajole,
  To cheat the simple with a show of feeling,
As fishermen attract a finny shoal,
  By torchlight o'er the teeming ocean stealing.

Brighter by far than brightest gems of earth
  Smiles shed soft radiance on the brow of Beauty,
Decking our loved ones with a wreath of mirth,
  That cheers the heart and the toils of duty!

A VISIT TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I AM not going to describe the savage life [illegible] uninhabited island [illegible] what I have to [illegible] to most [illegible] whatever. My object [illegible] simply to [illegible] the pleasure [illegible] company in a short excursion [illegible] visiting a place [illegible] beneath the [illegible] of the [illegible] that [illegible] who [illegible] situation.

Imagine then a party of Englishmen in Paris, [illegible] with the [illegible] and [illegible] having [illegible] done nothing for several weeks [illegible] themselves having been condemned to continual [illegible] relaxation [illegible] We had [illegible] to see everything that was [illegible] over [illegible] We had filled [illegible] scene box [illegible] and had [illegible] until then [illegible] became [illegible] We had [illegible] the Boulevards by day, and the balls by night; looked at the monuments with patronising airs, and at the shops with [illegible] propensities. We had experienced dinners both princely and penurious, fathomed mysterious cartes from end to end, and even with unparalleled hardihood had ventured into the regions of the [illegible]. We had almost exhausted every sort of game, active and sedentary; at billiards, we had exploded every cannon, possible and impossible, and reposed upon every "cushion," convenient and inconvenient. One desperate youth had even proposed that we should addict ourselves to dominoes; but, we were not far enough gone for that: the suggestion was received on all sides with that sensation of horror which shipwrecked mariners manifest when one of the party proposes to dine off the cabin-boy. No; we must find materials of amusement less suggestive of tombstones, that was clear, even if we perished miserably without their assistance.

The fact was, that under the influence of the sunshine and flowers — the lustre and languor of the most bewildering of capitals, I was fast subsiding into a state of collapse. I felt a dash of the infatuation of the lotus-eater, in his

"—land that seemed always afternoon."

In our case—for we were all alike—instead of afternoon we seemed to be in a perpetual state of "the morning after." It was at length agreed that we should enter the first public conveyance we could find that was leaving Paris.

The conveyance destined to receive us was, in appearance, a cross between the English omnibus of domestic life and the French *diligence*, that has almost nearly disappeared: a fat heavy vehicle drawn by a couple of [illegible] little [illegible] with a driver who gave himself [illegible] airs and cracked his whip and [illegible] most ostentatiously.

The first thing we learned on taking our seats was that we had better have gone by the railway; that is to say, if we intended only going as far as [illegible], and were pressed for time. We replied that we were going wherever the omnibus chose to take us, and time was no object. These observations were [illegible] good-humoured old man with a [illegible], with a beaten face, which he had contrived to shave to a most miraculous [illegible] though it was as wrinkled [illegible] His dress was [illegible] in the extreme, and in England [illegible] have passed for a [illegible] carpenter; but he, nevertheless, wore the [illegible] of the eternal Legion of Honour.

The omnibus, he said, went as far as Longjumeau, a place which we were all anxious to see as being associated with a certain postilion with big boots, and a wonderful [illegible] who sung a peculiar song with immense [illegible] accompanied by jingling bells, [illegible] whip, and a perpetual posthorn [illegible] however, we learned that this distinguished individual was not likely to [illegible] Longjumeau, the natives of which had probably never heard of his existence. It was too bad, however, to allow the illusion as to the existence of our old friend to be thus dispelled; so we easily succeeded in persuading ourselves that the popularity of the postilion doubtless kept him continually on the move, and that his native place was, after all, the place where we should have remembered it was least likely to find him.

We proceeded on our way in the most approved style of French omnibuses—with a great deal of clatter, a great deal of confusion, and very little speed. The country, anywhere within a mile or two of Paris, is not very inviting—level wastes of barren ground, with occasionally an oasis in the shape of a brick-kiln, or something equally ornamental; dusty roads, planted with rows of little trees, and bounded by high walls, covered with quack advertisements. The passenger gazes out of window about once every ten minutes, hoping for a little variety; but as far as the waste, the trees, the walls, and the quack

advertisements are concerned, he might believe himself still in the same spot. Accordingly, the wise tourist generally seeks amusement inside the vehicle, as we did on the occasion in question—by encouraging the passengers to sing country songs, and contributing ourselves something of the kind towards the general hilarity.

At last—after an hour's jolting, and stumbling, and hallooing, and cracking on the part of omnibus, horses, driver, and whip—something like open country begins to make its appearance—with occasionally an attempt at foliage and cultivation. We have just time to congratulate ourselves upon the change—with a slight regret at the absence of hedges and green lanes—when the omnibus stops at an accumulation of rustic restaurants, schools for young ladies, billiard rooms, tobacconists' shops, and one church, which we are told is Sceaux. Here we alight after an exchange of affectionate flatteries with our fellow-passengers, who are bound to Longjumeau, and make our way, as a matter of course, to the park; but previously a bell at the railway station announces the arrival of a train from Paris, and we have an opportunity of observing the perfect working of the pretty little line—the serpentine course of which is, at first sight, calculated to strike horror into the engineering mind,—how the carriages perform impossible curves in perfect safety, and finally accomplish something very like a figure of eight at the terminus without any relaxation of speed. The manner in which this is accomplished is principally by providing the engines with small oblique wheels pressing against the rails, in addition to the usual vertical ones. The carriages, too, are so constructed, that both the fore and hind wheels may turn freely under them, and each carriage is connected with its neighbour by a kind of hinge, which effectually prevents a separation, while it affords every facility for independent motion. Thus almost any curve can be accomplished, and it is next to impossible that the train can come off the rails. But for this contrivance the railway, condemned to a straight line, would probably never pay, and all the pretty places where it has stations would lose half their visitors.

The great lion of Sceaux is its park, where the Château, built by Colbert, and subsequently associated with persons of no less importance than the Duc du Maine and Madame de Montespan, was flourishing before the first revolution. Art has here been somewhat ungrateful to nature; the one has furnished the tallest of trees and the thickest of bosquets; but the other has clipped them with more than her usual want of taste, and, [illegible] ingeniously [illegible] of railway [illegible] which the general effect may [illegible] On Sundays and Thursdays, [illegible], crowds flock from Paris [illegible] are held in the park—where there is [illegible] tolerable gathering of rustic simplicity from the country round. Then it is that all the coloured lamps, which now by daylight look so dingy, are brilliantly lighted up, the dirty stucco statues gleam like alabaster, the seedy drapery becomes golden and gorgeous, the grimy decorations are festive and fairy-like, and the smoky looking glass column in the centre glitters like an immense diamond—reflecting the surrounding scene with a thousand flattering and fantastic variations.

But what about Robinson Crusoe? All in good time. Robinson is now something less than two miles off, if the information of our [illegible] friend may be relied upon, and perhaps the sooner we join him the better. Accordingly, with Sceaux behind us, and the prospect of hunger before us, we proceed, gaily, on foot through a road as rustic in appearance as the inevitable brick walls and unavoidable painted advertisements will allow them to be, and arrive at last at our journey's end—without meeting on our way with any incidents of travel more exciting than the sight of two countrymen and a windmill.

Here, then, we are at last at Robinson. Robinson then is a place and not a person? But what relation has this to De Foe's Robinson Crusoe? Simply this: that the spot is the most romantic, the most picturesque, and is the most desolate within so short a distance of Paris, and it has been called Robinson as a tribute at once to these united charms and to the merits of a work which is as popular in France as in its native country. The surname Crusoe the French throw aside, as they do everything which they can either not pronounce or not understand—refusing in particular to swallow anything like a name which does not lie in the mouth, on the wise principle which leads every animal but the donkey to reject thistles.

The fame of the place, however, has by degrees rendered its name inapplicable. Its romantic and picturesque qualities it still retains, but its desolation is no more. It is Robinson Crusoe's island with the spell broken—the loneliness of thirty years profaned. It is Robinson Crusoe's island monopolised by common place colonists, who have set up *cafes* and *restaurants*. It is Juan Fernandez captured by the savages, who appear there in the shape of the *bourgeoisie*, or as pert looking young Frenchmen, in varnished boots, escorting transparent bonnets. It is Robinson Crusoe's island, in fact, with a dash of Greenwich.

In common with all those who land in any sort of island, civilised or savage, our first impulse was to secure dinner. For this purpose, we betook ourselves to the most imposing *restaurant* of the place. Guesquin was the name, I think, of the Bois d'Aulnay. Here, in the midst of a rustic and not too French style of garden, laid out upon an eminence, stands a building which has all the aspect of the most primitive of farms. It is dedicated to Robinson Crusoe, as may be seen

from the verses conspicuously painted up over the door —

> "Robinson! nom cher à l'enfance,
> Que, vieux, l'on se rappelle encore,
> Dont le souvenir, doux trésor,
> Nous reporte aux jours d'innocence."

On entering, we see Robinson Crusoe on every side—that is to say, all the walls are devoted to his adventures: we see multiplied in every corner the well-known goat-skin costume, pointed cap, and umbrella. Here is Crusoe outside his hut, tending his flock,—there he is shooting down the savages from behind a tree. In one panel he starts back at the sight of the footmark in the sands in the attitude of the leading actor of the Gymnase to express violent surprise at the important intelligence conveyed to his mind by that powerful print. Over the window where he is feeding his goat, close to the door, he notches his calendar, on not inappropriately cuts h[illegible]. He welcomes to th[illegible] isle the [illegible] white men [illegible] the st[illegible] and [illegible] on his native soil [illegible] over the mantelpiece. Crusoe is everywhere. He is engraved on the spoon, painted on the plates, and [illegible] on the coffee-cups. His effigy reclines upon the clock, his portrait on the vase peeps through the flowers. So completely do his adventures seem associated with the place that we almost expect to see him in his own proper person with his parrots and dogs about him, discussing his goat's flesh at one of the rude tables which might have been fashioned by his own hand, or busy kindling a fire upon the tiled floor, which might also be of home manufacture.

We are interrupted in the midst of this inspection by the question where we will dine? Where? Answer: This is the *salle à manger*, is it not? Certainly; but we can dine up a tree in the garden if we please. In that case we *do* please by all means, provided the climbing is easy and there are good strong branches to cling to. The *garçon* smiles, as he conducts us to the garden and introduces us to the resources of the immense tree in the centre. Here we are instructed to ascend a staircase, winding round the massive trunk, and to choose our places, on the first, second, or third 'story." This dining accommodation we now find to consist of a succession of platforms, securely fixed upon the vast spreading branches, surrounded by a rustic railing, and in some cases covered with a thatched umbrella, of the veritable Robinson Crusoe pattern. With the ardour of enthusiasts, who know no finality short of extremes, we spurn the immediate resting-places, and ascend at once to the topmost branch. Here we find a couple of tables laid out, and seats for the accommodation of about a dozen persons. A jovial party of the savages before alluded to, in glazed boots, and transparent bonnets, are already in possession of one of the tables; the other is at our disposal.

The soup now makes its appearance, not borne upwards by the waiters, but swung upwards in enormous baskets, by means of ropes and pulleys, and we speedily bawl down, with stentorian voices—according to the most approved fashion of the *habitués*—our directions as to the succeeding courses, which are duly received through the same agency. Everybody now gets extremely convivial, and we of course fraternise with the savages our neighbours. At this period of the proceedings, some of the boldest of our party venture upon obvious jokes relative to "dining up a tree"—a phrase which in England is significant of a kind of out-of-the-way existence, associated with pecuniary embarrassment; but, I need scarcely add, these feeble attempts at pleasantry were promptly put down by the general good sense of the company. The French, much bolder still, now indulged in various feats of agility which had the additional attraction of extreme peril, considering that we were more than a hundred feet from the ground. The tendency of the Robinsonites in general towards gymnastic exercises is very sufficiently indicated by the inscription *D[illegible] les Paniers* — which is posted all over the tree. To my mind the injunction sounded very like forbidding one to break one's neck.

Being already a hundred feet from the ground, the united wisdom of our party had, by this time, arrived at the opinion that we should descend, an operation at all times less easy than ascension—more especially after dinner. This feat, however, was satisfactorily accomplished, after a pathetic appeal on the part of two or three of my friends for another quarter of an hour to sentimentalise upon the magnificent view—rendered doubly magnificent in the declining sun—of distant Paris with its domes and towers, and light bridges, and winding river, and the more immediate masses of well-wooded plantations, and well-cultivated fields. I should have mentioned that we had to drag away the youngest of these sentimentalists by main force, which rendered our safe descent somewhat marvellous under the circumstances.

We had now to decide upon our mode of return to Paris—a work of time, owing to the numerous distracting facilities. A short walk was pronounced to be desirable, and a walk to Fontenay aux Roses delightful above all things, so we set forward accordingly—our way lying "all among the bearded barley"—like the road to "many-towered Camelot." At Fontenay-aux-Roses, which, strangely enough, does justice to its name, lying in a huge nest of roses, of all degrees of deliciousness, we were fortunate enough to find that vehicular phenomenon—in the existence of which I had never before believed—the "last omnibus." This was promptly monopolised; and my next performance, I fancy, was to go to sleep; for, on being informed that we were again in Paris, I seemed to have some recol-

lection of a recent dinner on the top of a tree, with Robinson Crusoe, who was appropriately decorated with a pink bonnet and a parasol.

WHAT IS NOT CLEAR ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We have not yet formed a very strong opinion on the question, whether we shall keep the glass building, euphuistically called "The Crystal Palace," on its present site, "and have riding and walking in all weather among flowers, fountains, and sculpture," as the pamphlet of Denarius proposes. To the question put by the title-page of Mr Paxton's pamphlet, "What is to become of the Crystal Palace?" we have nothing yet ready in the way of a distinct reply. There are gentlemen, however, who consider that notes of interrogation addressed to the public, must receive answers from each member of the public individually. A portion of the stream of answers consequently pouring in upon us, we divert through our own proper channel, and distribute for the irrigation of the country. The following is from a gentleman, who signs himself "A Neighbour to the Nuisance."

"Sir,—In the old days, when a true Briton lived in his hut, and made his fire on the clay floor, and received morning calls from stray dogs, pigs, or other parlour guests of the period, a law was made, to which I now call your considerate attention. Sir, by the laws of Hoel Dha, it was decreed that if a pig scatter fire and burn a house, his master pays; but if the house and pig be burnt together, nobody shall pay, 'because they both are stupid.' Sir, I own more than one house in the immediate neighbourhood of the Great Exhibition; that speculation, sir, has been the pig that scattered, and at this moment is scattering, the fire about my property. Out of the value of my estate, during the present year, ten thousand pounds have been taken, by what I (speaking of the thing as I find it) call a Monster Nuisance. It is to me as if this pig, scattering fire, had burned down one or two of my best houses. Am I to have no compensation for this injury? 'If a pig scatter fire and burn a house, his master pays.' The master of the pig in question is the public. 'If house and pig,' says Hoel Dha, 'be burnt together, nobody shall pay.' Is, then, the Exhibition stupid? No, sir, the porculation, or the fattening thereof, goes on from day to day, although from day to day my substance lessens. The master of this monster can afford to pay me compensation; will he do so, sir, or will he not? Etymologists derive the hog's name from a Hebrew verb, which means, they tell us, to encompass or surround. This verb may typify the bulk of the whole nuisance, which extends to us unfortunate surrounding householders. And, also, there is another theory, deriving hog from an Arabic word, which means, sir, to have narrow eyes. To retain this Exhibition Building for some yet unsettled purpose, will, I have no doubt, benefit the public; and it would be well if a general gain could be obtained, in a matter like this, without the infliction of a private loss. But I fear that our hog means, in the present instance, to have narrow eyes, and shut out of view your humble servant."

The next letter is dated from the shop of a distinguished quack professor.

"Mr Conductor,—I hope you know better than to see the public gammoned into a continuance of the advertisement of Morison's Pills in the Great Exhibition for a constancy. I understand that an idea has been broached of perpetuating the present industrial display, by permitting those who have stalls to retain them, for to make exhibition from year to year of their improvements. To the regular trader, this would be unjust. It is no joke to me, Mr Conductor, to go now into that gallery, where I see a case full of medals that is put in on account of Morison's Pills with a long inscription about Morison's discovery, when my discovery is nonwhere, where I didn't send it in. It is a mixture of which one teaspoonful took fasting will reduce a fracture, and dislocations are reduced in one minute by smelling at the bottle. If inventions are to be continually exhibited, then let us inventors all come in, or let a pick and choice be made of me and other good ones, leaving out Morison. I am."

The next is a short note from a young lady.

"Dear, dear Mr Conductor,—Mamma tells me that people are at a loss what to do with the Crystal Palace, if they do not take it down. Do, please, dear, dear sir, put a word in for those lovely shawls, and those sweet muslin dresses. It is so tiresome having to stop in those nasty streets, where people smoke and push about; and it's so dusty always that one cannot see for dust, or else so dirty, that one is knee-deep in puddle. I never enjoyed shop windows till now, and I have looked at many. O the dear Exhibition, where you look at all the shops, and need not buy! but if you can persuade dear Pa to get you anything, there's always the address attached, and you know where to tell him to go. Dear Mr Conductor, we shall never love shop windows in the dirty streets again. For the sake of the ladies, I appeal to you, sir, as a gentleman, to recommend the Commissioners to give the down stairs part to Mr. Swan and Mr Edgar, for a show room of drapery, and let Mr. Hunt and Mr. Roskell have the galleries for darling jewels; and please tell them to send away the policemen who stand at the jewel cases, and keep crying—the parrots—'Move on, ladies; move on, if you please,' *les barbares*. Dear Mr. Conductor, please, dear, help me, and I will never use anything but 'Household

Words' for curl-paper, to the last moments of my existence. I am."

The next is from a gentleman signing himself a "Practical Man."

"Mr. Conductor, Sir,—A pamphlet, by Mr. Joseph Paxton, has just come to hand, forwarded by a friend who requested that I would read it and send you my opinion. I have the honour to inform you that I have read the publication with much care, and find that it contains the following proposal; viz.—'To complete the Industrial Exhibition at the close of the term originally assigned thereto, and retaining the building to complete its glazing and make certain other changes, preliminary to the formation of a permanent Winter Park and Garden.' Mr Paxton says that, in the Winter Park and Garden he proposes, 'climate would be the principal thing studied, all the furnishing and fitting up would have special reference to that end; so that the pleasures found in it would be of a character which all who visit it could share; here would be supplied the climate of Southern Italy, where multitudes might ride walk, or recline, amidst groves of fragrant trees, and here they might leisurely examine the works of nature and art' (art meaning statues) 'regardless of the biting east-winds or the drifting snow.' Mr. Paxton proposes also to introduce into the building a collection of live birds and geological specimens. 'The advantages derivable from such an appropriation of the Crystal Palace,' says Mr. Paxton, 'would be many, and may be thus summed up:

"'First. In a sanitary point of view, its benefits would be incalculable.'

"My opinion upon this is, that a gentleman or lady who walks out of an English winter 'to recline amidst groves of fragrant trees,' for an hour or two, and then walks out again into the winter's day, would be much more damaged than benefited in the article of lung. To leave England for a change of climate, to walk, ride, eat, and sleep, week after week, 'in the climate of Southern Italy,' is one thing, and to play bobcherry with climates, is another. If a sanitary view is to be taken of the subject, and the building is to be appropriated to the use of healthy people, not adapted to a certain class of invalids, it will be fair to dwell on the advantage of a covered space for those to use during foul weather, who otherwise might stay at home. But a healthy man in his own country will soon be an unhealthy man if he do not consent to inhale copious and free draughts of his native atmosphere.

"'Although the Crystal Palace,' Mr. P. goes on to say, 'at present, with its magnificent display of useful and ornamental articles, is truly wonderful; yet if the building be converted into a winter park and garden, and arranged as I propose, I feel confident it would become a still more extraordinary and beautiful object.' This is Mr. Paxton's last card, and it is a trump. Most beautiful it would be made, there is no doubt; and nobody knows better than Mr. Paxton knows how (if made) such a winter garden ought to be laid out.

"My opinion is, therefore, and I have pleasure in handing it to you, that Mr. Paxton's proposed winter garden would be beautiful and agreeable. The pamphlet closes with an estimate that it would cost 12,000*l.* a year, 'which might be obtained, either by a national grant, or by making the building itself self supporting.' As a commercial man, I think the idea of a national grant for such an object wouldn't pay; and as a tax payer, the Chancellor of the Exchequer shall have my support if he declines to honour Mr. P.'s draft. The question therefore is, whether the glazed park, proposed by Mr. P., could produce for itself, by admission money, or in any other way, 12,000*l.* a year. I decline solving the same. Sugar being the article in which I deal, I will not venture to decide upon the trade prospect of a concern so foreign to my own experience. I am."

In the pamphlet of Denarius, we may remind our practical friend that some suggestions are contained which would add greatly to the usefulness, as well as to the commercial solvency, of the proposed winter garden. Denarius so calls himself, because he proposes a charge of a penny for admission to the covered promenade; *denarius* being that conventional Latin for a penny, whose initial *d.* follows *£. s.* Denarius is penny wise, and we think not pound foolish. He would have in the projected garden an annual Sculpture show, and Flower shows, of course. "With the co-operation of the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Botanical Societies," he says, "various popular schools, lectures, and exhibitions connected with the objects of these societies, would arise naturally out of such an arrangement, and might be made to have a most important bearing both on the productive resources of the country and on our decorative manufactures." Elsewhere he suggests that "spaces at the extreme sides of the building might be kept vacant, to be applied to various public purposes, such as periodical exhibitions of agricultural produce, colonial raw produce, machinery, perhaps models of objects claiming patent rights, manufactures, and fine arts. These should not be permanent exhibitions, to become stale and provoke comparisons with the present Great Exhibition, but essentially temporary exhibitions for short periods, answering to the wants and circumstances of the times as they may arise. As agriculture and horticulture have made such great progress since periodical exhibitions of them were established, we may infer that analogous exhibitions would promote silk-weaving or cotton-printing, &c., and will be likely to arise. The great City corporations, the Goldsmiths, the Ironmongers,

the Mercers, the Dyers, &c., might again ally themselves with the practical development of the manufactures from which they take their names."

The success of the Exhibition has been perfect. It is the grandest feature of the age in which we live. It is the property of 1851, and must be history in 1852. It must go, and we wish it to go,—its part will have been played, and it must not remain superfluous upon the stage. Only we do not like to lose the theatre it filled, since we may use that for another work. We have a theatre of glass, then, covering twenty acres, which we wish to keep; and what we shall do with it, or in what way it shall be made to pay, is a problem not quite clear. A coming man may burst upon us with some fine useful idea; if not, we are disposed to think that whether the palace go or stay, we may congratulate ourselves. If it remain as a winter park, London gains one more pleasure; if it be removed the moral power of the Exhibition will be strengthened for the time that is to come, because it will stand out then as a single perfect fact. After uses of the building would to some extent shake off the distinct edges of our picture.

SHOTS IN THE JUNGLE.

It was late in the month of June 1840 that myself and a friend (who had rather hunted elk on the Newera plains and shot snipe at Ratnapoora) finding our lives at its capital, Jaffna, resolved to have a shot at the spotted deer of the Northern Province of Ceylon. The only difficulties to overcome were the want of a tent and guide. These the Government Agent of the province kindly supplied, giving us besides a peon who, with him, had been over the country intended to hunt in. When we left the fort, one of the prettiest pieces of Dutch fortification in existence, it was about half-past five; the morning, as usual, lovely. The process by which our horses were shipped was so primitive, that I will stop on my way to give an account of it.—The boats in which we were to cross are of about three tons burthen, with a single tall mast shipped amidships, which carries a square sail. This is hoisted according to the weather, the reefs being taken in the bottom of the sail. To the top of the mast the crew had now made fast a lot of ropes, which were seized by all hands, and the vessel thus made to careen till its gunwale met the water level. Then, by dint of great exertions, the horses were made to jump out of the sea, here only three feet deep, into the boats. Mine refused altogether until they put a bamboo under his girth, and fairly lifted his forelegs over the bulwark. In the embarkation, our horses lost their shoes; but as all our journey lay over sand plains, we gave ourselves no trouble on the score.

Once on board, we lost no time in making sail, and by eleven o'clock had reached the other side, which is the northern coast of the Island—Jaffna being, properly speaking, an island. The sun was now extremely hot, so we rode only a mile to a dilapidated old fort, and then breakfasted; after which we set to arranging all things for our expedition. Here the coolies were curiously deceived, by insisting on carrying the smallest loads, which contained our guns and ammunition, misjudging their weight by their size. After a good deal of talking, without which nothing Oriental can be achieved, we again got our party under weigh, and proceeded due south, towards the village of Mannarcolom, which was to be head-quarters for our first day's sport. The country through which we passed was a flat sandy plain, covered with low jungly brushwood, with occasional circles and hollows where the ancient tanks (whose builders are unknown) had once made fertile this now barren waste. No cultivation—no inhabitants; but every now and then a herd of deer, or a timid hare, would dart away far ahead, disturbed by our noisy followers, or the uncouth cry of the [illegible] birds, broke the monotony of the march. It was already dark when we made out the round roofs of the village of Mannarcolom, with its small but ricks of paddy straw peeping above the stockade which encloses its area. The houses are built something in the fashion in which Catlin describes those of the now extinct Mandans. A hole is sunk in the ground, and a pole fixed in the centre to which the rafters that support the roof are tied. In these small huts, perhaps only fifteen feet in diameter, whole families live together; but the climate is so fine that few care to sleep in their houses—preferring the pedlas or verandahs to their smoky room. I am sorry to say our appearance was not by any means hailed by the natives with cordiality—perhaps a ripple of the severities of August, 1848 had reached their quiet spot, and the minds of its inhabitants may still have been filled with dread of the merciless aim of our riflemen.

At last an old man came up and told us not to encamp near the wells, as the women of the village could not come for water. He said all the young men were out shooting, so we could have no guides or gun-bearers; moreover, that there was neither milk nor rice for our horses; but that a few miles further on, there was plenty of all that was here deficient—in short, he begged to suggest the propriety of our moving on. Being quite up to the old gentleman's strategy, we answered, that the ladies need not fear us (they were certainly no beauties, as we found out afterwards); that we could do without his young men, and had our own gun-bearers; that as to milk or paddy, we could do without the former, and had got enough of the latter; and, finally, that we meant to stay where we were. Having failed in his diplomatic embassy, the old gentleman retired

So we set to, pitching the tent; and soon the savoury smell of a couple of hares we had shot, by the way, gave the villagers an idea of the destructive propensities of their unwelcome visitors. Whilst we were smoking our after-dinner cheroots, a volunteer from the village, having heard, no doubt, that we were good pay, came in, and offered to show us the best ground and pools or tanks, and said he would bring a companion with him at gun-fire next morning. He was a small, well made fellow, his hair fastened in a jaunty club on the side of his head, instead of behind it, as is the Cingalese fashion, which the Malabars of the Northern Province only adopt when married; his dress, as usual, nothing but a cloth bound round his loins, with the usual accompaniment of a beetle-cracker and pouch. Having come to a satisfactory agreement with this hero, we rigged out our iron beds, blew up our air mattresses, and in less than ten minutes were deep in dreams of waltzes and polkas with the fair nymphs of our island capital.

At four next morning, having got our rifles and double-barrelled guns ready, we sat down, expecting the arrival of our last night's friend. He came, after sundry messages had been sent after him, and with him his *fidus Achates*. The head of hair which this fellow had defies all description. It was curled into a thousand little corkscrews, each consisting of about twelve hairs and varying from three to six inches in length, darting out at all angles from his head like the quills of an angry porcupine. Giving each of these guides a spare gun, we started in silence, and nothing but the cracking of some ill natured stick, or the cry of a wild bird we had startled from its roost, gave warning of our progress.

The excitement we felt cannot be described, when we first got sight of our game feeding in a tank, about a quarter of a mile from us. Imagine a herd of sixty or more spotted deer grouped in every imaginable way in a grassy bottom, some under the branches of stately tamarind trees, some drinking at the edge of the water; some lying down, little dreaming of the greedy and remorseless eyes so eagerly watching their repose. Our gun-bearers now altered our direction in order to gain the lee of their position; and a few anxious moments brought us again in sight of the deer, and not more than two hundred yards from a stately stag, the outlying piquet of their troop. Looking to our locks, we now took the place of guides, and began cautiously to advance.

By this time it was past five. The sun had not yet risen, but the light was quite sufficient to distinguish every twig and blade, and the increased noise of the awakening spoonbills and water-fowl served considerably to conceal our careful approach. A hundred yards are now passed—twenty more would make success a certainty—when crash went a dead branch under a leathern sole, and the whole herd at once are roused from their careless attitudes. The stag I had just marked, at once prepared for flight; but, stopping to sniff the wind, fell under my first bullet. My friend's gun also brought down a fine buck, just as he was starting at the report of my shot. The herd are now off; but still two fall as they press forward; one, never to rise.

Thus ended our first morning's sport, and having gathered our game together, we left a fellow in charge, to drive off the jackals, and other wild beasts, while we joyfully wended our way back to the encampment to despatch a dozen of our men to bring in the spoil, and to recruit ourselves with a hearty breakfast.

As we had expected, we found the whole village, ladies and all, at the tent, looking with curiosity at our apparatus, and bringing scanty supplies of milk, eggs, and fowls, which they exchanged for a few charges of powder, and a bullet or two. Here money is of little value, for they grow all the food they require in the Palmyra tree and paddy-field. A few yards of cloth last them for years, and what taxes they pay to government are generally brought in, in kind.

The sun between nine o'clock and four is too powerful to allow of our being out, so we read and talked till the lengthened shadow of the tent showed us that the time of action was again come. I took a stroll with my rifle as companion, and returned about seven o'clock with a fine doe. My friend had not shot any deer; but a young pea-fowl and some hares made a goodly show at our dinner. As we had another kind of sport for the night, we did not waste much time over this meal, and were ready by eight, P.M., to take possession of our olies, or watching-places.

Each was provided with a bottle of very weak grog, blankets, guns, and a small piece of ember, for the natives are afraid to be out at night without fire to keep away devils. Thus fortified, we proceeded to the edge of the tank, which had proved so fatal in the morning to the deer, and found a round hole dug in the ground, between the water's edge and the jungle; it was about two feet deep, with the earth it had contained thrown up as a breast-work, and some loose branches strewn before it, so as to screen the hunter from sight, and make the ground look natural. This was to be my sleeping place, so into it I crept, and curling myself up to adapt myself to its shape, began meditating on the comforts of a four-poster at home, and on the luck my friend would meet with, at his watching-place, which they told me was half a mile distant. Gradually my thoughts began to give way to faint images of bygone scenes—I was riding a hurdle-race at Colombo—dancing the *deux-temps* at Government House—shooting ducks at Bolgodda—playing whist at the mess—when "Ani, Ani," struck on my ear, and sure enough, there they were—sixteen splendid elephants standing on the other side of the tank, drinking its thick waters, or filling their trunks

with the mud, jetting it over their huge backs. But how to get at them? My friend was on that side; so off I set, in hopes of catching him before he began his attack. By dint of great exertion, I got round just as he was starting for the onslaught; but still we were too far off to do any good by shooting at them, so down we went on our hands and knees, to crawl nearer to our unsuspecting foes. All went well at first. By the moonlight their backs—now covered with white mud—looked strangely ghost like, and they loomed twice their natural size in the hazy atmosphere. We were now within twenty paces of them, and I was still crawling on, when a scuffle behind me suddenly drew away my attention—my friend's gun-bearer had got frightened; and, judging that we were already near enough, was trying to make off with the gun; unfortunately, as he turned, he was caught by the heel, and in the struggle the gun was discharged. I saw it was of little use firing, as the startled elephants were already on the move; but taking aim at the nearest, an old one, with her punchi, had the luck to bring her down on her knees Delusive hope! she quickly rose again, and in an instant, the far-off crashing of the jungle was all that told us of the reality of our late encounter. Anathematising heartily our cowardly follower, we returned to the olies, and sought comfort in the sleep from which we had been so fruitlessly aroused. The growling of the bears fighting for the yellow fruit under the iron trees, mixed with the mournful belling of the bucks, was our melodious lullaby.

It must have been some hours afterwards that I was again aroused by my watchful companion, who pointed out two splendid elks, a doe and a buck, within sixty paces of my lair. To indemnity me for my last failure, these both fell before my fowling-piece, which is second to none for smooth bore ball practice, so I returned about three, A.M., to the tent to rest, as we were to begin another day's work with a thirteen miles' march to Tanicolam.

Thus passed seven days, during which we visited Coolvellan, Tamkai, and several other tamil villages, shooting spotted deer, wild boar, bears, chetas, and elks at night, and deer, hares, peacocks, alligators and jungle-fowl by day; sometimes bivouacking under the spreading shade of a tamarind tree, sometimes by the side of a lonely tank among the lemon grass and reeds, which thickly ornament its thorny margin. The eighth morning saw us journeying homewards, regretting the shortness of our leave, but consoling ourselves with the thought, that when duty calls we must obey. We had travelled fifty miles south of Jaffna, into solitudes where white faces had, perhaps, never before been seen—our bag was respectably filled: eighteen spotted skins bare testimony to our skill; and what with alligators and boars' heads, surmounted by peacocks' tails, our party made a brilliant re-entrance into the Northern capital.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

William the Red, in breathless haste secured the three great forts of Dover, Pevensey, and Hastings, and made with hot speed for Winchester, where the Royal treasure was kept. The treasurer delivering him the keys, he found that it amounted to sixty thousand pounds in silver, besides gold and jewels. Possessed of this wealth, he soon persuaded the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown him, and became William the Second, King of England

Rufus was no sooner on the throne, than he ordered into prison again the unhappy state captives whom his father had set free; and directed a goldsmith to ornament his father's tomb profusely with gold and silver. It would have been more dutiful in him to have attended the sick Conqueror when he was dying; but England itself, like this Red King who once governed it, has sometimes made expensive tombs for dead men whom it treated shabbily when they were alive.

The King's brother, Robert of Normandy, seeming quite content to be only Duke of that country, and the King's other brother, Fine-Scholar, being quiet enough with his five thousand pounds in a chest, the King flattered himself, we may suppose, with the hope of an easy reign. But easy reigns were difficult to have in those days The turbulent bishop Odo (who had blessed the Norman army at the Battle of Hastings, and who, I dare say, took all the credit of the victory to himself) soon began, in concert with some powerful Norman nobles, to trouble the Red King.

The truth seems to be that this bishop and his friends, who had lands in England and lands in Normandy, wished to hold both under one Sovereign, and greatly preferred a thoughtless good-natured person, such as Robert was, to Rufus; who, though far from being an amiable man in any respect, was keen, and not to be imposed upon. They declared in Robert's favor, and retired to their castles (those castles were very troublesome to Kings) in a sullen humour. The Red King, seeing the Normans thus falling from him, revenged himself upon them by appealing to the English; to whom he made a variety of promises, which he never meant to perform—in particular, promises to soften the cruelty of the Forest Laws—and who, in return, so aided him with their valour, that Odo was besieged in the Castle of Rochester, forced to abandon it, and to depart from England for ever; whereon the other rebellious Norman nobles were soon reduced and scattered.

Then, the Red King went over to Normandy, where the people suffered greatly under the loose rule of Duke Robert. The

King's object was, to seize upon the Duke's dominions. This the Duke, of course, prepared to resist; and miserable war between the two brothers seemed inevitable, when the powerful nobles on both sides, who had seen so much of war, interfered to prevent it. A treaty was made. Each of the two brothers agreed to give up something of his claims, and that the longer-liver of the two should inherit all the dominions of the other. When they had come to this loving understanding, they embraced and joined their forces against Fine-Scholar, who had bought some territory of Robert with a part of his five thousand pounds, and was considered a dangerous individual in consequence.

Saint Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, was then, as it is now, a strong castle perched upon the top of a high rock in Saint Michael's Bay, round which rock, when the tide is in, the sea flows, leaving no road to the mainland. In this castle, Fine-Scholar shut himself up with his soldiers, and here he was closely besieged by his two brothers. At one time, when he was reduced to great distress for want of water, the generous Robert not only permitted his men to get water, but sent Fine-Scholar wine from his own table; and on being remonstrated with by the Red King, said, "What! shall we let our own brother die of thirst? Where shall we get another, when he is gone!" At another time, the Red King riding alone on the shore of the bay, looking up at the Castle, was taken by two of Fine-Scholar's men, one of whom was about to kill him, when he cried out, "Hold, knave! I am the King of England!" The story says that the soldier raised him from the ground respectfully and humbly, and that the King took him into his service. The story may or may not be true; but at any rate it is true that Fine-Scholar could not hold out against his united brothers, and that he abandoned Mount St Michael, and wandered about—as poor and forlorn as other scholars have been sometimes known to be.

The Scotch became unquiet in the Red King's time, and were twice defeated—the second time, with the loss of their King, Malcolm, and his son. The Welsh became unquiet too. Against them, Rufus was less successful, for they fought among their native mountains, and did great execution on the King's troops. Robert of Normandy became unquiet too; and, complaining that his brother the King did not faithfully perform his part of their agreement, took up arms, and obtained assistance from the King of France, whom Rufus, in the end, bought off with vast sums of money. England became unquiet too. Lord Mowbray, the powerful Earl of Northumberland, headed a great conspiracy to depose the King, and to place upon the throne, STEPHEN, the Conqueror's nephew. The plot was discovered; all the chief conspirators were seized; some were fined, some were put in prison, some were put to death. The Earl of Northumberland himself was shut up in a dungeon beneath Windsor Castle, where he died, an old man, thirty long years afterwards. The Priests in England were more unquiet than any other class or power, for the Red King treated them with such small ceremony that he refused to appoint new bishops or archbishops when the old ones died, but kept all the wealth belonging to those offices, in his own hands. In return for this, the Priests wrote his life when he was dead, and abused him soundly. I am inclined to think, myself, that there was little to choose between the Priests and the Red King; that both sides were greedy and designing; and that they were very fairly matched.

The Red King was false of heart, selfish, covetous, and mean. He had a worthy minister in his favourite, Ralph, nicknamed—for almost every famous person had a nickname in those rough days—Flambard, or the Firebrand. Once, the King being ill became penitent, and made ANSELM, a foreign priest and a good man, Archbishop of Canterbury. But he no sooner got well again, than he repented of his repentance, and persisted in wrongfully keeping to himself some of the wealth belonging to the archbishopric. This led to violent disputes, which were aggravated by there being in Rome at that time two rival Popes, each of whom declared he was the only real original infallible Pope, who couldn't make a mistake. At last, Anselm, knowing the Red King's character, and not feeling himself safe in England, asked leave to return abroad. The Red King gladly gave it; for he knew that as soon as Anselm was gone, he could begin to store up all the Canterbury money again, for his own use.

By such means, and by taxing and oppressing the English people in every possible way, the Red King became very rich. When he wanted money for any purpose, he raised it by some means or other, and cared nothing for the injustice he did or the misery he caused. Having the opportunity of buying from Robert the whole duchy of Normandy for five years, he taxed the English people more than ever, and made the very convents sell their plate and valuables, to supply him with the means to make the purchase. But he was as quick and eager in putting down revolt, as he was in raising money; for, a part of the Norman people objecting—very naturally, I think—to being sold in this way, he headed an army against them with all the speed and energy of his father. He was so impatient, that he embarked for Normandy in a great gale of wind, and when the sailors told him it was dangerous to go to sea in such angry weather, replied, "Hoist sail and away! Did you ever hear of a king who was drowned?"

You will wonder how it was that even the careless Robert came to sell his dominions. It happened thus. It had long been the

custom for many English people to make journeys to Jerusalem, which were called pilgrimages, in order that they might pray beside the tomb of Our Saviour there. Jerusalem belonging to the Turks, and the Turks hating Christianity, these Christian travellers were often insulted and ill-used. The Pilgrims bore it patiently for some time, but at length a remarkable man, of great earnestness and eloquence, called PETER THE HERMIT, began to preach in various places against the Turks, and to declare that it was the duty of good Christians to drive away those unbelievers from the tomb of Our Saviour, and to take possession of it and protect it. An excitement, such as the world had never known before, arose. Thousands and thousands of men of all ranks and conditions departed for Jerusalem to make war against the Turks. The war is called in history the first Crusade, and every Crusader wore a cross, marked on his right shoulder.

All the Crusaders were not zealous Christians. Among them were vast numbers of the restless, idle, profligate, and adventurous spirits of the time. Some became Crusaders for the love of change; some, in the hope of plunder; some, because they had nothing to do at home; some, because they did what the Priests told them; some, because they liked to see foreign countries; some, because they were fond of knocking men about and would as soon knock a Turk about as a Christian. Robert of Normandy may have been influenced by all these motives; and by a kind desire, besides, to save the Christian Pilgrims from bad treatment in future. He wanted to raise a number of armed men and to go to the Crusade. He could not do so without money. He had no money; and he sold his dominions to his brother, the Red King, for five years. With the large sum thus obtained, he fitted out his Crusaders gallantly, and went away to Jerusalem in martial state. The Red King, who made money out of everything, stayed at home, busily squeezing more money out of Normans and English.

After three years of great hardship and suffering—from shipwreck at sea—from travel in strange lands—from hunger, thirst, and fever, upon the burning sands of the desert—and from the merciless fury of the Turks—the valiant Crusaders got possession of Our Saviour's tomb. The Turks were still resisting and fighting bravely, but this success increased the general desire in Europe to join the Crusade. Another great French Duke was proposing to sell his dominions for a term to the rich Red King, when the King's reign came to a sudden and violent end.

You have not forgotten the New Forest which the Conqueror made, and which the miserable people whose homes he had laid waste, so hated. The cruelty of the Forest Laws, and the torture and death they brought upon the peasantry, increased this hatred. The poor persecuted country-people believed that the New Forest was enchanted. They said that in thunder-storms, and on dark nights, demons appeared, moving beneath the branches of the gloomy trees. They said that a terrible spectre had foretold to Norman hunters that the Red King should be punished there. And now, in the pleasant season of May, when the Red King had reigned almost thirteen years, and a second Prince of the Conqueror's blood—another Richard, the son of Duke Robert—was killed by an arrow in this dreaded Forest, the people said that the second time was not the last, and that there was another death to come.

It was a lonely Forest, accursed in the people's hearts for the wicked deeds that had been done to make it; and no man save the King and his Courtiers and Huntsmen liked to stray there. But, in reality, it was like any other forest. In the spring, the green leaves broke out of the buds; in the summer, flourished heartily and made deep shades; in the winter, shrivelled and blew down, and lay in brown heaps on the moss. Some trees were stately and grew high and strong; some had fallen of themselves; some were felled by the forester's axe; some were hollow, and the rabbits burrowed at their roots; some few were struck by lightning and stood white and bare. There were hill-sides covered with rich fern, on which the morning dew so beautifully sparkled; there were brooks where the deer went down to drink, or over which the whole herd bounded flying from the arrows of the huntsmen; there were sunny glades, and solemn places where but little light came through the rustling leaves. The songs of the birds in the New Forest were pleasanter to hear than the shouts of fighting men outside; and even when the Red King and his Court came hunting through its solitudes, cursing loud and riding hard, with a jingling of stirrups and bridles and knives and daggers, they did much less harm there, than among the English or Normans, and the stags died (as they lived) far easier than the people.

Upon a day in August, the Red King, now reconciled to his brother Fine Scholar, came with a great train to hunt in the New Forest. Fine Scholar was of the party. They were a merry party, and had lain all night at Malwood Keep, a hunting lodge in the forest, where they had made good cheer, both at supper and breakfast, and drunk a deal of wine. The party dispersed in various directions, as the custom of hunters then was. The King took with him, only SIR WALTER TYRREL, who was a famous sportsman, and to whom he had given before they mounted horse that morning two fine arrows.

The last time the King was ever seen alive, he was riding with Sir Walter Tyrrel, and their dogs were hunting together.

It was almost night, when a poor charcoal burner, passing through the Forest with his cart, came upon the solitary body of a dead man, shot with an arrow in the breast, and

still bleeding. He got it into his cart. It was the body of the King. Shaken and tumbled, with its red beard all whitened with lime and clotted with blood, it was driven in the cart by the charcoal burner next day to Winchester Cathedral, where it was received and buried.

Sir Walter Tyrrel, who escaped to Normandy, and claimed the protection of the King of France, swore in France that the Red King was suddenly shot dead by an arrow from an unseen hand, while they were hunting together; that he was fearful of being suspected as the King's murderer; and that he instantly set spurs to his horse, and fled to the sea-shore. Others declared that the King and Sir Walter Tyrrel were hunting in company, a little before sunset, standing in bushes opposite one another, when a stag came between them. That the King drew his bow and took aim, but the string broke. That the King then cried, "Shoot, Walter, in the Devil's name!" That Sir Walter shot. That the arrow glanced against a tree, was turned aside from the stag, and struck the King from his horse, dead.

By whose hand the Red King really fell, and whether that hand despatched the arrow to his breast by accident or by design, is only known to God. Some think his brother may have caused him to be killed; but the Red King had made so many enemies, both among priests and people, that suspicion may reasonably rest upon a less unnatural murderer. Men know no more than that he was found dead in the New Forest, which the suffering people had regarded as a doomed ground for his race.

Fine-Scholar, on hearing of the Red King's death, hurried to Winchester with as much speed as Rufus himself had made, to seize the Royal treasure. But the keeper of the treasure, who had been one of the hunting-party in the Forest, made haste to Winchester too, and, arriving there at about the same time, refused to yield it up. Upon this, Fine-Scholar drew his sword, and threatened to kill the treasurer; who might have paid for his fidelity with his life, but that he knew longer resistance to be useless when he found the Prince supported by a company of powerful barons, who declared they were determined to make him King. The treasurer, therefore, gave up the money and jewels of the Crown: and on the third day after the death of the Red King, being a Sunday, Fine-Scholar stood before the high altar in Westminster Abbey, and made a solemn declaration that he would resign the Church property which his brother had seized; that he would do no wrong to the nobles; and that he would restore to the people the laws of Edward the Confessor, with all the improvements of William the Conqueror. So began the reign of KING HENRY THE FIRST.

The people were attached to their new King, both because he had known distresses, and because he was an Englishman by birth and not a Norman. To strengthen this last hold upon them, the King wished to marry an English lady; and could think of no other wife than MAUD THE GOOD, the daughter of the King of Scotland. Although this good Princess did not love the King, she was so affected by the representations the nobles made to her of the great charity it would be in her to unite the Norman and Saxon races, and prevent hatred and bloodshed between them for the future, that she consented to become his wife. After some disputing among the priests, who said that as she had been in a convent in her youth, and had worn the veil of a nun, she could not lawfully be married—against which the Princess stated that her aunt, with whom she had lived in her youth, had indeed sometimes thrown a piece of black stuff over her, but for no other reason than because the nun's veil was the only dress the conquering Normans respected in girl or woman, and not because she had taken the vows of a nun, which she never had—she was declared free to marry, and was made King Henry's Queen. A good Queen she was; beautiful, kind-hearted, and worthy of a better husband than the King.

For he was a designing and unscrupulous man, though firm and clever. He cared very little for his word, and took any means to gain his ends. All this is shown in his treatment of his brother Robert—Robert, who had suffered him to be refreshed with water, and who had sent him the wine from his own table, when he was shut up, with the crows flying below him, parched with thirst, in the castle on the top of St. Michael's Mount, where his Red brother would have let him die.

Before the King began to deal with Robert, he removed and disgraced all the favourites of the late King; who were for the most part base characters, much detested by the people. Flambard, or Firebrand, whom the late King had made Bishop of Durham, of all things in the world, Henry imprisoned in the Tower; but Firebrand was a great joker and a jolly companion, and made himself so popular with his guards that they pretended to know nothing about a long rope that was sent into his prison at the bottom of a deep flagon of wine. The guards took the wine, and Firebrand took the rope; with which, when they were fast asleep, he let himself down from a window in the night, and so got aboard ship and away to Normandy.

Now Robert, when his brother Fine-Scholar came to the throne, was still absent in the Holy Land. Henry pretended that Robert had been made Sovereign of that country; and he had been away so long, that the ignorant people believed it. But, behold, when Henry had been some time King of England, Robert came home to Normandy; having leisurely returned from Jerusalem through Italy, in which beautiful country he had

enjoyed himself very much, and had married a lady as beautiful as itself! In Normandy, he found Firebrand waiting to urge him to assert his claim to the English crown, and declare war against King Henry. This, after great loss of time in feasting and dancing with his beautiful Italian wife among his Norman friends, he at last did.

The English in general were on King Henry's side, though many of the Normans were on Robert's. But the English sailors deserted the King, and took a great part of the English Fleet over to Normandy; so that Robert came to invade this country in no foreign vessels, but in English ships. The virtuous Anselm, however, whom Henry had invited back from abroad, and made Archbishop of Canterbury, was steadfast in the King's cause; and it was so well supported that the two armies, instead of fighting, made a peace. Poor Robert, who trusted anybody and everybody, readily trusted his brother, the King; and agreed to go home and receive a pension from England, on condition that all his followers were fully pardoned. This the King very faithfully promised, but Robert was no sooner gone than he began to punish them.

Among them was the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, on being summoned by the King to answer to five and forty accusations, rode away to one of his strong castles, shut himself up therein, called round him his tenants and vassals, and fought for his liberty, but was defeated and banished. Robert, with all his faults, was so true to his word, that when he first heard of this nobleman having risen against his brother, he laid waste the Earl of Shrewsbury's estates in Normandy, to show the King that he would favor no breach of their solemn treaty. Finding, on better information, afterwards, that the Earl's only crime was having been his friend, he came over to England, in his old thoughtless warm-hearted way, to intercede with the King, and remind him of the solemn promise to pardon all his followers.

This confidence might have put the false King to the blush, but it did not. Pretending to be very friendly, he so surrounded his brother with spies and traps, that Robert, who was quite in his power, had nothing for it but to renounce his pension and escape while he could. Getting home to Normandy, and understanding the King better now, he naturally allied himself with his old friend the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had still thirty castles in that country. This was exactly what Henry wanted. He immediately declared that Robert had broken the treaty, and next year invaded Normandy.

He pretended that he came to deliver the Normans, at their own request, from his brother's misrule. There is reason to fear that his misrule was bad enough; for his beautiful wife had died, leaving him with an infant son, and his court was again so careless, dissipated, and ill-regulated, that it was said he sometimes lay in bed of a day for want of clothes to put on—his attendants having stolen all his dresses. But he headed his army like a brave prince and a gallant soldier, though he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by King Henry, with four hundred of his Knights. Among them was poor harmless Edgar Atheling, who loved Robert well. Edgar was not important enough to be severe with. The King afterwards gave him a small pension, which he lived upon and died upon, in peace, among the quiet woods and fields of England.

And Robert—poor, kind, generous, wasteful, heedless Robert, with so many faults, and yet with virtues that might have made a better and a happier man, what was the end of him? If the King had had the magnanimity to say with a kind air, "Brother, tell me, before these noblemen, that from this time you will be my faithful follower and friend, and never raise your hand against me or my forces more!" he might have trusted Robert to the death. But the King was not a magnanimous man. He sentenced his brother to be confined for life in one of the Royal Castles. In the beginning of his imprisonment, he was allowed to ride out, guarded; but he one day broke away from his guard and galloped off. He had the evil fortune to ride into a swamp, where his horse stuck fast and he was taken. When the King heard of it, he ordered him to be blinded, which was done by the putting of a red-hot metal basin on his eyes.

And so, in darkness and in prison, many years, he thought of all his past life, of the time he had wasted, of the treasure he had squandered, of the opportunities he had lost, of the youth he had thrown away, of the talents he had neglected. Sometimes, on fine autumn mornings, he would sit and think of the old hunting parties in the free Forest, where he had been the foremost and the gayest. Sometimes, in the still nights, he would wake, and mourn for the many nights that had stolen past him at the gaming table: sometimes, would seem to hear, upon the melancholy wind, the old songs of the minstrels; sometimes, would dream, in his blindness, of the light and glitter of the Norman Court. Many and many a time, he groped back, in his fancy, to Jerusalem where he had fought so well; or, at the head of his brave companions, bowed his feathered helmet to the shouts of welcome greeting him in Italy, and seemed again to walk among the sunny vineyards, or on the shore of the blue sea, with his lovely wife. And then, thinking of her grave, and of his fatherless boy, he would stretch out his solitary arms and weep.

At length, one day, there lay in prison, dead, with cruel and disfiguring scars upon his eyelids, bandaged from his jailer's sight, but on which the eternal Heavens looked down, a worn old man of eighty. He had once been Robert of Normandy. Pity him!

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE GREAT BAR IN THE HARBOUR OF LONDON.

THESE lines, when they meet your eye, Mr. Swallow, will perhaps astonish you. When you arrived at the Hôtel des Bains, on an evening early in the present month, too late for the *table d'hôte:* when, on that account, you were denied access to the *salon*, although you told the attendant you were dying of hunger: when the waiter shrugged a very good imitation of despair, and said in his native language he was desolated, but that it was defended for the too tardy to disturb the convives who were already arranged; but that, if you liked, he would command you a particular dinner in a particular chamber: when you indignantly refused the former but accepted the latter, calling in a menacing manner for pen, ink, and paper: when you retired and wrote a biting article (for the "Warrior for Peace," of which you are the distinguished Editor,) against the entire population of Boulogne, with special reference to the infamous treatment of English travellers at the hotels of that city: when, in the midst of your denunciating peroration, you joyfully threw down the pen at the waiter's announcement that "Monsieur is served:" when you snatched up your article, rushed into the saloon, and found it adorned with the ruins of a dessert: when you found a place cleared for you behind six strawberries on an enormous dish, the rinds of two melons on a plate, a few "lady's fingers" in a saucer, and a Turk's caftan very much the worse for wear, in sponge cake; when, as the various courses of the dinner-over-again which the few remaining guests were doomed to behold were brought in succession, you devoured them in uncommunicative solitude, as if you and the waiter were the only two individuals left in Nature, and as if the whole world was bounded by the edges of your plate: when, as you dallied with your *macaroni au gratin*, and sipped your Medoc, the acidity of your visage gradually relaxed, and you deigned to stutter a few foreign words to the waiter; who, because he thought that they were meant to be French words answered you in excellent English: when you ordered him to wake you in time for the London boat the next morning, and to pack up, for exportation, half-a-dozen of his best cognac: when you lighted your cigar with your annihilating manuscript, retired, and visited several shops in the Rue de l'Ecu, to make a variety of purchases: and when, finally, you retired to chamber number twenty-one for the night, you little thought, Mr Swallow, that a mysterious being dogged every step you took, heard every word you uttered, witnessed every bargain you made. Perhaps he was a detective policeman who mistook you for a St. Alban's elector. Possibly, he was a disguised tide-waiter, watching to see what amount of fraud you contemplated on that amiable department of the British Government—Her Majesty's Customs.

In the morning, Mr. Swallow, disregarding the early announcement that *l'eau chaude* was at your door, you overslept yourself.

It was considerably past six; the boat was to start in half an hour, and your carpet-bag would not close by any means you had at command: no sort of squeezing, nor punching, nor thrusting, nor jamming, nor ramming, nor stamping: no attempt to distend its sides by pulling it on like a tight boot: no frantic jumping upon it from high chairs to flatten them: no kind of dexterity in coaxing shaving-tackle into bunged-up corners, in fitting hair-brushes into slippers, or wrapping up bottles of eau-de-Cologne in a night-shirt: no crushing of your finest linen (got up regardless of expense by your French laundress): no smashing of satin cravats: no artful insertion of fancy waistcoats between the leaves of your writing-case: no ruthless rolling up of your dress coat to the resemblance of a black pudding: no stratagem, no force succeeded. The jaws of your carpet-bag with its one tooth grinned open defiance, and would not on any terms become a locked jaw. You looked round in despair; for, a bottle of Maraschino, a dozen of gloves, a new pair of boots, and a "Guide to French Conversation," still lay on your toilette-table under an unavailing sentence of transportation. The clock of St. Gudule chimed the half hour; and protracted exile on a foreign shore presented itself horridly as your destiny. Captain Tune, of the "City of Paris," advertised that he would leave the wharf at seven, A.M., precisely; and you knew that Time and Tune wait for no man.

It was the present writer, Mr Swallow, who passed you on the stairs when, giving up all hope, you abandoned your unfastened effects to the porter. You were telling him in your own original mode of uttering the language of the nation, to lock the carpet bag in number twenty-one. With a matter of course coolness that implied the mere shooting of an easy bolt, you treacherously transferred to him a task you had found impossible, and descended to breakfast. It was I who translated your desires to the proper officer to whom you were applying on the port for your permit to leave the country of your three weeks' adoption. It was my bad [illegible] upon the deck of the steamer when, just as the paddles were making their first revolution, the hotel porter flung your bag in [illegible] triumphantly into the vessel. My eye was upon you when you ostentatiously superintended the stowage of the luggage belonging to the elegant widow who breakfasted with us at the Hôtel des Bains; and I observed all your subsequent attentions to that stately beauty, who, you artfully learnt, was travelling quite alone. My hands were ready when, yielding to the influence of a sudden lurch, you nearly poured a bubbling glass of brandy and water over her satin dress. It was to me you remarked, as she passed us to descend into the cabin, that she reminded you of the portrait of the late Mrs Siddons, only that she was a great deal handsomer.

You may remember, Mr Swallow, that the boat was very full. The passengers were mostly foreigners, whose destination was chiefly Hyde Park. A few, however, had special engagements, which, from their numerous and anxious inquiries of Captain Tune as to when they would probably reach London, appeared to be of a pressing nature. It was no less important [illegible] (as I think you remarked) for the London alderman who was escorting his niece from a Capécure boarding school had an appointment to dine in Westbourne Terrace at six; the Frenchman in the green shooting jacket and gaiters—whose slouched hat shaded the swarthiest complexion and the fiercest moustaches in the boat, and who reminded us of Caspar on a sporting tour—was pledged, he said, to be in Leicester Square at six and a half hours, on a matter of supreme importance. (I thought there was nothing in your suspicion, Swallow, that he alluded to one of the promised back street foreign conspiracies which have never yet broken out into a blazing revolution, as it was cunningly foretold they would by certain nervous politicians as a sure result of '51.) Your Mrs Siddons was desirous, as you adroitly extracted from her, of reaching her mother, who was alarmingly ill in Essex that night. The Contractor for conveying the twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen from Paris to London and back at so much a head, had ordered a splendid repast to be prepared for them in Anne Street, Soho, at seven precisely.

You, Swallow, were in great anxiety to fulfil with your usual zeal your critical duties for the "Warrior of Peace," by being in time for the overture of Thalberg's new opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. The young fellow with the pretty sister wished very much to get down to Cambridge by the half past six o'clock train in order to be ready to [illegible] up the next morning for his first [illegible]. All these anxious querists would have been made happy by the captain's confident answer that they would assuredly be landed at Nicholson's Wharf at half past four, had not the [illegible]

"But then there's the Custom House!"

The jolly skipper [illegible]

"How long [illegible] we likely to be detained there?" [illegible]

"C[illegible]

[illegible] thunder [illegible] the alderman. "The last time I was in France I travelled from [illegible] exactly—here he consulted his watch—"one hour and sixty minutes and forty seconds, [illegible] my luggage two hours and five minutes to pass from this very boat to the [illegible]

Why, Swallow, were [illegible] perceptibly agitated in your countenance when you heard these facts? Did the [illegible] of brandy sit heavily on your soul? Were the Maraschino and the boots and the lavender water, and the gloves [illegible] your conscience? No, Swallow, I will not do you the injustice of any such supposition. You intended, I feel certain, to declare them [illegible] duty, and to pay. You shrink from the idea of sneaking ashore like a timid cheat; it was, I sincerely believe, your intention from the first to tread the gangway with the bold independence of a British taxpayer. It was not the money—it was the time you grudged. The dread of being too late for the opening of Thalberg's opera, and that alone, distorted your countenance.

It is a pity, Swallow, that the consolations you were pouring into the widow's ear on the probability of her long detention at the Custom House, prevented you from benefiting by a conversation which Caspar and several of his compatriots were carrying on with the Contractor. The mention of the Custom House suggested the subject of passports, which some of them manifestly did not know were unnecessary in this free country. One gentleman—his friends called him *Monsieur le Docteur*—drew near to you both, and became glowingly eloquent (for a woman *must* grace a French orator's auditory) on the freedom, liberality, magnanimity, and hospitality of this

great nation. Alas! his warm panegyric was suddenly chilled—his budding rhetoric rudely blighted.—The boat stopped, and there skipped on board from the port of Gravesend a couple of Custom House Officers.

I must say it was very apt of you to improve this untoward circumstance by reciting to your Siddons Don Juan's reception in this country on Shooter's Hill.—

"And [illegible] the nation,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

"[illegible]
But [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible]!"—

[illegible] doctor's [illegible] the crew [illegible] bars [illegible] every individual [illegible] boy at the [illegible] over the [illegible] smuggler.

But [illegible] Swallow, [illegible] off the Custom House Quay. The [illegible] clock attests to the perfect [illegible] of the captain's word—it is exactly half-past [illegible]. Look alive, Swallow, you will have enough to do. Besides your bundle, and your widow and your other articles of value you have undertaken to "clean the lady [illegible]. The City of Paris" has entered the [illegible] London, and is lashed alongside Nicholson Wharf. With all your alacrity, you are not quick enough; for, while you are [illegible] the names and addresses on the various portmanteaux and bags, your widow shows you one of her three boxes dangling most high in the air, overflowing an enormous basket that is being craned into Mr. Nicholson's premises. Before this basket has touched the threshold of the huge hole in the wall that is neither a window nor a door, half-a-dozen unseen hands have nearly relieved it of its contents. The rapidity with which all this is done gives everybody hopes. The alderman anticipates being seated at six with his soup before him; the widow flutters with the hope of being yet able to see her invalid mother before morning; the Cantab does not despair of reaching his rooms in "Maudlin;" and you would bet even with Caspar or any other sporting gentleman present, that you will reach your stall in time to hear Thalberg's first chords. You are wrong. The odds are ten to one against you, Swallow; for something prevents the people from stepping ashore. What is it? Every ounce of the luggage is out of the vessel. Why then do its owners stop up the gangway?

"To be searched!" indignantly replies one of the detained. Everything had [illegible] on swimmingly up to the moment that the doom of [illegible] was inflicted upon us. Captain June had rattled us over from Boulogne in nine hours; his crew had [illegible] four hundred packages of [illegible] and the [illegible] had [illegible] into the warehouse with magic rapidity. [illegible] Custom House had not [illegible] further [illegible]. A Custom House Officer [illegible] is [illegible] the vessel. Any sort of [illegible] was [illegible] into or [illegible] by no means [illegible]; for [illegible] often [illegible] not, [illegible] it was [illegible] almost unnoticed. You [illegible] the widow's reticule [illegible] bottle evidently [illegible]. The [illegible] officer—there was only one [illegible] to some [illegible]—merely felt the [illegible] bottles, took my word that they contained medicine and [illegible] enough to conceal a fortune in [illegible], watches, or jewels [illegible]. If the duty of the searcher be to search, why were some molested and others allowed to go free?

Your answer was excellent, Swallow. You said, because one man cannot do the work of ten; he cannot fight against such tremendous odds as two hundred to one; and because the whole affair is a stupid and annoying farce.

"But a farce, though not amusing, may be well acted," was, you will recollect, my rejoinder. "Yet this is only the first scene."

The next experiment adopted by the Customs department of Her Majesty's Government, to impart to foreign visitors *vid* the Thames a favourable impression of England and the English, is to herd them together under the flattering designation of "aliens," and to oblige them and their fellow-travellers to mount to the Baggage Warehouse by means of a flight of exterior ladders some part of which is exposed to whatever cold, wind, or sunshine, may happen to be raging. These stairs are not exceedingly well adapted for ladies, for other reasons than their steepness. Although your Mrs. Siddons would, in her sylph-like days, have made light of the ascent, yet the assistance you so gallantly afforded to her matured figure was not merely complimentary aid. The thanks she panted when you gracefully seated her on the hard bench of the dark, long, low,

hot, reeking waiting-room, were evidently sincere.

When all the passengers had been slowly emptied out of the steamer, and had ascended to this upper-story place of detention, the "aliens" were penned up in one corner, to give their names, and to receive from two clerks their "certificates of arrival." In complaining to you and to our fellow-victims of a suffocating sensation, the alderman was by no means singular. You were, luckily, near the only practicable window; but my end of the room was in a stifling condition, and the supplications for air were general. Even the stalwart Caspar gasped as if he were breathing the sulphurs of the magic circle. There were general cries of "How long is this to last?"

"When are we to get our luggage?"

"When your names is called," replied the porter, holding the door hermetically close. The alderman produced his stop-watch. "We landed," he remarked, "at ten minutes to five o'clock—it is now a quarter past five, and not a single name has been demanded!"

At length even the door-keeper's patience was exhausted; and, in a fit of despair he opened the door. A crowd immediately jammed itself between its sides. The affrighted porter rushed—as if he had undammed a sluice—to the foot of the first flight of steps, to stop the overflow. He held on by the two bannisters like grim death, and opposed his broad back to the torrent. Ladies screamed; men exclaimed "Shame!" Presently, the confusion confounded itself; for the crowd became so tightly wedged into the doorway and on the stairs, that it could not make any sort of demonstration either by speech or action. I pitied you, Swallow, most especially. You had nobly resolved to fight your way to the van in search of the widow's luggage; and a creeping shiver came over me when I beheld your round little form rasped and grated against the brick wall, as if it had been a nutmeg.

About this time a theory was propounded by a nervous-looking clerk (who was protected by an iron barrier in a door-way on the first landing opposite to the crowd) that all those who had single packages were to be served first. The individuals who immediately announced that each had travelled from the Continent like an elephant, with a single trunk, were curiously numerous. But they might as well have boasted of cart-loads of luggage; because, except three ladies of seven-package power, and the Contractor for the twenty-eight from Paris (an old stager), not a soul, whether of single pretensions or not, could gain entrance to the warehouse in which the baggage awaited inspection. The single-to-do fiction was therefore exploded, and the calling of names commenced. At twenty-four minutes to six (the alderman is my authority for this precise datum) the fortunate owner of the name of "Roots" was asked for. Mr. Roots, planted in a remote recess of the waiting-room, answered the call in a tone of good-humoured mockery. Mr. Roots had as much chance of wedging himself through the crowd, as you, my poor Swallow, had of boring your way through the brick wall. At this moment, the Contractor, in a foaming state, appeared on a platform of the warehouse, and frantically invoked Monsieur le Docteur: Monsieur le Docteur was delaying the luggage of all the other members of the Contract, because he had not delivered up his keys. Would any one find Monsieur le Docteur, and entreat Monsieur le Docteur to pitch over his keys? But Monsieur le Docteur, although invisible, managed to make himself heard. A statement—proceeding apparently from a few inches of sharp red nose thrust tightly through a couple of closely wedged shoulders in the crowd, but really from the medical gentleman behind it—was heard to the effect that his (Monsieur le Docteur's) keys were indeed on his person, but that he was quite unable to get his hand into his own pocket without special permission of his co-constituents of the mob; who, with the best will in the world, could not, by any means in their power, contrive to accord it.

Time wore on, and you, Swallow, at length attained to the front rank with your face flattened against the beadle's broad back. Several persons had been summoned by name; but as they were perfectly unable to appear in person by reason of the crowd, the individuals nearest to the barrier and the beadle were admitted, regardless of any other rule than that of first come, first served; consequently, two very rude and very strong Frenchmen made their way in by coarsely pushing aside the Cantab's sister and two ladies from their own country.

It would be tedious to narrate all that happened to me at the back of the crowd, while you suffered in the front. When, however, I at length struggled my way into the place of search, I was glad to find that you had not been much ground away; and that a stratagem which I overheard you divulging to the widow, succeeded in gaining her admission also.

I appeal to you, Swallow, whether this third scene of the farce did not present a perfect contrast to that which was just over. Here, in the Baggage Warehouse itself—in the actual receipt of Custom—the ventilation and deliberation were supreme. A fine view of the river, seen through one of the open windows, was being calmly enjoyed by a portly person, evidently of considerable official pretensions. A clerk, writing the reverse of a running hand, sat at a desk; another (who seemed, by the jaunty style in which he wore his hat, to be a dropper-in from some other department of the Customs) leaned lazily against the desk, enjoying the proceedings of the baffled, heated, ladies and gentlemen who had escaped

from the crowd, and who were anxiously threading the confused maze of passengers' effects strewed on the floor, to find their own. A third was criticising, with an easy air, a couple of lace collars belonging to the Cantab's sister. The scene was made complete by two or three porters, whose deliberate mode of opening carpet-bags boxes and trunks, showed that it was not their fate to be hurried in their passage through this life.

You were wrong, Swallow, in venting so much indignation when the search of Mrs. Siddons's largest box was in progress. What was the use of talking about "prying impertinence" to the man who would insist upon untying the strings of both the lady's new bonnets to see that they were not lined with kid gloves or stuffed inside with perfumery or cambric handkerchiefs or silk dresses? Why threaten to report him for routing, and crushing, and creasing her cherished collection of collars and cuffs? And did you think it possible to reach the soul of a Custom House searcher, by accusing that gentleman of "infamous tyranny" when, despite your *protégée's* entreaties (which, I admit, melted into tears; and in them I find your excuse), he insisted upon seizing and confiscating two packs of soiled French playing-cards, which the importer had, she said, been specially commissioned to bring over for her mother, whose only recreation left in the world was whist, and whose infirmities prevented her from using the thick cards manufactured here? *He* could not help it. Having seen the porter look over the pack, card by card, and find no stamp upon them (except the mark of his own dirty thumb, which he had wetted for the performance of his duty)—being unable to perceive the accrediting ace of spades, what could he do? He must show his employers that he searched *some* of the packages.

No, Swallow, you wasted both breath and temper. It was when the same person contented himself with thrusting his arm half-way down one side of Mrs. Siddons's carpet-bag, and "passing" it instanter, that you ought to have reproved him. Why were the contents of that lady's box turned topsy-turvy, and the bag left unexamined? If a discretion be allowed to subordinate officers, should it not be rationally exercised? Why did this man confiscate a paltry pack of cards, which the owner had a great wish to retain, and allow her the chance of defrauding the revenue to some considerable extent, by shutting his eyes to the insides of a carpet-bag and a huge reticule? If no discretion be vested in these executives, and it be the law that the contents of all baggage be examined, why is it not all examined? I do not for one moment doubt the high respectability of Mrs. Siddons; who never, probably, had a contraband idea even in her dreams; but it is not utterly impossible that when, through your agency, I conveyed her reticule ashore, she may have converted me into a smuggler in spite of myself. If it be the duty of the department to make an efficient search, why is not each article in each box, bag, portmanteau, trunk, and case thoroughly scrutinised, and tested, and tasted, and, if chargeable, properly assessed?

Why? I'll tell you, Swallow;—because in this era of railways, and steam boats, and journeys to Paris in one day, and voyages to New York and back in a month: in these times, when an enormous glass palace can be built in seven months, and messages are daily delivered and answered by electric telegraph from one end of the island to the other in seven minutes, the public won't wait! Listen, Mr. Swallow, to the clamour that is still going on outside, on the stairs we have just left, do you think if each of the five officials did his duty rigidly, and examined every article minutely, that, somewhere about half-past ten or eleven at night, the door of the Baggage Warehouse would not be battered down by an injured and impatient public? Denounce the system as much as a gentleman dare deal in denunciation, in the article you threaten to publish in the "Warrior for Peace," but, pray, do not pour the vials of your inky wrath upon the unhappy five whom the Commissioners of the Customs set to do the work of a dozen; and who dawdle over their duty, perhaps, out of a hopeless despair of doing it even passably. Why blame these men for the incompetency of their superiors; who, if they have brains to organise, have not industry to carry out one of a half dozen plans that a child would invent for the quick despatch of passengers' luggage? Could not an efficient staff of searchers board the steamer at Gravesend, and examine the packages on the voyage thence? Could not an officer be stationed, on the vessel arriving, at each of three or four gangways—instead of one officer at one gangway—and allow no personal luggage to be landed which did not display the Custom House seal? Or, failing this, could not the two tide-waiters who already embark, and whose hard fate it is to pace the deck in pleasant converse during the up-Thames voyage, be set to arrange the list of passengers' names handed to him by the captain, in alphabetical order? Then, could not the warehouse at the wharf be divided off in compartments (from "A to D;" from "E to K;" and so on throughout the whole alphabet), like the Dividend Office at the Bank of England, like all the Railway Stations in France, and as is done at the Great Western Railway at Paddington? Could not each passenger walk straight to the place of his initials—having faith in the wharfingers that his property will have been sorted into its proper station—and there expose it to the scrutineers, and have done with it? Or does a system of corresponding numbers—one set for luggage, and the other for passengers—demand too high an effort of contrivance for Custom

genius to aspire to? I modestly make these suggestions to you, Swallow, with an assurance that you are at liberty to make any use of them you may think proper.

While I dissent from some of your proceedings, I must say you deserve high commendation for the masterly manner in which you concealed your impatience, when the porter who had expressed his intention of opening your case of brandy [illegible] I by my [illegible] wait [illegible] his book, which clerk number three was making up. You would have enjoyed with a keener relish his conversation relative to the [illegible] made [illegible] up bottl[illegible] the probability of your importing [illegible] Colo[illegible] the name of brandy [illegible] the higher duty, if you had not [illegible] the residue of your fellow-travellers [illegible] clamouring outside for admittance [illegible] victim presented [illegible] the amusement which [illegible] would under other circumstances have [illegible] when, [illegible] with [illegible] trousers pocket, he took up with [illegible] one of your bottles, shook it, [illegible] appearance and subsiden[illegible] pronounced your brandy very [illegible] still brandy. On paying the duty [illegible] mined at the time [illegible] the transaction and occupied but [illegible] to you that had your [illegible] chamber [illegible] of bigger [illegible] been [illegible] left me [illegible] tion would have occupied two [illegible] backwards and forwards, from one [illegible] another.

I [illegible] that it was [illegible] you safely hand [illegible] luggage into a cab [illegible] sulting his watch. "It is now" [illegible] "seventeen minutes [illegible] we [illegible] at ten minutes [illegible] quently we have been det[illegible] —— "(I shall not repeat the expres[illegible]) "Custom House people two hours all but seven minutes."

[illegible] say I [illegible] you repeat your intention to expose [illegible] the treatment we had [illegible] —the treatment which everybody receives who lands from abroad in London and has been receiving, to my knowledge for the last twenty years with [illegible] I trust you will indulge the public with a sound, temperate, and practical paper on the subject, in an early number of the "Warrior for Peace." Pray point out that while the vexatious system of levying Customs duty [illegible] baggage lasts (which assuredly will not be long), it ought to be effected in a decent, orderly, and systematic manner. You will not, I hope, take it amiss when I [illegible] that I have ventured to address these lines to you in order to refresh your recollection of [illegible] wrongs, and to suggest what might, if [illegible] prove remedies. Permit me humbly to add, that if anything I have mentioned be thought worthy of a place in your excellent journal, I shall feel very much flattered.

EDWARD BAINES.

There is a class of men in England who may be described as of the tribe of Whittington, [illegible] the Whittingtonian [illegible] civic, and their virtues domestic. They are industrious and [illegible] of their aspirations [illegible] Mayor [illegible] Commissioners, [illegible] Members of Parliament [illegible] found re[illegible] [illegible] commemorated [illegible] dull epitaphs and [illegible] [illegible] early [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] expenses. [illegible] equally [illegible] the life-history [illegible] "Life of Edward Baines, late M.P. for the Borough of Leeds," by his son [illegible] the history of the half century of time which expired [illegible] months ago.

Throughout the whole of last century, the [illegible] of that part of Yorkshire which contains the village of [illegible] Moor, Ranton, Topcliff, and [illegible], were being steadily enclosed and cultivated by [illegible] yeomen—among whom a certain tall florid-looking, healthy race of Baines, were the most [illegible]. They held and cultivated their [illegible] under the Duke of Devonshire; [illegible] on giving life after life to the soil with unceasing industry, and quietly lying down inside of it when their work was achieved.

Mr Richard Baines, a younger son of the family, an exciseman, while quartered at Preston in that capacity, married a Miss Chew, daughter of a merchant there, and, resigning his office, commenced business as a grocer. It seemed, however, that grocers (particularly Whig grocers—their wares being of course highly deleterious to health in those days!) could not traffic in the corporate town of Preston without having served seven years' apprenticeship. Parchments of dignified antiquity made that impos-

sible; honest Mr. Richard Baines (known to be a Liberal—the daring man!) was legally persecuted and prosecuted out of the town, and pitched his tent at Walton-le-Dale, in Lancashire, in the valley of the Ribble, about a mile off. Here the Edward Baines now commemorated was born, on the 5th February 1774. Richard, his father, entered on the business of a cotton spinner and manufacturer, and subsequently became a [illegible] merchant. He was an enterprising man one sees very clearly—bringing up his son as a temperate Reformer—and opposed to all feudal cliques, persuaded that no difference whatever existed between Whig grievances and Tory [illegible] important intrinsic quality, in which [illegible] political [illegible] councils.

[illegible] active boy went to school at Hawkshead. There was a pupil [illegible] Wordsworth [illegible] was he [illegible] more [illegible] Hawkshead [illegible] at Preston. Here [illegible] authority, the [illegible] of enterprise [illegible] the [illegible] were [illegible] the boy, fortunately, but [illegible] his pupils [illegible] It is not surprising that the [illegible] much from the [illegible] of their master [illegible] from his precepts and that one [illegible] rebellions better known of old [illegible] as "barring out," was attempted. The doors of the school, the [illegible] were fastened with [illegible] nails and one of the [illegible] was let out to [illegible] the garrison. The rebellion having lasted two or three days, the mayor, town-clerk, and [illegible], were sent for to intimidate the offenders [illegible] on the part of the [illegible] the magisterial summons to surrender [illegible] declaring that they would never [illegible] unless assured of full pardon and a certain length of holidays. With much good [illegible], the mayor gave them till the evening to consider, and on his second visit the doors were found open, the garrison having fled to the woods of Penwortham. They returned their respective homes under the cover of night, and some humane interposition averted the punishment they had deserved.

At this period of Baines's life the spirit of frolic and adventure was very strong in him and his companions. Stories are told of the mayor's halberds being abstracted by this mischievous set, and thrown into "the folly," or waterworks' reservoir; and one fair night the youth passed in prison, for frightening a lady by firing a pistol over her head. It is some apology for him that at that time the tradesmen of Preston were much addicted to idleness and practical jokes. When these boyish pranks were laid aside, and he and his companions, having been put to business, began to employ their leisure in reading, speculating, and spouting five of them conceived the project of emigration. They had read that in the United States, there was great encouragement for every kind of talent, and especially a want of good schools and having a comfortable conceit of their own qualifications, they planned the establishment of a superior academy on the other side of the Atlantic. Here, as in everything else, young Baines seems to have been a leader, having great influence over his associates. Accordingly it was understood that he should be at the head of the establishment one of the number was to be professor of [illegible] another of music, and so on. The scheme had been [illegible] for a considerable time; [illegible] consulted and pocket-money saved; but the amount of their practical wisdom may be judged from the resources with which the expedition was undertaken. One of them had [illegible] shillings, another fifteen, and the other three, smaller sums. They actually left Preston one Sunday morning on foot for Liverpool, where they hoped to get easily conveyed to America. In this, as may be supposed, they were disappointed, yet it was [illegible] they had exhausted their small [illegible] that they [illegible] to [illegible] their parents and [illegible] their folly. Penniless they returned from Liverpool to Preston, on the [illegible] after their departure, and on the road they [illegible] their hunger by making a [illegible] in a bean field near [illegible]. They quietly [illegible] into their several homes considerably humbler and wiser than when they left. [illegible] scheme, however, was no more [illegible] than the [illegible] Coleridge, Southey, and their friends, a few years later.

When sixteen years of age, Edward Baines was apprenticed to a printer in Preston. He had by this time become a shrewd [illegible] youth, with a turn for study. [illegible] some of his intimates, [illegible] up a debating society. The French Revolution was now going its fiery course, and the [illegible] threatened to prosecute them. In every town, in those sad times, there [illegible] fight between the boys and the [illegible]. Abject terror prevailed everywhere. And fancy what the terror of the [illegible], in a little provincial town, must have been! For, if Burke, the resplendent, was the swan who sang the death-chant of old institutions, there were hundreds of geese everywhere, who only cackled lamentably. We suppose most families retain a singular remembrance of the conduct of their grandfathers in those days; possibly, an old gentleman in a powdered wig—groaning over the "Courier," and pronouncing the end of all things to be at hand.

Edward Baines soon afterwards was engaged on the "Leeds Mercury" to finish his apprenticeship. Off set the young yeoman

on foot, with a knapsack and stick, manfully across the hills, with his worldly wealth in his pocket, and from all we hear, nowise encumbering his march. His fresh good-looking face was dusty and wayworn as he marched into Leeds, and reached the office of the journal. H worked away steadily at his business like a temperate, active, clear-headed youth. What heat there was in him, was not of the flaming sort, but mild, comfortable, and cherishing—not fiery and radiant. His talent was practical and demonstrative. Sagacious, active, he was a Reformer from good sense. Some men reform the sentiments of mankind as poets; some wildly as indignant satirists; some in a high-spirited way as high-minded gentlemen; some quietly and without pretension as men of business. Mr. Baines belonged to the last class. In an age of common sense, such men are highly valuable.

We find him getting on very well, soon after his arrival in Leeds, and doing useful work. He was cheerful and sociable withal, and a friendly man. Who will be surprised, therefore, to find that, having set up in business for himself, he visited frequently in the families of the thoughtful, liberal Dissenters of the town—grave, yet cheerful old gentlemen, who were hospitable to quiet and promising youths? Young Mr. Baines was a frequent visitor at the house of old Mr. Matthew Talbot, an Independent Dissenter. The picture of that old gentleman is pleasant to contemplate; it is the portrait of a Puritan softened by love of literature. He daily studied the Bible; he had translated it from the original tongue himself, he had versified it, with strange quaint devices of his own by way of illustration. He had "Paradise Lost" by heart. He loved the "Pilgrim's Progress." He would walk many miles to see the sun rise. The traits of this old man indicate a calm simplicity: his figure stands out in the scenes of the noisy revolutionary times, like that of venerable Anchises amidst the distractions of Troy. And Mr. Talbot had a daughter, Charlotte. She was pious, and grave, also, after the fashion of the Independents;—yet feminine and gentle. Young Mr. Baines loved her, and was accepted. Mr. Talbot, alarmed at Mr. Baines's "Liberalism" broke off the match. But they married notwithstanding in 1798; and the father soon relented, and took his son-in-law into favour. This was a happy union, in every respect. To the husband's bold good sense, the wife's influence added the old English grave piety; which is traceable through her life. To this dowery of the mother, the children gratefully acknowledge their obligations.

In 1801, Edward Baines became the proprietor of the "Leeds Mercury," the purchase-money having been subscribed for, and lent by several gentlemen, all of whom [illegible] the course of a few years. He [illegible] public man. His career from this time is part and parcel of the history of the country; but more especially that of the Reform movement in the northern provinces.

Looking back to that time, we find war raging all over Europe; French prisoners drearily pining in our gaols; poor seedy French gentlemen of splendid descent wandering about the fields near the towns where fortune detained them, and gathering with French ingenuity herbs—never yet known to be edible—for dinner. Napoleon was in his golden prime. Fox and Pitt were the leaders of the two great parties of Englishmen. Radicals were desperately situated in those days; spies were crawling about everywhere; Toryism was triumphant, with "England for ever," and 'the Army and Navy" (types of deplorable but hardly avoidable carnage) with "three times three;" the one answer to all demands for change being—"look at France!" The fashion was to preach a temperate obedience to all sorts of petty tyranny and a patient tolerance of the vilest abuses, and to use France as the "frightful example" Then, almost all the counties in England were under aristocratic domination; to go to a county meeting with Liberalism in your mouth, was to be an incendiary—to be low—to be contemptible. To the people, at that time, the idea of any representation but an aristocratic one, seemed absurd. In 1807, when the Canning and Castlereagh administration dissolved Parliament, there was a contest in Yorkshire whether Lord Milton or Mr Lascelles—two promising young gentlemen—should represent the county, which cost each of their respective parents one hundred thousand pounds; the most expensive parliamentary fight, we hope, on record. Mr. Baines's energy was employed on this important occasion in supporting the Whig candidate. All the fury ended in young Lord Milton's being elected; and Mr. Baines was threatened with personal chastisement by one gentleman of opposite opinions. With Johnsonian firmness, and Jacksonian "pluck," he appears to have invited the gentleman to "come on;" but without any hostile result. These incidents will show the immense excitement which prevailed at that time. The questions at issue were, however, confined to the two political parties; by whom the mere public were but little considered—the right of those two parties to divide England between them, being apparently indubitable. Mr. Baines, though honestly supporting the party called Whig, was, by his career, virtually advancing that cause which is the heart of reform—the right of the men who can do something, to have a chance of doing it. All the uproar about the French Revolution has not had any success in putting down that.

The great topic of those times was, of course, the war. Baines, like the Whig party generally, was in favour of peace, if possible; while Government was lavishing gold on armaments,

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and sending out commanders whose movements itself managed to cripple. The Yorkshire clothiers—indeed, nearly all the men in the manufacturing districts—petitioned for peace, in which the "Mercury" supported them. Time and events strengthened their case. As the war lasted, the distress in the country grew worse. In 1812, soon after the assassination of Mr. Percival, there were riots in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, caused by the introduction of machinery. Fourteen rioters were hanged by a paternal government at York, in January, 1813. A bill was passed, enabling the magistrates to search for arms, and disperse tumultuous assemblages. Debt and distress accumulated. Mr Baines did whatever it was in the power of a journalist to do, by decently representing the wrongs of these matters through his columns; and by putting up with the abuse, misrepresentation and angry hubbub which greeted him from his opponents, like a philosopher. When the late Lord Sidmouth brought forward a bill for "placing restrictions on the preaching of Dissenting ministers," our sensible and active friend took the field at once. What! prevent people from teaching those who believe in them! This was a sort of blasphemy against common sense at which he might well be indignant. The bill took itself in again. On the other side, even-handed, Mr. Baines duly snubbed those Dissenters who refused Roman Catholics the same freedom for themselves. In all these things, he acted like a keen, honest man; and, plainly, it was because the Truth lay behind all he did that he gained general respect, a good hearing and an ultimate triumph.

Napoleon, having broken from Elba in the astonishing manner known to mankind, was finally flung into St. Helena, once for all; and the great wars ended in not only checking him, but in putting down the French Revolution, and (as the Tories fancied) the European movement party generally. England was left with illuminated cities and financial distress. The landed interest got a Corn Law put on, amidst general rioting. Mr. Baines was its opponent from the first, and lived to see it repealed.

About this time Edward Baines found another way of exercising his personal influence; he took to the platform. He attended all the great Leeds meetings against the Income Tax; all those in favour of religious liberty: always the same clear, energetic specimen of the middle class. Reform and Economy were Mr. Baines's objects. We do not find him rising into any high flights of inspired indignation at abuses; what he hated in them was their absurdity. His career was a perpetual admonition to Governments to be reasonable. "Sense, gentlemen; for mercy's sake, a little sense!" In 1817 he was working away at the Parliamentary Reform movement. They called the old system a representation; when little two-penny villages—where the very highway was overgrown with grass and weeds—returned members, while large towns, containing the very bones and blood of the country, had no members at all. Mr. Baines held forth that year, once, during a snow-storm; and, it seems the innocent, solid man was openly stigmatised as a traitor. We find this about the only time that he was stung into expressions of indignation; it simmered, however, rather than boiled over, in two or three far from violent "leaders" in the "Leeds Mercury."

It cannot be denied that things were looking very bad in the country then. Mr. Henry Hunt, an orator of the inflammable kind, was blazing like a furnace, first in one place and then in another. Toryism, of course, attributed everything that was wrong to the cry for Reform. Accordingly, information was sent to Ministers, in a notorious "green bag," of conspiracies in various parts of the kingdom: secret committees of both Houses were held, and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. The Spy System was in full force. Obscure scoundrels, in the employ of Government, instigated poor people to mischief. Mr. Baines, through the "Mercury," was one of those who most completely exposed this infamous organisation, and courageously denounced its tools by name.

For the next year or two he went on chiefly occupied with civic matters, aiding public baths, literary societies, and savings banks. The year 1819 brought distress with it again; distress brought Henry Hunt, and Petre, a tailor, who had exchanged the shop-board for the "stump." There were, moreover, loud cries for radical reform. Mr. Baines helped to keep some moderation in the matter This year produced the well-known Peterloo Massacre, of infamous memory. Seventy or eighty thousand persons were assembled in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, to petition for Parliamentary Reform. Hunt was addressing them, when the magistrates ordered the yeomanry to take him into custody. Into all that helpless crowd of working men, assembled there with their wives and families to utter honest complaints, broke an armed inflamed amateur soldiery sabre in hand, slaying wherever slaying was easiest. Several of the multitude were killed—hundreds were gashed and gored, and the crowd was scattered. So far from the acred bumpkins who dictated this murder getting any punishment, they received the thanks of the Prince Regent. The great Whig gentry of Yorkshire met to petition for an inquiry—and for assisting in that object, Earl Fitzwilliam was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West Riding.

George the Fourth ascended the throne, in 1820, and diverted attention from the odium of the laws against liberty known as the Six Acts, by diverting it to his royal person, by his celebrated Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline. Here,

again, Mr. Baines steadily supported the reasonable and the right. He aided in his quarter of the world to get the "Bill" washed out of the Augean Parliament. In 1822 he assisted at one of the great Yorkshire Parliamentary Reform Meetings which helped to produce the subsequent success of the Reform Bill; he also exerted himself in the Education movement. Nor did he wholly neglect—like too many public men—his own affairs; for he privately cultivated land with the energy which he brought to all his undertakings; snatching several patches of the wet, unpromising Chat Moss from useless boggism, and converting it into productive soil. During 1824—1826, occurred the great commercial panic which ruined so many houses—among others the Constables and Ballantynes of Edinburgh, whose fall involved Sir Walter Scott in bankruptcy.

The distress of that time hastened the Reform Movement. "Classic Canning" died in 1827, and the Wellington and Peel Government, which succeeded, was opposed to Catholic Emancipation and progress generally. But through the exertions of Lord John Russell, the Test and Corporation Acts were first repealed, and soon afterwards Government had to give way on the Catholic question also.

The death of George the Fourth and the accession of William the Fourth caused a general election in 1830. At this crisis, the "Leeds Mercury" suggested the election of Henry Brougham for the Riding; a measure which, more than any other, showed how Reform was advancing toward victory; for, one of the most decided features of the *ancien régime* was the superstition of "county-family"-ship. The county families were opposed to the introduction of a stranger; the right of representation being their private property, of course! Against this, Brougham's return was the most emphatic protest, as Brougham was then the uncompromising man of the people.

Between this election and the meeting of Parliament occurred the French Revolution of 1830, when Charles the Tenth was blown from his throne in an ignominious manner by a popular explosion. Parliament met; the Duke of Wellington resigned, Earl Grey was sent for by the King, and Brougham took his seat in his Cabinet as Lord Chancellor, with the titles of Brougham and Vaux. This administration now went to work to construct the plan of Reform which was brought before the Commons by Lord John Russell on the 1st of March, 1831. The country at once went into a Reform furor. The second reading was only carried by a majority of one; and a hostile amendment was successful in committee by a majority of eight. There was a dissolution, and the new Parliament showed a majority in favour of the second reading of three hundred and sixty-seven to two hundred and thirty-one. The Bill passed through the House under the management of Lord Althorp. But the troubles of the Reform party began all over again in the Lords. While the tide of feeling was roaring round this obstacle, Parliament was prorogued, and convened again in January, 1832. There was now a loud cry to "swamp the House of Lords," as the process of creating a new batch of peers was called. The King objected to this. Ministers resigned, and the Duke of Wellington could not form an administration. These factious delays caused immense excitement through the country. At last, the King recalled Earl Grey—the opponents of the Bill in the Lords yielded—and the measure received the Royal Assent on the 7th of June. Through all the struggle, Mr. Baines was hard at work in the Reform cause in his own section of the country. As it was certainly for, so it was mainly by such men as Edward Baines that the great change was made.

The Reform Bill enabled Leeds among other places to send two members to Parliament, and the town did itself the honour of choosing for one of them Mr. Macaulay, then the flower of all the "rising men."

That a reformer, and one of brilliant qualities, should have been returned for the great manufacturing town of his own district, and the scene of his own labours, was, it would seem, considered by Mr. Baines as the summit of his aims. His greatest political work was done. But he could not be idle, and he turned to literature—literature illustrative of his own sphere of action—and he eagerly set about a "History of the County of Lancaster." But in a short time he found that his political race was by no means run. It had yet to be crowned with its fitting reward. Mr. Macaulay got a splendid Indian appointment, and there was a vacancy for a Leeds member. Instantly the Liberal electors thought of Mr. Baines. The way in which he received the proposal was characteristic. The modest, sensible middle-class man, could he be fit for such an honour?—to go as member to a House which had, for so many years, been filled with imperial Wentworths and sublime Lascelles! Certainly, most Englishmen kneel as tranquilly as a camel to take up anybody who desires to mount him; but Mr. Baines, after a show of some sincere but coy reluctance, consented, was returned, and took his seat in February, 1834.

His Parliamentary career was a very quiet, hard-working one. He generally supported the Whig Government, but kept himself independent. He was constantly attending committees; appears regularly to have got up the immense public-document-stuff of the day with a digestive faculty commonly attributed to an ostrich; and listened patiently to the most long-winded constituents. In everything we find him homely and unaffected; he goes to dine at Lord Brougham's, and meets five peers—writes home, "there is no affectation of rank or dignity. The most perfect freedom, I may say equality, prevails." How modestly, the

brave old worker of sixty seems to rank himself: how timidly, to acknowledge that "*I may say*, equality prevails." There is a straightforward simplicity in the way in which he accepts his position; it does not diminish our respect for him, if we do at the same time think it a little ludicrous—a little like the deportment of the celebrated animal in Sterne, that seemed to say, "Don't beat me; but if you like, you may!"

When the Whigs were dismissed summarily by William the Fourth, and Sir Robert Peel was sent for from Italy, another dissolution followed. The Conservatives gained a hundred members in the new Parliament; but Leeds sent its faithful Mr. Baines back again. Soon afterwards, Sir Robert resigned, having been beaten on the Irish Church question, and the Melbourne Administration was formed. In 1835, there was a considerable agitation, occasioned by the moot point—whether the House of Lords ought not to be re modelled? A rather questionable question, thought Mr. Baines. He pronounced a decided negative, and his negative doubtless influenced many. It was very characteristic of him that he was content to work hard for every practical good—happy only could the really indispensable improvement be got. Mr. Baines would knock and ring at the door of the House of Lords; would halloo at the windows even; but break it down—oh no! He was a real sturdy friend of all that was old in England; would purge, but not destroy it. He reminds one of Wordsworth's old peasant, who said of a certain aged tree, "Cut it down! I'd rather fall down and worship it!" He had in his heart the essence of what is best in the Conservatism of England.

In reviewing the after part of his parliamentary career, we find him supporting Lord John Russell in his measures in favour of Dissenters; exerting himself in favour of Negroes and Aborigines; and straining hard to effect certain alterations in the payments of tithes for the benefit of the poorer clergy. He was elected for Leeds a third time at the general election on the demise of William the Fourth. This time he succeeded in passing a measure for the "Relief of Quakers, Moravians and Separatists elected to Municipal Offices"—again aiding the cause of religious liberty, by sparing the consciences of the earnest and pious of those sects. He protested, too, against putting down the Canadian rebellion by military force; and constantly laboured in promoting the private bills relating to Leeds and Yorkshire. He was one of the members of the Education Committee, and an early supporter of the Anti-Corn Law League.

We have now sketched his career to a period when old age came on, and he began to feel strongly those influences which ever rested gravely on the worthy people with whom he was connected in private life. He withdrew from Parliament at the period of the dissolution of 1841. His closing years were spent in tranquillity. His death took place on August 3rd, 1848.

Edward Baines's progress through life was a part of the progress of the country, during its recent beneficial social changes. In his hard work, his honesty, and his open good nature, he was one more fine specimen of "those good yeomen whose limbs were made in England."

CHIPS.

A HINT TO HATTERS.

For the last two or three years there has been waged in this country a guerilla warfare against hats. Up to a recent time, little was done; but much was promised to be done during the weeks in which we now are living. Among the matters talked of when the Great Exhibition was in prospect, was a display from France of new ideas for European clothing. We have not seen those new ideas, and to say truth are far from curious about them. It was said that a congress of artists from all nations was to meet in London, and design some fitting substitute for those ungainly cylinders with which we now burthen our heads. The artists have not met; for which forbearance we return them our most hearty thanks. Who can say what we have escaped? Possibly the artist's choice might have fallen upon peaked and broad brimmed banditti caps, with a long cock's feather. Mr. Hume might have been seen "going down to the House" in a cap like that worn by the Italian Herd-boy of shop-windows, or in a turned-up sombrero, like that sported by Don Ferolo Whiskerandos in Sheridan's farce. The French not having enlightened us, the artists not having met, what hope remains for the haters of hat? Let us consider.

In the first place, it is laid down as a main principle, that our quarrel is with hats, but not with hatters. Unflinching advocates of protection to British industry lay it down as an inflexible rule, that if we require a sudden revolution—substituting, say, cloth caps for hats—and get what we require, we ruin a trade and take bread out of the cupboards of many honest families. Now, hats are a great nuisance; no man out of Bedlam disputes that. They are an absurd roofing for the capital of the human column—the noblest member of the human body. In the past history of English costume, we can find no cover for men's heads so egregiously ridiculous as that which posterity will see to have been worn by the heroes of '51. In a crowd they are in the way of those behind us if we keep them on, and they probably get smashed if we take them off: we have to hold them gingerly, manœuvre them, have two thoughts for the hat, and one thought for ourselves. They are a source of headaches, and in windy weather they call our

attention from all other thoughts, because our minds must then be concentrated on the hat. We must press it over our brows tightly enough to cause a deep red ring upon the forehead; and that done, we must be on the alert for any puff of wind which may require us to carry up our hands for its preservation; because the great surface of a column slenderly supported at its base, renders it very liable indeed to be blown over. This is all very true, but all these discomforts and inconveniences it is better that we should bear; it is better that we should abide a slow process of change, than that one family should be reduced to poverty for a gain to the community comparatively trifling. A great number of families were ruined by the abandonment of shoe-buckles. Cloth-buttons, it is well known, reduced many respectable members of the metal-button trade to their respective workhouses. We should like to avoid any such accompaniment to the abandonment of hats.

This is our firstly; for our secondly, we may express an opinion that the abandonment of hats, without injury to hatters, is a change now gradually taking place. You shake your head. Well, we will put by that suggestion for a few minutes, and consider what sort of substitute for chimney-pot hats we, in this country, may be expected reasonably to desire. The Greek cap is often pointed to as something picturesque. In as far as its shape accords with the wearer's head, and does not caricature the outline of the wearer's body, it is very well. It suits the costume and climate of the Greeks, but, I diffidently submit, not the English dress and drizzle. A cap of many colours would not match our sober broad-cloth dress, and a sober skull-cap, without any brim, would pour the rain that fell on it over our faces in wet weather. In England, certainly, the brim is an essential portion of a hat: we want eaves to the roofing of our heads;—not monstrous umbrella brims, like those of the hats seen in the Tunis department of our Exhibition, but a moderate projection. The Greeks would have put brims to their caps if they had lived under an English sky. Up the White Nile, the Keks are a race of people wearing skull-caps. They coat their hair with the Nile mud, letting it dry in the sun, so that they seem to go about entirely bald, with earthen skull-caps. If they lived in a rainy country, it would not need many showers to inform them that a mud-pie was unpleasant wearing. Every man to his taste; but neither mud caps, nor Greek caps, would suit London weather. A simple head-covering, a skull-cap with a brim, would answer the exigencies of our case in the simplest manner. Such a head-covering was introduced, not many years ago, under the name of "wide-awake," by hatters. It was made of felt, and was meant for garden-wear. Such hats have been long worn by our rustic population. Who would have supposed that hatters themselves, introducing "wide-awakes," began unconsciously to work the hat reform?

Let us refer to another change that has unconsciously crept in. Some years ago, every respectable hat was, or professed to be, an edifice of beaver's fur. The unhappy race of beavers was almost exterminated; beaver fur was very dear. But—long life to the Beaver—a silk imitation was introduced. There were then silk hats and beaver hats; but the silk hats were considered to have been created for the poor or shabby portion of society. Who can say in what month, or in what year, opinion changed? yet we all know that in the present day we have consigned beaver hats to the band-boxes of country squires, and the manufacture of silk piles has slipped in at the last moment, to save the beaver from following the Dodo into history and out of life: while its substitute has rescued the hat-trade from the union.

It is in this way, very gradually, that the felt hats, called "wide-awakes," have made their way; they have risen already to a glory beyond that of their native felt, are made of fine material, and crown the prettiest faces in the world. Our English ladies, without calling meetings or creating any stir, have done what English gentlemen have talked about, have for their own parts done away with hats for their own Equestrian wear. Ladies who ride with cylinders upon their heads are now no longer to be seen. They wear the "wide-awake;" they are emancipated; they appear in reasonable hats, and never will be seen in cylinders again. Omitting feathers, and such decorations as become the English woman, but do not become the man, hats of this form can be adapted to our male costume, and by this change of fashion there accrues no injury to hatters. The change will not be made by public meetings, or by the Anti-hat Association. It is a change in progress, slowly, but surely, following the current of opinion. The time has arrived when any hatter may perceive the point to which the public taste is tending. The rest of the hat reform is in the hands of hatters; if they will leave off making cylinders, and offer to the public hats resembling those now worn by ladies—modifications of the wide-awake—they will be well backed by the public. How many fashions of paletots and Chesterfields have been created by our tailors to their own benefit? Why, then, are hatters at a stand-still? Why, in the face of universal discontent, do they still sell what the public does not like to buy? If hatters ever live to be deserted, as the buckle-makers and the manufacturers of shank-buttons were, they will have nothing to blame for the misfortune but their own inactivity.

In the meantime we would suggest that a great step towards the abandonment of our uncomely and uncomfortable form of hat

would be made, if it were removed from the heads of our policemen, postmen, and all street officials who wear uniform. We do not mean that policeman Z 1 would set a fashion to her Majesty's more fashionable lieges; but there would be so many cylinders less in a street view, so many innovations more, the public eye would be made more familiar with change; and, in the face of such a demonstration, private men who might be first to walk in the amended hats would not look singular. Be this as it may, however, we do hope that hatters may be active. Others, who deal in dress, create demand for change. Why, then, are hatters immutable?

THE PRICE OF TIME.

When we have passed [illegible] life [illegible]
With what accelerated speed the years
Seem to flit by us [illegible]
As they pass [illegible]
But is our wisdom [illegible]
Which brings [illegible]
When we [illegible]
Alas! [illegible]
"We take [illegible]
[illegible]
And so it is [illegible]
Which we [illegible]
Vain dreams and [illegible]
[illegible]

FISH DINNERS.

Justice to Fish! Justice to salmon and turbot, herring, trout, sole, pilchard, perch, cod, eel, mackerel, mullet, dorey, carp, tench, pike, flounder, sprat, and as many more as the sea furnishes. The surface of the sea is vast, and we have dwelt before upon the populousness of the ocean,* a vast plain of food that needs no ploughing, but yields incessantly spontaneous harvests. And yet here we live surrounded by these ocean fields, here we live in an island, we absurd people, and we don't eat fish. What if we taste it now and then? to gather some ripe ears of wheat as we pass through the corn fields, is one thing, to reap their harvest is another. Justice to fish! for the increased use of fish as a cheap article of diet we have pleaded before, and we intend now to gossip further on the subject. Under one general head "fish," we shall include crustaceans and molluscs, which, though commonly called shell fish, are not fish to the scientific man; they are fish, however, to the man who dines, and it is for men who dine that we are speaking now—for some men who may wish to get at small expense a comfortable, wholesome dinner.

There are few things living in the water that are not at least innocuous when cooked and eaten. Varieties of flavour granted, there is probably no fish, that is a fish, unfit for food. Of fishes that are not fishes, we mean shell-fish and other occasional inmates of the water, few are unwholesome. Near the Indian Archipelago the water is said to contain a species of sea-snake, which it is certain death to handle. That makes the catching of them hazardous; but if caught and cooked, they might, no doubt, in that state be eaten. Some fishes sting, and many molluscs do so; but their power of injuring does not outlast their life. A mollusc called the sea-hare, frequenting the coast of Italy, is famous in the chronicles of ancient Rome, as furnishing the deadliest ingredient of poisons. It was said to form a chief part of Locusta's toxicological collection. It stank, however, and its smell betrayed it. It tainted the victim's breath, and produced marked symptoms, easily recognised, so that it was not a particularly prudent thing to poison with it. In truth this creature, when alive, inflicts a severe sting, and it is very fetid; its noxiousness after death however is extremely doubtful. Much that was said of it is probably a Roman legend like our legend of the poisonous cockles and mussels. That a legend? doubtless asks a hater of shell-fish. We answer, certainly it is a fact that several kinds of shell-fish have at various times produced eruptions or other disorders, even death. There was a mussel tragedy at Leith some time ago; but, on investigation, it was found that the poisonous mussels had been taken from the corner of a dock into which sewer water ran, and very frequently it happens that sewer water runs over the shore on which these animals are gathered. Other inquiries have also made it probable that shell-fish, in such and similar positions, acquire a disease attended with enlargement of their liver, and that in this condition they are poisonous. Other conditions may produce a like disease; but be that as it may, there is no doubt that of a healthy cockle, or a healthy mussel, all parts may be eaten by a healthy man; always—need we add?—excepting the shell. In fact, it is a rule to which there are but few exceptions, if any, that animal flesh in any form is capable of being used as food by animals. But as the diet of the Esquimaux must differ from the diet of the Indian, and the diet of the sound must differ from the diet of the sick, so each nation must judiciously select its food, and each individual must regulate his diet. Stomachs are various as faces, each has its own form of expression. What is wholesome food to Peter may be nightmare to his brother Paul.

There is a feeling of strong dislike which restrains us from eating many things that would be wholesome and nutritious. Sometimes this springs from whim or misconception, or an eccentricity of stomach caused by the long habit of employing other articles of food. Such is the objection to fish common in England, and this feeling may be overcome.

* In an article entitled "A Popular Delusion," in the first volume of "Household Words," page 217.

Sometimes, however, it is an instinct given us by Providence for the protection from our ravages of an inferior race, whose purpose in creation is complete without our intervention. No philosophy can overcome this instinct. Snails, for example, would be of small use to us, had we an appetite for dining on them: we might soon clear snails and slugs out of our island, to the great discomfiture of birds and other creatures. "This is a vulgar prejudice," said Dr. Black, the celebrated chemist; "why should not a man eat snails?" So he and Dr. Hutton, the geologist, agreed that they would rise above the narrow fancies of the vulgar, and prove their philosophy by dining together on a snail, mess. They met, the dish of snails was brought to table, and the cover being removed, the two great men looked at their dinner with countenances very blank indeed. However, they had compromised each other, and began their dinner, like the supper of the lady in the "Arabian Nights," picking up daintily one grain at a time. Neither was willing to forfeit his character as a philosopher, till Dr. Hutton, laying down his fork, suggested, "Don't you think they taste a little—just a little—green?" "Very green!" cried Dr. Black; "they're very green! Tak 'em awa' —quick!" The edible snails used on the continent, and chiefly at Vienna—where three snails, at an eating house, count as a plate of meat—differ considerably from our hedge-side friends. But we have got out of our proper element—the water.

Against fish, no natural instinct warns man not to aggress. They are sought among the ice by Esquimaux, and hauled up out of the Niger by quaint nets, that form a feature in the bank scenery of that tropical river. A volume might be filled with the contrivances employed by men in all parts of the world for reaping some part of the harvest of the water. There was Lake Mœris in ancient Egypt, formed as a great reservoir to store a surplus from full inundations of the Nile, out of which the country might be watered in deficient years. The reservoir was also used as a great farm of fish, the property of government, that yielded an enormous pin money to the Egyptian queens. Negroes form tanks into which fish and water flow when their stream swells, and from which they let the water drain through nets when the river sinks, and keep dried, as a reserved store of food, the fishes left to them. In China the trained fishing cormorants have often been described. The Chinese also walk into the water, stripped, and beat the surface of the pond or stream with boards. The fishes are alarmed, and sink for safety to the water's bed, in which these fishermen then feel for them with their feet, and from which they extract them with their toes. Fish are appreciated all over the world as articles of diet, and to this country they are capable of being made the veritable treasures of the deep. In periods of famine, the miserable inhabitants of some islands in the Hebrides exist entirely upon limpets, which they pick up on their shore. The people round Lake Como live almost entirely upon eels, and are therewithal robust and long lived. Sickly neighbours come to re-establish health among them.

We do not cry down meat; we do indeed believe that the middle and upper classes in this country eat more meat than is necessary; that the old institution of a couple of fish days in the week—two days of a diet less gross and quite as wholesome—if it did nothing towards public morals, did a little towards public health. Let that be as it may, however. There is a large class in this country fasting from fresh meat more than health requires, because it is too dear to come abundantly or often on their scanty dinner tables. These fasts they fill up with most miserable substitutes for flesh, when nothing hinders them from the enjoyment of a savoury, sufficient dinner, but the carelessness with which we have neglected to be just to fish. What makes meat dear? The farmer has to buy his stock, to watch it duly, feed it on food raised out of expensive land, physic it, house it. It costs much cash and trouble to produce an ox. Now, turn to our neglected pastures, our lakes, ponds, and rivers. To stock them with fish is an easy inexpensive process; how prolific fish are every child knows, they want no turnip crops, or mangel wurzel, no buildings to go to sleep in, they require no fish herd to watch their movements. Stock the water with spawn; throw in the seed; it matters not whether the summer be too wet or too dry for other crops; it matters not which way the wind shall blow; the water yields you an abundant harvest.

Take, for instance, eels. They are an admirable article of food; abundant, prolific, hardy, and tenacious of life, easily preserved. In Otaheite they are kept as pets in large holes, grow vastly fat, will come out to the summons of a whistle, and eat out of a master's hand. Eels sink into the mud, and with reduced vitality endure our cold. Eels frozen and then buried four days under snow, put afterwards into water and thawed gradually, perfectly recovered. They endure also privation of food, even of air, wonderfully. Here is, one would think, a farming stock protected against nearly all possible mishap. The young eel grows to about twelve inches in the first year, and in the second or third year matures roe. A sharp-nosed eel has been caught twenty-seven pounds in weight. Of course a good farmer would feed them well during their hungry months: in winter they lose their appetites.

A French naturalist, M. Coste, has lately been experimenting upon eels. Out of the mass of young eels in the animalcule state, (in which state, at the fitting season, they can be obtained by tuns,) a number were fed in vats and basins, where they grew and throve in a

surprising manner, sparely fed and densely packed. Very well, here are ponds and there are lakes, and there are ten thousand scraps of barren marshy ground which produce nothing now, but would make first rate eel farms; there are ten times ten thousand of us, several times told, dining on cheese, or a small scrap of bacon, or a tantalising taste of meat, and nothing more; when nothing in nature hinders us from getting a full meal of palatable fish. There is no social hindrance to this good result, but that tenth part of a prejudice against fish diet which checks the little capitalist who would be a fish producer, with the thought that though he may be sure he can produce cheap fish, yet he is not sure of obtaining customers. O foolish fish abjuring race! the joys of the gourmand, things that would have been as the apple of the eye to Heliogabalus himself, the starving Englishman dislikes to put into his little saucepan, and thence into his empty stomach; or the knawing stomachs, peradventure, of his offspring. And he might come to need a large saucepan and many a lean child's face might be made round and rosy if he would forsake an empty larder and be just to fish. One objection to some fishes positively is that they are cheap, and how can things so dirt cheap be clean eating? Of pilchards, ten thousand hogsheads, or twenty-five millions of single fish, have been taken at one port in a single day.

We have talked of eel farms; besides eels, there are many fishes capable of cultivation. Carp, for example. In a female carp of ten pounds weight seven hundred thousand was the number of eggs found. Carp, too, can without hurt be carried from one pond to another. So can tench, a very palatable fish, that will live on like the eel in spite of all manner of privations. A piece of water which had been filled up and used as a rubbish heap, a mass of weed and mud, with little water, was directed to be cleaned out, and to the surprise of the diggers nearly two hundred brace of tench and as many perch (another fish worth farming) were discovered. Finally, under the roots of an old tree, a queer looking animal was seen, perhaps an otter. It proved to be a tench which had grown into the exact shape of the hole in which it had been many years confined. It weighed eleven or twelve pounds. There are pike, too; but then they are very hungry fellows, greedy after other fish. But they grow large, and as for their tenacity of life, it is said that a pike was taken, in the year 1497, to which there was a brass ring attached with this inscription: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick the Second, the 5th of October, 1230." So that fish was, quoth the legend, two hundred and sixty-seven years old. It weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

Never fear innovation. Fish were in favour in the good old times. Here is a gentleman's idea of his Saturday's dinner in the seventeenth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth:—

"First, leich brayne. Item, frountetye pottage. Item, whole ling. Item, great jowls of salt sammon. Item, great salt eels. Item, great salt sturgeon jowls. Item, fresh ling. Item, fresh turbut. Item, great pike. Item, great jowls of fresh sammon. Item, great ruds. Item, baked turbuts. Item, tarts.

"Second course. Martens to pottage. Item, a great fresh sturgeon jowl. Item, fresh eel roasted. Item, great brett. Item, sammon chines broiled. Item, roasted eels. Item, roasted lampreys. Item, roasted lamprons. Item, great burbutts. Item, sammon baken. Item, fresh eel baken. Item, fresh lampreys baken. Item, clear jilly. Item, gingerbread."

Fish in those days were patronised, and almost every old hall or abbey had its attached fish-ponds or stews. Landed proprietors in our own day might make good use of them, said Gottlieb Boccius, in 1841. A gentleman, he says, possessing land to spare, should have three ponds; one, say number one, a little higher than the others, should be of three acres in extent, connected by a sluice with number two of perhaps four acres, and number three, with five acres of surface. It is well for these ponds if they be blessed with refuse drainage from the neighbourhood, if they have not sterile clay bottoms, and are not overhung by vegetation. The ponds should shelve gradually for five or six yards, and have a depth of from three to five feet in the centre. They should be kept full if possible, but not allowed to rise above due bounds. "To stock the ponds with brood, the following simple calculation is sufficient for direction; viz., to every acre of water in extent put in two hundred brood carp, twenty brood tench, and twenty brood jack: thus making ten per cent. each of tench and jack to the carp: the brood must be all of one season's spawn. Therefore, to three acres there will be six hundred carp, sixty tench, and sixty jack; and the succession ponds are to be stocked in like proportions; the second the year following the first, and the third again a year later, so that each pond then comes round in its turn to be fished."

"Again," says Mr. Boccius, "a given space of water can produce only a certain quantity either of vegetable matter or animalcules: by storing only the proper number of fish adapted to the water, the weight, in three years, will prove equal to what it would have been had twice the number been placed therein. By overstocking the water, the fish become sickly, lean, and bony; and, on the contrary, when the regulations are attended to which I have laid down, the fish will be healthy, fleshy, and fat. In stocking ponds, it must be strictly observed that the jack, carp, and tench be all of the same season, or spring spawn. The period for brooding the pond with these fish is

towards the end of October." Gottlieb Boccius, says his Quarterly Reviewer "has a friend in Saxony who rejoices in a domain comprising nearly eight thousand acres, of which nearly one half is forest." On that estate are twenty-two ponds, the largest being about twenty-seven acres in extent; and the stock above recommended was calculated by this comfortable Saxon after forty years' experience of practical results. Out of this large pond, Gottlieb—we can fancy how he devoured them with his eyes—saw, in 1822, the two largest breeding carp placed in the scale, and their united weight amounted to nearly one hundred pounds, the male drawing forty-three pounds, and the female forty-eight pounds, *Saxon:* noble fish, even taken at our own rate of weight—but Saxon weight is above seven per cent. heavier than English. In 1833 this goodly pair had increased, the male to fifty-two pounds Saxon, and the female to fifty-five pounds. In the same year he was present at the draught of his friend's second largest pond, covering seventeen acres The produce exceeded four thousand pounds weight of carp, besides tench and jack. In this pond the proprietor had left several carp for breeding, five of which weighed one hundred and three pounds Saxon; the largest of the five, a *Spiegel carp*, aged sixteen years, drew in the scale thirty-one and a half pounds English. The age of the two taken from the largest pond could not be correctly stated, as they were on the estate when he purchased it some fifty years ago. "These fish," says our author, "they treat as prize fish, and consider them infinitely better for spawn than younger ones." They who desire to have more of the advice of Mr. Boccius must refer to his "Treatise on the Management of Fresh-water Fish, with a view to making them a Source of Profit to Landed Proprietors," 8vo., London, 1841. We should much like to see this subject rising into importance. Here is a fine cry, looking for a crier. Does any party in the House of Commons want something to take a stand upon? Here is a stool to rise on. Here is a vast constituency to be represented. Sons of the Sea claim to be heard before Britannia, whose March is on the Mountain Wave, and so on.—Justice to Fish!

We say nothing here about mismanaged fisheries; but we say to the landsmen, we cannot count the hungry mouths agape for food in this grand country. Let fish descend from the mahogany of the epicure to the labourer's board. Farm fish, provide cheap food, and fatten some of us. You dear, good folks, who dine so ill, examine yourselves concerning the nature of your dislike to fish, if you have any. If you find that prejudice to be a mere idle, unfounded impression, off with it, and you may be an epicure. Eat fish oftener—create demand, and call for a supply. Be just to fish, for they belong to a great family that has long been honoured. We said that a book might be written about ways of getting fish; and surely one might fill another book with stories of the homage paid, in all ages, to their good qualities. That ugly fellow the John Dory, for example, was respected so highly by the ancients that they gave him the name of their chief god, called him Zeus. Our name for him is derived perhaps from his colour, *jaune dorée*, a golden yellow; but, says legend, no. He was first called a Dory from *adorée*, worshipped, because when Saint Christopher was wading through the sea with his master on his arms (and so he got his name Christophorus) he laid hold of a Dory, and left the marks of his finger and thumb to be adored upon the fish for ever. Quite a mistake, sir, says another legendary, those thumb marks were left by Saint Peter when he forced open the fish's mouth to take from it the piece of tribute money. So John Dory is Saint Peter's fish, and is called by the fishermen of the Adriatic *il janitore* (whence Johnny Dory), because Peter is the janitor of heaven. Wrong again, says legend number three, Quin it was who christened the fish, and called it John, in imitation of King Charles, who knighted the loin of beef into Sir Loin, when he found out how very good it was. Quin re discovered in this country, more than a century ago, the gastronomic merits of John Dory.

There is a story about Quin, to wit, that one day he set off to Plymouth to eat John Dory in perfection, cooked in sea water, and left word with the innkeeper at Ivybridge that he was to provide Dory against his return on a certain day. The day arrived, and Quin set out on his return, but knowing Ivybridge to be remote from sea, expecting that they would have much fish, and have forgotten the sea-water to boil it in, he set forth with a large cask of sea water, tied on the footboard of his carriage. The weather had been stormy, and when Quin arrived at Ivybridge, he found almost anything else was to be had for dinner, but no fish; this was too bad, and so he would not eat at all. There are many in England who can get almost nothing else for dinner; but they *can* have fish, and that they will not eat at all. So they reverse the case of Quin.

Now we have gossipped out our gossip; but we have another hint to drop. Might not our water companies farm fish in their great reservoirs, to the improvement of their water? Might not the Board of Health animate their projected "gathering grounds" with spawn, and supply the Metropolis, not only with pure water; but with wholesome fish? Throw little fishes into the great pool, and they become big fishes gradually. What then do they grow big upon? Not upon water only, but upon things—some of them very impure things—in the water, obviously. They themselves can add to the water nothing that they have not taken out. By as much, therefore, as the fishes have increased in bulk, deducting the increase due to water merely, by so much will the reservoir have

been purified by its inhabitants; and that which is unsavoury to look at in a water bottle, will be very welcome to us in another form produced at table hot under a dish-cover.

SOUTH AMERICAN SCRAPS.

THE PAMPAS INDIANS.

The Pampas Indians, like the more civilised *guachos* or descendants of the old Spanish colonists, live on horseback. Their domestic arrangements are of the simplest kind. A moveable tent, made of horse-hide, is the only mansion they covet; horse flesh and maize are their food; a *poncho*, or short cloak, and a pair of boots, made of colt-skin, their only clothing. They herd together in separate tribes; each community being governed by a *cacique*, or chief. Their wants are few; but even these are often not well supplied, in spite of the natural fertility of their country. Sir Francis Head, in his "Scamper across the Pampas," divides these regions into three sections "On leaving Buenos Ayres," he says, "the first is covered, for one hundred and eighty miles, with clover and thistles alternately; the second, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass, and the third, which reaches to the base of the Cordilleras, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but drive out their cattle to graze, and without any previous preparation, to plough, whatever ground their wants may require." This is, to a great extent, true; yet so straitened are the natives for food occasionally, that necessity has sharpened their wit to a high degree of cunning. Travellers inexperienced in the subtle tricks of the Pampas Indians, have but poor defences against them, while roving in pursuit of their little equestrian diversions, either for frolic or plunder. To understand some of the strategies which I am about to disclose, it is necessary to bear in mind that in South America all journeys, whether long or short, are made on horseback, and that a traveller is always accompanied by two or three attendants, likewise mounted, leading and tending additional horses, caparisoned for use. These are usually driven a-head, and gallop together at a quick speed, followed by the whole party, the attendants from time to time riding forward to survey and regulate the course of the horses in advance.

This is the basis of one of their most successful stratagems, which is remarkable, as exhibiting their ability in horsemanship, and, moreover, the absence of any other purpose than that of obtaining some petty spoil. It being a common thing to see five or six persons galloping through the country, and driving a large number of horses before them; you, who are probably travelling in the same manner, take no special notice of the party advancing towards you from the distance. They approach nearer; you neither slacken your pace, nor diverge from your proper course. Why should you? There is no perceptible reason; yet you are, or may soon, be in a snare. Look well at the advancing party! Now they are near enough for a more critical survey—what do you make of them? There are in advance about thirty horses, driven forward by a party of six persons, all on horseback—they appear to be Indians; but what if they are? How can they harm us? Well, you continue to ride on unsuspectingly Now you are within musket shot—look intently and scrutinisingly —do you see nothing more? No, nothing! Look again. Ha! it is now too late. On the backs of the thirty horses spring thirty devils, created seemingly by some sorcerer's blackest art. Each bears in his hand a lance, whose cast is certain death. In the first stare of amazement, before you can arrange a thought out of your bewilderment, they are on you and around you; you are dragged from your horses; and what follows depends mainly on your own behaviour. It is probable they will deprive you of your horses—perhaps your clothes too. What of that? You escape with your life, and without personal outrage. Go home as fast as you can, and be satisfied with so gentle a misfortune.

Now, whence did these thirty "monsters" spring from so suddenly? How came they there? Their unearthly wildness seemed to subdue even the wild horses. Nothing is plainer than a deception explained. You cannot seriously think those tawny monsters knew anything more of magic or sorcery than its primary and potential element, deception. Their cunning is of nature, not art. They do not pretend to do enormities. Their simple object to obtain effectually and as quietly as possible, seems to be all they wish, and all they really do. The truth is, that they did not spring out of the ground merely to entrap you. They came as gentlemen, wild or tame, should approach on horseback—all the way on those very horses, which they rode in a fashion of their own—not suitably, by any means, to the tame equestrians of London or Paris. A very quick eye might have discerned, while the advancing horses were galloping along in apparent freedom, something hanging under the belly of each horse; it is the dark body of the crafty Indian, holding, with one hand, to the mane of his horse, and to the spine with one of his feet; in the other hand he carries his lance, so low to the ground and carefully poised, as neither to injure nor obstruct the motions of the horse. The drivers vigilantly keep the horses together, with that side of each which is free from the leg of the suspended Indian presented to the traveller favoured with their interest.

I am not certain that these special customs of theirs are not practised by them rather as sporting diversions than in malice of hostility, or with the motive of plunder. Perhaps they regard their pursuit in adopting the stratagem as a kind of chase after a human animal quite as cunning as themselves. Two circumstances seem to point to this conclusion:—the one, that they do no personal injury, and only take what, even to them, must be almost valueless; and the other, that, in consequence of the disappearance of all kinds of animals from their usual hunting grounds, they are obliged to seek their sport within the "inhabited" or settled portions of the Pampas. It is said that they have *destroyed* all the animals of their own districts by accumulating and driving them, from far off, all they could so, into a corner between the [illegible] and a river that discharges itself at that point. This appears to me to be [illegible], certainly less probable than the supposition that many of the herds thus perpetually hunted have from time to time escaped from these districts, and come into the safer retreat of the "inhabited" parts.

Even the wildest of the wild among the Pampas Indians appear to keep [illegible]. They come into the "inhabited" parts for the purpose of hunting; but they invariably ask permission of the *[illegible]*; but what care the *[illegible]* for their politeness? He [illegible] himself on the horns of a dilemma. If he consent, he is certain they will [illegible] one of his herd of [illegible]; [illegible] they will steal a few horses. If he refuse, he is equally certain they will chase and hunt as much as they please in the remotest part of his property, and run away as many horses as possible; and, worse than all, in the case of refusal, it is probable they will set fire to the grass.

Notwithstanding the many circumstances that may be fairly urged in extenuation of the conduct of the worst of them, those called [illegible], who however do not [illegible] to be in reality more hostile, or rather less friendly, than those located within the *[illegible]*, it is obvious that they are rather troublesome neighbours and frequently very annoying to those who, by favour of the governmental power, have usurped the territories which were the only birthright of the Pampas Indians. The common complaint is, that they are dangerous to the ever advancing settlers. Is it not so everywhere? Neither settlers nor government remember that the danger proceeds from themselves, and is the natural consequence of their ever advancing settlements claiming the dispossessions of the persecuted.

It is commonly reported throughout those regions that the Government have resolved to exterminate them at the first opportunity; and this in violation of their treaties. It seems the Pampas Indians, wretches whose wild existence might exclude them from the pale of politics, are dreaded as an irregular political power by the powerful Government, because revolutions are frequent in South America, and it is alleged that at such periods, the Pampas Indians aid them, indirectly, by pillaging and murdering where they can. If the declared pretext be founded on ascertained facts, which I think is by no means evident, may not such conduct be the result, in some degree, of the boasted intention of the Government to exterminate them at the first opportunity? It is probable that most of the Pampa Indians are acquainted with the intention thus indiscreetly divulged. And, if so, what other conduct can reasonably be expected? After the revolutions that occurred in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres about the end of 1839, during which it was alleged the Indians committed devastations most extensively, the celebrated Government [illegible] gave orders to the Colonel Commandant of the town of [illegible], then the frontier town, to the effect that after the country should have resumed a little more of its natural [illegible] and all parties should have [illegible] come [illegible] he was to [illegible] it was called, on the Indians [illegible] well and faithfully [illegible] Government [illegible] [illegible] dwelling [illegible] of the [illegible] south of [illegible] on the other side of a chain of [illegible] than three thousand native men, women, and children dwelt there. The colonel [illegible] watched for an opportunity, and the [illegible] always [illegible] but the Indians appeared to be equally vigilant. At every [illegible] inspection of the corps of cavalry at [illegible], about nine hundred men heavily armed, emissaries of the Indians attended, [illegible] with the duty of watching every movement of the soldiers, until the horses were led away for the night. Never was duty more strictly discharged.

The old colonel could not longer remain inactive, and resolved to attempt a night surprise. He knew of the presence of emissaries at every inspection, and observed the confidence with which they usually departed after the release of the horses. On the 13th of March, 1840, the inspection passed off as usual, the emissaries attended, the horses were released, and the Indians departed. Arrived at the *tolderia*, their report was satisfactory. In the full confidence of security, all reposed. Meanwhile the colonel ordered his horses, saddled and mounted. Dividing his corps into three columns they commenced their fatiguing and dangerous march at night through the Pampas, towards the *tolderia* of the Indians, which the three columns of cavalry reached at daybreak. No sentry or outpost was there to alarm the encampment. All within lay in the deepest repose.

The issue, in all its revolting horrors, may

be anticipated. The natural cruelty of the old Spanish blood was exhibited in the thousand frightful and revolting barbarities then committed by the Argentine soldiers. Only a few of the Indians succeeded in escaping amidst the universal confusion. These speedily informed their countrymen of the horrible fate of their tribe. They have never forgotten that dreadful day. To perpetuate the memory of that massacre, and to mark its scene of horror indelibly for all time, the very place, as well as the small river there flowing on so peacefully and bloodlessly, is called "*Los Vuesos*," signifying the bones.

In the course of my residence at Azul, I cultivated the acquaintance of one of the Caziques of the Capamento, with the view of gathering information as to the religion and peculiar customs of the Pampas Indians. but I never could obtain any regarding the nature and the condition, or law of their religion. The first caution I received in Azul, was while walking in the sandy streets, which are always crowded with them, that I must avoid passing between two of them while in mutual converse, as such an interruption, they consider a flagrant insult and becomes usually the precursor of the most disagreeable consequences. Of course I did not fail to note the caution: and I had neither the courage nor the disposition of curiosity or mischief, to try the experiment.

I cannot say the Pampas Indians are not free from the vice of drunkenness. It seems that, like other wild tribes of Indians, these have, in their contact with more civilised settlers, contracted the habit of occasionally indulging to excess in spirituous liquor. In almost all cases it will be found to be an *imported* vice, the result of an imported temptation, too agreeable to the cravings of that sense from which man in his rude state derives one of his principal gratifications. However, there is a striking peculiarity in their *mode* of drunkenness which deserves to be noted. Everybody has heard there is a method in madness. I never heard of any method in drunkenness; but I have witnessed it plainly developed among these Pampas Indians. In Azul are numerous *pulperias*, or brandy-shops. Being there, it is not likely the Pampas Indians will pass them without tasting the liquor so much esteemed by the Argentine soldiers. If it were intended to make drunkards of all the Indians in the Capamentos, no surer method could be adopted than opening so great a number of such shops there. Whenever the Indians have either money or valuable property of any description, to these shops they hasten, usually in parties of a considerable number. Of course the intoxicating beverage is supplied to the extent of their means of payment; and to many, credit is given. Amongst every such party of drinkers, there is always one who refuses to drink: he will not taste a drop. Nothing will tempt him. The offer of whatever may be at any other time operative to seduce a Pampas Indian to perform an act of any kind, is now quite unavailing. His mission is to watch over and protect his drinking companions. More vigilant than a sentinel at an outpost, facing an enemy under arms, does he perform his solitary duty. He acts as paymaster or banker for all his party. He appears to have been invested by each of them with supreme authority for the time being. But what is the use of authority over a party of drunkards? How can it be exercised beneficially while they remain in drunkenness? Let us see. Observe him closely. He looks around, and sees his companions in a state of apparent helplessness, or one, perhaps, in excessive excitement. At any time, without consulting any of them, he pays the reckoning for all, and with a single word his authority is acknowledged by every individual of the party. All disputes cease without another word. He leads them out of the *pulperia*, and even the most drunken fellow of the party follows alertly. Nor is this all: every man mounts his horse, and all return together to their *toldería*.

Once, while in the neighbourhood of Patagones, our party was encamped on the borders of the Colorado. One morning, very early, myself and the six companions who slept with me in our tent, were disturbed by the suffocating sensation caused by thick gusts of smoke blown down upon us by a hot north wind. The smoke had affected my eyes, and I therefore rose, early, as it was, to enjoy the freshness of the air. I was proceeding slowly strolling towards the river, when an unusual noise proceeding from the other side of the river attracted my attention. The atmosphere being dark and misty, I could not see anything to account for the noise, as our *caravana* lay before my eyes, and I had ascertained that nobody was missing. I remained watchful, until the morning mist began to clear away, when I was astounded in recognising immediately the unmistakeable features of a party of Pampas Indians, who were approaching our *caravana* in their usual silent man[illegible]. In a moment I alarmed my companions. As our party was numerous, and we had an abundance of fire arms, although all armed, we felt satisfied that nothing extremely serious was likely to happen to us. But we knew that with such neighbours of the Pampas no precaution can be considered as superfluous. We held a brief council, which resulted in the mission of the young *Estanciero* (who perfectly well understood the language of the Pampas Indians, and personally knew many of their tribes) to the advancing party in order to ascertain their intentions. While he advanced, we prepared everything for an efficient defence; but happily none was necessary. After the interchange of [illegible] words, the young *Estanciero* discovered [illegible] instead of any meditated hostility, it was, in fact, a party attending in honour to visit

himself—a truly agreeable surprise to all of us.

It turned out that an old Cazique, who was a very old friend of the young *Estanciero*, having heard of his presence in our *caravane*, could not abstain from indulging himself with a visit. On hearing this, of course the least we could do was to turn ourselves up all hands in the endeavour to entertain our guests, who, counting women and children, amounted to nearly a hundred persons. As those Indians eat nothing but horseflesh, all we could do was to provide the wherewithal for their repast. We could give them horses or mares, but they must kill them, and cook them, and eat them without our assistance.

Some mares were brought from the nearest *manada*, or troop of wild horses, after about half an hour's sharp chase. They were presented in due form, and in due form they were received. Some were killed, cooked, and eaten, also in due form, I suppose; but, certainly, with very little of what we call ceremony. When I mention that the blood of the animal is esteemed the chief delicacy, the reader will not require me to describe the repast in detail.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIZARD.

The immense plains of grass and other vegetation, which are interspersed with lakes, and of which La Plata is chiefly composed, give life to innumerable animals of the lizard tribe.

The Lagarto, or lizard, is at home in all parts of the Sierra de St Catherina, and is of various sizes, from the little animal of scarcely four inches in length, to the magnitude of six feet in length. Its colours are most beautiful and diversified. In the hot summer days they appear to like to congregate and bask upon the mountains, where the reflection of the rays of the sun upon their brilliant-coloured and translucent skins impart a striking effect. I have often, upon approaching a mountain where they disported themselves in the sunshine, making it almost vivid with their brilliancy, seen them, in their fright at my approach, suddenly and rapidly rush away from all sides of it, producing the same visual sensation and effect as a flash of lightning unexpectedly passing over the shining surface of large sheets of downward-rolling waters. It is very difficult to catch them, on account of the rapidity of their movements. I remember a circumstance happening to myself, while in the Sierra, which will exemplify one of the few ways to kill a lagarto.

On a very hot summer afternoon, I was returning from a visit I had paid to a neighbour, and passing near a solitary *puesto* (the house for a *capatan*, a steward or overseer of a certain part of the lands belonging to an Estancia), I resolved to dismount from my horse, in order to refresh myself at the *puesto* with a draught of water. Finding that the inhabitants had not returned from their occupations in the fields, I entered the little kitchen, and much fatigued, with my eyes full of dust. At the opposite end was a very small door, through which alone any light penetrated the kitchen. At the time I entered, the sun shone vividly through the door, giving a lively appearance to what otherwise would be in fact a little black hole. My entry was not attended with any noise, for I wore *potro*-boots—the entire boot being made of leather manufactured from the soft skin of the hind-legs of a *potro*, or young horse,—a lucky circumstance for myself; for on looking around for the never-missing *jarro*, or water-pot, I perceived—what I may truly say quite amazed me—an enormous lizard, of the largest class, close to my feet! Undisturbed by my entry, there it lay, sleeping quietly before the scarce-extinguished fire, enjoying, doubtless, in its repose, the warmth of the rays of the sun falling upon him, so as to show the beauty and brilliancy of his colours in dazzling reflection. A moment's consideration determined me how to act. I quietly withdrew to the yard, armed myself with a sturdy stick which is the only weapon fit for attacking a lizard, and re-entered the kitchen, and quietly and carefully took up my position *behind* the lizard, leaving the door wide open. My reason for taking a position in its rear was, because I had been told by Guachos that the bite of a lizard is really dangerous, and that it will never relinquish whatever it may get hold of with its teeth. I did not forget, however, that there was also considerable danger in the rear, on account of its capability of severe mischief with its tail, which is formidably armed with very hard-pointed thorns. Having taken these precautions, I struck a tremendous blow at the animal's head. It was, indeed, fortunate for me that I stood in its rear; for as soon as the blow was struck, before I could raise the stick to strike again, the lizard made such a leap as seemed impossible several times while in the air opening and shutting its mouth most frightfully. On descending, it dealt the most furious blows on the ground with its formidable tail. It then departed slowly from the kitchen. After repeated blows of equal severity, I at length killed him, without having received any injury. I soon stripped off his skin, which was one of the finest I ever saw.

I should state that the skin of these lizards, especially those of the large class, are very much esteemed, and are used, as a curiosity, in covering sundry ornamental articles of household furniture. The difficulty of catching the lizards doubtless enhances the value of their skins, which are in themselves sufficiently beautiful to be esteemed as curiosities.

THE SIERRA DE ST CATHERINA.

To the stranger viewing the district of La Plata, known as the Sierra de St. Catherina, for the first time, the whole range of country presents the most surprising aspect. Pursuing

the course of the numerous small rivers along the valleys, the landscape appears literally black with the inconceivable multitudes of cattle covering it as far as the eye can reach. No European can form any adequate idea of the appearance in such a scene of such vast bodies of cattle—all in their wild and natural condition. Not a tree to be seen, except the few planted near a solitary *rancho*, or house, the lofty, multiform, black, and weather-beaten cliffs of the Sierra extending far, as the background, and the entire intermediate space of hills and valleys innumerable, covered most densely with the wild cattle, whose multitudinous groups appear to be only divided by the numerous rivers intersecting the district, and throwing a living brightness through it: —this is a picture which powerfully struck my mind with an ineffaceable impression of another phase, differing from the many I had received in the course of my previous travels, of Nature's wildest grandeur.

Generally there is scarcely any perceptible movement in those multitudes of cattle. densely thronged together, the motions of individual animals are not discernible at any distance. Occasionally, and frequently, this aspect of the scene is changed, and the picture becomes suddenly animated in a manner most striking. A troop of a thousand or two of wild horses rush on to the scene in their wildest speed, with their long tails streaming in the air, and their shaggy, manes all dishevelled; snorting and neighing, they pass like a living shade over the top of a hill, and as suddenly disappear in the valley beyond, rising and disappearing again and again, disturbing, in their reckless course, and breaking the groups of cattle, previously so quiet and seemingly motionless.

In the Pampas, where also cattle abound, vast numbers are lost in the very dry summers, it is supposed for want of moister pasturage; but in the valleys of the Sierra that calamity is prevented by the numerous rivers there flowing,—a circumstance which I suppose may, in some measure, account for the multitudinous congregation of cattle there.

Another curiosity of the Sierra is the peculiar kind of wood it produces, which is not to be found in any other district. This is the wood of the curumamuel tree, which grows in extensive forests, and covers the Sierra in many parts, over many miles together. The leaf of these trees ends in a hard spiked thorn, which, combined with their density and close proximity in the forest, form, in fact, a thicket which it is quite impossible for any human being to pass through, or even enter. Nevertheless, it is throughout the summer, and especially at the commencement of winter, the resort and abode of numberless horned cattle, as well as lions, and other beasts. The stature of these trees is never higher than about five feet.

It is the custom at the commencement of every winter to set fire to these forests, for the twofold purpose of driving out the numerous horned cattle, lions, and other beasts taking refuge there, and of getting wood entirely dry, in anticipation of the rainy season; and, as a provision necessary to protect the wood from the influences of water, it being certain that, after the trunks of these trees have become charred and blackened by fire, water has no longer any influence upon them.

Such conflagrations often continue for several weeks, and form a most magnificent spectacle. Imagine to yourselves one of those transcendently beautiful nights, known only in Southern climates, when myriads of intensely shining stars illuminate the bright and clearly blue firmament, covering, with the sanctity of stillness, the repose of earth with all its living terrors, and all its hushed joys and sorrows, its natural glories, and its unnatural ambitions; imagine yourselves at such an hour upon the wild Sierra, thinking only of the beautiful and the sublime in harmony with the scene, or perchance of the quietude of a home far away, with its tranquil household delights—when, suddenly, as though the flame had been caught from a passing flash of lightning, you behold the leaves and the branches of many and far-extending forests gradually consuming, and the surrounding grass throwing upward myriads of sparks above the flaming masses; imagine that you behold the increasing flames, compact as one living principle of the element itself, marching and luridly dilating through the forests, and along the valleys, and over the hills and cliffs, and through the defiles, arousing the wild beasts, whose agonized roaring awake the startled mountains themselves, with aspects wearing the burning hue of all around;—and you have pictured to yourselves, as well as I who have beheld it, the magnificent spectacle of one of those conflagrations.

The cliffs, which form three sides of the basin near the *Loma de Ulallatvê*, are overgrown with various kinds of grass and wild flowers of luxuriant growth. It is considered rather a singular fact, that thousands of *loros*, or small parrots, take refuge and abide among those cliffs, and make their nests there in holes. The inaccessibility of the situation alone prevents their entire destruction; for no good-will appears to be entertained to them, on account of the ruin they effect in every plantation. Towards the sea, the Sierra gradually becomes less elevated, and terminates at a distance of between two and three leagues from the sea.

But the mountainous character of the district of the Sierra does not terminate at that point; for on the beach the Downs appear more like mountains than anything else. They, like those of the Sierra, present the most striking and uncommon forms. I visited them in the company of a friend [illegible] had been shipwrecked in this very spot in [illegible]

voyage from the United States to Valparaiso, when he was the only person saved, and who, from his long residence in the provinces of South America, is regarded there rather as a native than as a foreigner. Traversing on horseback through deep sand, we slowly reached the Downs. They are nearly half an hour's ride in breadth and are covered on the land side with various kinds of grass and reeds, which gradually increase in density until the ground disappears. Between the many hills and mountains that form the Downs are very deep holes, filled with a perceptibly thick water which is perfectly fresh and sweet, notwithstanding it thickness, and, doubtless, the produce of springs sufficiently powerful to throw off all extraneous superincumbent waters.

My friend there narrated to me the circumstance of his shipwreck on the scene before me so vividly that I could not throw off its saddening impressions while galloping with him along the beach, with the Downs we had now reached together on our left and on our right the endless ocean. I could not avoid thinking, that even thither the Pampas bore the breath of winds more fatal than a pestilence towards those whose last earthly hope lay in the anchors which avail nothing on such a coast. The shipwrecks are frequent there, and even at this time we often found the battered yards and stays that come as a continual memento of the fate of the large English vessel the "William the Third," which perished there with all hands about the year 1833. There rose blackly and frowningly before me the lurking terrors of those perilous rocks, that run far out into the sea, and are so large that, at low tide, their form and development are scarcely concealed. No living creature can be seen upon those vast downs, save occasionally and rarely, some curious traveller; not even a single bird lends to the scene a living breath; not an echo paints the sense of perfect stillness, save when the Pampas winds come there to war with the vexed waters of the overpowering ocean. In company with these notwithstanding these impressions, we saw the majestic Atlantic in its happier mood of peacefulness, reposing calmly and serenely on its awful might; and in viewing its dark blue waters (how "darkly, beautifully blue" they are!) commingling in the scarcely perceptible horizon, with all the glories of the skies, the sublimity and wild grandeur of all things above and around imparted to me a moment of feeling worth a world of travelling to enjoy.

A WORD TO YOUNG POETS.

Why should sorrow interlace
Her deepest night, its shade in the hair
Of poets of the lyric race
And wake melodious despair;
Till ruin'd hearts the chant repeat
Of death-choirs, clad in winding sheet?

The Past—why, let it never be
A pall upon thy memory;
But use it to compare thine age
With history and wisdom's page,
Merging thine individual sense
In all the world's experience.

The Present fail not to behold
Life actual stren the immediate gold,—
Not merely given to be uprovided
By future visions, dreams and hopes—
Imaginations visited shapes—
But owned used rightly and enjoyed.

The Future let it be thy star
Not sought as infant's eye extend
With eager eye their little hand—
Forecasting more to win the end,
But knowing well, how high how far,
Nobly grace to that bright land.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF LUCY HUTCHINSON.

There are some books that leave upon the mind a strange impression of a certain shadowy beauty, dim—companion—a haunting of the memory, it may be by one former by vivid strong breathing having a positive personal presence and clearly yet always preserving an immaterial existence and occupying a removed round from which they come, to mingle with the admitted recollection. The shadows hold their place, quiet as some mediaeval dream, from us in indescribable tenderness.

The 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson' is such a book. In many passages it is tedious, a record of petty struggles of petty warfare—and, more dreary still of factious jealousies and political hatreds. The absolute truth of the book is fatal in one direction, to our hero-worship. The leaders of the Great Rebellion, in such minute detail, appear as mere schemers, rival agents at a borough election; and the most fervent in professions of religious zeal are as bitter in their revenges as the heroes of a hundred scalps; but there arises out of the book, and is evermore associated with it, the calm quiet shadow of a woman of exquisite purity, of wondrous constancy, of untiring affection—Lucy Hutchinson, its writer.

John Hutchinson is at Richmond, lodging at the house of his music master. He is twenty-two years of age. The village is full of "good company," for the young Princes are being educated in the palace, and many "ingenious persons entertained themselves at that place." The music-master's house is the resort of the king's musicians; "and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music came thither to hear." There was a little girl "tabled" in the same house with John Hutchinson, who was taking lessons of the lutanist—a charming child, full of vivacity and intelligence. She told John she had an

elder sister—a tedious and retiring person—who was gone with her mother, Lady Apsley, into Wiltshire—and Lucy was going to be married, he thought. The little girl ever talked of Lucy—and the gentlemen talked of Lucy—and one day a song was sung which Lucy had written—and John and the vivacious child walked another day to Lady Apsley's house, and there, in a closet, were Lucy's Latin books. Mr Hutchinson [illegible] in love with Lucy's [illegible], and when the talk was more rife that he was [illegible] to be married [illegible] and some [illegible] that he was [illegible] [illegible] he became unhappy [illegible] there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Lucy [illegible] [illegible] Sir John Apsley [illegible] [illegible] Walter [illegible] [illegible] never [illegible] [illegible] was determined.

The [illegible] [illegible] into [illegible]. On a certain day, the friends on both sides meet to conclude the terms of the marriage. Lucy is not to be seen. She has taken the small pox. She is very near death. At length John is permitted to speak to his betrothed. Tremblingly and mournfully she comes into his presence. She is "the most deformed person that could be seen." Who could tell the result in words so touching as her own? "He was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her. But God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before."

They were married on the 3d of July, 1638.

In the autumn of 1641, John and Lucy Hutchinson are living in their own house of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire. They have two sons. They are "peaceful and happy." John has dedicated two years since his marriage to the study of "school divinity." He has convinced himself of "the great point of predestination." This faith has not, as his wife records, produced a "carelessness of life in him," but "a more strict and holy walking."

He applies himself, in his house at Owthorpe, "to understand the things then in dispute" between the King and Parliament. He is satisfied of the righteousness of the Parliament's cause; but he then contents himself with praying for peace. In another year the King has set up his standard at Nottingham; the battle of Edgehill has been fought; all hope of peace is at an end. John Hutchinson is [illegible] He is marked as a Roundhead [illegible] the name [illegible] was very ill applied to Mr Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine [illegible] [illegible] those days, which [illegible] allow him to [illegible] The divinity student now becomes a [illegible] He raises a company of [illegible] [illegible] the houses of the Puritans [illegible] Owthorpe, [illegible] his apprehensions for [illegible] his family. In the depth of [illegible] Lucy and her children [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the older [illegible] enough to [illegible] [illegible] comfort [illegible] against the fire and danger as spirit when he saw [illegible] by a remarkable union of courage and gentleness.

Let us look at the shadow of Lucy Hutchinson. She tranquilly sits in one of the upper chambers of the old and ruinous castle which her husband is appointed governor. It is a summer evening of 1643. In that tower, built upon the top of the rock, tradition says that Queen Isabel received her paramour Mortimer; and at the base of the rock is the hewn Mortimer's Well, and Mortimer's Hole, as Lucy Hutchinson saw them two centuries ago. She looks out of the narrow window by which her chamber is lighted. [illegible] the Trent, peacefully flowing on [illegible] [illegible], amidst flat meadows. On the other [illegible] the town of Nottingham. The governor has made the ruinous castle a strong fortress, with which he can defy the Cavaliers should they occupy the town beneath. Opposite the towers is the old church of St Nicholas, whose steeple commands the platform of the castle. The Governor has sent away his horse and many of his foot, to guard the roads by which the enemy could approach Nottingham. There is no appearance of danger. The reveille is beat. Those who have been watching all night lounge into the town. It is in the possession of the Cavaliers. The scene is changed. The din of ordnance rouses Lucy from her calm gaze upon the windings of the

Trent. For five days and nights there is firing without intermission. Within the walls of the castle there are not more than eighty men. The musqueteers on St. Nicholas' steeple pick off the cannoniers at their guns.

Now and then, as the assailants are beaten from the walls, they leave a wounded man behind, and he is dragged into the castle. On the sixth day, after that terrible period of watchfulness, relief arrives. The Cavaliers are driven from the town with much slaughter, and the castle is filled with prisoners. Lucy has not been idle during those six days of peril. There was a task to be performed,—a fitting one for woman's tenderness. Within the castle was a dungeon called the Lion's Den, into which the prisoners were cast; and as they were brought up from the town, two of the fanatical ministers of the garrison reviled and maltreated them. Lucy reads the commands of her Master after another fashion. As the prisoners are carried bleeding to the Lion's Den, she implores that they should be brought in to her, and she binds up and dresses their wounds. And now the two ministers mutter—and their souls abhor to see this favour done to the enemies of God—and they teach the soldiers to mutter. But Lucy says, "I have done nothing but my duty. These are our enemies, but they are our fellow-creatures. Am I to be upbraided for these poor humanities?" And then she breathes a thanksgiving to Heaven that her mother had taught her this humble surgery. There is a tear in John's eye as he gazes on this scene. That night the Cavalier officers sup with him, rather as guests than as prisoners.

In the vale of Belvoir, about seven miles from Belvoir Castle, is the little village of Owthorpe. When Colonel Hutchinson returned to the house of his fathers, after the war was ended, he found it plundered of all its moveables—a mere ruin. In a few years it is a fit dwelling for Lucy to enjoy a life-long rest, after the terrible storms of her early married days. There is no accusing spirit to disturb their repose. John looks back upon that solemn moment when he signed the warrant for the great tragedy enacted before Whitehall without remorse. He had prayed for "an enlightened conscience," and he had carried out his most serious convictions. He took no part in the despotic acts that followed the destruction of the monarchy. He had no affection for the fanatics who held religion to be incompatible with innocent pleasures and tasteful pursuits. At Owthorpe, then, he lived the true life of an English gentleman. He built—he planted—he adorned his house with works of art—he was the first magistrate—the benefactor of the poor. The earnest man who daily expounded the Scriptures to his household was no ascetic. There was hospitality within those walls—with [illegible] and revelry. The Puritans looked gloom[illegible] suspiciously upon the dwellers at O[illegible] The Cavaliers could not forgive the soldier who had held Nottingham Castle against all assaults.

The Restoration comes. The royalist connexions of Lucy Hutchinson have a long struggle to save her husband's life; but he is finally included in the Act of Oblivion. He is once more at Owthorpe, without the compromise of his principles. He has done with political strife for ever.

On the 31st of October, 1663, there is a coach waiting before the hall of Owthorpe. That hall is filled with tenants and labourers. Their benefactor cheerfully bids them farewell; but his wife and children are weeping bitterly. That coach is soon on its way to London with the husband and wife, and their eldest son and daughter. At the end of the fourth day's journey, at the gates of that fortress within which she had been born, Lucy Hutchinson is parted from him whose good and evil fortunes she has shared for a quarter of a century.

About a mile from Deal stands Sandown Castle. In 1664, Colonel Hutchinson is a prisoner within its walls. It was a ruinous place, not weatherproof. The tide washed the dilapidated fortress; the windows were unglazed; cold, and damp, and dreary was the room where the proud heart bore up against physical evils. For even here there was happiness. Lucy is not permitted to share his prison; but she may visit him daily. In the town of Deal abides that faithful wife. She is with him at the first hour of the morning; she remains till the latest of night. In sunshine or in storm, she is pacing along that rugged beach, to console and be consoled.

Eleven months have thus been passed, when Lucy is persuaded by her husband to go to Owthorpe to see her children.

"When the time of her departure came, she left with a very sad and ill-presaging heart." In a few weeks John Hutchinson is laid in the family vault in that Vale of Belvoir.

Lucy Hutchinson sits in holy resignation in the old sacred home. She has a task to work out. She has to tell her husband's history, for the instruction of her children:—"I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can, for the present, find out none more just to your dear father, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory."

So rests her shadow, ever, in our poor remembrance.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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OUR WATERING PLACE.

At this time of the year, and especially at this time of this year when the great metropolis is so much hotter, so much noisier, so much more dusty or so much more water-carted, so much more crowded, so much more disturbing and distracting in all respects, than it usually is, a quiet sea-beach becomes indeed a blessed spot. Half awake and half asleep, this idle morning in our sunny window on the edge of a chalk cliff in the old-fashioned Watering Place to which we are a faithful resorter, we feel a lazy inclination to sketch its picture.

The place seems to respond. Sky, sea, beach, and village, lie as still before us as if they were sitting for the picture. It is dead low-water. A ripple plays among the ripening corn upon the cliff, as if it were faintly trying from recollection to imitate the sea; and the world of butterflies hovering over the crop of radish-seed are as restless in their little way as the gulls are in their larger manner when the wind blows. But the ocean lies winking in the sunlight like a drowsy lion—its glassy waters scarcely curve upon the shore—the fishing-boats in the tiny harbour are all stranded in the mud—our two colliers (our Watering Place has a maritime trade employing that amount of shipping) have not an inch of water within a quarter of a mile of them, and turn, exhausted, on their sides, like faint fish of an antediluvian species. Rusty cables and chains, ropes and rings, undermost parts of posts and piles and confused timber-defences against the waves, lie strewn about, in a brown litter of tangled sea-weed and fallen cliff which looks as if a family of giants had been making tea here for ages, and had observed an untidy custom of throwing their tea-leaves on the shore.

In truth our Watering Place itself has been left somewhat high and dry by the tide of years. Concerned as we are for its honor, we must reluctantly admit that the time when this pretty little semi-circular sweep of houses tapering off at the end of the wooden pier into a point in the sea, was a gay place, and when the lighthouse overlooking it shone at daybreak on company dispersing from public balls, is but dimly traditional now. There is a bleak chamber in our Watering Place which is yet called the Assembly "Rooms," and understood to be available on hire for Balls or Concerts; and, some few seasons since, an ancient little gentleman came down and stayed at the Hotel, who said he had danced there, in byegone ages, with the Honorable Miss Peepy, well known to have been the Beauty of her day and the cruel occasion of innumerable duels. But he was so old and shrivelled, and so very rheumatic in the legs, that it demanded more imagination than our Watering Place can usually muster, to believe him; therefore, except the Master of the "Rooms" (who to this hour wears knee-breeches, and who confirmed the statement with tears in his eyes), nobody did believe in the little lame old gentleman, or even in the Honorable Miss Peepy, long deceased.

As to subscription balls in the Assembly Rooms of our Watering Place now, red-hot cannon balls are less improbable. Sometimes, a misguided wanderer of a Ventriloquist, or an Infant Phenomenon, or a Juggler, or somebody with an Orrery that is several stars behind the time, takes the place for a night, and issues bills with the name of his last town lined out, and the name of ours ignominiously written in, but you may be sure this never happens twice to the same unfortunate person. On such occasions the discolored old Billiard Table that is seldom played at (unless the ghost of the Honorable Miss Peepy plays at Pool with other ghosts) is pushed into a corner, and benches are solemnly constituted into front seats, back seats, and reserved seats—which are much the same after you have paid—and a few dull candles are lighted—wind permitting—and the Performer and the scanty Audience play out a short match which shall make the other most low-spirited—which is usually a drawn game. After that, the Performer instantly departs with maledictory expressions, and is never heard of more.

But the most wonderful feature of our Assembly Rooms, is, that an annual sale of "Fancy and other China," is announced here with mysterious constancy and perseverance. Where the china comes from, where it goes to, why it is annually put up to auction when nobody ever thinks of bidding for it, how it comes to pass that it is always the same china, whether it would not have been cheaper,

with the sea at hand, to have thrown it away, say in eighteen hundred and thirty, are standing enigmas. Every year the bills come out, every year the Master of the Rooms gets into a little pulpit on a table and offers it for sale, every year nobody buys it, every year it is put away somewhere until next year when it appears again as if the whole thing were a new idea. We have a faint remembrance of an unearthly collection of clocks, purporting to be the work of Parisian and Genevese artists—chiefly bilious-faced clocks, supported on sickly white crutches, with their pendulums dangling like lame legs—to which a similar course of events occurred for several years until they seemed to lapse away, of mere imbecility.

Attached to our Assembly Rooms is a library. There is a Wheel of Fortune in it, but it is rusty and dusty, and never turns. A large doll with moveable eyes, was put up to be raffled for by five-and-twenty members at two shillings, seven years ago this autumn, and the list is not full yet. We are rather sanguine now, that the raffle will come off next year. We think so, because we only want nine members, and should only want eight but for number two having grown up since her name was entered, and withdrawn it when she was married. Down the street, there is a toy-ship of considerable burden, in the same condition. Two of the boys who were entered for that raffle have gone to India in real ships, since; and one was shot and died in the arms of his sister's lover, by whom he sent his last words home.

This is the library for the Minerva Press. If you want that kind of reading, come to our Watering Place. The leaves of the romances, reduced to a condition very like curl-paper, are thickly studded with notes in pencil: sometimes complimentary, sometimes jocose. Some of these commentators, like commentators in more extensive ways, quarrel with one another. One young gentleman who sarcastically writes "O!!!" after every sentimental passage, is pursued through his literary career by another, who writes "Insulting Beast!" Miss Julia Mills has read the whole collection of these books. She has left marginal notes on the pages, as 'Is not this truly touching? J. M.' 'How thrilling! J. M.' 'Entranced here by the Magician's potent spell. J. M.' She has also italicised her favourite traits in the description of the hero, as 'his hair, which was *dark* and *wavy*, clustered in *rich profusion* around a *marble brow* whose lofty paleness bespoke the intellect within.' It reminds her of another hero. She adds, 'How like B. L.! Can this be mere coincidence? J. M.'

You would hardly guess which is the main street of our Watering Place, but you may know it by its being always stopped up with donkey-chaises. Whenever you come here, and see harnessed donkeys eating clover out of barrows drawn completely across a narrow thoroughfare, you may be quite sure you are in our High Street. Our Police you may know by his uniform, likewise by his never on any account interfering with anybody—especially the tramps and vagabonds. In our fancy shops we have a capital collection of damaged goods, among which the flies of countless summers "have been roaming." We are great in obsolete seals, and in faded pin-cushions, and in rickety camp-stools, and in exploded cutlery, and in miniature vessels, and in stunted little telescopes, and in objects made of shells that pretend not to be shells. Diminutive spades, barrows, and baskets, are our principal articles of commerce; but even they don't look quite new somehow. They always seem to have been offered and refused somewhere else, before they came down to our Watering Place.

Yet, it must not be supposed that our Watering Place is an empty place, deserted by all visitors except a few staunch persons of approved fidelity. On the contrary, the chances are that if you came down here in August or September, you wouldn't find a house to let. As to finding either house or lodging of which you could reduce the terms, you could more easily engage in an ancient hopeless pursuit. For all this you are to observe that every season is the worst season ever known, and that the householding population of our Watering Place are ruined regularly every autumn. They are like the farmers, in regard that it is surprising how much ruin they will bear. We have an excellent Hotel—capital baths, warm, cold, and shower—first-rate bathing-machines—and as good butchers, bakers, and grocers, as heart could desire. They all do business, it is to be presumed, from motives of philanthropy—but it is quite certain that they are all being ruined. Their interest in strangers, and their politeness under ruin, bespeak their amiable nature. You would say so, if you only saw the baker helping a new comer to find suitable apartments.

So far from being at a discount as to company, we are in fact what would be popularly called rather a nobby place. Some tip-top "Nobs" come down occasionally—even Dukes and Duchesses. We have known such carriages to blaze among the donkey chaises, as made beholders wink. Attendant on these equipages come resplendent creatures in plush and powder, who are sure to be stricken disgusted with the indifferent accommodation of our Watering Place, and who, of an evening (particularly when it rains), may be seen very much out of drawing, in rooms far too small for their fine figures, looking discontentedly out of little back windows into bye-streets. The lords and ladies get on well enough and quite good-humoredly; but if you want to see the gorgeous phenomena who wait upon them, at a perfect non-plus, you should come and look at the resplendent creatures with little back parlors for Servants' Halls, and turn-up bedsteads to sleep in, at our Watering

Place. You have no idea how they take it to heart.

We have a pier—a queer old wooden pier, fortunately without the slightest pretensions to architecture, and very picturesque in consequence. Boats are hauled up upon it, ropes are coiled all over it; lobster-pots, nets, masts, oars, spars, sails, ballast, and rickety capstans, make a perfect labyrinth of it. For ever hovering about this pier, with their hands in their pockets, or leaning over the rough bulwark it opposes to the sea, gazing through telescopes which they carry about in the same profound receptacles, are the Boatmen of our Watering Place. Looking at them, you would say that surely these must be the laziest boatmen in the world. They lounge about, in obstinate and inflexible pantaloons that are apparently made of wood, the whole season through. Whether talking together about the shipping in the Channel, or gruffly unbending over mugs of beer at the public-house, you would consider them the slowest of men. The chances are a thousand to one that you might stay here for ten seasons, and never see a boatman in a hurry. A certain expression about his loose hands, when they are not in his pockets, as if he were carrying a considerable lump of iron in each, without any inconvenience, suggests strength, but he never seems to use it. He has the appearance of perpetually strolling—running is too inappropriate a word to be thought of—to seed. The only subject on which he seems to feel any approach to enthusiasm, is pitch. He pitches everything he can lay hold of,—the pier, the palings, his boat, his house—when there is nothing else left he turns to and even pitches his hat, or his rough-weather clothing. Do not judge him by deceitful appearances. These are among the bravest and most skilful mariners that exist. Let a gale arise and swell into a storm, let a sea run that might appal the stoutest heart that ever beat, let the Light-boat on these dangerous sands throw up a rocket in the night, or let them hear through the angry roar the signal-guns of a ship in distress, and these men spring up into activity so dauntless, so valiant, and heroic, that the world cannot surpass it. Cavillers may object that they chiefly live upon the salvage of valuable cargoes. So they do, and God knows it is no great living that they get, out of the deadly risks they run. But put that hope of gain aside. Let these rough fellows be asked, in any storm, who volunteers for the Life-Boat to save some perishing souls, as poor and empty-handed as themselves, whose lives the perfection of human reason does not rate at the value of a farthing each; and that boat will be manned, as surely and as cheerfully, as if a thousand pounds were told down on the weather-beaten pier. For this, and for the recollection of their comrades whom we have known, whom the raging sea has engulfed before their children's eyes in such brave efforts, whom the secret sand has buried, we hold the boatmen of our Watering Place in our love and honor, and are tender of the fame they well deserve.

So many children are brought down to our Watering Place that, when they are not out of doors, as they usually are in fine weather, it is wonderful where they are put: the whole village seeming much too small to hold them under cover. In the afternoons, you see no end of salt and sandy little boots drying on upper window-sills. At bathing-time in the morning, the little bay re-echoes with every shrill variety of shriek and splash—after which, if the weather be at all fresh, the sands teem with small blue mottled legs. The sands are the children's great resort. They cluster there, like ants: so busy burying their particular friends, and making castles with infinite labor which the next tide overthrows, that it is curious to consider how their play, to the music of the sea, foreshadows the realities of their after lives.

It is curious, too to observe a natural ease of approach that there seems to be between the children and the boatmen. They mutually make acquaintance, and take individual likings, without any help. You will come upon one of those slow heavy fellows sitting down patiently mending a little ship for a mite of a boy, whom he could crush to death by throwing his lightest pair of trousers on him. You will be sensible of the oddest contrast between the smooth little creature, and the rough man who seems to be carved out of hard-grained wood—between the delicate hand expectantly held out, and the immense thumb and finger that can hardly feel the rigging of thread they mend—between the small voice, and the gruff growl—and yet there is a natural propriety in the companionship: always to be noted in confidence between a child and a person who has any merit of reality and genuineness: which is admirably pleasant.

We have a Preventive Station at our Watering Place, and much the same thing may be observed—in a lesser degree, because of their official character—of the Coast Blockade; a steady, trusty, well-conditioned, well-conducted set of men, with no misgiving about looking you full in the face, and with a quiet thorough-going way of passing along to their duty at night, carrying huge Sou-Wester clothing in reserve, that is fraught with all good prepossession. They are handy fellows—neat about their houses—industrious at gardening—would get on with their wives, one thinks, in a desert island—and people it, too, soon.

As to the Naval Officer of the station, with his hearty fresh face, and his blue eye that has pierced all kinds of weather, it warms our hearts when he comes into church on a Sunday, with that bright mixture of blue coat, buff waistcoat, black neck-kerchief, and gold epaulette, that is associated in the minds of all Englishmen with brave, unpretending, cordial, national service. We like to look at him in

his Sunday state; and if we were First Lord (really possessing the indispensable qualification for the office of knowing nothing whatever about the sea), we would give him a ship to-morrow.

We have a church, by the bye, of course—a hideous temple of flint, like a great petrified haystack. Our chief clerical dignitary, who, to his honor, has done much for education both in time and money, and has established excellent schools, is a sound, shrewd, healthy gentleman, who has got into little occasional difficulties with the neighbouring farmers, but has had a pestilent trick of being right. Under a new regulation, he has yielded the church of our Watering Place to another clergyman. Upon the whole we get on in church well. We are a little bilious sometimes, about these days of fraternization, and about nations arriving at a new and more unprejudiced knowledge of each other (which our Christianity don't quite approve), but it soon goes off, and then we get on very well.

There are two dissenting chapels, besides, in our small Watering Place, being in about the proportion of a hundred and twenty guns to a yacht. But the dissension that has torn us lately, has not been a religious one. It has arisen on the novel question of Gas. Our Watering Place has been convulsed by the agitation, Gas or No Gas. It was never reasoned why No Gas, but there was a great No Gas party. Broadsides were printed and stuck about—a startling circumstance in our Watering Place. The No Gas party rested content with chalking "No Gas!" and "Down with Gas!" and other such angry war-whoops, on the few back gates and scraps of wall which the limits of our Watering Place afford; but the Gas party printed and posted bills, wherein they took the high ground of proclaiming against the No Gas party, that it was said Let there be light and there was light; and that not to have light (that is gas light) in our Watering Place, was to contravene the great decree. Whether by these thunderbolts or not, the No Gas party were defeated; and in this present season we have had our handful of shops illuminated for the first time. Such of the No Gas party, however, as have got shops, remain in opposition and burn tallow—exhibiting in their windows the very picture of the sulkiness that punishes itself, and a new illustration of the old adage about cutting off your nose to be revenged on your face, in cutting off their gas to be revenged on their business.

Other population than we have indicated, our Watering Place has none. There are a few old used-up boatmen who creep about in the sunlight with the help of sticks, and there is a poor imbecile shoemaker who wanders his lonely life away among the rocks, as if he were looking for his reason—which he will never find. Sojourners in neighbouring watering places come occasionally in flies to stare at us, and drive away again as if they thought us very dull; Italian boys come, Punch comes, the Fantoccini come, the Tumblers come, the Ethiopians come; Glee-singers come at night, and hum and vibrate (not always melodiously) under our windows. But they all go soon, and leave us to ourselves again. We once had a travelling Circus and Wombwell's Menagerie at the same time. They both know better than ever to try it again; and the Menagerie had nearly razed us from the face of the earth in getting the elephant away—his caravan was so large, and the Watering Place so small. We have a fine sea, wholesome for all people; profitable for the body, profitable for the mind. The poet's words are sometimes on its awful lips:

> And the stately ships go on
>   To their haven under the hill;
> But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
>   And the sound of a voice that is still!
>
> Break, break, break,
>   At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
>   Will never come back to me.

Yet it is not always so, for the speech of the sea is various, and wants not abundant resource of cheerfulness, hope, and lusty encouragement. And since I have been idling at the window here, the tide has risen. The boats are dancing on the bubbling water; the colliers are afloat again, the white-bordered waves rush in; the children

> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back,

the radiant sails are gliding past the shore, and shining on the far horizon; all the sea is sparkling, heaving, swelling up with life and beauty, this bright morning.

A PENITENT CONFESSION.

I shall merely premise that I am a private gentleman of small means, but very lively imagination. My name is Sparks—Mr. Simon Sparks—related to the Sparks's and Snipetons of Somersetshire, where their farm-lands are very considerable. For myself, as a point of character, I have to confess to one predominant taste. I have always had a sort of passion for beautiful jewellery and precious stones. I have always been very choice in my rings and shirt pin; and every five years I have invariably exchanged some of my trinkets for others, by way of indulging in variety at the least cost. I add to my stock as often as I can afford it. It don't do to boast in presence of great names, yet I do possess both a turquoise and a cairngorm which are almost unique. But I can also admire in the abstract. One of my greatest delights in going to the Opera, is to see the blaze of diamonds that are assembled in this delightful resort of all that is chaste and splendid. But, to my painful confession.

Like everybody else, I have been, of course,

to the Great Exposition; and, like everybody else, I was strikingly disappointed by the appearance of the Koh-i-noor. My imagination had portrayed something a million times more dazzling. In fact, I was not dazzled at all. But one thing did impress me deeply from the first, and always excited my imagination for some time after my departure; and this was the extraordinary care, and various ingenious and secret means adopted for its safe preservation. Bold, indeed, must be the thief that would make such a venture; and such are not wanting, so far as boldness is concerned; but to devise and execute any feasible plan for the capture of such a prize, so guarded by men and mechanism, by clock-work tricks within, which it is said would cause the diamond instantly to disappear, if the lightest of light fingers were but to touch it; by a bell-glass covering, and by a great iron cockatoo cage, and policeman without—to obtain any success against such prodigious difficulties, visible and secreted, almost amounting to an impossibility, would require a thief of the very highest genius.

I went several times to the Exposition after this "lighting up" of the Koh-i-noor. I confess that my chief inducement in these repeated visits, was the strange attraction of these precautions for the preservation of the gem—far greater, I repeat, than the attraction of its equivocal beauty. The precautions and devices seemed to defy the ingenuity of man. I was fascinated by them. I could not help speculating as to how they might be defeated. Why not? The world was full of clever people—some of them rogues—and what the fine skill of one man could construct, the equally fine skill of another man might circumvent—the treasure that one acute locksmith might secure, an equally acute picklock might carry away. If a fortress was impregnable from above ground, there were generally means of getting at it from below, by a good deep burrow; thus, by a masterly manœuvre, at once compromising and turning to waste all the cunning calculations of the upper works.

These thoughts took such possession of my imagination, that I was literally haunted by them. Wherever I went, whatever I was doing, they constantly obtruded themselves. I vigorously strove to concentrate my attention and speculations on other objects of interest in the Great Exposition. I called to mind the gigantic Astronomical Telescope, and wondered how large a star would look through it—Mercury, for instance, the god of thieves—and suddenly the Koh-i-noor appeared shining at the other end, escaped from its cage! I bethought me of the various agricultural and other machines at rest, and in motion; but it always ended in one of them boring a deep hole under-ground, into which I put one foot, and drew it back suddenly, checking myself with a "forbear." I really felt ashamed of all this; but do what I would, I could not shake it off. The immense blocks of coal outside, what were they but "black diamonds"—the crude, unconcentrated, unpurified, raw material of mines, from which the Koh-i-noor family were lineally descended? I rushed back into the Crystal Palace, and the next moment found myself, as by a fatal fascination, standing in front of the iron cockatoo cage, with its policeman lounging beside a barrier rail, quite stultified with the dull monotony of his duty. There I beheld the illustrious captive shining on a platform or stage, which is evidently an iron safe, one (or more) of the panels of which has a deep and curious key-hole, which panel being opened, no doubt allows you to creep along in the dark, beneath the "mountain of light." Aha!—not so impregnable—not so impossible to be got at—by no manner of means impossible. I could imagine several ways.

I did, indeed, imagine several ways—several extraordinary ways. I fell into a habit of sitting in an arm-chair every day after dinner, and indulging in long reveries, in which I exhausted my ingenuity in devising and following out schemes for carrying off the Koh-i-noor. The thing had taken so thorough a possession of my imagination, that I verily believe (and this has not unfrequently happened in the history of mechanical inventions) I should have gone mad, had not the extremes found a vent, and a cure, in one of those after-dinner reveries which terminated in a deep slumber. But, if reduced to a state of insensibility to all outward impressions, how active, vivid, and coherent were all those which I experienced within! I have since thought that my brain must have been in a high state of fever.

To prowl at night round the outskirts of the Crystal Palace, watching a favourable time—say, about two in the morning, or three, if not too light—and then mount, by a very light ladder, to the first division of the roof, would be perilous, and attended with many difficulties; some of which, perhaps, could not be foreseen. No—this would not do: some other scheme must be adopted.

One thing, extremely needed, was precisely the one thing of all others which, at the same time, I most wished to avoid—an accomplice. There was a very clever fellow I knew, now out of employ, who had once been a lawyer's clerk, and afterwards "marker" at a gambling-table, besides other things. He would do, so far as cleverness was concerned; but then he was likely to be by far *too* clever, and trouble me afterwards. On the other hand, there was a particularly stupid chap, who had been a farm-servant of my uncle's—Abraham Winthorpe Sparks's—in Somersetshire, and was dismissed for allowing some gipsies to steal a donkey-load of turnips in two panniers, in return for having his fortune told by one of the women while the panniers were loading. This fellow now, who combined both rogue

and fool, might serve as a handy instrument, and be quietly dismissed, and sent away into the country, or out of it somewhere, for a small consideration, when done with. Yes, this fellow—Bob Styles was his name—would do very well. He was a great lout. Not that I would trust him too far, or, indeed, at all, as to my secret. What I wanted was confidential manual help. So I sent for Bob Styles, and bought him a new frock-coat and highlows, and a drab hat, the same evening. He grinned, and thrust his tongue in his cheek, when he came into the room in his new things. He was a precious lout. But he would serve my purpose.

A mine—a burrow under ground—that was the true and sensible means of getting at the Great Prize. A contest with Chubb above ground, was the very place where he had calculated the grand assault would be made, if at all; whereas, it was extremely unlikely that he should have had the genius to foresee that another genius might construct his plans of attack entirely on the underground principle.

I sold out stock in the Three per Cent. Consols, where my little property was chiefly invested; and having put myself in possession of a few hundred pounds ready cash, I commenced my operations. Bob Styles was a great help to me. He ran about, carrying heavy packages and boxes for me to No. —, * * * Street, Hyde Park, where I had taken a house as close as was prudent to the Crystal Palace.

The cellars were of course my grand field—the dusky region of my arduous operations. I had the entrance to the back cellar, which was, in fact, the coal-cellar, so contrived by a passage from the front cellar, fitted up with my own hands, by means of some old wainscot and planks, that the mind would presently become confused as to the latitude of the back cellar, and the point at which the burrow beneath the earth was advancing. If any conjecture could be formed at all, it would be that it was in a straight line towards St. Paul's; whereas it was accurately directed, from "bearings" I had taken with a compass, in a line with Mr. Chubb's "iron cage" in the Exposition of the Industry of Nations.

Into the front cellars I made Bob Styles convey all my delving, boring, and burrowing apparatus. One of the tools (though he seemed much puzzled with the shape of the shovels) attracted his especial notice. It was one of the probes—my own invention. "Be this thing a squirt!" said he. The mistake delighted me. "Yes, Bob," said I; "it is to soften the earth as we proceed." He said he thought "how it wor likely to be a very good zoftener." What a lout he was! But all the better. I should not omit that I had thought it best just to tell him that I was engaged by one of the Gas Companies to make some investigations, in consequence of a law-suit with the parish, and he must not, therefore, say a word of what we were about to any soul breathing, or the company might lose the action, and perhaps we should be sent to prison for boring holes under-ground without leave. This seemed to frighten Bob very much. He swore never to say a word to mortal man.

The earth that accumulated from the borings we conveyed in bushel baskets into the front kitchen, and shot it up in one corner. As I did not wish to fill the cellar, especially as I wanted room for my tools, machines, and general apparatus for the whole business, I sent Bob with a cart-load of it, as soon as it amounted to that, in the dusk of the evening, with orders to proceed to some unfrequented spot in the suburbs, or where new houses were being built, and, watching his opportunity when nobody was near, tilt up the cart, and shoot out the contents with as little noise as possible. If spoken to, he was to say he was one of Mr. Cubitt's men, and pretend to be drunk.

I pass over the many difficulties and obstructions which we surmounted. I fear I did considerable damage to many a sewer, gas, and water-pipe. We were now underneath the carriage-drive in front of the South Entrance.

Other difficulties occurred; but I will not pause to particularise them; in fact, as I approach the grand event of my narrative, I feel such an excitement that my pen seems to hurry me on with the record, rather than to obey the direction of my fingers. The eventful night arrived, when with compass-box in hand, and my plan before me, the result of the calculation I made, showed that we were just under the iron safe of the Illustrious Stranger. So great was my joy, or rather excitement, for it was too painful a pleasure to be termed merely "joy," that I ran down to Bob, who was still at work at the further end of the burrow, and showing him the figures of my sum—the quotient—cried out exultingly, "We've done it, my boy! The Gas Company will gain their action."

"Glad to hear on 't," said he. He was too stupid to be really excited at anything.

We had now to make an upward movement. This was a nice process, as it would not do to come abruptly upon the Diamond. I was afraid to give a sudden blow to the iron safe, or whatever was undermost in Mr. Chubb's arrangement, lest it should disturb the Koh-i-noor in its bed, or liberate some safety-spring or cunning trap, that would increase my difficulties. Upwards, therefore, we worked, till gradually we arrived at a rather hard, gritty, stony substance, the *débris* of which looked like clay and sand that had been baked into a sort of sandstone.

I ground my way up, and in a very short time made a hole in the substance, and found I had arrived at a hollow space. I cautiously thrust my hand into the dark hole above me, and felt about. I could feel nothing. I thrust my arm up slowly, as high as the

shoulder. Still it encountered nothing but empty space. I enlarged the hole till I could get my head in, which I raised very cautiously indeed, and stared about; but all was vacancy and darkness. I hoisted a light at the end of a stick, and lifted it at least five feet above the aperture; but it only displayed a sort of upright stone vault. Finally, I made the aperture larger, and by means of a short ladder I ascended. Was I in an upright sarcophagus? or was I in the antechamber and waiting-room of the Koh-i-noor? Was I not?—yes, I was—it must be so. I had made a mistake in a figure—I had got into the great Spanish Wine Jar. It was not so bad a calculation, after all. The Diamond was not many yards distant.

It was a curious position to have gained. I saw at once that it might be used as an auxiliary to my design. If I could bore an extremely fine hole or two through the sides of the Jar, so as to peep through while the holes remained imperceptible, because so utterly beyond suspicion, I might derive a fund of useful knowledge.

With this intention, and indeed with this discovery of my "wheal out," I was of course resolved not to acquaint Bob. I merely told him that we had come upon strange ground, and that it might be dangerous for him to explore the bad atmosphere of this aperture with me, as he was not a chemist; he must, therefore, on no account ascend, for fear of gases, which were valuable to our Gas Company, but might be deadly to him.

I succeeded in drilling five minute holes in the Wine Jar, beginning with the size of pin-holes, and ending by enlarging them to something more than the size of pins' heads, though a slip of the hand with one of them made it almost as large as a pea. This was effected in the night; and when I ascended next morning into the Jar, and saw the light from the interior of the Crystal Palace shine through into the interior of my place of concealment, I sank back against the opposite side, and almost fainted away. Oh, if I had overturned the Jar! Recovering myself, however, by a powerful effort of will, I peered and speculated for some time through this hole, till at length I fairly made out the exact position of my works under-ground, with reference to the Koh-i-noor. They were not very wide of the mark, considering all things. Renewing my labours with increased ardour, I soon brought my tunnel-end right under Mr. Chubb's iron safe. Here I at once made an enlargement, as a chamber for final operations. I was in such a state of ecstacy, that I embraced Bob Styles with both arms, much to the lout's wonderment; and that same day, after our work was done for the night, I invited him to a good supper with me of several delicacies I had procured, and gave him as much wine to drink as he liked, and beer too, of both of which he drank like a dolphin. I had great trouble to get him to bed. The brute almost frightened me to death by wanting to sing a song at two in the morning; and he so far forgot himself as to challenge me to fight him "for a fi-pun no'!" He was totally unfit for work all next day.

Not so myself. I alone, with bended back, and shovel, lamp, and barrows, tunnelled beneath the Prodigy, and marked it for my hook. Ah! if I could but touch it with the instrument I had made for the last effort,—*viz.*, a long handle of steel, furnished at the other end with a compound action of hook and forceps—people might talk of the Koh-i-noor vanishing, but it would surely vanish into my custody. What were my turquoise and my cairngorm to this?—mere nothings—absolute nothings. I had had a small jollification on the strength of arriving beneath the earth that sustained my Prize; but what would that be to the festive scenes I would have—the classic and romantic "games" I would institute among a select circle of friends! I should tell them I had been excessively lucky at the Derby. Yes—the day—*my* Derby day—was at hand.

Alone in the gloomy little cavern at the end of my works, I sat upon the largest of my zinc barrows, looking upward at the excavated earthy roof that frowned close above me, on which my lamp cast its sullen gleam, and a thought came across me of the innocent days of childhood, when, upon a certain occasion, I had played at hide and seek in one of the master's cellars, and sat alone, trembling with nervousness, among the damp beer casks, with their mouldy, mildewed sides, and rusty oozing hoops. Ah, how different were my tremblings now!

What took place on this eventful night—this night marked with a finger of dazzling fire on my life's horoscope—I cannot pretend in any measured form of regular sequence to relate. I was in such a state of preternatural elevation, that I really consider it as a delirium. How I first got up into the Wine Jar, and listened at the round hole, holding my breath—then descended with clasped hands—how I bored my way up beneath Chubb's iron safe, till I felt the cold iron—how I drilled a small hole in the lower iron plate, into which I inserted my instruments, and gradually cut an aperture big enough to enable me to thrust half my face in—how I stuck up a lighted taper inside—how, as I was raising myself to insert half my face and look up and about, (feeling that the moment was now at hand,) half *another* face was protruded through the aperture, and looked down and about! I thought I should have died on the spot. I wonder I did not. Of course, the horrible appearance must have been a delusion of the senses—the senses acted upon by my conscience. I looked again, and it was gone. It came no more. I took a dram of brandy. I felt sure that my nervous imagination had

played me this awful trick. But could I proceed? It was my fate. I took a little more brandy, and went to work again, cautiously cutting another hole in the iron plate next above; and while I was gently extracting the piece, down fell something which struck me a hard sharp blow upon the bridge of the nose, and, bouncing against the glass of my lamp, broke through and extinguished it, leaving me in utter darkness, and excessive fright. I was completely bedewed with a cold perspiration, and I also found my nose was bleeding profusely.

Recovering myself, I lighted a lucifer, and, proceeding to re-illumine my lamp, what should my startled eyes behold but a great mass of the sparklings and arrowy cross fire of diamond rays, lying at the bottom of the tin frame! *Was* it!—*could* it be!—did my eyes deceive me? They had deceived me about the horrible "half face" looking down—*were* they deceiving now? The Koh!—no—no—it could not—fond fancy drive me not to madness—it *could* not be! But there lay the brilliant thing, at which I continued to stare fixedly with open mouth!

At last I ventured, with a shaking hand, to take it from the bottom of the lamp. Yes!—yes!—it *was*—it *was* the Illustrious Stranger himself!—his Imperial Brightness was lying in the dewy palm of my aspen hand! The cunning spring intended to cause him to dart downwards and disappear at the least touch, devised by the subtle brain of Mr. Chubb, had no doubt been the very cause of his sudden descent upon the bridge of my nose. It is thus that great locksmiths, and others, outwit themselves. Like vaulting ambition, they pitch over on the other side. These were after-reflections—for, at the moment, I could do nothing but pant and stare, and stare and pant. Then I listened with consternation—but it was at nothing. My greatest present fear was, lest Bob Styles should come down to work, and meet me in my excited state. I secreted the Prize, and hurried off wildly to my bed-room, and double-locked the door, and put a chair against it.

It was late before I awoke next morning, as I had been up the whole night listening, and continually changing the place where I had hidden the invaluable Mountain. I dressed myself with trepidation—all quite natural under the circumstances. My hand shook so, I could scarcely hold the razor. At breakfast, I could not eat a morsel, and I did all sorts of absurd things. My first anxiety was to get rid of Bob Styles, and to leave the house. I called Bob to me, and telling him, with a gayish air, that we had quite succeeded in discovering the gas-pipe, and I was very much obliged to him, I put six sovereigns into his hand, which I said was a present from the Gas Company, as I had engaged him by the week, and he had always drawn his money—and then I told him we had no further need of his services at present, so he might now return to Somersetshire. He took the six sovereigns slowly, and looked at them in a way I did not like. He said he did not much think he should go to Zummerzetshire; he thought as how he liked Lunnun best. I was not in a frame of mind to argue the question with him, or to hold further parley, so I wished him good day; and when he had made up his bundle, I wished him good luck, and shook hands with him, which he received in a heavy ungrateful way, and lounged off with a dissatisfied air. How glad I was to see the back of him!

Now to leave my house. This was by no means so easy. For how could I risk the discovery of my subterranean work? The entrance to the burrow must be blocked up, and, in fact, bricked up, and concealed in the most careful way. I saw that I must remain a short time in the house, at least till the mortar was dry—but I did so yearn to be off. Where to hide the Koh-i-noor, in the meantime, this was a constant fever to me. No place seemed safe, or beyond suspicion. Hide it where I would, I was obliged to change its place the next hour.

I engaged a charwoman to come every morning to attend to my domestic wants, and a boy to live in the house. I worked at bricking up the entrance to my under-ground secrets all night, and locked up the cellars during the day.

Finding that the bricks and mortar would continue to look fresh and suspicious, notwithstanding all the dirt and dust I threw up against the new wall I had built, and also that the bricks did not look very regular and workmanlike, I pulled them all down. A much brighter thought had struck me. I built up a termination wall, some eight feet from the entrance, and then fitted shelves and bins of old wood in the recess, so that it looked like an additional wine-cellar. I instantly ordered in six dozen of old port, and six of sherry, six dozen of claret in pints and magnums, and twelve dozen of empty bottles; and all these I packed away in a very regular manner, and with a profusion of saw-dust, and chalk-marks, and old dusty cobwebs which I collected from the corners of the cellars. It looked so well when it was completed, that I thought it even worthy to serve as a hiding-place for the "Illustrious," and I actually thrust him, enveloped in the thumb of a kid-glove, into the neck of a magnum of claret, and corked him safely down, waxed and all, and so left him for nearly two days; but I fancied one night that that particular bottle looked at me—so to speak—and I feared the eye of a detective officer might see a something 'special in its appearance; so I knocked off the neck of the bottle, after trying in vain to draw the Illustrious with a corkscrew, and transferred him to the inside of an old German sausage; having held the part to the fire where the incision had been made, till the fat began to run, and so healed the wound. I then hung it up in

the larder beside a piece of bacon—also a good place to slip him into—though a gooseberry tart, if it would keep, would perhaps be better still. Oh, what a world of care and sleepless anxiety all this cost me, no words can relate!

Let nobody imagine that my days were thus spent ingloriously in the mere question of hiding my prize; no—there was another equally, indeed a still more important subject that demanded the utmost reach of my intellectual faculties. I had *got* the greatest Treasure of the earth—but what on earth was I to *do* with it? The more I thought of this, and the more schemes I devised, the more difficult, dangerous, and almost impossible did it appear. It had been declared to be worth two millions of money—that was its reputed value, though many said that it was priceless, and no sum could be affixed. Now, I had quite made up my mind not to be greedy and exacting on this score. I would take one million for it. Very well. The next thing was—who had a million to give? It must be purchased, then, by some great prince, or by several great jewellers. Perhaps a Company might be formed——No, all this was wild and visionary. I knew not what to do. I had, one night, walked up and down in front of Rundle and Bridges for three hours, looking most wistfully at the house, and at every window, with a vague sort of hope that some good thought might come to me. I at length fell into a deep reverie, near the street-door, when the door suddenly opening to let out a visitor, I instantly took to my heels in a panic of dismay. My mind, it was clear, was too vivid and apprehensive to have embarked in such a business as this alone. I ought to have been associated with some one of colder and more phlegmatic temperament.

This same night—it was about half-past twelve by the time I reached my house—I found Bob Styles sitting on the step of the door, smoking. I spoke rather sharply to him, but he made no answer for some time. He then took the pipe from his mouth—knocked out the ashes—and said, with his tongue thrust into his cheek, "I tell-e what it is, Mister Zimeon Sparks, I wants a underd pown'—and that 's all about it."

"A hundred pounds!" said I.

"A underd pown'!" says he.

"Then," said I to myself, "I 'm a lost man!" It was not the amount of the demand—for what was a mere flea-bite of a hundred or a thousand pounds to a man who was the possessor of a jewel worth two millions, or say one million, or even half a million?—no, it was that this demand came like a threat—and how should a lout like this threaten if he had not some means of vengeance? and what could this be but some suspicions about me of a kind which I too well knew would not bear investigation? I gave him a cheque for the money. I told him I considered myself robbed; but he didn't seem to pay much attention.

Looking over my accounts, I found that by my expenses for the house, instruments, and tools for burrowing, living, sundries, and Bob, I had already got rid of the sum of fifteen hundred pounds. I was resolved to do something conclusive as soon as possible. I sold out the remainder of my property in the Three per Cents, and the very next morning found me on the road to Paris. The minute description of my person, in my passport, alarmed me. "Wears a large turquoise ring, a garnet and topaz ring, a cairngorm watch-seal, two gold chains, with a cut steel guard—and has a red excoriation across the bridge of his nose." I forthwith deposited my jewellery in their cases, and covered the red mark on the bridge of my nose with two strips of black sticking-plaster.

The morning after my arrival in Paris, I dressed myself with great care—new summer paletôt, glazed boots, kid gloves, and all that—and betook myself to Messrs. * * *, whose exquisite jewellery argued, of course, an equally extensive capital, and a thorough knowledge of the enormous prices that extraordinary diamonds command in the market. I had quite come to my senses on the question of price, and had determined on making a tremendous sacrifice. It may look like weakness, but I knew what I was about, and had now, deliberately, resolved to sell the Illustrious Mountain at the reduced sum of half a million—money down. It was in vain to go on trifling with time in so serious a business any longer. My feelings could not bear it. I had already lost flesh, and all my good looks, to a painful extent. I did not take the diamond with me: much too cautious for that.

I obtained an audience with the head of the firm. I had asked for a private room. After considerable circumlocution—and I believe he must have observed my agitation, for my knees shook, and my teeth chattered—I made known my business—that I had a wonderfully large diamond, of the first water, to dispose of; that I was aware it was worth two, or, at least, more than a million, sterling; but that, as it was far too costly for me to wear, or, indeed, any private gentleman, I had made up my mind to part with it—he would excuse my being a little nervous. The reduced scale on which I offered it, would no doubt surprise him; but I was resolved to let him have it for half a million, or thereabouts.

Monsieur eyed me with a penetrating look—quite a freezer—and then, glancing at my card, read aloud, "Mr. Simeon Sparks, Hôtel d'Espagne." Another look at me, and then, "Half a million?"—said he—"pray, what is the name of the diamond?—you, of course, have got its pedigree, vouchers, &c., &c.? Half a million?—is it the *Ram Das*—the *Sing Lal Door*—or the Spanish *Solitario Pomposo*?"

I replied, with increased trepidation, that I had forgotten its exact name. I did not believe it was the *Lal Door*, or the Spanish

Pomposo—but it was a very surprisingly long diamond; and, in short, if he would conclude the bargain at once, I would not stand particular as to the precise amount of half a million. *He* would see, in a twinkling, what it was worth.

"Where is it?" demanded Monsieur [illegible] abruptly. "I will go and fetch it," I replied. "I merely wished, first, to ascertain [illegible] you were open to such a purchase." Monsieur bowed with a severe [illegible], and I bowed most obsequiously, and then I hurried out of the room, and then out of the house, and as the outer door was closing behind me, I heard Monsieur say, in a hasty voice [illegible] something dreadfully like *appelle*—[illegible] Ha! ejaculated I—call an officer of [illegible]—death and destruction! Away I [illegible]—jumped into the first [illegible]—told him to drive to the [illegible]—to Père la Chaise—where I [illegible] about among the graves till I was utterly exhausted. [illegible] about here and there till dusk, and then returned to my lodging (for I had had the precaution to give a false address and the Hotel [illegible] was a long way to the north-west of my abode,) where I threw myself upon a sofa more dead than alive.

Was it for this I had passed so many sleepless nights—laboured so hard—sold out my little property—spent two-thirds of it—and now to be obliged to fly and hide with my treasure, and have no means of [illegible] it without the chance of being [illegible] and cast into a dungeon—perhaps [illegible]—or handed over to the English Ambassador and sent back to London to be hanged? I saw what to do. [illegible] out a lad, who cleaned shoes for the lodgers, to buy me a hammer. I was determined to settle this business by a [illegible] *coup de main*. I would break up the Illustrious Mountain into several good-sized [illegible] and then sell them one at a time. This I could easily do, as all [illegible] would thus be destroyed. It was a thousand pities—so [illegible] a gem—but was I to be [illegible] in this way after all my trouble?

The hammer was brought me together with some nails (that was an ingenious "blind"), and I fell to hammering up the sides of a leathern portmanteau having no box; but I knew that the French lad would set it down as an English caprice. We do such odd things on the continent. As soon as I was alone and had fastened the door, I took out the Doomed One, and looked at it regretfully. But what else could I do? My bane and antidote were both before me—both in one. I raised the hammer—took aim—turned my face aside—and administered a heavy blow upon the devoted gem. It instantly flew into the air—a smash was heard—the Diamond had vanished, and, looking round and round, I saw a large irregular hole in one of the window panes! The priceless treasure had escaped! I threw open the window. It overlooked a yard. With a [illegible], I flew down stairs, and after [illegible] wrong turns, which brought me abruptly among different sets of people, who all started up at my suddenly bursting in among them, I found the yard and saw the Diamond in the hands of a child of nine or ten years old, with two other children [illegible] "that's mine!—that belongs to [illegible]" whereupon the urchin that had it instantly put it into its mouth, and [illegible] the thing. Seizing [illegible] and endeavouring to extract [illegible] the children set up a scream and the mother of the child seeing me struggling with it and its face all red, and its eyes [illegible] thought I was trying to strangle it, [illegible] The scene that followed [illegible] and humiliating to [illegible] that, after all manner of [illegible] explanations, and [illegible] the urchin all the [illegible] I happened to have in my pocket, I [illegible] with it [illegible] the house [illegible] the little [illegible] I could not risk the danger of [illegible].

I made my way [illegible] Calais. On the [illegible] Germany but [illegible] Germany [illegible] terms of [illegible]—for this was [illegible] my [illegible] expectations. Four or five hundred thousand pounds would remunerate me very well and anything for peace of mind. But to what market should I go? Would Spain answer my purpose? It might, but no—there was the Inquisition. Italy?—too poor. Austria or Russia? they might [illegible], and yet this would be dangerous. Despotic countries like those, might take away my Mountain and send me to the mines of Siberia for life, on pretence that I had obtained it by dishonest means! They would *assume* this, and I should suffer for a mere conjecture. Oh, how wretched were all these conflicting thoughts!

Fate decided for me. On arriving at Calais, in a very perplexed state of mind, I went to stand behind a bale of goods near the Custom House, to be out of the heat of the sun, and was considering if it would not be best to go and live some weeks in Belgium, there to meditate calmly on this most arduous part as I now discovered it to be, of my whole enterprise, when I heard a voice say, in English, "You haven't seen a scared-looking English gent, with two strips of black sticking-plaster across his nose, pass this way, have you?" I listened with pricking and shooting ears for the reply. "Yes," said somebody, also in English, "I think I saw him just now, and he is gone on board the boat for Ostend."—"Thank you," said the first speaker, and hurried away.

As soon as I dared to breathe, I issued from my hiding-place, and made my way straight on board a boat for Dover. I have no clear knowledge who it was that was in search of me; but it was evident that somebody "wanted me," and that was quite enough,—English police in league with French police, I make no doubt *Me miserum!*

"Scared-looking," too! Ah, no doubt but I did look so, for I felt it immensely.

I had left my house at Kensington in charge of the charwoman, who was to live there, as I could not prudently give it up till I was ready to depart from England for good, or at least till the loss of the Koh-i-noor had blown over.

It was evening when I reached Kensington. I had written to the charwoman from Dover to say I was coming. Directly she opened the door, "Oh, sir!" cried she, flinging both hands up and down, "I'm so glad you're come, for there's a fellow here—hark!—that's him!—I couldn't keep him out of the house—he has frightened me almost out of my wits!" As I stood in the passage I heard a voice in the back cellar, singing as loud as he could bawl,—

"Oh [illegible] zuckzess [illegible] Barley [illegible]—
Zuckzess [illegible] Barley mowe!"

"Why, that's Bob Styles!"

"Yes, sir," said the charwoman, "he said how his name was Mr. Styles—and he'd make you know it when you come home."

I ran down to the cellar. I stopped in the passage. My blood was boiling. Was I never to be released from the persecutions of this brute beast? I rushed into the back cellar. There he sat, with a bottle of old port in his hand, right in the entrance of my additional cellar where the opening to the burrow had been hidden by the bins and bottle-racks. Instead of moving when he saw me, he only grinned, and pointing [illegible] cantly to the recess behind him, [illegible] to singing,—

"Oh drink zuckzess to th' Barley mowe,
Zuckzess to the Barley mowe!
The pint, the bottle, the [illegible] quart, the—(*hic!*)
Zuckzess o' the barley mowe!"

"Ha! ha! Mister Sparks—glad you be comed hoam. I wants zome more money, yer know."

I darted at him. "Villain!" exclaimed I, "you shall have more than you want—much more"—and I knocked him flat upon the ground! He scrambled up, but I went in at him, right and left, and down he went, wallowing among the bottles that were torn out by his fall. Up he got, and came at me. My blood was in a perfect fever, and I am a pretty good sparrer. We had a regular set-to, almost in the dark, all slipping about in long streams of port-wine, and the charwoman screaming on the stairs. But though I hit the ruffian about [illegible] in first-rate style, he was so tough that it didn't do him much damage; and [illegible] did manage to make one of his [illegible] at me, it knocked half the breath out of my body, and I think I should [illegible] to a jelly, if the charwoman [illegible] to my assistance with [illegible], which she rattled to such [illegible] about Bob's skull, that, thick as it was, [illegible] to make good his retreat up [illegible], and I finally thrust him floundering [illegible] street and bolted the door. Oh, what [illegible]! Is life worth having at this price?

I kept my bed all next day. I was in a [illegible] state both of body and mind. In the afternoon I sent the charwoman out for some [illegible] and lemons, as I thought a little weak punch would [illegible]. I needed something to keep up my spirits, for the consequences which might arise out of all this stared me in the face, and I felt no moment's peace.

While she was gone, I heard the street door open, and then there was a heavy foot upon the [illegible] towards my bedroom, and [illegible] stood by my bed-[illegible] the curtains, but Bob Styles, [illegible] He had also lost a [illegible] That was the mop-[illegible] and both hands had likewise [illegible] the broken bottles [illegible] We looked at each other for some time.

"I tell 'e what, Sparks," said he, "with [illegible] sir,—you've been [illegible] *zummut*. [illegible]—I know it. Now, if you don't [illegible] halves, I'll peach—and [illegible] all about it."

I was dumbfounded. What to say or do? I knew not. Halves!—give him halves!

"Robert," said I, "you know I have been very kind to you."

He pointed to his head.

"Yes, that was in a moment of passion, and you see that I also have suffered, but let us be reasonable with each other."

"How much do yer call reasonable?" said he.

"I didn't mean that, Robert," said I.

"But I do," said he. "I should call it reasonable to take a sudden loss, not [illegible] hundred poun'."

"Six hundred!" But I cannot proceed with the details of this torturing scene. I represented to him—I remonstrated, he was inexorable. I attempted to jump out of bed, but he seized me by one arm, and swore he would call the police, and give me in charge, and—and—have my additional port-wine cellar opened—and explored! So, I had no alternative, and gave him a cheque for all the money I had at my banker's, with a promissory note for a hundred and twenty pounds more.

I was now obliged to raise money by selling a little farm I had in Somersetshire—the last of all the property I possessed. I let my

house in Kensington forthwith, at a much lower rent than I had it for (on a lease of three years), reserving the right of locking up the back cellar, on account of the choice old wine I had there. I went into lodgings in the vicinity of Somers Town; and while here, I made several other attempts at selling the diabolical Diamond, which I forbear to particularise. It had already brought me to the brink of ruin; yet I was no nearer to success, although by this time I had actually reduced my terms to the pitiful sum of fifty thousand pounds, or less.

I was soon brought to my last shift for money to go on with, as the very nature of my position obviously required a constant outlay—a common case with all great undertakings. I was compelled to part with my turquoise. It cost me a severe pang. And soon afterwards, my large cairngorm seal, my watch and its gold chains, and all my other elegancies had to follow;—all, all my pretty ones, had to be immolated at the shrine of this Moloch of Light, whose baleful lustre had led me on to destruction, and, I may now say—to despair.

The end draws near. I pass over several intermediate interviews, each more unsatisfactory than the last, and now bring my confession down to the actual purchaser.

I had retreated to an attic—a good front one, having a flat roof and two windows—as it was absolutely necessary not to seem in want. Two gentlemen, of the Hebrew persuasion, visited me here, one day; having heard, though I never could make out by what means—their fine scent, I suppose—that I had a diamond of good water to dispose of cheap. I told them that the Diamond I possessed was of immense value, though not to me; but they should have it a great bargain, as I had a particular need for a few thousand pounds, having been a considerable loser at the last Derby.

Directly the two Jews got it into their hands, they ran with it to one of the windows, close up against the glass, each holding on by an end, with their eyes close down to it. Then they ran, with a sidelong shuffle, to the other window—never letting go—then back again, in the same crab-like way, to the other window; and so on several times. After turning it about in all possible ways, now close to the light, now up in one corner in the dark, they came up to me, and told me that it was a very nice stone, a very pretty stone, and worth money—but it was *not* a diamond!

At this vile and nefarious announcement, I was so astonished that at first it superseded the rage and indignation I very quickly felt, and expressed. I snatched it from their clutches, locked it up, and bade them instantly leave my apartments. They bore all my reproaches very meekly, and went on talking, and explaining, and reasoning; and though I refused to listen to them, they would not go out of the room. There they stayed, haggling and tormenting, seven hours, till being utterly exasperated and disgusted with them, with myself, and with the infernal Stone, I sunk down on my bed, offering to take a thousand pounds for it.

As they were going out at the door, one of them lingered behind, and fixing his black vulture's eye upon me, said, in a hoarse voice, between that of an old-clothes' man and one who "has a devil" and is about to cast it out,—"Take care!" (here he held up one long dirty finger, which had a long dirty-pointed nail at the top) "take care of yourshelf! —shell the stone before the Gas Company arrest you!" He took one end of his neckerchief—held it up straight and tight in the air—and blowing out his cheeks, he made a hideous strangling face, and shut the door.

I closed my eyes, and remained, if not insensible, yet quite unable to move for the next hour. I had been betrayed by the villain, Bob Styles. He had told all he knew, and the Jews had made out enough of the rest to hang me. I endeavoured to spring up, intending to leave my lodgings that very moment, but my limbs refused their office. I was all streaming with a dew of dismay. My powers were paralysed. I squeezed my eyelids together, and clasping my hands tightly on my breast, lay there awaiting my fate.

All was silent, and continued so during the rest of the day. "Oh, that infamous Bob Styles!" thought I, "was this the good fortune the gipsy foretold for him, while he allowed my uncle's turnips to be stolen? Could nothing else but the destruction of his wronged master's favourite nephew satisfy his remorseless villany!" I also called to mind the story I had heard of the great Indian Prince who once had the fatal Stone, and in order to hide it, had it built up in the middle of a wall, and then killed the mason. If I had done——but Heaven forgive me!

While I thus lay thinking and bemoaning myself, and wondering if I should be well enough to effect my escape in time, a gentle rap sounded at my door. I listened. Another very gentle rap—and then the door opened—and a venerable Jew, very old, with a long dark gaberdine, and a large grey beard flowing down it, slowly entered the room, making me a salutation with one hand. He had small dark eyes, with overhanging bushy eyebrows, a large handsome forehead, a great nose, wore a thick gold ring with an engraved red cornelian in it, and had an air of mildness and dignity, mixed with caution and commiseration.

"My tear," said he, "I am come to do you shervice—I speak at once to the point, my tear. I am come about the Stone."

I sat up on the bed. Approaching with slow step, the venerable man looked at me a moment with a parental air, and then seated himself on a chair by the bedside.

He requested permission to look at the Stone. I produced it. He calmly drew forth his spectacles—examined it with great care, and then returned it into my hands.

In the most delicate manner, and all in Oriental allegory and parable, he gave me to understand that he was acquainted with the Stone—that is, he knew where it came from—and he very much pitied me. He saw what I must have gone through; and the worst of it was, that my life might pay the penalty—and all for a mistake!

I asked, what mistake? He waved that question, and begged to relate to me a little story. He said the history and adventures of all the great diamonds were a sort of romance. Take the history, for instance—only for instance, he said—of the one called the Koh-i-noor. He then went a long way back into the East, and told me all sort of things about it. But finally, this:—It was in the possession of an old Indian Chief—the treasure of his eyes. Well—this aged Chief was conquered by the Sikhs, and the Sikh Prince demanded the Koh-i-noor as his ransom. The old chief, after much hesitation, at last, brought it himself to the Sikh camp—took it from a fold in his sleeve, shed tears over it, gave it up, and then fainted away! This was the story that was brought over with it. Did it look quite true—or did it look a little like a scene in the Adelphi Theatre? Was it not probable that the old chief had a duplicate stone, very good, and cut exactly like it—and if so, would he not have first tried if the Sikh Prince would accept the counterfeit? Yes—he would first try this; and as the Sikh had accepted the stone, without further thought or question, the inference was open to reason. This was the stone that the English general seized, and sent over to England. It had never been tested. The way to test a diamond was to subject it to the action of the blow-pipe, by means of which, if a true diamond, it could be all blown away in a gas.

With these words the old Hebrew gentleman produced, from beneath his gaberdine, a short bit of candle and a blow-pipe.

"But, good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what's the good of finding a fact, if the fact itself is blown away in the process?"

He calmed my apprehensions. He only wished to try it at one angle. The least product of the required gas would prove it a diamond, and he would be satisfied. So he lit the bit of candle, and began to blow away with a wise and careful countenance. He blew till he was out of breath, but no gas had been produced. He tried several times. The stone was not a diamond.

I fell back upon the pillow. I had risked my life—passed unnumbered days and nights of thought and labour, and anguish—and reduced myself to beggary—and all for a counterfeit. Yes, for this very counterfeit, I stood an hourly chance of being seized, tried, and hanged. The sooner I got rid of it, the better. I told the Rabbi so, and he commended my prudence. He slipped a bank-note into my hand, in a delicate way, and I gave him the Stone, with which he departed. The note was for five pounds. Perhaps I acted foolishly; but *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*—nobody who commits a theft knows very well what he is about. I was not in my proper mind. Besides, how could I contend with this learned old Hebrew—such knowledge of life, such experience, and wisdom? What chance had I with such a man? I was like a child in his hands.

I continued ill for several weeks; and, when I was able to leave my bed, being reduced to utter destitution, I was obliged to go into the workhouse.

Oh, what thoughts I had of the last brief period of my life, which seemed longer than all the rest put together; and how I bemoaned myself as I lay on my back in the little workhouse truckle-bed! I could hardly help laughing at some things; but I was a miserable, broken-hearted man.

One day, while I was out in the roads, scraping up mud, I saw a gig coming along with a large, grey, high-trotting horse. As I was moving out of the way a little, I saw that the man driving it was no other than Bob Styles, in a new white silk hat. He wore a scarlet tie, and a bright silk waistcoat, with two gold chains across it, and a large cairngorm watch-seal dangling about. He had a ring on one finger of the whip-hand. It was my turquoise! How did he obtain these?—oh, how should I know! As he passed me he leered down, with his tongue thrust in his cheek. At the same moment one wheel passed over the iron part of my mud-scraper, and jarred me all up the elbow, which, by a simultaneous movement, I seemed to strike upon the hard wooden arm of a chair—and I awoke.

ARCADIA.

The woods are in their glory now,
  The wild fruits in their prime,
And clouds with melting radiance flow,
While love-lorn zephyrs pant and glow
  In this delicious clime.

Hear'st thou the woodland echoes ring,
  Hear'st thou the winding horn?
While, soaring on intense bright wing,
The sun-lit birds like spirits sing,
  And quire the sweet-breath'd Morn.

Soft music floats from dawn to eve
  Beneath Cyllene's vines,
Where youths and maidens chaplets weave—
The oak-leaf, and the yellow sheave,
  Wherein the poppy shines.

The Fauns are piping in the meads,
  The timbrel whirls on high;
Pan pauses o'er his crowded reeds,
And thinks of all his ancient deeds,
  While they go reeling by.

The silence of the twilight vale—
The rapture of the lawns,
Hollow and hush'd—or upland pale—
Are beauty's empire, and prevail
O'er these their laughing morns.

"Where is thy heart, Pygmalion?—where?"
A [illegible] voices call
"In yon green grave, midst flowrets fair—
To [illegible] love to meet death there,
Was sweetest hope of all."

"Who slumbering smiles beneath this vine?
Whose rose-bound grave is this?"
A dreamy voice replies—"His name!
'Tis old Anacreon's!—king of wine!
[illegible] in my bliss."

[illegible] young and [illegible],
[illegible] mind,
[illegible] graves in life [illegible]
[illegible] blessings, [illegible]
heaven on earth they find

[illegible] song of lark or thrush,
[illegible] cadence [illegible]
[illegible] murmuring fount [illegible]
[illegible] and groves [illegible]
And feel the future sweet,

It could not fail to waken hopes
We might at once enjoy,
[illegible] as elastic antelopes
Up the fresh grass on golden slopes
Without one thought's alloy.

[illegible] be theirs to weep their lot,
[illegible] cross another's fate,
[illegible] to see what they are not,—
[illegible] to forget, and be forget
[illegible] all the world beside.

[illegible] could our nature ever [illegible]
In purity sincere,—
Thoughts, feelings, casting each its shell,
[illegible] the soul's life visible,
Ah, sure twere only here.

[illegible] to realise
The visions of our youth
[illegible] aspirations [illegible]
Which after years, grown sadly wise,
[illegible] down to painful truth.

Thou art but poet's dream of old,
Born of a longing sigh,—
And waking tears gleam radiance cold,
While mingling with the phantom gold
Of blessed Arcady.

AN AFTER THOUGHT.

And is this so?—and must we find
Hope's grave upon the shore?—
Or have we not a tide of mind,
Which, with new sciences combined,
Can rise for evermore?

Thy beauty rose to its degree
By Nature's pure desire.
The human heart which fashion'd thee
From its own vivid imagery,
Still calls us to aspire.

Corn-fields o'er grow thy temple, Pan,
Water'd by Lethe's streams;
Thy vales and groves Elysian
Are but fond memories—modern man
Proclaims thy glories, dreams.

Yet in the shadow of thy place
Another land doth rise,
With gods of less romantic grace,
But with a grandeur in their face,
A spirit in their eyes.

FOREIGN AIRS AND NATIVE PLACES.

The well-known results of the inhalation of chloroform or ether vapour display clearly enough how rapidly and perfectly aeriform matter acts upon our blood, through the thin tissue of the lungs. The absolute necessity of pure air to a healthy life, depends of course upon the promptitude with which the spongy lungs are ready to suck in all good or evil influences; and sanitary statistics have been impressing upon us very much, of late years, the fact, that as the stomach requires wholesome food, solid or fluid, so wholesome aeriform food is wanted for the lungs. There has always existed among men more or less of an opinion, that the lungs, like the stomach, could be dieted with much advantage to the sick, and change of air accordingly has been recommended to men by their physicians, although not so much as change of meat and drink. Furthermore, as certain solids or liquids, not exactly food, have been given to the sick to eat or drink, for the sake of some medicinal power which they are expected to exert, so certain airs, that are not properly the breath of life, have been recommended to the sick for inhalation.

Not much has been done in that way; lung medicines have not been frequently administered, but change of diet for the lungs, change of air, that is, of climate, has been often recommended. As a physician tells the stomach to quit beef and feed on fish, so he may tell the lungs to forsake England and reside at Nice. For all this, however, it is well known that remedies for sickness, whether by means of medicated air or change of climate, are applied to the lungs little more than once for every ten thousand times that they are applied by means of draughts or diet to the stomach. Medicated air is considered by the majority of medical men an airy vision, with a smell of quackery about it; and there are not wanting accomplished physicians who will shake their heads at all our fancies about Italy, Madeira, France, and say that if we benefit by change of place, it is because we change our diet and the habit of our life, but not because we change our climate. "You send consumptive people to Malta," says the sceptic, with a shrug; "look at the Army Medical Reports, drawn up by Mr. Marshall, Colonel Tulloch, and Dr. Balfour: there you will find that of all places, Malta was one in which our

troops have been peculiarly subject to consumption."

We do not stop now to point out the fallacy which lurks under this bit of statistics, because we remember that we have begun a sermon, and have not yet said what is the text. The text is a proposition made by Mr. Paxton. That most indefatigable gentleman having obtained the public ear, and merited no small share of the public confidence, is not before the public to no purpose. Like a good gardener, he has cultivated his own mind, and has fruit of his wits to offer. His scheme of the glass palace startled us; the thought was bold, original, but not the less just, as experience has proved. He now propounds another of his bold ideas. He tells us that we go to Rome or Malta for a change of climate. Why so? Can we not make you Rome or Malta here? He proposes the erection of glass buildings, in connection with establishments for invalids, which shall contain, throughout, whatever climate may be fixed upon. An invalid residing in such an establishment, might thus pass months or years continuously in a foreign climate, without leaving home; we are to have foreign airs provided for us in our native places. There is an original boldness and practicability in this idea, which is quite Paxtonian.

As applied to the sick, and, above all, to the sick in hospitals, Mr. Paxton's proposition is unexceptionably sound and good. To create establishments, each of which shall contain air regulated into correspondence with a certain climate, and from which an invalid may have selected for him that which he requires, when change of climate has been recommended, and when travel is beyond his power or his purse; this we suppose to be the main part of Mr. Paxton's project. Covered walks for the healthy are of course gains to the population, in an island indulged with frequent rain; but foreign climates, for a morning walk or after dinner stroll, can do nothing to sound men except make them sick. Nothing is more unwarrantable than the quarrel which we English people carry on against our climate. We who are born to it, of English ancestors, are born acclimatized; and as the Negro or Malay live to fourscore and ten, in air that slays an European, so the Englishman would live and thrive in his own country, though it be pestilential to the foreigner. But pestilential it is not. It is protected from the extremes of heat and cold which characterise the summers and winters of a continent; it is an equable and wholesome air. Thanks to our frequent change from sun to shower, our fields and copses have a freshness in their green that does not frequently console the eye upon the continent of Europe. Uncertainty of climate begets frequent exercise of ingenuity and prudence. Who shall say how much of the energy and self-dependence shown among us springs directly from the blessing of a climate which we are so ready to abuse? There is a vast deal of want and wretchedness. Our social system exhibits more extremes than can be found in the more civilised among our neighbours. We have causes of disease and death, distinct from climate, which ought to raise the mortality in England much above that in Germany or Belgium. For example:—Take away our undrained hovels, raise the fallen classes of our population, educate them, place them on a level with the lowest of the Germans, and we might soon have reason to discover that our climate is peculiarly favourable to the health of men who eat and live in due accordance with it. London is grumbled at, with justice. But will anyone be good enough to take away from the account of London air all shortening of life produced by the late hours at balls and theatres, during which people excite their nervous systems in a foul air bath? Will anyone subtract the wear and tear produced by irregular and unreasonable hours of entrance to and exit from the bedchamber; irregular and unwholesome meals, ices, messes, pastry, daily pouring into London stomachs; subtract mortality and wasting strength among the tailors, and the workmen, and workwomen, packed in rooms, and strained beyond the proper measure of their elasticity of health; subtract the destruction dealt by sewerless and miserable tenements, among the people crammed in miserable alleys; subtract the corpses left behind the Juggernaut of Metropolitan Improvements, which sweep away "low haunts," and build no refuge for the ghosts of men by whom they have been haunted;—will any one subtract these and a long string of other causes of mortality in London, then look at the returns, and say how much death would be left to put down to the score of London air? If Londoners lived regular and simple lives, we do not think their air would poison them. The climate of London is peculiar; paving and drainage, radiation of heat from stone and brick, make it much drier than the open country. It is, on the average, a degree and a half warmer than the surrounding country; not so hot during the day, because a veil of smoke impedes the sun's rays, but during the night warmer: the winter nights in London are nearly four degrees warmer than the same nights in the country. If London were well drained and Londoners could drink good water, it is probable that in the matter of climate the advantage to the population of a more equable, warmer, and drier air, would counterbalance the evil of its smoke.

We are not disposed, therefore, to abet any Englishman who grumbles at the English climate; our healthy countrymen need no receptacles of foreign air in which to seek for wholesome exercise. It is for invalids alone that artificial climates can be useful; and it is on behalf of invalids that Mr. Paxton is engaged to provide, in accordance with his plan,

a Sanitarium at the Victoria Park. Then let it not be called a Sanitarium. The public has made sad confusion among some of its vowels since it began to talk familiarly upon questions that affect its health. "Sanitary" and "sanatory" have been used as synonyms, but they are two words with distinct meanings. "Sanitary" is derived from a Latin noun, meaning healthiness, and signifies that which *maintains* health; "sanatory" is derived from a Latin verb, which means to heal, and signifies that by which health is *restored*. Sanitary principles are applied to society at large; sanatory regulations are enforced on behalf of its sick members. An establishment for invalids, therefore, is to be called a Sanatorium. a Sanitarium would be a place of refuge for sound men who found it impossible to keep their health intact among open drains and balls and supper parties.

We have already said that we admire heartily the scheme of Mr. Paxton. We cannot but believe that there are many sick among us whose restoration to a state of health would be assisted greatly by a change of climate, and who, from the peculiar nature of a case, or from the want of sufficient means, cannot afford to travel. Such patients might lodge in a Sanatorium, have the advantage of residence and exercising ground in a climate suitable to their disordered functions, and at the same time remain under the careful discipline of their own medical attendant. Patients who go abroad for benefit of health too often forget that change of climate can do little more than place them under circumstances more favourable to their efforts by fit regulation of their time and diet, and by use of prescribed remedies, to re-establish health. They embark for Rome or Nice, throwing the doctor overboard, expecting climate to do all: climate then fails, and as a remedy, it comes to be pronounced a piece of quackery. As a specific, as a sole remedy, no doubt it is, on the whole, as much a quack remedy as Morison's Pill; that pill contains ingredients of use in their right place. Quackery consists, not in any thought or thing, but in the method of employing it.

We say, then, that the Sanatoriums proposed by Mr. Paxton, though not wanted by the healthy, and of use only to some among the sick, are institutions which may be established as most valuable auxiliaries to the doctor. They will not supersede all travel among invalids; although we call it travelling "for change of air," it is not change of air alone by which the patient who can travel receives benefit. In the first place, he gets a sea voyage, and there are not a few sick men and women whom that mode of travelling improves in health. The sea-sickness is often a curative process. The rolling of the ship, causing a constant action of the muscles of the body, has been called a sort of exercise; taken unconsciously, which gives the system strength and tone. Then there is the novelty of circumstance; there are the chances and changes of the voyage to amuse the mind. Travel involves, then, change of scene, a constant invitation of the mind to look without, and to forget to pore over the body's ailments. Sights are strange, and sounds are strange; the English ear is plunged into a bath of French or Italian chatter. Settled abroad, the patient's climate is not shut up in a glass house, with a collection of plants soon familiar; he wanders under open sky, in town streets, among picturesque and novel costumes, over hill and dale, by sea and river side. He takes the diet of the country, so far as it suits him; eats the birds and fishes, or the fruits, perhaps, of the climate he has sought. To be sure, cooks might supply each Sanatorium with an ordinary of the dishes of the climate, for those patients not under peculiar regimen; but the house and the glass building, with the flowers, the food and air of Italy, walked into from a street-door, perhaps, in Piccadilly, must inevitably want a very large number of those accessaries to travel, which are to many invalids the most important elements of cure. Not even ten miles of panorama in the hall, starting from London Bridge, exhibited before the neophyte, would be a substitute for the preparatory journey. A "Madeira Sanatorium" near Regent's Park, would poorly imitate the ripple of the waves and the warm sea-breezes of that very wholesome island. This is not said, however, with the least feeling of discouragement towards the proposition made by Mr. Paxton. His project is no complete substitute for foreign travel, no encroachment upon foreign innkeepers, or invasion made on our domestic doctors. It simply professes, that if change of climate be auxiliary to medicine in certain cases of disease, that change can be provided here in England, here in London, for those patients who either are past bearing the fatigues of travel, or are too poor for the expense of travel, or who cannot travel without losing the advantage of that medical assistance in which they have most reason to repose their trust. This proposition could not have been made fifty years ago, or if made, the necessary arrangements could not have been carried out. It is made now, when it is strictly practicable, and deserves of all men serious attention.

What sort of proposition was made fifty years ago, we desire now to show; a proposition founded very likely on a sound idea, supported certainly by eminent and able men, but worked to death by its projectors. It is a little more than fifty years since Dr. Beddoes was at work upon the notion of his Medical Pneumatic Institution. "A temporary institution might," he conceived, "be so contrived as greatly to assist in deciding how far elastic fluids will be of service in diseases. Among the peculiar advantages of such an institution, persons of information appear to have been most struck with the following:—

Firstly, To a complete trial of this practice, it might be necessary to fill apartments with modified air. Even unfavourable conclusions should be established in such a manner as to leave no regret behind; and persons of enlarged views will, I suppose, assent to an observation of Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, 'That it is worth while to expend the specified sum in order to assure ourselves that elastic fluids will *not* be serviceable as medicines.' Secondly, It would be desirable to have the means of applying this practice to animals—as dogs and horses—labouring under dangerous or fatal disorders. Thirdly, We might carry on physiological investigations of longer duration and greater extent, than have ever yet been devised, with a view to discoveries, applicable to the practice of physic. Fourthly, As all imaginable precautions would be taken to authenticate facts and give them publicity, a large quantity of matter for reflection, if not of knowledge immediately useful, would be thrown into circulation. Fifthly, Observations on private patients may suggest modes of applying air, not easily practicable but in an appropriated building." This plan of Dr. Beddoes had no reference to climate; it did not mean a change of our air or diet, but the introduction of aeriform medicine. More or less oxygen, more or less hydrogen, the addition of any gas or vapour found to have a medicinal effect when inhaled, was what the projector contemplated. The manufacture of the modifying gases was accomplished by an apparatus invented and furnished from the Soho Works of Boulton and Watt; James Watt being a warm supporter of the scheme. That inhalations of this kind were not inoperative on the human system, must be from the nature of things obvious Ether vapour was among the remedies employed, and thinking of this, Dr. Beddoes writes, "If a species of opium capable of lulling the excruciating pains of cancer for weeks or months had been discovered, it would doubtless be received with avidity by the members of the medical profession, and with benedictions by the diseased. But because it is uncertain whether a complete and permanent cure can be effected by the application of air, this treatment is not only neglected, but resisted." Ether vapour since that time has been received with benedictions; and the day may come when many other medicinal "airs" will become known as blessings by the sick. It is impossible not to be amused—though there is no ridicule in our amusement—at the philosophic enthusiasm with which Watt laboured at the question. Here, for example, is a notion found among a string of hints:—"If it be certain that butchers are exempt from phthisis, putrid animal effluvia may be useful; and if the matter which constitutes the smell, be not the useful part, it may be corrected by powder of charcoal, which does not otherwise hinder the progress of putrefaction." Such a notion of a Sanatorium could be carried out now only by the London Corporation, and upon the site of Smithfield. Here is a complete note from Watt to Dr. Beddoes, which is one of the most delicious examples extant—not being fiction—of a philosopher astride upon a hobby.

"I have just made an air, which, as it has great powers, may, for aught I know, have great virtues; my experience extends only to its bad qualities—*Pyro-sarcate.* I put 2 oz. of lean beef in the fire-tube, and obtained, by mere heat, 250 cubic inches of air, highly fœtid, like an extinguished tobacco-pipe; inflammable, with a very blue flame; little diminished by lime and water. *Pyro-hydro-sarcate*: on adding water to the red-hot charcoal of this beef, I obtained 600 cubic inches of air, with a fœtor not so bad as the other; burning with an orange-coloured flame; losing not one-thirteenth in lime-water. The smell of the first made me sick, though I did not inspire any purposely, and not above one-third of the quantity mentioned was let loose in my laboratory, and three doors and a chimney were open; we were, however, obliged to leave the place for some time. The *Pyro-hydro-sarcate* seemed to possess the same property, but was more cautiously treated; I was giddy all the afternoon. *Pyro-comate*: Next day 2 oz. of woollen rags were put into the tube; they gave, by mere heat, 800 cubic inches of air, fœtid, though not so offensive as the other, burning with a deep blue flame; not tried with lime and water. *Pry-hydro-comate*, by addition of water to the red-hot charcoal, gave above one-and-a-half cubic foot of air, fœtid, but more like vol. alkali in smell, burning with a yellow flame; losing one-fifth by washing with lime and water: part was undoubtedly alkaline air, and absorbed by the water; the water in the refrigeratory was strongly impregnated with fœtid vol. alkali. Though none of either of the airs was inspired that could be avoided, I had a slight, though uncommon nausea, attended with some elevation of the spirits, all that evening, but no heat or thirst; in short, it was very like the effect of the fumes of tobacco on an inexperienced person. In bed I was restless, though without pain or particular uneasiness. I could not sleep. Next day the nausea, and some giddiness, continued, or rather increased, and a headache came on. The uses of this air, if it has any, I leave you to find out. I think I shall have no more to do with it, or with animal substances. One may discover, by accident, the air which causes typhus, or some worse disorder, and suffer for it.

"*October* 7, 1794. JAMES WATT."

Experiments on medicated air appear to form, however, no part of the scheme of Mr. Paxton. That is a matter to be left entirely to the medical profession. To provide glass promenades attached to buildings, well ventilated, dried, warmed and regulated to a given

climate, spacious and judiciously supplied with flowers, is the purpose of the plan now laid before the public. It was suggested, many months back, by the "Lancet"—a suggestion founded on the construction of the Exhibition building—that a covered garden, a glass building, ought to be attached to London hospitals, for the exercise and refreshment of the patients who are there [illegible] confined. That Mr. Paxton has been commissioned to erect such a building, in connexion with the new hospital in Victoria Park, is a matter of sincere congratulation to the public. A practical beginning has been made. [illegible] the public faith in Mr Paxton, we feel [illegible] that he will cause it to appear [illegible] beginning. There will be more to follow and perhaps we may say to our [illegible] in glass that which was [illegible] by Milton to an artist of the tuneful kind —

"[illegible]
That with [illegible] I m"

CHIPS.

BALLINGLEN.

In our number, published on the 26th of April last, we gave an account of one of the most interesting, and as it has turned out, one of the most successful experiments to [illegible] turalise the wilder parts of Ireland, which has yet been tried. A portion of the townland of Ballinglen (not Ballinglew, as it was previously printed), taken, for the experiment's sake, by a few Scottish gentlemen [illegible] and improves under the judicious superintendence of the overseer, Mr James Cu[illegible]w. We mentioned that ladies of rank not contented with subscribing to the scheme had travelled alone to the spot to verify with their own eyes the reports of the overseer. We are now enabled to publish an account of one of these journeys, by a lady who is nearly related to a Minister of State. It was originally communicated in a letter to a friend.

"You ask me to give you some account of my expedition to Ballinglen, and of my impressions on the spot. I believe many of my friends thought it rather a rash and Quixotic measure on the part of an 'unprotected female,' to start off alone to the wilds of Mayo, without a single acquaintance in the whole province of Connaught! But so far from having any reason to regret the step, nothing ever repaid me more fully for a certain amount of trouble and inconvenience—dangers or real difficulties there were *none*—and I met with kindness and civility from all ranks and classes. We proceeded in the little *outside* cars, as they are called, and drove through Ballinglen. The afternoon was beautiful, and I cannot tell you how delighted I was with the aspect of the little settlement; it seemed like a green spot in the desert. In the first place, it has a good deal of natural beauty, which, after the extreme ugliness of the district I had traversed, was very refreshing. The shape of the ground is exceedingly pretty, as it slopes towards the [illegible]—the farm-house, the school, the church, and the ruins of an old castle, all stand upon different eminences overlooking the Balling, which winds agreeably along the glen, and is generally fordable, but after rain becomes a very turbulent stream, overflowing its banks, and causing much [illegible]. The fields on the farm, instead of be[illegible] of good size - well drained, well cultivated, the crops remarkably clean, instead of [illegible] with weeds—the stones removed from the surface of the land, and employed in repairing [illegible] walls and damming [illegible] the river. I was in [illegible] instead of universal decay [illegible] everything [illegible] industry, and a regular system [illegible] carried out in the midst of a wilderness. [illegible] deserves [illegible] for what he has effected in so short a time, and with such [illegible] except the [illegible] of the soil (which is not peculiar [illegible]) he had no [illegible] nothing to [illegible] but his own energy and [illegible]. He [illegible] this field with [illegible] pride. How completely [illegible] the [illegible] at the Irish [illegible] work! It [illegible] much he is appreciated by the [illegible]. They [illegible] thinking him an eccentric man for getting up [illegible] rather severe [illegible] quantity and quality of labour he exact[illegible] but [illegible] they [illegible] what [illegible] found [illegible] satisfy him [illegible] thoroughly, as he paid them punctually and [illegible] upon a poor [illegible]. The [illegible] of him is [illegible] strict impartiality and justice [illegible] and the [illegible] a blessing to her [illegible] in visiting the school [illegible] the [illegible], accompanied by Mr [illegible]. What [illegible] were for the [illegible] of humanity [illegible] wretchedness they sometimes [illegible] found good humour [illegible] and the [illegible] cheerful submission to [illegible] was charmed with their [illegible] and desire to learn [illegible] making. I [illegible] at their quickness, [illegible] Scripture, geography, and [illegible] it was a pleasure to see them, in spite of [illegible] and light hearted, poor little creatures! and also (which I did not expect) so clean and tidy—the teachers make a great point of it. I am sure these children are fit for anything, in their capacity and their good dispositions, and I cannot but be sanguine that they will turn out very different members of society from their parents, who are peaceable and inoffensive enough under all their privations, but such a poor ignorant helpless race! How I wish many people would go and see for themselves what I have seen. I feel sure they would then be anxious to assist us in the work which is carrying on, of employing and instructing this unfortunate and neglected population. I did so long to take possession of the whole glen, and appropriate it to the spade and *the schoolmaster*. It is a sin to see such fine land overrun with thistles and ragweed, and a still greater, that so many of the children should be condemned to ignorance and idleness for want of a friendly hand outstretched to rescue them.

"One of the things which struck me as most wanting in the glen, was medical advice, and I was anxious to establish a medical club, upon the footing of those in Northumberland; but I found the difficulties insuperable, from the poverty of the district,

We might, however, establish a sick fund, and send medicines from Apothecaries Hall, for Mrs Gulaw and the schoolmaster to distribute, with the aid of books. I wished I could have been lodged in the glen, but that was impossible. Ballycroy is a very poor place; there is nothing worthy of the name of an inn, and the accommodation is scanty. [illegible] the regular line of tourists [illegible] [illegible]

"I [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] I am confident [illegible] [illegible] and I saw nothing [illegible] my extreme [illegible] satisfaction than [illegible] [illegible] Bible—within reach of these neglected creatures, yet how much remains still to be done, and what a mass of evil to overcome with good! Is it wonderful that ignorance and hopeless destitution should occasionally lead to crime? (I am surprised there is not infinitely more.) and are not these things, within only twenty-eight hours' journey from London, a scandal and reproach to us?

The lands of Ballinglen belong to John Knox, Esq., of Castlerea, and it was not till recently anticipated that they would require to be sold under the Encumbered Estates Act. Intimation has, however, been made to this effect in the Court of Chancery, and it is proposed by the little knot of Edinburgh philanthropists that a sufficient sum be collected to purchase the townland of Ballinglen, of which the farm in question forms a part. The propriety of making this attempt, in present circumstances, will be evident to all who are acquainted with the state of Ireland. The extent of the estate is about one thousand four hundred acres, which, as appears from the Ordnance valuation, yields a yearly rental of about three hundred and ten pounds; this, at sixteen years' purchase, without reference to the public burdens, would represent a capital of about five thousand pounds, the sum now proposed to be raised. When the subscription is complete and the land purchased, the conveyance shall be made to trustees, and the [illegible] be applied to the promotion of [illegible] agricultural [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] moral and social condition of the population in the midst of which the work is carried on.

The intention of giving a more permanent character to what has been so well begun, cannot fail to recommend itself to those who have taken an interest in promoting the improvement of the Irish, and it is to be hoped that the subscriptions to this excellent purchase will be prompt, numerous, and liberal. The experience of two years has demonstrated that, by kind and judicious treatment, the natives of Connaught are willing to labour at very small wages upon their own soil, and in very different to their habits, and that strangers have found themselves as safe to carry on such work in Mayo as they would be in any other district in the United Kingdom.

CHAMOUNY.

This glorious spot, which so vividly exists in the memory of every traveller who has visited it, and which beams so brightly on the hopes of those who anticipate a journey to the Alps, requires no new description or advice how to reach and enjoy it; numerous journals and guide books amply furnish all these. But one who has frequently visited this beautiful valley at intervals during thirty years has observed many changes, and among the most recent, one that may do much to destroy its future prosperity, if it be not suppressed.

At my first visit there, in 1822, I found no more than a single inn in which English travellers could be received with English comfort; it was the Hôtel de Londres, kept by Victor Tairraz. I shall never forget the kind and unofficious attention which we received during our stay there, from the host and his excellent wife, and which contributed so largely to our enjoyment of our visit to Chamouny.

I have since been there five or six times, and marked many social changes—not physical ones; for, at Chamouny, the forms of nature seem eternal. But old guides had died. Jacques Balmat, "Mont Blanc," as he was called, still loitered about the inns to be noticed by travellers, as the first intrepid man who had attained the summit of the mountain; others had disappeared whose names were almost as familiar. New laws had been enforced by the Government to regulate the guides. Of some, tales were related

their death in pursuit of the chamois; one of poor Jacques Balmat himself, who at seventy years of age, in 1835, met his death as a gold-finder. He had perished in his infatuated pursuit, by falling from a precipice into a ravine, which became his grave; for his body could not be recovered.

At each visit I found changes in the valley and its inhabitants. New inns were established as travellers increased; some, by persons who were envious of the success of mine excellent host of the "Londres," and touting became a system; but amidst all the changes, Victor Tairraz sustained his reputation for his superior tact and knowledge in accommodating the English so as to make them feel themselves at home in this the grandest resting-place in Europe. At length, he too was gathered to his fathers, and his excellent wife retired to the little town of Sallenches, down the valley of the Arve. Their sons succeeded to the management of the Hôtel de Londres. Jealousies, however, had sprung up even in the time of old Victor. The Curé was enraged that he permitted his English visitors to have the service of their Church read on the appointed day in the hotel, and forbade it; but all who were in the house at the time went out to worship in the open air. What a temple! Chairs and a table, supplied by Victor, were placed in the meadow on the bank of the Arve; and after the service, all the English then present signed and sent a memorial to the Government at Turin. This was liberally answered by authorising, from that time, the service of the English Church within the hotels.

The number of visitors to Chamouny annually increase, and among them a large proportion are young men; who, in the height of health and vigour, ramble in the autumn into Switzerland, and visit those glorious scenes in Savoy. Sometimes unfavourable weather may detain the pedestrians for some days. These are weary days to them; and suggested to a hoary gamester the plan of building a large hotel on the left bank of the Arve, and of establishing a gambling table to occupy the time of travellers when it hung heavily upon their hands. A gambling house at Chamouny is a manifest desecration. He did not, however, at first get a grant from the Government, as he expected, for his establishment, though he has indirectly obtained his object (for, we hope, only a brief time) by uniting his gaming-house with an hotel already established, which he has fitted up as its "Salle de Lecture." Here the journals may be read, and here *Rouge et Noir* is provided for the wicked and the weak. Some sad scenes have already been the consequence of this demoralising combination. The visitor to the Hotel who inquires for *Galignani* is directed to the "Casino," which is always open to him. Scouts are placed at all the points of interest around Chamouny; such as the Montanvert, the Flegère, the source of the Arveron, the Cascade des Pélerins, and other points, to place cards in the hands of visitors, of which the following is a literal translation:—

"CASINO, CHAMOUNY.

"1. Travellers are admitted without charge.
"2. The news-room is open all day.
"3. The hazard tables are open from three till eight every evening."

Children in the villages between Geneva and Chamouny throw these advertisements into the windows of the carriages; and most of the inns on the road are placarded with this iniquitous information. The visitors' books strongly express the feelings of indignant travellers of respectability at this dishonour to the Vale of Chamouny. The following is one of many such notices:—

"The Earth is the Lord's." The mountain and vale,
The glacier and torrent, proclaim
Of His might and His power the marvellous tale,
Of His wisdom and goodness the fame.

But the devil was vexed, that to heart and to head
These wonders their lessons should tell;
So he, stealthily leaving his brimstone bed,
E'en in Chamouny set up a hell.

In striking contrast to this temple of unhallowed excitement, a chapel, the first ever permitted in the valley for Protestant worship, has been built, which will, I hope, become an important antidote to the abominable Casino.

The gamester, with his Casino, will not be driven out until the guides purge the valley of him. It is difficult to conceive a more complete scheme than his, to convert the most rational of pursuits among young men into a means of their ruin. They leave home in the full confidence of their parents and friends for a tour in the Alps, little suspecting that, amidst scenes so glorious in nature, an innkeeper can be found so wicked and impolitic as to attach a gaming-house to his establishment; and to make the reading-room, in which their young visitors seek information of their homes, a decoy to their destruction; where, at a *table d'hôte*, the head of a conspiracy against the morals of unsuspecting travellers is seen in contact with persons of rank and character who would elsewhere shrink from such contamination.

THE JEWS IN CHINA.

THERE is a quaintness in the notion of a Jewish colony surrounded by Chinese; the fixed among the fixed. The fact that such a colony exists, or has existed when found, ought to be especially remarked, for to ethnologists and others it may prove a valuable opportunity for speculation. Jews in China, what will they be like? will the Jew stand out from the

surrounding uniformity of Chinese life, like the one tree of the desert (for which, see Panorama of Overland Mail, and hear lecture upon same); or will he become non-entity, like among like, adding nothing to the first idea—silence in a calm? In the Jewish synagogue of Kai-foung-fou, concerning which we have presently to speak, there are Chinese inscriptions. The first placed there in 1444, by a literary Jew, is intended to prove the close analogy between Jewish and Chinese points of doctrine. "The author," it says, "of the law of Yse-lo-ye (Israel) is Ha-vou-lo-han (Abraham). His law was translated by tradition to Niehè (Moses). He received his book on Mount Sinai. His book has fifty-four sections. The doctrine which is therein contained, is much like that of the Kings," (which are sacred volume of the Chinese). The author of the inscription repeats many passages to prove that in their worship to heaven, their ceremonies, their behaviour to the old and young, their patriarchal character, their prayers, and their mode of honouring dead ancestors, the Jews resemble the Chinese.

The author of a second inscription, a grand mandarin in his own time, speaks to the same purpose. "From the time of Han," says this gentleman, whose name is Too tang, "from the time of Han, the Jews fixed themselves in China: and in the twentieth year of the cycle 65, (which is, by interpretation, 1163,) they offered to the Emperor Hiao-tsong a tribute of cloth from India. He received them well, and permitted them to live in Kai-foung-fou. They formed then sixty-six families. They built a synagogue where they placed their Kings, or Divine Scriptures." This mandarin concludes with an eulogium of Jewish virtue, after the approved manner of epitaphs.

The Jews emphatically cultivated agriculture, commerce, were faithful in the armies, upright as magistrates, and rigid in observance of their ceremonies. One only wants to wind up with the scrap, "Affliction sore, long time they bore;" but affliction on account of the Chinese, at any rate, they certainly did not bear; they were more than tolerated, they were understood; ceremony-men to ceremony-men were ceremoniously polite to one another. The Jews and Chinese even intermarried; on their first introduction by way of Persia to the Chinese Empire, they had settled here and there, in sundry Chinese cities; but by marriage with Chinese disciples of Confucius or Mahomet, the Jewish colonies were melted down into the pure Chinese metal; and when this history begins, nothing is known of any synagogue in China, save the synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, which is a city in the heart of the Flowery Land, the capital of the central province of Honan; and for an account of which we are indebted to Father Ricci, one of the Jesuit Missionaries.

Father Ricci died in the year 1610, at Pekin, which was his station. Father Ricci, at Pekin, first heard of the Jewish synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, and the information startled him exceedingly. The young Jew who enlightened Father Ricci on the subject told him that there were then at Kai-foung-fou barely a dozen Jewish families, and that for five or six hundred years they had preserved in their synagogue a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch. The father produced a Hebrew Bible, and the young man recognised the characters, although he could not read them, for he knew no language but Chinese. Four years after this, Father Ricci (whose business at Pekin would not permit him to go gadding) had an opportunity of sending off to Kai-foung-fou a Chinese Jesuit, with a letter written in Chinese, to the chief of the synagogue. He explained to the rabbi his own reverence for the books of the Old Testament, and informed him of its fulfilled prediction, and the advent of a Messiah. The rabbi shook his head at that, saying, "that so it could not be, because they had yet to expect the Messiah for ten thousand years." The good-natured rabbi nevertheless did homage to Father Ricci's great abilities. He was an old man, and saw none about him fit to guide his people; he therefore besought the learned Jesuit to come to Kai-foung-fou, and undertake the guidance of the synagogue, under one only condition, a true Chinese-Jewish one, that he would pledge himself to abstinence from all forbidden meats. However, that was very much as if Dr. Jones of Bettws-y-Coed should offer his practice to Sir B. Brodie of London. Father Ricci had a larger work in hand, and so he stopped at Pekin.

In 1613, Father Aleni (such an uncommonly wise man, that the Chinese called him the Confucius of Europe) was directed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou and make investigation. Father Aleni, being well up in his Hebrew, was a promising man to send on such an errand, but he found the rabbi dead, and the Jews, though they let him see the synagogue, would not produce their books. The particulars of nothing having been done on this occasion are to be found related by Father Trigaut, in choice Latin, and choicer Italian, (*de Expedit. Sinicâ, lib.* 1., *cap.* 2, *p.* 118.) and by Father Samedo (*Relatione della China, part* 1., *cap.* 30, *p.* 193)

A residence was established by the Jesuits in Kai-foung-fou. *Now*, thought those who thought at all upon such matters, we shall have something done. If we can only compare our Old Testament texts with an ancient exemplar, that will be no small gain. A certain Father Gozani went zealously into the whole subject, entered the synagogue, copied the inscriptions, and transmitted them to Rome.

The Jews told Father Gozani that in a temple at Pekin was a large volume, wherein were inscribed the sacred books of foreigners

resident in China. That volume was sought afterwards by Europeans at Pekin, but not found. Certainly, such a volume does exist among the Chinese records. The Jews, however, told Father Gozani not only about what existed at Pekin, but all about themselves at Kai-foung-fou. The father wrote a letter, dated 1704, containing what he learned in this manner. It appears that by that application of "soft sawder" which is or ought to be well understood by men of the world and Jesuits, the father gratified the Jews so that they paid him voluntary visits. He returned their visits by a call upon them at their synagogue, where, he says—"I had a long conversation with them; and they showed me their inscriptions; some of which are in Chinese, and others in their own tongue. I saw also their *Kims*, or religious books, and they suffered me to enter even the most secret place of their synagogue, to which they can have no access themselves. That place is reserved for their *Chan-Kiao;* that is to say, chief of the synagogue, who never approaches it but with the most profound respect.

"There were thirteen tabernacles placed upon tables, each of which was surrounded by small curtains. The sacred *Kim* of Moses (the Pentateuch) was shut up in each of these tabernacles, twelve of which represented the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and the thirteenth, Moses. The books were written on long pieces of parchment, and folded up on rollers. I obtained leave from the chief of the synagogue to draw the curtains of one of these tabernacles, and to unrol one of the books, which appeared to me to be written in a hand exceedingly neat and distinct. One of these books had been luckily saved from the great inundation of the river *Hoang-ho*, which overflowed the city Kai foung-fou, the capital of the province. As the letters of the book have been wetted, and on that account are almost effaced, the Jews have been at great pains to get a dozen copies made, which they carefully preserve in the twelve tabernacles above mentioned.

"There are to be seen also in two other places of the synagogue, coffers, in which are shut up with great care several other little books, containing different divisions of the Pentateuch of Moses, which they call *Ta-Kim*, and other parts of their law. They use these books when they pray; they showed me some of them, which appeared to be written in Hebrew. They were partly new and partly old, and half torn. They, however, bestow as much attention on guarding them as if they were gold or silver.

"In the middle of the synagogue stands a magnificent chair, raised very high, and ornamented with a beautiful embroidered cushion. This is the Chair of Moses, in which every [illegible]day, and days of great solemnity, they [illegible] their Pentateuch, and read some [illegible] of it. There also may be seen a [illegible]-pai, or painting, on which is inscribed the Emperor's name; but they have neither statues nor images. This synagogue fronts the west, and when they address their prayers to the Supreme Being, they turn towards that quarter, and adore him under the name of *Tien*, *Cham-Tien*, *Cham-ti*, and *Kao-van-voe-tche;* that is to say, *Creator of all things;* and lastly, of *Van-voe-tchu-tcai*, *Governor of the Universe*. They told me that they had taken these names from the Chinese books, and that they used them to express the Supreme Being and First Cause.

"In going out from the synagogue, I observed a hall, which I had the curiosity to enter, but I found nothing remarkable in it, except a great number of censers. They told me that in this hall they honoured their *Chim gins*, or the great men of their law. The largest of these censers, which is intended for the Patriarch Abraham, stands in the middle of the hall, after which come those of Isaac, and of Jacob, and his twelve branches, or the Twelve Tribes of Israel; next are those of Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Esdras, and several other illustrious persons, both male and female.

"After quitting this apartment, they conducted us to the Hall of Strangers, in order to give us an entertainment. As the titles of the books of the Old Testament were printed in Hebrew at the end of my Bible, I showed them to the *Cham-Kiao*, or chief of the synagogue; he immediately read them, though they were badly printed, and he told me that they were the names of their *Chin-Kim*, or Pentateuch. I then took my Bible, and the *Cham-Kiao* took his *Beresith* (thus they name the Book of Genesis); we compared the descendants of Adam, until Noah, with the age of each, and we found the most perfect conformity between both. We afterwards ran over the names and chronology in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, which compose the Pentateuch, or five Books of Moses. The chief of the synagogue told me that they named these five books *Beresith*, *Veelesemoth*, *Vaiicora*, *Vaiedabber*, and *Haddebarim*, and that they divided them into fifty-three volumes; *viz.*, Genesis into twelve, Exodus into eleven, and the three following books into ten volumes each, which they call *Kuen*. Some of these they opened, and presented to me to read; but it was to no purpose, as I was unacquainted with the Hebrew language.

"Having interrogated them respecting the titles of the other books of the Bible, the chief of the synagogue replied, that they were in possession of some of them, but that they wanted a great many, and of others they had no knowledge. Some of his assistants added, that they had lost several books in the inundation of the Hoang-ho, of which I have spoken."

Father Gozani has spoken of the inundation, but we have not, and so we will do so now. Previously, however, we may half at-

tention to the distinct adoption of the Chinese "Hall of Ancestors" among these Jews, and of a place for showing hospitality to strangers as an appendage to their place of worship. It is in this way that, without violating their own opinions, they became assimilated more completely to their neighbours. Father Gozani also notes that their accounts of sacred history were grossly disfigured with Talmudical legends, or other stories of that class—a fact not to be lost sight of by the speculator. The Jews, in the time of Father Gozani, composed seven families—Phao, Kin, Che, Kao, The-Man, Li, Ngai—including in all about one thousand souls. They intermarried with each other, and had their own fashion of hair-cutting. These seven families of Kai-foung-fou were the remains of seventy who had of old established themselves in that capital. Now for the inundation. That event took place in the year 1642, and it occurred as follows:—Li-coug tse a rebel, with a big army, besieged the city. The inhabitants, after defending themselves for six months, still refused to succumb, because they expected rescue from the Emperor. The Emperor did come, a vastly clever fellow, who determined to destroy the enemy by a great master-stroke. "I'll drown every man-jack!" he said, and broke the dikes that confined the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, a league distant from the city. Out poured the stream and drowned the besiegers, and besieged the city in its turn, knocked down its walls, and destroyed thirty thousand of its inmates. The Emperor, a cockney sportsman on the largest scale, shot at the pigeon and killed the crow. It was in this inundation that the number of the Jews was thinned; diluted by the waters of the river, their Pentateuch was damaged and some other portions of their scripture altogether lost.

Before passing down from Father Gozani, we must extract his rough picture of the Jewish synagogue, as it existed in his day. He says of the Jews—

"They have no other synagogue but this, in the capital of the province of Ho-Nan. I perceived in it no altar, nor any other furniture, but the chair of Moses, with a censer, a long table, and large chandeliers, in which were placed candles made of tallow. This synagogue has some resemblance to our European churches; it is divided into three aisles; that in the middle is occupied by the table of incense, the chair of Moses, the painting, and the tabernacles already mentioned, in which are preserved the thirteen copies of the Pentateuch. These tabernacles are constructed in the form of an arch, and the middle aisle is like the choir of the synagogue; the two others are set apart as places of prayer, and for the adoration of the Supreme Being. Within the building there is a passage which runs quite round.

"As there formerly were, and still are, among them Bachelors and *Kien-sens*, which is a degree different from that of a Bachelor, I took the liberty of asking them if they rendered homage to Confucius; they replied, that they honoured him in the same manner as the rest of the literati, and that they assisted them in solemn ceremonies, which are performed in halls dedicated to their great men. They added, that in spring and autumn they practised certain rites in honour of their ancestors, according to the manner of Chinese, in the hall next to their synagogue; that they did not present them the flesh of hogs, but of other animals; that in other ceremonies, they were contented with offering them porcelain dishes filled with dainties and sweetmeats, which they accompanied with perfumes and profound reverences or prostrations. I asked them, likewise, if in their houses or Hall of Ancestors they had tablets in honour of their departed relations: they replied, that they used neither tablets, images, nor anything else, but only a few censers. We must, however, except their mandarins, for whom alone they place in the Hall of Ancestors a tablet inscribed with their name and rank."

Father Gozani adds, that "these Jews, in their inscriptions, call their law the Law of Israel, *Yselah-Kiao*, which they name also *Kou-Kiao*, Ancient Law; *Tien-Kiao*, Law of God, and *Tien-Kin-Kiao*, to signify that they abstain from blood, and cut the nerves and veins of the animals they kill, in order that the blood may flow more easily from them."

This custom gives to the Jews in China, at the present day, the name of Cut Nerves. To the present day our story now descends, for, after the time of Father Gozani, blank follows in the way of action. Father Etienne, who meditated a work upon the Sacred Scriptures in reply to the *Critici Sacri*, was eager to push on investigations. From the letter of Father Gozani, and from those which Father Domingo and Gambil wrote upon it, material was obtained for the memoir published under the direction of M. L. Aimé Martin, in which he remarks that the detail would be regarded with the more curiosity, as it had been often demanded, and as Father du Halde had contented himself with merely pronouncing it in his great work, "Description de la Chine." So we have fairly got out of the past into the present, where our story thus runs on.

In the year 1815, the Chinese Jews endeavoured unsuccessfully to communicate with Europe by means of a Hebrew letter addressed to London, which seems not to have been delivered. Last year the Jewish Society of London determined, however, to communicate with them. Miss Cooks, an energetic and devoted Jewess, placed her purse in the hands of the Society; nothing impeded fresh research; the English Bishop at Hong Kong co-operated, Dr. Medhurst was consulted, and two Chinese Christians were at length,

appointed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou. The elder of these two was a bachelor; the younger was a student from the Missionaries' College at Batavia; but the junior was named to head the enterprise, because he had previously displayed zeal and ability, and also because he could write English fluently, and would journalise in that language. His journals, therefore, could be laid before Miss Cooks, uninjured by translation.

Our heroes—for so we will call the two adventurers—set out from Shanghae, on the 15th of last November, by boat to Toing-kiang-tou. In a car, drawn by mules, they were then jolted along, following the track of the Hoang-ho, rising at three o'clock on winter mornings, to save time—a proceeding which involves almost supererogatory self-denial. Population near the Yellow River they found rare and unhealthy. Localities which figure in the geographical charts of the empire as principal places, or as towns of the second class, are but huge piles of rubbish, surrounded by crumbling walls. Here and there a gate, with its inscription half effaced, informs the traveller that he is entering a mighty town.

Perseverance, and a mule car, brought the travellers at last to Kai-foung-fou. They found there many Mahometans, openly exercising right of conscience, and flying their religion on a flag displayed over their gate. These Mahometans are, for the most part, hotel-keepers, and with one of them our heroes lodged. Of him they began asking about Cut-Nerves. Mine host of the Crescent said there were still some Jews in Kai-foung-fou, and offered himself as cicerone to their synagogue. Thither they went; they found its outer wall in ruins; briars and dirt filled the grand entrance; "the pillars of the building, the inscribed marbles, the stone balustrade, before the peristyle of the temple, the ornamental sculpture—all were cracked, broken, and overturned." Under the wings of the synagogue, the chapels built in honour of the patriarchs—nestled together, cold and naked, sleeping on the bare stones, those objects of our European interest, "the Jews in China." Poor and miserable as they are, they had begun to sell the stones of their temple for bread, and a portion of land within their sacred enclosure had been already sold to an adjacent temple of the Buddhists.

Still, there were the cylinders enclosing the sacred rolls of the Old Testament, which, luckily, had not proved eatable. In number these rolls were about a dozen, each thirty feet long by three feet wide. They are of white sheep-skin, inscribed with very small Hebrew characters.

For fifty years these poor Jews have been without the guidance of a rabbi, and there is not one left who can read a word of Hebrew. In a dozen years, probably, the last trace of Jews in China will expire. The travellers gave money to the mournful congregation in the synagogue, and received leave to copy the inscriptions, about which the Jesuits had previously informed us. Moreover, they obtained, and have brought home, eight Hebrew manuscripts; six contain portions of the Old Testament; namely, of Exodus, chapters 1—6, and 38—40; of Leviticus, chapters 19. 20; of Numbers, chapters 13. 14. 15; of Deuteronomy, chapters 11—16, and chapter 32; with portions of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and Prophets. The other two manuscripts are of the Jewish Liturgy. The leaves of these manuscripts "are of a species of card-board, on which the words, as it were, are engraved with a point; the binding is in silk, and bears evident marks of being of foreign origin. Two Israelitish merchants, to whom these books were shown at Shanghae, spoke to having seen similar ones at Aden, and the presence here and there upon the margins of Persian words, interspersed with Hebrew annotations, seemed to indicate that the books came originally from some western country of Asia, perhaps Persia, or some of the high provinces of India, where Persic has from time immemorial been the language used among people of education. Although the annotations mentioned are numerous, and apparently referring to different epochs, no trace of any Chinese character is to be discovered, nor any of those marks or signs which immediately betray Chinese origin. No date exists by which the age can be determined."

We hope the statement is correct which tells us that these manuscripts are to be deposited in the British Museum. Fac-similes are at the same time promised, printed in Hebrew, accompanied with a plan of the synagogue, made on the spot by the Chinese travellers, and the journal of our junior hero, written in English and Chinese. The journal in English would not be a very ponderous affair, the entire expedition having occupied only two months; the residence at Kai-foung-fou, five days. We may usefully remember how the good Chinese, rising so fearfully betimes, did justice to the generosity and zeal of their patroness. Are there not men of might at work upon investigations for the public, who, at their ordinary rate, might have come to abandon this business in forty years, after eliminating fifty pounds of blue book?

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE HISTORY OF A CERTAIN GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.

A GOOD many hundred years ago, a knight, named Sir Badlot de Scampiers, eat, drank, and slept, in a castle which bore the family name. He was the admiration of the Court, whose members generally were, like himself, the terror of vassals with wives or daughters. He would have been excommunicated, had his private confessor been less fond of good living.

Sir Badlot lived a mighty pleasant life of its kind. Between making love in a very free fashion, hawking, hunting, dancing, getting drunk every night or morning, as the case might be, occasionally saying his prayers, and now and then witnessing the execution of one of his tenants for stealing some article above the value of tenpence halfpenny, his time was always tolerably occupied. His virtues were much the same as his vices. He was very hospitable, because he couldn't bear drinking alone. He was extremely liberal to people who pleased him, but scandal said that his liberality came out of the pockets of people who didn't please him. He was thoroughly brave, because he was always either in a cruel or a drunken humour—two states which perhaps resemble each other, more closely than is commonly supposed.

But there is an end to all things, and, as Voltaire somewhere says, "if people don't leave off their vices, their vices leave them in the lurch." The time came when Sir Badlot was no longer a young man. As his life had always been spent in the profitable way we have described, his constitution began to appeal most pathetically to his feelings. In fact, the knight was "breaking fast," and people said so—behind his back.

Like the generality of people who have lived a highly moral and regular life, Sir Badlot could not bear the idea of being ill. If he felt more than usually fatigued after hunting, he simply cursed his horse, and kicked his groom, or squire, or any one else who happened to be at hand. If he felt the consequences of one night's potations rather inconveniently, he got drunk again, in order to get over the inconvenience of thinking about it. In short, the knight got thinner, paler, more romantic in appearance, and less so in practice, every day of his life. People began to speculate on the probability of his large estates changing hands; and, as the knight possessed no issue whose names were likely to appear in his will, they hoped for some milder occupant of the Scampiers property.

It is almost unnecessary to observe that the priest and father confessor, or ghostly adviser of Sir Badlot de Scampiers also acted as his bodily physician. As the knight had never been ill beyond an occasional fever from over-drinking and over feeding, the simple expedient of "bleeding," in more senses than one, answered, at first, tolerably well. In fact, by really curing the knight from one or two such attacks, by never interfering with his pleasures, and by enforcing the most severe and arbitrary code of morality upon everybody else, Father Blazius de St. Erysipelas had gained a tolerable influence over Sir Badlot, and had already, in imagination, constituted himself Prior of a monastery to be endowed in a princely manner at the knight's expense.

To his confessor, then, went Sir Badlot, with a pitiful list of sufferings. His head ached, his back ached, his feet ached, his chest ached, his shoulders ached, his stomach ached; his eyes were dim, his eyes were bloodshot, his eyes were filled with black spots, his eyes were unsteady; he had no appetite, no digestion, no relish. When he swore, he didn't seem to enjoy it; when he was drunk, he was not jolly; when the last execution of a peasant for deer-stealing took place, he felt so indifferent about it, that he absolutely stayed at home, and went to bed early.

This was a sad state of things. To be sure, if the knight had already left his money to found the convent, it wouldn't have much mattered. His body would have been quite as well out of the way, and a few masses would have provided for the rest of him. But, as it unfortunately happened, Sir Badlot had done no such thing. Perhaps he thought that a little uncertainty on that head might promote the certainty of his own longevity.

But the saddest thing of all was, that the knight absolutely began to talk about his conscience. At the first mention of the word, the confessor nearly fainted; at the second, he nearly burst out laughing; at the third, he felt utterly at a loss what to do or say. He had had to do with consciences, no doubt, but they

were consciences without lands or title. Now, Sir Badlot's conscience was a thing of infant growth, and between his fears of its expiring of its own accord, and his doubts as to the means of fostering and promoting its development, Father Blazius felt, logically speaking, on the horns of a dilemma.

Had times and men been different, the worthy father would probably have prescribed change of scene, light and nutritive diet, old Jacob Townsend's compound infusion of sarsaparilla, and Mahommed's bath. For an obvious chronological reason, the two latter remedies were impracticable, and even Peruvian bark was not yet known. As far as the knight's conscience went, a little quiet meditative reading might have answered. But Sir Badlot's education had been rather neglected, and he couldn't read—without spelling all the little words and skipping all the big ones.

Plainly perceiving that the knight had now only powers enough for one vice at a time, Father Blazius thought that fighting would be, perhaps, the least destructive, and suggested a pilgrimage which was likely to be attended with some "rough service." He gave so many good reasons for it, that the knight eagerly embraced the proposal, and, on the strength of the satisfaction it afforded to his conscience and constitution, got frantically drunk that very evening, and horsewhipped one of his huntsmen, the next morning—both with great relish.

We will not detail the particulars of our knight's pilgrimage. We will pass over all the hair's-breadth escapes, melancholy confinements, and miraculous adventures he encountered during his religious trip. We merely beg our readers to put together all that they ever read in Sir John Mandeville, Amadis de Gaul, and Scott's novels, and to believe that the sum total falls far short of the adventures of Sir Badlot, in the course of his visit to the tomb of Saint Costa-di-monga.

But it undoubtedly had a splendid effect in restoring his health. Whether it was that he was often compelled to ride, day after day, through places where a public-house—we mean an hostelry—was an impossibility; whether the amusement of spearing infidels acted as a tonic and agreeable stimulant, coupled with the noble consciousness of doing his duty; whether or no, he was so restored in mental and bodily vigour, that he returned to his own country quite a new man, bringing with him the wife of an Italian Baron, whom he had killed in single combat.

Sir Badlot had made a great mistake in killing this Italian Baron, or at all events in marrying his widow. The lady was a strong-minded woman, and desperately religious. He found himself literally nobody in [illegible] own house. His drinking and swearing [illegible] interdicted; the place was filled with [illegible] of all denominations; often, when he [illegible] his breakfast, he was quietly informed that his lady was with her confessor, and had got the keys. As to Father Blazius, he seemed quite happy, was constantly with the Lady de Scampiers, and troubled himself very little about his former patient. The knight was dragged to prayers at all manner of strange times, and if he demurred, his better half resented his conduct by praying aloud in bed, which the knight found more cruel than the worst curtain lecture. In a word, Sir Badlot de Scampiers was now expiating his former sins.

A few years rolled on; they had no children; Sir Badlot found himself sinking fast. Unhappy at home, and unable to stir out, taunted with the idle remembrances of a past life disgracefully spent, and just awakening to a real and terrible consciousness of the future, Sir Badlot sought to stifle his memory with extensive donations, and to compensate for a whole life of practical blasphemy by abject displays of attrition, contrition, and other degrees of priest-enjoined penance.

The sudden loss of his lady might, at an earlier period, have resuscitated the failing spirits of Sir Badlot, but he was now too far gone to feel even that relief. Father Blazius managed everything, and when the last day of the poor sinner's life had closed, when the halls of the Castle de Scampiers were filled with mournful hangings, and with vassals whose sad countenances were but doubtful representatives of their real thoughts, there was a grand assemblage of the monks of the new order of Saint Costa-di-Monga, and no one felt surprised at finding that the whole of the knight's immense domain was given up to that worthy fraternity.

We must pass over a long interval, during which a magnificent abbey rose upon the Scampiers estate: in the noblest chapel of which, was a sumptuous monument to the memory of the knight and his wife, whose effigies lay side by side in greater harmony than the originals had ever enjoyed. Allegorical representations, in that peculiar style of art which we hope will be henceforth confined to tombstones, told of the valiant deeds of Sir Badlot in the cause of Christianity, and a most appropriately extensive "brass" detailed his virtues and accomplishments.

Abbeys, like the knights and kings who found them, have an end. A certain king, taking a violent fancy to the rich estates of the order of Saint Costa-di-Monga, pillaged its chapels of everything that could be turned into money; leaving only the relics of a few saints, which were not convertible into cash—the monks—and the empty building. A few years afterwards, when the Order had somewhat recovered this shock, a party of drunken soldiers, not being able to force their entrance for a similar purpose, set fire to the building, burnt out the monks, and left nothing but roofless walls, and a few monuments.

Various persecutions and misfortunes gradually reduced the wealthy order of Saint

Costa to a poor, persecuted, and much worthier, company of brethren. At length, everything connected with the Abbey of Saint Costa-di-Monga was forgotten, except some ghastly ruins, and some very indistinct parchments.

But, land is land, and the lands of the Seampiers estate were more productive than ever, though no one knew what claim half the present possessors had to them A celebrated king, however, rewarded one of his nobles—who had been engaged in some negotiations with the Papal See, relative to a "delicate affair" in which his royal master was concerned—with the lion's share of this noble domain.

The whole system of things was changed. "Sir Nicholas Garter, and Dorothy, his wife," (as they are called in a dirty white inscription on two by no means complimentary portraits which hang in the Chapter-House), were as good people as you would desire to see. Mythology has placed the date of the Golden Age in the earliest years of the world. It was otherwise with the quondam Scampiers estates, for they had never known such good times as the present. Superstition was fast yielding to the enlightenment of a religion purged from its effects; the tenantry were prosperous and unmolested, and felt their own interest and affections bound up with that of their noble master.

Meanwhile, ecclesiastical affairs had been gradually restored to a better footing. The ruined Abbey of Saint Costa was partly repaired, partly rebuilt, and abundantly endowed with lands in various parts of the kingdom. Sir Nicholas Garter had taken a prominent part in the work of restoration, and the now Cathedral church was provided with a complete "foundation."

Although learning was at a low ebb, as far as general improvement was concerned, the barbarous systems of the *trivium* and *quadrivium* had given way, and some notion of an useful education paved the way to the endowment of schools. In the present instance, provision was made for the instruction of a certain number of clerks in "all manner of good and profitable learning," as well as for the maintenance and education of several poor boys on a humbler footing. We need not trouble our readers with an account of the precise items left for each purpose, whether ecclesiastical or scholastic. Suffice it to say, that, compared with the modern standard, it seemed ludicrously low, and highly suggestive of the times when a large pig was sold for fourpence, a goose for three-halfpence, and an ox for six and threepence.

But the growth of population, the consequent growth of houses, and the proportionate increase in the value of property, gradually produced great and pleasant effects on the pockets of the Reverend the Dean and Chapter of St. Rochford de Tamesis, (such was the name which had displaced St. Costa-di-Monga). Fields and swamps became parishes; profitable leases were granted where turnips had grown; rich ready-money fines and compensations, occasional bequests, and an unremitting attention to the improvement of the property, united in rendering the Cathedral foundation of St. Rochford de Tamesis one of the richest throughout the kingdom.

The Dean and Canons of this ecclesiastical golden egg had certainly no reason to find fault with its hatching. Most of them were men of family, either possessing private property, or holding some rich living or livings jointly with their stalls. People wondered how it was that the Cathedral itself was in bad repair, that scarcely half its space was available for purposes of worship, and that the surrounding neighbourhood was neglected, dirty, and unhealthy.

Nor was this the only matter of wonder. The service within the Cathedral was negligently performed. One or two of the canons might be there, it is true; but the service was read by the chaplain, who had unaccountably supplanted the "minor canons" mentioned in the original statutes. The choir had been clumsily partitioned off, and was ill-adapted for hearing. The organist, whose salary was absurdly low, wisely left the weekly duty to an indifferent deputy, and paid attention to the more lucrative office of giving lessons at fashionable ladies' schools.

Grievance upon grievance began to develop itself. Augustus Fresco, Esq., R.A., rashly ventured to attempt sketching a picturesque portion of the Cathedral, and was ushered out of the place by the verger. On making inquiries at the Deanery, he was patronised by the footman, and treated rudely by the butler. Forgetting that a private introduction would have smoothed all difficulties, or perhaps thinking that public buildings ought to be open to the professors of Art without any such interest, Mr. Augustus Fresco wrote a spirited and sarcastic letter to the "Times" on the subject; the "Times" followed up the matter with a leading article; and the Rev. Mildred Hamperchurch, Canon and Sub-Dean of St. Rochford, who had purchased Mr. Fresco's last masterpiece of "St. George and the Dragon," felt really vexed, and wrote a polite note to the artist, begging him to consider the Sub-Deanery as his own residence should he again favour the antiquities of St. Rochford with a visit. Mr. Augustus Fresco replied in an equal spirit of complaisance, and dedicated a treatise on "Mediæval Perspective" to the Very Rev. the Sub-Dean of St. Rochford, M.R.S.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., D.D. (by Royal Letters Patent), Corresponding Member of the Cologne Cathedral Finishing Society, &c., &c.

All the dissatisfactions arising from the mismanagement of the affairs of St. Rochford were not adjusted in so amicable a manner. Disputes about church-rates, in which the

parishioners claimed assistance from the Chapter, and in which the Chapter more positively than politely refused to render assistance, led to angry disputes between active churchwardens, and vicars who had little interest in their parishes. Complaints respecting the neglected condition of the streets, and respecting the character of their inhabitants immediately in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, led to sarcastic remarks in popular journals. People began to talk about Church Reform, and the Chapter of St. Rochford, in disagreeable connection. The abuses were, nevertheless, not sufficiently individual in their tendency to be readily tangible; nor was there any offence so glaring as to compromise a party of men, whose position and character in society, and whose known abilities, generally placed them beyond the reach of reproach.

At length, however, came an awkward event, with which the tranquil security of the St. Rochford Chapter might fairly be considered at an end. The head-master of the foundation school died, and a successor to his duties and emoluments was found without much difficulty.

At first, everything went on admirably. Mr. Hardhead was an excellent scholar, a firm, but gentlemanly disciplinarian, and took an enthusiastic interest in his occupation. Two or three promising boys got open scholarships in colleges of high standing; and, to do the Dean and Chapter justice, they evinced a kindly disposition towards the deserving scholars, and rendered much substantial assistance towards their future career. But the Rev. Adolphus Hardhead was not merely a scholar and a schoolmaster. He had fought his way against disadvantages, had gained a moderate independence by the fruits of early exertions and constant, but by no means sordid, economy; and, while disinterested enough to undervalue abundance, was too wise not to know the value of money. He was an undoubted financialist, and never gave a farthing without doing real good, because he always ascertained the purpose and probable effect of his charity beforehand. While he cautiously shunned the idle and undeserving, he would work like a slave, with and for those who would work for themselves; he would smooth the way for those who had in the first instance been their own pioneers, and would help a man who had once been successful, to attain a yet greater success.

With such a disposition, it was not unnatural that the financial state of the school should attract the notice of its new superintendent. In the first place, the school-room forms were rickety, the desks and "lockers" generally hung from one hinge instead of two, and the quantity of fancy drawings and inscriptions with which the wainscoting was decorated, displayed a greater amount of eccentricity than was warranted by the reputation hitherto achieved by the wits of the school. The great bed-room, or, more classically speaking, the "dormitory," was ill ventilated, and the roof and gutters thoroughly out of repair. A dining-room, said to have been allotted to the chorister boys, was not to be found at all, though some old people rather thought the site was occupied by one of the canons' stables. There was no separate schoolmaster for the choristers, though one was mentioned in the statutes; but a little careless tuition was bestowed upon them by one of the chaplains, who received an additional forty pounds a year for his trouble.

The most serious mischief of all, was an unaccountable increase in the incomes of the Dean and Chapter, and a most extraordinary stagnation and stand-still in the funds allotted to the scholars. As to the "poor boys" mentioned in the statute, they appeared to have no existence. Nevertheless, Mr. Hardhead well knew that, as the funds were derived from a common source, the circumstances which had benefited and increased the incomes of one party, ought to have had a proportionate influence upon all alike. Day after day did he spend in the cathedral library, raking up dry details respecting estates, mortgages, rentals, and endowments. Volume after volume of the driest and most tedious details did this indefatigable searcher after truth turn over, common place, transcribe, and compare. Masses of acts of parliament, quires of contradictions, and folios of opinions, failed even to tire his assiduity. Journey after journey did he take, authority upon authority did he consult, opinion upon opinion did he take, until he had made out what he considered a sufficiently clear case. This found, he was too practical to remain long without coming to the matter at once. Too wise to ask for all at once, Mr. Hardhead began with complaints relative to the state of the schoolhouse. He met with the answer he had expected. The Dean and Chapter expressed their willingness to head a subscription towards the necessary repairs, but cautiously avoided allowing that there was any claim which they were bound to recognise. This was a bad beginning, and the Head Master could clearly perceive that even this moderate demand had stirred up a considerable amount of ill-will and vexation.

But, when a letter, drawn up with legal minuteness, and displaying a most disagreeable knowledge of disagreeable facts, was laid before the Chapter, calling upon them to augment sundry scholarships, which had remained at their original almost nothingness, to restore the foundation provided for the education of "poor boys," and to refund a large sum of money which had evidently been distributed in a manner contrary to the letter or spirit of the founder's will, they were perfectly overcome with astonishment at the audacity of their Head Master.

The Reverend Blair Vorax nodded distantly to the Reverend Mr. Hardhead the next morn-

ing, observing that "he was sorry that he (the Reverend Mr. Hardhead) had thought fit to address such a letter to the members of the Chapter, but that he (the Reverend Mr. H.) knew his own affairs best," &c., &c.

The Reverend Michael Place, who had always been boisterously friendly, and was very hoity-toity in speech, spoke somewhat as follows:

"Yes! Ah! Humph! Well! Ah! That letter of yours—well! great pity—very sorry, hem! you know best. Yes! good morning."

The Very Reverend the Dean, simply wrote as follows:

"The Dean of St. Rochford informs the Rev. Mr. Hardhead that the Chapter of St. Rochford are not in the habit of consulting the Head Master of St. Rochford's Grammar School as to the employment and distribution of the cathedral property.

The Rev. A. Hardhead."

Mr. Hardhead knew too much of human nature in general, and ecclesiastical human nature in particular, to entertain any expectation of success by such simple measures as he had already adopted. A pamphlet accordingly soon made its appearance, bearing the title of "On the present Application of the Endowments of Grammar Schools, with Hints toward, establishing a Committee of Inquiry on this important Subject." The press took the alarm, the pamphlet was reviewed, quoted, parodied, bullied, abused, praised, and puffed in every possible manner. But, the Dean and Chapter of St. Rochford bitterly lamented their want of common sense, in suffering such details to become public, and would gladly have reconsidered the proposals which had elicited their angry reply.

We will not detail how many private and public bickerings took place on the subject, how many ingenious attempts were made to ruin the enterprising clergyman who had started the inquiry, how they were rebutted by his conscientious and well-directed energy. The press began to get more unanimous in denouncing the Dean and Chapter of St. Rochford de Tamesis; the Bishop, who had claimed the prerogative of being the only man justified in interfering in the matter, and who had refused to interfere at all, shrunk under the wincing attacks of Sir Reuben Paul in "the House;" and the Reverend Mr. Hardhead was promoted by a Cabinet Minister to a living of great value, which, while it rendered him independent of the Chapter of St. Rochford, gave him a position which lent additional weight to his attacks.

And yet, we lament to say, things are still in the same condition. One of the canons is employed in getting his house in order to rebuild the interior in a modern and elegant style; another of them has gone to live in Italy, and if Italy fails, will try Madeira, for the benefit of his health. The Reverend Arthur Rose, chaplain, has thrown up his situation in order to better himself, having obtained an under-mastership, worth 100*l.* a year, and having suffered much from acute bronchitis in consequence of his lodgings overlooking a damp and often inundated meadow. Young Pegasus, one of the most promising boys at St. Rochford, has just taken a double first at the university, but is somewhat hampered with debts. He is not an expensive youth, but his scholarship is so very small in value, that, even with the occasional five pounds sent him by his former kind master, he can hardly make both ends meet.

The last we heard of the affairs of St. Rochford was a few months ago, when much as we lamented the reason for the remark, we could not help admiring the cautious common sense that dictated it. A pleasant old gentleman, whose fortune was of his own getting, avowed to us his intention of leaving a handsome property to be devoted to the improvement of a Church of England school, and a Methodist training academy. We expressed some surprise at the apparent incongruity of the two objects of his charity.

"I have left my money in such a manner," he replied, "that the party who is guilty of misapplication of the funds, will be held accountable to the other, and the money will consequently be forfeited. Thus, each board of trustees will act as a restraint upon the other, and I *may* hope that the intended good will be realised. Furthermore, I have made a proportionate, not a positive, scale of salaries and bounties, that all may benefit alike by the increase, and that none may unduly suffer by the falling off of the means placed at their disposal."

We thought this a good idea; and yet we grieved to think that religious differences should be thought the only security for the UNITY OF CHARITY.

A TALE OF THE FOREST OF DEAN.

THE Forest of Dean belongs to Her Most Gracious Majesty, and is situated in the western district of Gloucestershire. It is about twenty miles long, and ten broad. Its wealth consists in productive coal and iron mines, stone quarries, and majestic oaks. One portion of this forest, abutting on the Wye, abounds in woodland scenes of tranquil beauty; another portion, stretching to the Severn, is bolder, and, as the Guide Books would say, more romantic "in its features." It was near the Severn that I lived when the events occurred around me which I intend to narrate.

For many years the Forest of Dean was grossly neglected; its timber was cut down and no young trees were planted to fill up the vacancies. This system was carried so far, that, in my father's young days, large portions of the country nominally forest were completely without trees. Upon such treeless

portions, or wherever else they chose, the neighbouring farmers considered themselves perfectly entitled to encroach. Some had actually enclosed for themselves portions of the royal property, and built cottages thereon, into which no constable ever walked to inquire by what right this unauthorised squatting took place. Acres, by the hundred, of forest land, having been thus appropriated, the district swarmed with population. Any cottager possessing pigs or sheep, cattle or donkies, turned his dumb dependents out into the forest, where they found free commons in its grassy nooks, as freely and unhesitatingly as if their owners' rights were enrolled on parchment, and had been bought with lawful money.

The Government decided that a check should be put on these proceedings, and determined to enclose the forest. Discontent accordingly prevailed among the foresters. At the Speech House—in the centre of the forest, and from time immemorial the forum of the district—meetings were held. While foresters denounced the Government proceeding, Government proceeded with its work. Trespassing sheep and cattle were impounded, if any rash adventurer commenced the building of a cottage within the royal ground, its walls were "tumbled." The enclosures were completed, while the foresters bewailed, or threatened, in the Speech House, with about as much chance of what the speakers were pleased to call "redress," as a vagrant has, when he threatens appeal against the decision of the magistrate.

Mrs Winifred Kear was among those who were affected by the Government proceedings By profession she was an ash-burner—in other words, a humble manufacturer of alkali; a term, however, which she had never heard in her life. She cut down fern, burned it, and from the ashes, with the aid of water, kneaded a substance into little round balls which she sold to the surrounding housewives, for the purpose of softening the water in their tubs on washing-days. Out of the ashes of a vast number of ferns, with frugality to aid her in her alchemy, she had extracted a few pieces of gold, and with these she had built a little cottage, enclosing round it a quite liberal allowance of the royal ground, which she had made into a garden. She had also bred some sheep of a small hardy breed, producing very fine wool—a breed, I believe, peculiar to our forest. She had also a cow, who was a member, in fact, of Winny's family, and was accustomed to come "but and ben," as inclination led her. Winny's cottage was built in accordance with the architectural design to which our forest cottages in general conform. It had four rooms, two on the ground-floor and two above for the main work, with a back-kitchen as appendix. There was no lack of gay flowers in the garden, and Winny had not omitted to lay the foundations of an orchard. A vine grew over the cottage wall, and there was a jessamine that climbed over the green wooden porch, but it was not Winny who planted that. At any rate, I do not think it was, for all the neighbours said that Winny was a witch. When I was a young and lusty man she was an old, tottering creature—not the woman, I think, to plant jessamine about her door. Jack Prosser, her factotum, never planted it, I'm sure. He was a wild Orson of a fellow. Went about with his hairy chest exposed, and no hat on his shaggy penthouse; which could be distinguished only by its anatomical position as a head of hair. No storm ever wetted Jack Prosser to the scalp, and his thick dirty hands, I am quite sure, never could have planted jessamine. Mary Llewellyn planted it when she was an orphan child. Now she is the mother of a fine young man who attends medical lectures at University College, and comes home to the forest in vacation time, to turn his nose up at the ignorance of me, his father.

Mary lived in the time I tell you of, with Winny Kear, who was her mother's mother. Winny petted her preposterously. I did not think so then, but I do now. I frequently remark to Mrs. Wyville, that a little rougher usage from her grandmother in early life would have been a great blessing to both of us. As a damsel, Mary was extremely pastoral. In the morning she arose, milked her cow, Truelove, and placed the milk in bright tin pannikins to cream Then she had breakfast, went to pay attentions to the sheep, returned home again, and then went to the well for water. At the well it was a daily accident that I should chance to meet her. Having quarrelled with me there, she would go home, tuck up her sleeves, and play at cook till dinner-time. After dinner she would decorate herself and go to the next village, shopping, if she could find anything to want, and had any money left to buy it with. Then she came home, and spent the evening in sewing and knitting; or in dancing, when it was a gala time and dances were afoot. I suppose that is how forest-maidens usually live.

Now, in the opinion of the foresters, Jack Prosser was an able man. These good people are exclusively known to one another by some nickname, and Jack Prosser's nickname was the "Counsellor." Winny Kear being a witch, it was fair to suppose her man a gifted person; therefore Jack Prosser was the forest counsellor, the village Hampden, and so on. The result of forest meetings came at length in the shape of a decision that the banks of the enclosures should be levelled, and the forest once again thrown open. Of this movement Mr. Prosser was appointed leader.

On the 10th of May, 18—, Mr. Prosser attempted to wash his face and hands, to the intense astonishment of Miss Llewellyn, before whom he appeared in a mottled condition, as she sat knitting under an apple-tree. There

is no doubt whatever, now, that Jack chuckled, and scratched his head. Mr. Prosser made a declaration of affection, in short; but his manner was so mysterious, his words were so unfathomable, that although he left Miss Llewellyn under the impression that he had proposed himself as her future husband, and that he had been accepted as such; the lady herself had not the smallest suspicion of the purport of his declaration. It was not, in fact, until Jack had gone off in a state of rapture, and until Mary began to reflect, that the idea of Jack's "intentions" entered her imagination. She resolved, however, to take an early opportunity of undeceiving him.

Now it was Whitsuntide, and Whitsuntide is the great holiday season in the Forest of Dean. A very pleasant season, too, it is for anybody living in a forest, when the trees put on their first fresh leaves, and the orchards are in blossom, and the hawthorns too: when birds are making up for their long silence, and the bees again are busy. In the Forest of Dean every hamlet has, at this season, its wake or village festival; and morris-dancing is the business of life. Each morris-dancer throws aside his coat and waistcoat, to display a shirt covered with party-coloured ribbons twisted into rosettes for him by his sweetheart. Happy the maid who has decked out her lover with the gayest finery; she loves to see her ribbons glorified. Then the dancers pride themselves on feathers also, and hang bells about their knees The foremost dancer wields a flag on which are inscribed the initials of the district to which his morris belongs. Our dancing-ground was Blakeney Hill. That hill is green to the summit, and its sides are covered with cottage-gardens, and were then gay and sweet with apple-blossom. From the top, you see the Severn parted from you by narrow dells and orchards, with Blakeney village set in the rustic picture like a blackbird's egg in a green nest of moss. On the top of this hill is a level platform, where has been always held the Blakeney Hill wake. To this wake all the different forest districts used to send forth their sets of morris-dancers; each set had its own dancing-ground, and you might see twenty or thirty companies, of forty or more couples, all tripping it at one time merrily.

On the 10th of May, 18—, I walked with Mary Llewellyn to this wake, soon after her interview with Mr. Prosser. Mary was very joyous; we wandered, I may say, scampered, to and fro; the distant fiddles and the tinkling of the morris-bells possibly made me sentimental. I twined some wild-flowers into a true-love knot, and offered them to Miss Llewellyn; she blushed, and put the flowers in her bosom. I offered her my arm, on which she put her hand for the first time. My future fate as a domestic man was sealed. I liked the notion then; it was a happy one: and when we reached the wake, I led Mary to the top of the Etloe set of morris-dancers and I believe we danced to the astonishment of all beholders; for we were both glad, and our hearts were dancing.

Thereupon presently came Mr. Prosser to claim Mary for a dance. Mary was tired, and there followed a few words of explanation, which begot no friendship towards me from Mr. Jack. When we came home, Farmer Grimes solemnly warned me against "being too sweet upon Polly Llewellyn," because she was a witch's grandchick, and the old woman had caused his wagon to stick for two hours in a rut opposite her cottage. I pooh-poohed Farmer Grimes, who, consequently, considered me a doomed lad.

Two miles from Lydney rises a bold tableland called the Bailey; a wild, heath-like place, commanding fine views of the Severn, the neighbourhood of Park End, and the picturesque woodland church of St. Paul's. The Bailey itself looks wild and desolate; there you have holly-trees and furze-bushes; and there we had, in July, 18—, a meeting of some thousand foresters. Every district of the forest had sent to the general muster a supply of men with spades and pickaxes; yea, verily, and some with swords and muskets, that gave no very military look to warriors in smock-frocks, velveteens, and hob-nailed shoes. Counsellor Prosser addressed the assembly. Farmer Grimes wanted to know whether they would throw the banks down, in case soldiers came? The resolution passed in answer to Farmer Grimes's query was to the effect, that if the soldiers—a regiment or so—did come, the banks were to be allowed to stand; but, if the military force were small, and the foresters could overcome it, the fences were to be demolished. The foresters then separated into several detachments, each under its leader, and each appointed to destroy a certain part of the embankments. The rattle of spades and pickaxes shortly resounded; the levelling of every bank was celebrated with cheers remorselessly noisy, and serious alarm spread through the surrounding country. It was reported that the forest was in complete insurrection; that men regularly drilled and armed possessed the almost inaccessible recesses; and that Robin Hood did nothing in comparison with what was to be expected from the men of Dean.

Having razed the embankments, the bold foresters turned loose their cattle upon the forbidden ground; formed an encampment upon a rough ridge, called Putnage; and sent round detachments to exact contributions from adjacent villages and farms. The alarmed neighbours paid the black-mail. The local authorities swore in a multitude of special constables, and sent to London for the military. Sure enough, down the soldiers came.

The forest army under General Jack Prosser looked like a gipsy camp. The moment the camp was formed, the General thought

victory was won, and proceeded at once to sit down in peaceful triumph upon his laurels; the very way to crush them. The enemy, consisting of a goodly array of the troops in the pay of His Most Gracious Majesty, came into the forest, expecting a vigorous resistance from men armed to the teeth, and opposing their breasts fanatically to the bayonet. The regulars were, however, grievously deceived. The insurgents did not wait even to discover what the smell of gunpowder was like, but scampered off at the first sounds of the drum and fife.

Now, I had pretty hotly joined the movement, because it concerned very closely the fortunes of Mrs. Winny Kear, the grandmother of the sweetheart of my bosom, and the capital encroacher on the public land. Being sound in wind and limb, and young in blood, I endeavoured to oppose myself to timid counsel, and to stir up the foresters to fight.

"A spy!" cried Mr. Prosser; "he is bribed to get us into trouble. Lay hold of him."

They did lay hold of me; they tied me, gagged me, and dragged me off. Mr Prosser's motive was revenge; and the foresters of Little Dean, who had got hold of me, being the roughest men of our community, carried the business a little to extremes. They took me to a coal-pit which had been recently deserted, and sent me down there by the windlass. The man who went down with me discharged me at the bottom like rubbish from the basket, and was wound up again.

This might have been, and would have been, a case of murder, if it were possible for a dozen countrymen to know a secret, and for none of them to leave it behind him at an alehouse. At eleven o'clock that night, Mary Llewellyn, who had sought me since noon, like a loving little soul, obtained a mere hint of my whereabouts. She knocked up Farmer Grimes who had been then two hours in bed, coaxed him to go with her into the rain, and let her down the pit. He went with her and let her down; he could not go himself, because she would not have relied upon her strength to wind him up again. She came down with a lantern, found me, and put brandy between my lips—then put something much sweeter upon my lips. After I got out of that pit, I lost no time in getting into another; we were married in Blakeney Church.—Well, well. Away with melancholy!

Several leaders of the forest outbreak having been taken and tried, their Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Prosser, among others, went abroad. The cases of old Mrs. Winny Kear and others who had built cottages thoughtlessly on royal ground, were mercifully dealt with by the Government, and leases were granted to them at a peppercorn rent for various terms, according to the length of time the several encroachments had existed. Winny fell asleep in peace, when death arrived to do for her what she had been doing all her life:—to gather her for ashes. I cannot say that since then *I* have lived in peace. But I am happy.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF MARGERY PASTON.

A SUGGESTIVE book, "The Paston Letters; Original Letters, written during the reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third." the private history of a family of rank, some four centuries ago. In this collection of ancient memorials of domestic life, we trace the nature of the contests between themselves of a poor, ambitious, and turbulent aristocracy, when the right of the strong arm was paramount over law; we see the growth of that power which was derived from the profitable exercise of industry; and view the middle classes, amidst the partial oppression and general contempt of the high-born, securing for themselves a firm position and a strong hold, whilst the exclusive claims of feudality were crumbling around them. Here we learn how harsh were many of the domestic relations of parent and child—how public oppression had its counterpart in private tyranny. The love passages of the book are singularly interesting. A humble friend of the Paston family has won the affections of one of its daughters. They are betrothed. The mother insults the "Factor." The brothers despise him. The power of the Church is opposed to the union. Yet the ardent girl is constant—and she triumphs. How she finally emerged from her persecutions is not recorded. But the last letter of the angry mother, which describes these struggles, is thus endorsed:—"A letter to Sir John Paston from his mother, touching the good-will between her daughter Margery P. and Ric. Calle, who were after married together."

The shadows of the young lady and her lover arise before us, and we try to piece out their dim history.

Margery Paston is sitting in the accustomed solitude of the Brown chamber in her mother's dowry house at Norwich. Dame Margaret Paston, her mother, has just returned from spending the Easter of 1469 in her son's ruinous castle of Caister. He holds this castle under a disputed will; and the great Duke of Norfolk is preparing to dispossess him of it, not by the feeble writs of the King's Court at Westminster, but by gun and scaling-ladder. On the return of the lady she receives unwelcome intelligence. Her chaplain, Sir James Gloys, has intercepted a letter addressed to her daughter. The young lady is the object of constant anxiety and suspicion—watched—persecuted. Up to the age of twelve or fourteen she had seen little of her parents; but had been a welcome inmate in the family of Sir John Fastolf, at Caister; who, in his caresses of the fair girl, indulged

the strong affection which old men generally feel towards a playful and endearing child. He had no children of his own, and little Margery was therefore a real solace to the ancient warrior. There was another child, a few years older than Margery, who was admitted to play, and to learn out of the same book, with the daughter of the Pastons. This was Richard Calle, the only son of an honest and painstaking man, who acted in the capacity of a steward for Sir John Fastolf, and conducted many of the complicated affairs with which the old knight amused himself in the evening of a busy life—his friends complaining of "the yearly great damage he beareth in disbursing his money about shipping and boats, keeping a house up at Yarmouth to his great harm, and receiveth but chaffer and ware for his corns and his wools, and then must abide a long day to make money." *

Richard Calle has now grown into manhood. He is reputed to have received a goodly inheritance from his father, which he has increased by provident enterprises in trade. When the Pastons wanted money, he was once always to be applied to. But he has presumed to address his playfellow Margery with the language of affection; and though Sir John Paston had once said that, for his part, Richard Calle might have his dowerless sister and welcome, for he had always been a warm friend of the Pastons, his mother is indignant that a trader should presume to think of marrying into a gentle family; and John of Gelston, the second son, in an hour when the fortunes of the house seemed in the ascendant, has vowed that Richard Calle "should never have my good-will for to make my sister to sell candles and mustard at Framlingham." †

Margery Paston sits in the Brown chamber, with her bright blue eyes dimmed with tears. She is endeavouring to forget her own sorrows by reading a tale of imaginary griefs, which for four hundred years has never been read with a tearless eye. She is at that passage of "The Clerk's Tale" of Chaucer, where Grisildis has her infant daughter taken from her, under pretence that it is to be put to death:—

"But, at the last, to speaken she began,
And meekely she to the serjeant pray'd
(So as he was a worthy gentleman)
That she might kiss her child ere that it deid [died];
And in her barne [lap] this little child she laid
With full sad face, and 'gan the child to bliss,
And lulled it, and after 'gan it kiss."

The door of the chamber is hastily opened, and an old servant stands before Margery with a face of affright. All in that household love the gentle maiden; and so the old man, seeing the tear in her eye, bids her be of good cheer, for though his worshipful mistress is now in a somewhat impatient humour, and demands her instant attendance in the Oaken parlour, she is a good lady at heart, and would soon forgive any slight cause of offence.

Dame Paston has called in two allies to constitute, with herself, the tribunal that is about to sit in judgment on Margery Paston. Dame Agnes Paston, the aged mother of the late heir of Caister, sits at the table with her daughter-in-law and the priest.

Margery enters; and, in a moment, is kneeling at the feet of her mother, with the accustomed reverence of child to parent. "Oh, minion," says the mother, "rise, I beseech you; it is not for such as you to kneel to a poor forlorn widow, left with few worldly goods. Mistress Calle has plenteousness all around her, and has nothing to ask of the world's gear. She has her good house at Framlingham, and her full store at Norwich. Mistress, know you the price of salted hams at this present? Are pickled herrings plenteous? We have some wool in loft, which we should not be unwilling to exchange for worsteds. How say you, Mistress Dry-goods; will you deal, will you chaffer?"

"My mother, what mean you?"

"Oh, minion, you know full well my meaning. You are an alien from your family. You are betrothed to a low trader, with no gentle blood in his veins."

"The good Sir William Paston, Knight, and whilom Judge of His Majesty's Court of the Common Pleas, would rise from his grave to save a grand-daughter of his from intermarrying with mustard and candle," quoth the ancient lady. "Faugh! a factor!"

"And one whom I shrewdly suspect to be a heretic," says the priest, looking earnestly at Mistress Margaret Paston.

"Oh, my mother, why am I thus persecuted?"

"Persecuted; forsooth!" responds the elder dame; "I took other rule with my daughters; and well do I remember that when Elizabeth Clere, my niece, tried to intercede with me for her wilful cousin Mary, forasmuch as she had been 'beaten once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice in a day, and had her head broke in several places,'* I told her that it was for warning and ensample to all forward maidens, who dared to think of love or marriage without their parents' guidance. And with the help of my worthy lord, the good Sir William Paston, Knight, and Judge of His Majesty's Court of the Common Pleas—His Majesty Henry the Sixth gave him two robes and a hundred marks yearly; and may God him preserve upon his throne——"

The priest and Mistress Margaret drown the good old lady's somewhat disloyal gratitude (seeing that the House of York is in the ascendant) by judicious clearings of the

* "Paston Letters;" edited by A. Ramsay.
† "Paston Letters."

* "Paston Letters.

voice, as they prepare to read the intercepted letter of Richard Calle, with sundry glosses.

"Minion," says the mother, "know you this superscription?"

"It is a letter from my own Richard," cries the delighted girl; "will you give it me?"

"Assuredly not. It convicts you of being a false liar,—or it lies itself. Did you not, with the fear of close custody, and bread and water, and may be some healing stripes, before your eyes, affirm that there was no contract between the dry-goodsman and yourself?"

"Mother, I own my sin; I did affirm it, but I was wrong, and I am penitent."

"Vile brethel!" exclaims the mother.

"She mentioned it not, even under the seal of confession," adds the priest.

"Yes, once in the week or twice, and sometimes twice a day, and she made an excellent wife, by reason of the frequent beatings, and brought up her children accordant," soliloquises the old lady.

"Daughter, I conjure you to hear what this vile Richard Calle sayeth to you. Tell me that it is false—tell me that he is a bold liar, when he affirmeth that you are contracted, and you shall at once have all freedom and reasonable pleasure; but if not——"

"Mother, I listen."

"Hear, then, what this abominable bill imports. Sir James, please to read."

"'To Mistress Margery Paston:

"'Mine own lady and mistress, and before God very true wife, I, with heart full, very sorrowfully recommend me unto you, as he that cannot be merry, nor nought shall be, till it be otherwise with us than it is yet; for this life that we lead now is neither pleasure to God nor to the world, considering the great band of matrimony that is made betwixt us, and also the great love that hath been, and as I trust yet is, betwixt us, and as on my part never greater. Wherefore I beseech Almighty God comfort us as soon as it pleaseth Him; for us that ought of very right to be most together, are most asunder. Meseemeth it is a thousand years ago that I spake with you—"

Margery here bursts into a passion of tears; and her mother, almost weeping too, ejaculates, "My poor child!" The priest looks at the lady somewhat spitefully, and proceeds:—

"'I had liever than all the good in the world I might be with you. Alas! alas! good lady, full little remember they what they do that keep us thus asunder. Four times in the year are they accursed that let matrimony——'"

"Accursed, are they?" exclaims the priest. "Ban and anathema against us, my worshipful lady! But there are others, I wot, that the Church holds accursed; and this base mechanical be one of them, if I mistake not. Did I not once hear him say—for the varlet ever had privilege to speak in this house, when his betters held their peace—did I not hear him once say that his father had told him that he had seen the heretic priest, John Waldon, burnt at Framlingham, and that he (shame that such an unbeliever might presume to speak upon matters of the Church!) thought that the knowledge of the truth was not advanced by such terrors, and that those who lit the fires for the Lollards had no sanction in the Gospel of Christ. For mine own part, I well believe that he has seduced our daughter from her obedience by his false and damnable opinions. Mistress Margery, did he never open in your presence the book of that arch heretic, John Wiclif, which is called 'The Book of the New Law'—the book which, in the Constitution of Archbishop Arundel, was forbidden to be read, under pain of the greater excommunication?"

The maiden answers not. The priest, looking earnestly at Mistress Margaret Paston, asks her if *she* did not think that there was a possibility of such a devilish corruption having gone forward, and Mistress Margaret, her cheek colouring a deep red, and then having an ashy paleness, speaks no more for good or evil to her daughter, but quails before the priest. He has her secret. There is a treasured volume in that house, which has been carefully locked up for half a century, to be looked upon in the secret hour, when prying eyes are sleeping, and in the hour of tribulation, when careful eyes are waking. With Richard Calle, Mistress Margaret had often spoken of this book; although even to possess it was to risk a charge of "Lollardie," with all its penalties. The priest sees his triumph; and proceeds to make an end of as much of the letter as he chooses to read:—

"'I understand, lady, ye have had as much sorrow for me as any gentlewoman hath had in the world, as would God all that sorrow that ye have had, had rested upon me, and that ye had been discharged of it, for I wis, lady, it is to me a death to hear that ye be entreated otherwise than ye ought to be; this is a painful life that we lead. I cannot live thus without it be a great displeasure to God.'"

"He thought not of God's displeasure when he presumed to speak of love to a daughter of the Pastons," says the priest. "A grand-daughter of Sir William Paston, one of his Majesty's Justices," mutters the ancient lady. Sir James continues to read the missive:—

"'I suppose they deem we be not ensured together, and if they do so I marvel, for then they are not well advised, remembering the plainness that I brake to my mistress at the beginning, and I suppose by you, both; and ye did as ye ought to do of very right; and if ye have done the contrary, as I have been informed ye have done, ye did neither consciencely, nor to the pleasure of God, without ye did it for fear, and for the time, to please such as were at that time about you; and if ye did it for this cause, it was a reasonable cause, considering the great and importable calling upon ye that ye had; and many an untrue tale

was made to you of me, which, God know it, I was never guilty of.'" *

"And now, pretty Mistress Margery," says Sir James, "will you affirm that this man sayeth untruly, when he sayeth that you are ensured together? You have before said that you are not so ensured. Will you cast off your mother and your brothers to be the wife of a low factor, and a companion for idle queans and the wives of fat burgesses, instead of wedding some noble knight, who will give you a castle to dwell in, with all worship and authority? Deny the contract; there is guilt in affirming it, even if it had been made in a moment of imprudence."

"Sir James Gloys, and you, my honoured mother," answers the maiden, "Richard Calle says truly, that I did not consciencely, nor to the pleasure of God, when I concealed our contract for fear, and for the time. We are betrothed; and I rejoice in the handfasting. No pain, no fear, shall ever again lead me to deny it. He is my true husband, and may I ever be to him a reverent and loving wife. For who can I love as I have loved, and do love, Richard Calle,—the companion of my childhood, the instructor of my girlhood: a true man, as brave as if he were the sturdiest of belted knights—as wise as if he were the clerkliest of learned scholars. He has abundance; he is generous. When did a Paston ask Richard Calle for aid that his hand was not open? We may not want his help just now; but if the time arrive, and assuredly it may be not far off, that hand would be again stretched out for succour. Come Richard Calle of gentle or simple, I heed not; he is my own true man, and to him is my faith plighted, for ever and aye."

"Twice in a day, and had her head broke in several places," grumbles the ancient dame.

"Mistress Margery," responds the priest, "you must take your own course. But this is not now a matter for daughter and mother to settle between them. It must before the Lord Bishop. In the name of Holy Church, I prohibit all intercourse by message or letter between Richard Calle and yourself. You must be in strict durance for a short season; and then a higher than us shall decide, contract or no contract. Heaven forfend that I, or any servant of the altar, should let matrimony."

"My child, go to your chamber," whispers the subdued mother.

We see the shadow of Margery Paston, before she quits the Oaken parlour, kneeling for her mother's blessing.

The Michaelmas of 1469 is nearly come. Margery Paston is still in durance at her mother's house. Every art has been tried to make her deny the betrothal. The priest has worked upon the fears of the mother—the daughter has been studiously kept from her presence. But this state of things cannot abide. Dame Margaret thus writes to Sir John Paston: "I greet you well, and send you God's blessing and mine; letting you weet that on Thursday last was, my mother and I were with my Lord of Norwich, and desired him that he would no more do in the matter touching your sister till that ye, and my brother, and others, that were executors to your father, might be here together, for they had the rule of her as well as I; and he said plainly that he had been required so often to examine her, that he might not, nor would, no longer delay it: and charged me, in pain of cursing, that she should not be deferred, but that she should appear before him the next day. And I said plainly that I would neither bring her nor send her. And then he said that he would send for her himself, and charged that she should be at her liberty to come when he sent for her."

On the next day—it is a Friday—Margery Paston is brought into the Bishop's Court. There, surrounded with the panoply of the Church, sits old Walter Lyhart—he that built the roof of the nave, and the screen, of Norwich Cathedral. The maiden trembles, but her spirit remains unbroken. The bishop puts her in remembrance how she was born, —what kin and friends she has—"And ye shall have more, young lady, if ye will be ruled and guided after them. But if ye will not, what rebuke, and loss, and shame will be yours? They will evermore forsake you, for any good, or help, or comfort that ye shall have of them. Be well advised. I have heard say that ye love one that your friends are not well pleased that ye should love. Be advised—be right well advised."

"I am the betrothed wife of Richard Calle. I must cleave to him for better for worse."

"Rehearse to me what you said to him. Let me understand if it makes matrimony?"

"We have plighted our troth—we are handfasted. How can I repeat the words? Richard said——Oh, my lord! spare me. I am bound in my conscience, whatsoever the words were. If the very words make not sure, make it, I beseech you, surer ere I go hence."

And then the bishop dismisses the maiden with many frowns.

Richard Calle is summoned. He briefly tells the time and place where the vows were exchanged. The bishop is bewildered. He scarcely dare hesitate to confirm the marriage. But the subtle priest is at his side, and he whispers the fearful word of "Lollardie." Then the bishop hastily breaks up the court, and says, "That he supposed there should be found other things against him that might cause the letting the marriage; and therefore he would not be too hasty to give sentence."

Margery Paston stands again upon her mother's threshold. The aged servant is

* This and the preceding passages are given literally from Calle's letter in the Paston Collection.

weeping as he opens the door "Oh, my dear young mistress! I am commanded to shut this gate against you" The figure of Sir James Gloys looms darkly in the hall "Begone, mistress!" he exclaims "I will go to my grandmother," sobs out the poor girl "Your grandmother banishes you for ever from her presence," retorts the churlish priest.

It is night The pride and the purity of the unhappy Margery forbid her to seek the protection of her Richard She has been watched. Exhausted and heart-broken, she gladly accepts the shelter which Roger Best offers her. That shelter becomes her prison

Here closes the record But what a succession of shadows is called up by the endorsement of the letter which tells of these sorrows "*They were after married together*" The contract could not be dissolved

At one time we see the shadows of Richard and Margery Calle sitting cheerily together in their peaceful home at Framlingham The intrigues that are carrying on in the Duke of Norfolk's castle, under whose walls they abide, touch them not They are not called upon to declare either for York or Lancaster

At another time we fancy John of Gelston, Margery's younger brother, a wandering fugitive after the battle of Barnet, throwing himself upon the despised Factor for refuge and succour. The fortunes of the Pastons are now at the lowest ebb Norfolk holds Caister Edward the Fourth has pardoned their revolt—but he will not trust them or employ them. At length Norfolk dies Caister is restored to the Pastons—but they are penniless

We see the shadow of a great feast within the half ruinous walls The Factor has procured the means from his friends the Lombards He now sits upon the dais. Sir John Paston calls him brother Dame Paston greets him as son John of Gelston says, "I would that my sister should not sell [illegible] and candles [illegible] Framlingham—and assuredly she shall not [illegible] Calle has managed his substance better than we, he can win broad lands enow Kiss me, sister"

There is one shadow of Margery which rests upon our mind. She sits with her mother in the Oaken parlour at Norwich, reading from a volume, now opened without fear, "Blessed are the peace-makers"

WINTER VIOLETS.

You ask me why my eyes are filled with tears,
 Whene'er I meet the violets of the spring?
You cannot tell what thoughts of bygone years
 Those simple flowers have never failed to bring.

I had a brother once; his grave is green,
 And long ago was carved the headstone's date;
But fresh his memory still,—I have not seen
 One like him, since he left me desolate.

For we were twins, and bound by ties so strong,
 It seemed that neither could exist apart
Yet he was taken,—Ah! what memories throng
 E'en to this day, on my bereaved heart.

He faded from us in the winter time,
 When all the sun's warmth from his rays departs
Sometimes we fancy a more genial clime
 Might have restored him to our anxious hearts

My mother prayed him tell her was there aught
 That gold could purchase, or that love might seek,
Which had sued [illegible] tenderly [illegible] sought
 To bring back smiles upon the hollow cheek

"Are there no violets yet?" he answered low
 We sent out messengers the country round —
In vain [illegible] the hills were deep with snow,
 And [illegible] frost lay on the level ground

"Will not the violets come before the spring?"
 How plaintive came the question—day by day
None could be found [illegible] only served to wring
 Our loving hearts to answer always "Nay"

At last one day he woke revived from sleep
 And smiling thanked us for them but we [illegible]
It was a dream [illegible] till the snow lay deep
 Not e'en a snowdrop dared to lift its head

Yet he averred their perfume filled the air
 "How could he doubt it [illegible] the flowers were nigh?"
Alas! we knew no violets could be there
 Yet seemed they present to his fevered eye

So spake he, till he slept —he woke no more
 Sweet brother was it worthy of regrets,
That the next morn, from distant parts they bore
 To our sad home, the longed for violets

Was he by fancy happily deceived?
 Or were his dying senses sharpened
And actual knowledge blissfully achieved
 Tasting the fragrance as he softly died

I wept while bending o'er his coffined rest,
 Hushing my anguish for a last caress
I strewed the violets on his pallid breast—
 Perhaps still conscious of their loveliness

SCIENCE AT SEA.

It is impossible for any sea to affect me. The boat may be "lively," the waves "chopping" and the most adipose of mutton-chop may be presented to me when we are in mid Channel I and the steward have parted company for ever The deck may be oblique, perpendicular, and wet; water may pour down the cabin-stairs, and the vessel may shudder in the troughs of the sea, yet shall I serenely smoke my Havannah, peacefully watch the swoop of the sea-gull, and observe the land growing from the distance. Therefore shall I invest myself in the acknowledged nautical fashion. I am no longer one of those ignoble travellers whom seamen sagaciously warn to windward I shall certainly not dine before land is out of sight. What so delicious

as a snug dinner at sea!—what so droll and amusing as a dancing dinner-table! I have learned "A White Sheet and a Flowing Sail," and feel certain that I shall be able to sing that eminently nautical ditty as steadily and vociferously in a "whole gale" off the North Foreland, as I now do at the piano-forte of my sweet little cousin and accompanist.

How have I acquired this sudden affection for nautical habiliments; this enviable defiance of the rolling waves, and the rolling, pitching steamer? How? I owe it to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and to the French Academy of Sciences. I owe it to Monsieur M. J. Curie, who in the *Comptes Rendus* has explained that sea-sickness arises from the upward and downward movements of the diaphragm acting on the nerves of the brain in an unusual manner. I owe it especially to the cure he recommends:—he instructs me to draw in my breath as the vessel descends, and to exhale it when the vessel ascends each billow—to keep in exact time and tune with the sea and the ship. Such is my first lesson; my second, I derive from the paper of Mr. J. Atkinson, read before the British Association at its last meeting. That gentleman declares, that the chief reason of sea sickness is because one's motions on board of ship, instead of being voluntary, are involuntary. Swinging and riding in a carriage often produce nausea, because the body, he says, is made to move about in spite of itself; while the voluntary operations performed by mechanics and labourers, involving the same kind of movements of the diaphragm, do not cause similar unpleasant results. If, then, we can introduce the voluntary system afloat, we shall obviate the most detestable incident of a sea voyage. Let, instructs Mr. Atkinson, a person on shipboard, when the vessel is bounding over the waves, seat himself, and take hold of a tumbler nearly filled with water or other liquid, and at the same time make an effort to prevent the liquid from running over, by keeping the mouth of the glass horizontal, or nearly so. When doing this, from the motion of the vessel, his hand and arm will seem to be drawn into different positions, as if the glass were attracted by a powerful magnet. Continuing his efforts to keep the mouth of the glass horizontal, let him allow his hand, arm, and body to go through the various movements—as those observed in sawing, planing, pumping, throwing a quoit, &c.—which they will be impelled, without fatigue, almost irresistibly to perform; and he will find that this has the effect of preventing the giddiness and nausea that the rolling and tossing of the vessel have a tendency to produce, in inexperienced voyagers. If the person is suffering from sickness at the commencement of his experiment, as soon as he grasps the glass of liquid in his hand, and suffers his arm to take its course, and go through the prescribed movements, he feels as if he were performing them of his own free will: the nausea abates immediately, very soon ceases entirely, and does not return so long as he suffers his arm and body to assume the postures into which they seem to be drawn. Should he, however, resist the free course of his hand, he instantly feels a thrill of pain of a peculiarly stunning kind shoot through his head, and experiences a sense of dizziness and returning nausea.

"The reading of this paper," says the report of it, "caused a short discussion on the nature of sea-sickness; and some of the members promised to give it an early trial."

Permit me modestly to state that I was one of the number who performed this promise.

Behold me on board. We are steaming down the river in gallant style. There is a fresh but gusty wind. I and the man at the helm have agreed that it will be smart work in the Channel. All the better. The boat behaves well in a rough sea, I should think. Dear me! we are only half a mile beyond the Nore, and the ladies begin to make precipitate retreats into the cabin. It is time to look after my sou'-wester; for ahead I see the crisp waves with fringes of foam—a sure sign of a chopping sea. Now, the vessel heaves a little. Now, she shakes and recovers herself, ashamed of being disturbed by a wave so insignificant. The flag at the mast-head stands out as stiff as a board. The men are closing the ports. I *thought* it was time to set that sail. Her head dips now, decidedly. That Frenchman has thrown his cigar overboard; I thought he would. Pshaw! brandy-and-water already? What a pale and consumptive set of passengers we have on board! They must be excursionists from the Hospital for Consumption. A lady in a pink bonnet implores me to see her down the cabin-stairs. My head is very bad; the voyage will do me good, decidedly. I am very awkward with the pink bonnet. How he stumbles! She begs my pardon—she thought I was a sailor. She is quite right; I am thoroughly "ship-shape;" but my arm is weak, and I find it difficult to hold her. That weak ankle of mine begins to trouble me; how I stumble! It is as well to take up my position near the helmsman, and prove myself a sailor. Now, the vessel dips; I must draw in my breath. Now, she rises; I must exhale it. The helmsman wants to know what I am about, and calls my attention to "a brig that is behaving capitally to wind'ard;" but our vessel dips again, and again I must draw in my breath: she rises, and again I must exhale it.

Monsieur Curie is quite right; the upward and downward movements of the diaphragm act on the phrenetic nerves in an unusual manner. Yet I feel that I must take care of myself, lest I belie the anchors on my buttons. I think it would have been better to put to sea

in a less noticeable costume. She dips again. Again I draw in my breath. She rises; once more I eject every "waff" of breath out of my lungs. Now, she has settled into the trough of the sea, and I begin a survey of the brig. We rise and sink to a terrible depth all in a minute, and I exhale my breath as we go down. That is decidedly a mistake. Our ship is too fast, and I cannot keep time. My constitutional giddiness—that giddiness which has never left me many hours from my early childhood—is returning to me. Again we descend, and again I exhale my breath, instead of drawing it in. The helmsman assures me that there is no danger. Who said there was? Who talked about danger? Why did he wear that sardonic smile? Am I not manfully trying the first part of "A White Sheet and a Flowing Sail!" though I am, I own, in such bad voice, that I cannot get on with it. Can it be? Yes. *I am* holding the seat with both hands. I hope I don't look frightened. Here is the steward. Dinner is ready. Very well. Who cares! Will I walk down? I think it is too early to dine, but will take a snack presently, if the steward will oblige me with a glass of water at once. Why did he laugh as he left me? There is nothing extraordinary in the request; it is not unusual to drink water. How does he know that I am not a teetotaller? It would be easy enough to have the laugh of *him*. He is not a scientific man. He couldn't distinguish the diaphragm from the phrenetic nerves. How is it possible to prove to him that I cannot be affected by the tossing of the vessel: how can I demonstrate to him that my present paleness is *not* the natural effect of the sea upon my nerves, but the deserved result of my carelessness?

The cruel eye of the helmsman is upon me: I have evidently fallen sixty per cent. in his estimation. I dare say he feels inclined to tear my anchor-buttons from my jacket, and to pluck the sou'-wester from my ignoble head. I wish the steward would come with that water. The captain is approaching. *He* looks civil enough. He wants to know whether I had not better sit on the other side, with my face to the sea, and the wind at my back. What does he mean? I think I cut him short:—he will not open his mouth to me again. Here comes the steward with the water:—now it will be my turn to laugh. He waits for the glass: he can't have it. I am not going to drink the water; I want it for a scientific purpose. Let me grasp it firmly, and endeavour to prevent the liquid from running over by keeping the mouth of the glass as nearly horizontal as possible. Now, it nearly touches the deck—now my face is reclining upon a coil of rope to my right—now, my arm is working to and fro—now, I dash it forward—now, I have it before the compass-box. I feel decidedly better, but at the expense of a performance, not unlike that of a person labouring under a severe attack of St. Vitus's dance. Now, the vessel descends tumultuously, and I throw myself almost on my back—now, she is climbing a very steep billow, and my nose threatens to test the smoothness of the deck. That helmsman is convulsed with laughter; but the recollection that Mr. J. Atkinson believes that the stomach is primarily affected through the cerebral mass, rather than through a disturbance of the thoracic and abdominal viscera, and that the involuntary motion communicated to the body by the rolling and tossing of the vessel is, by the means he adopts, apparently converted into voluntary motion—the recollection of this, nerves me to continue my novel performance. My giddiness is gone—forgotten in the concentrated attention given to the tumbler. As yet I have not spilt a drop of the liquid. This is decidedly a triumph.

This rolling is a bore. The wildness of my motions will attract general attention. A man near me wants to know why I don't drink the water at once:—he says I have had a thousand opportunities, and that I am making myself ridiculous. But it is too late to expostulate. The tumbler has now assumed the power of a magnet, and draws my nose after it wherever it pleases. Roll I must, with the glass. My eyes are rivetted upon it; my body follows it, now to the deck, now towards the steersman, and now I lie upon my side wildly staring at it—but not a drop of the water has touched the deck. This is warm work, however. We shall be five hours before we make the port. For five hours, then, must my eyes be fixed upon the tumbler—for five hours must I roll about like a drunkard; for I am informed that, should I resist the free course of my arm and body, I shall instantly feel "a thrill of pain of a peculiarly stunning kind" shoot through my head, and have a return of dizziness and nausea. Saw, dive, rock, and plunge, I must, then, without a momentary intermission, during five long hours. At the expense of these gigantic labours, only, can I purchase a sailor's reputation; and after all I shall be regarded as a very eccentric seaman—as one not altogether right about the head. Any torture, however, is to be preferred to the sarcasms of that dreadful man at the helm, and that grinning steward. I feel very tired, though: I am in a glowing heat. I begin to feel that I shall never be able to drink a glass of water again. I begin to regard the tumbler as my personal enemy, and feel an almost irresistible inclination to dash it down upon the deck. Here comes that steward. He wants the glass: it is impossible to do without it. I swing about;—I am sawing the air with it—now I nearly dash the entire contents of it into his face. Will I drink the water, and give up the glass? I tell him to begone—that I shall require the use of the tumbler till we reach our destination; whereupon he seizes my hand and removes my enemy. I stagger,

and allow that Mr. Atkinson is right: I do feel a pain "of a peculiarly stunning kind" in my head. Large black spots float before me; the steward becomes a dim monster: voices that are growling near me, sound as from a great distance. I make a plunge, rub my eyes hard, spasmodically drag down my waistcoat, shake back my hair, draw my cap firmly upon my head, and make an attempt to walk.

A few more ignominious moments, and the steward claims me as his own.

CHIPS.

A "RANCH" IN CALIFORNIA.

A few more of a "Woman's Experiences in California," in addition to those narrated at page 450 of the second volume of "Household Words," may not be uninteresting. The humble Correspondent, it will be remembered, had arrived in August, 1849, at Stockton, with her husband, her brother, and a Mr. T., in whose service she was earning from eight to ten pounds per week by washing and cooking. Another letter, which is dated "February 12th, 1851," retraces her voyage from New Zealand to St Francisco, and thence to Stockton. Hitherto gold seeking has monopolised the descriptive talents of travellers; but here we have a graphic glimpse of a "Ranch," with an inkling of rural life in California. "A Ranch is a place," the writer explains, "where people take in cattle, and have a piece of land, sell liquors, &c. They do not call them public houses here." These details are however, prefaced by a sketch of the journey and adventures between St. Francisco and the present habitation, which is on "The Oak Ranch, on the Calaveras River, about twenty-four miles from the gold diggings, and nearly as many from Stockton:"

"*Oak Ranch, Calaveras River,*
"*Feb. 12th*, 1851.

"I have seen some delightful places since I have left England. I have not the least desire to live in England again, only to see you all once more is what I wish. But we have been so happy since we came to this part of the world; I often wish you were all so comfortable as we are. I dearly long to see you, my dear father, mother, brothers, and sisters; oh how I wish you was all here. This is a money-making place for any who will work. For our passage from San Francisco to Stockton, which is a distance of one hundred and fifty miles up a beautiful smooth river, we paid eleven pounds in a sailing boat. We stayed four months in Stockton. Mr. T. brought a large tent from New Zealand, and we put it up in a large open field, made it into three rooms, and lived very comfortable. He bought a team, and sent goods to the gold mines. Christopher worked at the carpentering—earned two pounds per day—worked ten hours. I followed the dress-making; I was the only one in the place; I earned from ten to twelve dollars per day. A dollar is four shillings and twopence. I have earned thirteen dollars in a day. I charged one pound eight shillings for a plain dress, without any trimming in it; I had my price. I did my own washing and cooking for ourselves; Mr. T. and Mrs. T. as well. If a woman has a mind to work in this country, she can earn as much, or more than a man. We have worked hard since we came here; but, thank God, we have had our health to do it. At first we all had the fever and ague very bad; but we are all in good health now. I paid Mr. T. fifty-five pounds in ten weeks, besides what I had out for pocket money. I have no reason to spend much money, as we have plenty to eat and drink, both wines and liquors, in the house. We are in the midst of plenty.

"We left Stockton 1st October, and have taken a road-side house, at the foot of the mountains. Mr. T. and us are now partners, and paid five hundred dollars for the place. We have built a house, which has cost about one thousand dollars more. We sell liquors and provisions, and have a great many passengers stay for the night; we charge one dollar per meal. We also take in mules and cattle to grass, at one dollar per week. We have begun ploughing, and intend to cultivate 25 acres; we have a man ditching; we pay him fifty dollars per month, and board and lodging. The nearest neighbour we have lives half-a-mile from us. Ours is a splendid place, so healthy, and twenty-four miles from the gold mines. People have to pass our house going to the mines; we have as many as twenty five stop at night. We have no cook at present, but we shall engage one for the summer, if our business still increases. A cook here has from seventy to a hundred dollars per month. I sell a great deal of pastry. I can assure you we have plenty to do, though, at the same, we are making money.

"There is a great deal of gambling in this country. Gold is no more than copper to some people here. Not so with us, we intend laying up for a rainy day, while we have a chance. Flour here is twenty-eight shillings per hundred pounds; beef, seven to eight pence per pound; potatoes, sixpence per pound; sugar, seven pence to ten pence; butter, three shillings; coffee one shilling and three pence; tea, four shillings; rice, five pence; candles, one shilling to four shillings; vegetables are scarce, but we have a great many seeds of useful sorts. We have some nice fowls, for which we paid sixteen shillings each, which is considered cheap, as eggs are four shillings and twopence each. We have one hen just had eleven chickens; the hen and chickens are worth six pounds. We intend having some milking cows soon, as milk is four shillings per quart. We have a waggon and six mules. Our sign-board hangs between two large oak trees. We

have three hundred and twenty acres of land, very good. Mr. T. is very kind indeed to us, and puts all the money in my trust.

"I hope you will not fail to write as soon as you can, and tell all my dear brothers and sisters to write to me. Oh, if you knew the value I set upon a letter, I am sure you would write. Oh, how I long to see you all once more! We often talk of coming to England, if spared.

"I am trying to learn the Spanish language, for we have so many in for drink and meals, I have some trouble to understand them. A female here is treated with the greatest respect, there are so few of them here. Dear father, I would be happy in my mind if I had any means of sending you some money, to make you comfortable. I have it by me, but have no means to send it; it is a bad place for sending to England. I expect Mr. T. will go to San Francisco, to buy some goods soon, and I shall get him to ask how we can send money to England. I can assure you it is a trouble on my mind that I cannot do it, but you may depend I shall send the first opportunity. I have some beautiful lumps of gold, which I have had given me for to make brooches and pins of. I would send you them all, if I had a chance. Henry has got some lumps given him by different people, worth four pounds sixteen shillings. Emily has some worth one pound ten shillings. When she can say all her letters she has the promise of another lump of gold; she can nearly say them all. I have so little time, but I teach them once or twice a day. We are twenty-one miles from church, chapel, or school.

"At our back door we have a large flat piece of ground, with the river running at the bottom; at our front-door we see the beautiful mountains; and we are surrounded with trees—a beautiful spot; I like it much. We have plenty of wolves; they are so shy, we shot two the other day, and nailed the heads on the oak tree. We have plenty of deer and antelopes; we had some the other day; I like the meat much. Plenty of grisly bears, but they are twenty miles from us, their flesh is good eating, but I do not like it so well as deer. I have bear's grease I got from the meat; I have it for my hair; it is genuine. Plenty of wild geese and ducks. We had a couple of ducks for dinner yesterday; they are very small, but very nice. We have a fine cat; we would not sell her for forty dollars; cats are scarce here, like women.

"I hope you will send me a letter as soon as you can. I do so want to hear from you all very much. I could say much more, but must say adieu."

VERY LONG CHALKS.

What is meant by the figures 16,842,357?

"A very long chalk," replies a friend from the United States.

"Sixteen millions, eight hundred and forty-two thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven," answers everybody else.

No doubt. Those are the names of a certain number of figures placed in a certain sequence; but their names only. Have you a clear idea what the figures mean? What idea have you of sixteen millions of peas? How many pint measures will they fill? Twenty, or fifty, or a dozen only, or less? Have you the smallest idea? Probably not; you are sure that a vast number of peas go to that number; but, on the other hand, a great many can be put into a pint measure. Well, suppose that you make a guess, and say twenty; if you had been asked the same question about a hundred and sixty thousand peas, would not your ideas on the subject have been equally vague, and your answer just as much a guess as the other?

Now, we wish to know what sixteen millions of peas mean. How shall we set about it? We might try how many average-sized peas, side by side, would extend over an inch. Perhaps five peas will cover an inch of space. Well, then, a thousand so placed would stretch over two hundred inches, or about sixteen feet, and therefore a thousand times a thousand (or a million) peas would cover the floor of a room sixteen feet by sixteen; and again, by fancying a suite of sixteen rooms of these dimensions, and all covered in the same odd manner, we should not be very far wrong in our conceptions of sixteen millions of peas, and these words would now no longer give rise to the mere vague English idea of "a great number," or the American one of "a long chalk."

This has been effected by first finding out something definite concerning the size of the objects we have selected to measure, by actual trial—by handling and measuring some half-dozen peas; then, by means of this result, we have taken another step, and gained a clear idea of a vast number of them, without seeing them at all: and starting again from this last number, we are able to obtain just conceptions of numbers still higher. This is a very different process from merely naming the figures that make up any large sum, and then fancying that we therefore understand its meaning.

We propose endeavouring, in somewhat the same manner, to translate the incomprehensible numerals of astronomy into language a little more tangible. We are told that the sun, for instance, is ninety-six millions of miles off. Well, it must be a vast distance: but is that all that we can say about it? We could not have said much less had we been told that the sun was nine hundred and sixty thousand miles away from us; are we then not satisfied with merely knowing, what it hardly wanted an astronomer to tell us, that it is "a long way from here to the sun?" And yet, how can we say that we *know* how far it is, when we

attach no definite meaning whatever to the words in which we express our knowledge? An ignorant schoolboy might just as well assert that he knows the gender of the different classes of words in Latin, because he can repeat the "*Propria quæ maribus.*"

It is possible that some one may not yet be convinced of the confusion which exists in most men's minds, and probably in his own, about large numbers. He may argue, "How can you say that I am not able to distinguish between ninety-six millions of miles and eight millions, when I know that the first is twelve times as great as the second? and when I am perfectly certain that I know what 'twelve' means?" No one doubts it; but that is not the point. The question is, do you know what either of these distances means, separately? If either of them answers to a distinct idea in your mind, of course you understand it perfectly, and, therefore, the other also. But if neither of them does so, your ideas of them cannot but be extremely vague and confused. Of what use, for instance, would it be to tell you that the sun is nearly a thousand times as large as Jupiter, if you did not know how large Jupiter is?

"But," the objector may answer, "how can you ever hope to obtain clear ideas of the sun's distance from the earth? It is quite impossible that a finite being should be able to say, 'Ninety-six millions of miles begin *here* and end *there*,' just as he would point out twenty miles of country from the top of a hill." This is quite true. Still there are ways in which we may learn to grasp, in some degree at least, the immense distances that separate us from other worlds and suns; and, though we are certainly not able to give astronomical figures their real meaning, yet we may extract from them a meaning which shall approximate, in some degree, to the truth.

Our first notions of distance must be gained by using our own eyes, and tiring our own legs. All the maps, and pictures, and plans in the world, explained in the most lucid manner, could never succeed in giving a man who had been shut up in a dark room all his life, any notion of a mile. He must walk over one and see it for himself: and it is thus that we have all learned to understand what is meant by "ten or twelve miles."

For longer distances, our method is somewhat different. We measure them by time. Our ancestors, in London, could have hardly had any other notion about the distances of York and Edinburgh but that it was a long way to each of them. We, on the other hand, even if we have not been to these places, have clearer ideas about the matter. We have a vivid conception of two or three hours' railway travelling, and we know how many hours it is to York and Edinburgh. The notion is certainly a different one from that which we entertain concerning shorter distances, but still it *is* a notion, and it is a definite notion.

Imagine a railway from here to the sun. How many hours is the sun from us? Why, if we were to send a baby in an express train, going incessantly at a hundred miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than a hundred years from us.

But what is this, compared to Neptune's distance?

Had Adam and Eve started by our railway at the Creation, to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, they would not have got there yet; for Neptune is more than six thousand years from the centre of our system.

But we are getting into too large numbers again: we must have some swifter servant than a railway to measure Space for us. Light will answer our purpose—for light travels from the sun to the earth in eight minutes. Eight minutes, then, counting by light, are equivalent to a hundred years of railway express speed! It would take light about four hours to go from the sun to Neptune. Let us try what this new measurer can do for us among the stars. We shall find that the nearest fixed star is three years off, counting by light, and that there are even some stars which it is reasonable to suppose to be more than two thousand years distant!

Vague numbers haunt us again, and we can hardly hope to obtain any idea, however slight, of distances greater than these; yet, step by step, we have passed from a mile of our own footing, to the enormous chasm which separates our sun from many of its neighbours. We can only gain a faint conception of these things, it is true; but even that is better than none—better than a confused notion of huge and incomprehensible numbers, which, however accurate they may be even in their tens and units, is only a cloak for our complete ignorance of that in which they pretend to instruct us. Our American friend only knows how to designate them, by calling them "an everlasting long chalk."

THE RIGHT ONE.

"Do you know, with any certainty, in what language Adam declared his love to Eve?" inquired I, one day, from a philologist of my acquaintance. I put my question with so much earnestness, that he answered, quite seriously, "Yes, to be sure; he made his declaration of love in precisely the same language as that in which she accepted him."

A profound answer! The only pity is, that I was not much wiser for it. But it is altogether a pity—a very great pity—that we know so little about the love-makings before the Flood. If anybody could meet with a love-story of that date, it would have more freshness and novelty in it than can be

found in any of our modern novels. And really that love-making in the morning of time, in the groves of Paradise, it must have been quite out of the common way!

Ah, there breathes still in this world—several thousand years old though it be—a gentle gale of the spring-time of Paradise, through the life of every man, at the moment when he says, "I love! I am beloved!"

Yes. It thrills through every happy son of Adam at the moment when he finds his Eve. But Adam himself was, in one respect, better off than any of his sons; for as there was only one Eve, he could make no mistake; neither could she, on her side, have either choice or repentance. But we—our name is Legion, and it is not easy for us to discover who, in the swarm of the children of Adam, is the right partner for us. If every one would seriously confess his experience in this respect, it would no doubt be both instructive and amusing. And as I know no other way in which I can instruct or amuse the world, I will now sincerely confess what mistakes I made when I searched for my Eve, whom I first adored in the person of Rose Ervan.

I want words to describe her. She had fascinated me when I was but a cadet; she bewitched me before I had left the fourth class. And, of a truth, there never did exist a young lady more dangerous to a youth of lively imagination. Her coquetry was so natural, so mixed with goodness and childish grace, that it was impossible to regard it as anything more than the most angelic innocence. At the Military Academy, I saw in my books her name, and nothing besides. If I drew plans of fortifications and fortresses, Rose stood in the middle of my circles and quadrants, and the only line that I perceived clearly was the road that led to her home:—the verdurous Greendale.

Greendale was a cheerful place, where there were always guests and parties. And when the young people wished to have an excursion on the water, or any other entertainment, I it was who always planned everything, and proposed it to the old Baroness, the mother, for whom all the children entertained a very considerable and wholesome respect. On these occasions she used to say, "My dear sir, if you are with the children, I will permit it; for I trust to you, and I know that you will take care of them."

"Yes, to be sure!" I replied, though the truth was, I could not take care of myself; and never took notice of anybody, or of anything, excepting Rose.

Many a one was fascinated just as I was fascinated; but I persuaded myself that I was the only lucky fellow who had her preference. Once I was made terribly jealous. A certain Mr. T. (a professor of languages, I believe) came to Greendale, played, sung, and chattered French; and immediately Rose forgot me, to chat, and play, and sing with Mr. T., making herself altogether as charming to him as she had hitherto been to me. I was desperate; went away over meadows and fields; saw neither hedges nor gates, stumbled into ditches and brooks, and reached home furious as a blunderbuss. But, behold! Mr. T. was gone, and Rose was again charming to me, and I was instantly as much under her fascination as ever, fully convinced that it was all my fault, and that I was a Turk, a monster—nay, quite an Othello of jealousy.

After I had sighed and burned a considerable time, I made up my mind to proceed to the declaration of my love. It is true I was still very young, not three-and-twenty; but I thought myself quite old enough, being a lieutenant, the son of a father who always spoke of "my wife" as the greatest happiness of his life; besides which, I had derived from my home the most beautiful impressions of domestic life. Hence I always represented to myself the highest good in the world under the image of "my wife."

Having duly considered the various forms of love proposals, I went one fine day to Greendale, carrying with me, and near to my heart, a moss-rose in a garden-pot. The roads were execrable, and I was well-nigh shaken to pieces; but the smile of my beautiful Rose would, I was well assured, reward me for all my trouble. In imagination I heard myself constantly asseverating "I love you!" and heard her as constantly replying "I love you!" As regarded our domestic establishment, I had not as yet thought as much about it as one of our favourite bards, who, before he married, provided himself with a cask of flour, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan. I thought only of "a cottage and a heart." I saw around my cottage multitudes of roses, and within it my Rose and myself. As for everything else, all would be provided for by my excellent father.

As soon as I arrived at Greendale, I found there two other gentlemen quite as much in love, and quite as much enchanted by the fascinating young lady, as I was. I pitied the unfortunate youths, because they had infatuated themselves with the hope of a happiness which no one, I believed, should aspire to but myself. We were all old acquaintances; and, as it is not our habit to put our light under a bushel, I was determined to give my rivals a little hint of my advantageous prospects.

I raised, therefore, somewhat the veil which had concealed my modest confidence. But then came curious revelations! My rivals, animated by my example, lifted likewise the veil from their respective prospects; and, behold, we all three stood in precisely the same position. We all sighed; we all hoped; we all had *souvenirs* that we kissed in secret; and they all were, as it were, serpents, and bit their own tails.

At these unexpected revelations we all exclaimed, "Ah!" and left Greendale together, each going his own way. My father was a little surprised to see me return so soon.

"My dear Constantine," said he, "I thought you intended to stay at Greendale a much longer time?"

"Yes," I replied, with a pensive air, taking at the same moment, a large mouthful of bread-and-butter; "yes; but I altered my mind when I got there."

With this the conversation ended, and the charm was broken, once and for ever. But with it was also broken one link out of the rosy time of my life. I began to regard all roses, whether real or typified, with angry and suspicious looks, and to speak of the "illusions of life," and of "giving them up," &c., &c. I made a solemn vow with myself that the next object of my affections, the next choice I would make for "my wife," should, in all respects, be the very reverse of the fascinating but traitorous Rose. I had been deceived, as I imagined, by the poetry of life; now I would keep to the sober prose.

Ah! in what a noble form did my new ideal present herself to my eyes, as one evening I entered the hospitable saloon of Mrs. A., the wife of the celebrated judge. Abla, her daughter, stood ready to officiate at the tea-table; her features, her figure, her manners, were dignified and full of propriety. She looked like personified Truth, in contradistinction to the fantastical bewitching Rose. I instantly fell in love with this beautiful image of Minerva, and thought of "my wife."

Abla, however, seemed only to think of the tea, and looked neither to the left nor the right. When tea was poured into all the cups she slowly turned her splendid head, and I heard, at the same moment, a bass-voice exclaim, "Sundholm!"

Ah, Heavens! was that her voice? Was it not rather that of the Angel of Judgment, who, in the middle of Mrs. A.'s evening party, summoned the sinner Sundholm to hear his final doom? I could have believed anything rather than that such a voice could issue from the beautiful lips of Abla. But, when I beheld Sundholm advance to the tea-table and receive the tea-cups on his tray, I saw that the resounding bassoon-voice belonged to no other than the sweet lady whom I had just adored, and whom I had, in my heart, already called "my wife."

It required some little time before I could reconcile my mind on this point. "Sundholm!" sounded awfully through my ears for many a long hour. I began to reason on the subject. If, said I, Nature has bestowed a bass-voice on this beautiful young lady, is it not noble and excellent of her not to try to conceal or embellish it? Does it not prove her love of truth; her strength of character, and her greatness of soul? How easy it would have been for her to cry "Sundholm!" in falsetto; but she would not be false, even in this! Not willing to assume a disguise, even for the sake of winning admiration, she summons Sundholm in the voice which God has given her. Is there not something grand in all this? One who thus calls out "Sundholm," will not deceive an honest fellow with hollow words or pretended feeling, but will play an open game with him, and let him understand the truth at once.

I was introduced to the handsome Abla. There was no denying that the voice was not fine; but, when you were accustomed to it, it ceased to be so very disagreeable; besides which, her words were so simple and candid, and her face so beautiful, that by-and-by I was completely dazzled. My ears crept, as it were, into my eyes, and gazing, day after day, on Abla's faultless profile, I was conveyed at once into the realms of love, and, ravished by my sense of sight, asked Abla if she would be "my wife." She answered "Yes," with a force of utterance that nearly frightened me. We were betrothed, and the nearer I gazed on her fine profile the more I was satisfied. This, however, did not last very long.

The period of betrothal is a very singular one; a period of haltness and incompleteness; nevertheless it is a sensible institution—when it does not continue too long. It is the prelude to a union that nothing but death *ought* to dissolve; and, if it should appear impossible to execute harmoniously the duet which has now commenced, there is yet time to break it off calmly.

The first discord that disturbed the duet between "my wife elect" and myself, was—not her deep voice, but, alas! precisely that very thing which, at first, had reconciled me to it; viz., her love of truth, or rather, I should say, her unmerciful way of uttering it.

That we all are sinners in thought, word, and deed, is a matter of fact, and nobody was more willing to admit it than myself; but to be reminded of it every moment by one's best friend is by no means agreeable; nor does it do any good, especially when the plain-speaking friend never fancies himself, or herself, capable of sinning, or being faulty in the slightest degree. And the worst of it was, that apparently Abla had no faults. Ah! if she had had but one; or, better still, if she would but have admitted the possibility of it, then I should have been ready to throw myself at her feet! But she was in temper and in character as unimpeachable, as regular, as perfect, as she was in figure; she was so correct and proper, that, sinner as I was, it drove me into a rage. I felt that Abla's righteousness, and especially her mode of educating me, would, in time, make me a prodigious sinner; more particularly as she would never yield to my wishes. It dawned upon me, before long, that her self-righteousness and want of charity to others was, indeed, one of the greatest conceivable faults. One fine day, therefore, I told her my mind, in good earnest terms, and the following duet occurred between us.

She. I cannot be otherwise than I am. If you do not like me, you can let it alone.

I. If you will not be amiable towards me, I must cease to love you.

She. That is of no consequence. I can go my own way by myself.

I. So can I.

She. Good bye, then, sir.

I. Good bye, Miss A.

"Thank Heaven, it was not too late!" thought I to myself, as, after my dismissal, I hastened to my little farm in the country. Although this abrupt termination of my second love affair caused but little pain to my heart, I felt considerable mortification, and a secret hostility sprung up in my soul towards the whole female sex. It happened, however, very luckily for me, that while I remained in this state of mind I met with one of my neighbours who was precisely in the same condition. He had been for some time divorced from a wife with whom he had lived very unhappily, and he drove about in his sulky, upon which he had had a motto inscribed in golden letters:

"It is better to be alone than to be ill accompanied."

The sentiment struck me as very excellent; and my neighbour and I often met, and agreed admirably in our abuse of the ladies. In the meantime I occupied myself with books and agriculture.

I have a great esteem for books, and I bow myself to the dust before learning, but, I know not how it is, further than that I cannot go; esteem and veneration I feel, but assuredly my affections never grew in that soil. My love for agriculture took me forth into Nature, and Nature is lovely. But Adam was uneasy in Paradise, and did not wake to life and happiness until Eve came: and I, who did not possess a paradise, found myself very lonely and melancholy at "Stenbacke." Trees, after all, are wooden and dull things, when we crave for human sympathies; and echo, the voice of the rocks, is the most wearisome voice I know. No! heart to heart, eye to eye, that is the life; and to live together, a happy and healthy rural life, to seek for the happiness of those who depend upon us—to regulate the home, to live, to think, to love, to rejoice together. Ah! "my wife" still stood vividly before my imagination.

My experience in the realms of love had, however, made me suspicious. I feared that I could never be happy, according to my ideas of happiness, which my neighbour friend characterised as "reposing in the shade of a pair of slippers." I was in low spirits; and accordingly, one day, after having finished the last of six dozen of cigars, and quarrelled with my neighbour, who bored me with his everlasting and doleful tirades against the ladies, I set off in my own sulky to amuse myself by a drive.

I drove a considerable distance to the house of an old friend, who had been a fellow-student with me at the Military College at Carlberg, and who had often invited me to visit him. He was now married, and was, in fact, the father of eight children. A large family, I thought, at first; but not one too many, said I to myself, after a single day spent in this family, which had given me the impression of a heaven upon earth.

The mistress of the house, the wife and mother, was the silent soul of all. "It is she—it is she, who is my happiness!" said the fortunate husband; but she said, "It is he! it is he!"

"My dear friend," said I to him one day, "how have you managed to be so happy in your marriage?"

"Oh," replied he, smiling, "I have a secret to tell you."

"A secret! for goodness sake, what is it?"

"From my youth upwards," he replied, "I have prayed God to give me a good wife."

"Yes," thought I to myself, "that is it! Here am I unmarried, because I have never discovered this secret, without God's especial direction I may not venture to choose 'my wife.'"

A younger sister of my friend's wife lived in the family. No one would have been attracted to her for her external charms, but a short time brought you completely under the spell of her kindness, the intellectual expression of her countenance, and the cheerful friendliness of her manners. All the household loved her; she was kind and amiable to all. To myself, however, it seemed that there was an exception I thought her somewhat cold and distant. I was almost sorry when I perceived that I was grieved by this; a short time convinced me that I had really fallen in love with this young lady.

There was, however, a great difference between this and my former love affairs. Formerly, I had permitted external charms to lead and blind me: now, on the contrary, I was attracted to the soul, and its beauty alone had captivated my heart. But why then was so excellent a soul so cold towards me?

My friend said that it was because Maria had heard me represented as a fickle young fellow; one who amused himself with broken affiances. Righteous Heaven! was that indeed one of my faults? *I* fickle! *I*, who felt myself created as a model of fidelity. It was impossible for me to bear patiently so cruel an injustice. No! as truly as my name was Constantine, must Maria do me justice.

From that time, as she retired from me, so began I to walk after her. I was determined to convince her that I was not the fickle, inconstant being that I had been described. It was not, however, very easy to succeed in this, but at length I did succeed. After having put me to a trial, from which I came with flying colours, she accepted my proposals, and agreed to try me still further in—a union for life.

During the period of our betrothal, she said several times, quite rapturously, "I am so glad to see that you also have faults; I feel now less humiliated, less unhappy from my own."

This pleased me very much, and all the

more as I perceived that Maria, while she showed me my faults with kindness, did not at all fondle her own.

Our wedding-day was fixed; and I ordered a carriage for two persons. Company was invited, and Maria and I were married. Nothing can be more commonplace than all this, excepting perhaps it be, that my wife and I agreed to understand the ceremony in an earnest and real sense, and to live accordingly. The result has been, that now, after having been married five-and-twenty years (we celebrate our *silver nuptials* to-morrow), we love each other better, and are happier together than we were in the first hour of our union. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion, that unhappiness in marriage does not proceed from the indissolubility of marriage, as some say, but because the wedding-service is not realised in the marriage.

Do not speak to me of the felicity of the honey moon. It is but the cooing of doves! No! we must walk together along thorny paths, penetrate together the most hidden recesses of life, live together in pleasure and pain, in joy and in sorrow; must forgive and be forgiven; and afterwards love better, and love more. And as time goes on, something marvellous occurs; we become lovely to each other, although wrinkles furrow the cheek and forehead; and we become more youthful, though we add year to year. Then no longer have worldly troubles, misfortunes, and failings, any power to dim the sun of our happiness, for it radiates from the eye and the heart of our friend; and when our earthly existence draws to its close, we feel indeed that our life and our love are eternal. And this supernatural feeling is quite natural after all, for the deeper and the more inwardly we penetrate into life, the more it opens in its depth of eternal beauty. Many happy husbands and wives will testify to this.

But, observe, husband or wife! To qualify as such a witness, you must have been at some little pains to find—"the right one." Don't take the wrong one, inconsiderately.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

At the time when Robert of Normandy was taken prisoner by his brother King Henry the First, Robert's little son was only five years old. This child was taken, too, and carried before the King, sobbing and crying; for, young as he was, he knew he had good reason to be afraid of his royal uncle. The King was not much accustomed to pity those who were in his power, but his cold heart seemed for the moment to soften towards the boy. He was observed to make a great effort, as if to prevent himself from being cruel, and ordered the child to be taken away; whereupon a certain Baron who had married a daughter of Duke Robert's (by name, Helie of Saint Saen) took charge of him, tenderly. The King's gentleness did not last long. Before two years were over, he sent messengers to this Lord's Castle to seize the child and bring him away. The Baron was not there at the time, but his servants were faithful, and carried the boy off in his sleep and hid him. When the Baron came home, and was told what the King had done, he took the child abroad, and, leading him by the hand, went from King to King and from Court to Court, relating how the child had a claim to succeed to the throne of England, and how his uncle the King, knowing that he had that claim, would have murdered him, perhaps, but for his escape.

The youth and innocence of the pretty little William Fitz Robert (for that was his name) made him many friends at that time. When he became a young man, the King of France, uniting with the French Counts of Anjou and Flanders, supported his cause against the King of England, and took many of the King's towns and castles in Normandy. But, King Henry, artful and cunning always, bribed some of William's friends with money: some with promises: some with power. He bought off the Count of Anjou, by promising to marry his eldest son, also named William, to the Count's daughter: and indeed the whole trust of this King's life was in such bargains, and he believed (as many another King has done since, and as one King did in France a very little time ago,) that every man's truth and honor can be bought at some price. For all this, he was so afraid of William Fitz Robert and his friends, that, for a long time, he believed his life to be in danger, and never lay down to sleep, even in his palace, surrounded by his guards, without having a sword and buckler at his bedside.

To strengthen his power still more, the King with great ceremony betrothed his eldest daughter Matilda, then a child only eight years old, to be the wife of Henry the Fifth, the Emperor of Germany. To raise her marriage-portion he taxed the English people in a most oppressive manner—then treated them to a great procession, to restore them to good humour—and sent Matilda away, in fine state, with the German ambassadors, to be educated in the country of her future husband.

And now his Queen, Maud the Good, unhappily died. It was a sad thought for that gentle lady, that the only hope with which she had married a man whom she had never loved—the hope of reconciling the Norman and English races—failed. At the very time of her death, Normandy and all France was in arms against England; for, so soon as his last danger was over, King Henry had been false to all the French powers he had promised, bribed, and bought, and they had naturally united against him. After some fighting, however, in which few suffered but the unhappy common people (who always suffered, whatsoever was the matter), he began to pro-

mise, bribe, and buy again; and by those means, and by the help of the Pope who exerted himself to save more bloodshed, and by solemnly declaring, over and over again, that he really was in earnest this time, and would keep his word, the King made peace.

One of the first consequences of this peace was, that the King went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue, to have the Prince acknowledged as his successor by the Norman Nobles, and to contract the promised marriage (this was one of the many promises the King had broken) between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing, and on the twenty-fifth of November, in the year one thousand one hundred and twenty, the whole retinue prepared to embark at the Port of Barfleur, for the voyage home.

On that day, and at that place, there came to the King, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said:

"My liege, my father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called The White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in The White Ship to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the King, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot (therefore) sail with the son of the man who served my father. But, the Prince and all his company shall go along with you, in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards, the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now, the Prince was a dissolute, debauched young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard The White Ship, with one hundred and forty youthful Nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz Stephen," said the Prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father the King has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there, to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning, my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the King, if we sail at midnight!"

Then, the Prince commanded to make merry, and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine, and the Prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of The White Ship.

When at last she shot out of the harbor of Barfleur, there was not a sober seaman on board. But, the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed and sang. The Prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honor of The White Ship.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the King heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock—was filling—going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the Prince into a boat, with some few Nobles. "Push off," he whispered; "and row to the land. It is not far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But, as they rowed away, fast, from the sinking ship, the Prince heard the voice of his sister Marie, the Countess of Perche, calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the Prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in, that the boat was overset. And in the same instant The White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was? He said, "I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name, the son of Gilbert de l'Aigle. And you?" said he. "I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then, they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another as they drifted in the cold benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By-and-by, another man came swimming towards them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the Prince?" said he. "Gone! Gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the King's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except we three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe, to me!" and sunk to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So, he dropped and sunk; and of all the brilliant crowd the poor Butcher of Rouen alone was

saved. In the morning, some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat: the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days, no one dared to carry the intelligence to the King. At length, they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that The White Ship was lost with all on board. He fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterwards, was seen to smile.

But, he plotted again, and promised again, and bribed and bought again, in his old deceitful way. Having no son to succeed him, after all his pains ("The Prince will never yoke us to the plough, now," said the English people), he took a second wife—ADELAIS or ALICE, a Duke's daughter, and the Pope's niece. Having no more children, however, he proposed to the Barons to swear that they would recognise as his successor, his daughter Matilda, whom, as she was now a widow, he married to the eldest son of the Count of Anjou, GEOFFREY, surnamed PLANTAGENET, from a custom he had of wearing a sprig of flowering broom (called Genêt in French) in his cap, for a feather. As one false man usually makes many, and as a false King, in particular, is pretty certain to make a false Court, the Barons took the oath about the succession of Matilda (and her children after her), twice over, without in the least intending to keep it. The King was now relieved from any remaining fears of William Fitz Robert, by his death in the Monastery of St. Omer, in France, at twenty-six years old, of a pike-wound in the hand. And as Matilda give birth to three sons, he thought the succession to the throne secure.

He spent most of the latter part of his life, which was troubled by family quarrels, in Normandy, to be near Matilda. When he had reigned upwards of thirty-five years, and was sixty-seven years old, he died of an indigestion and fever, brought on by eating, when he was far from well, of a fish called Lamprey, against which he had often been cautioned by his physicians. His remains were brought over to Reading Abbey to be buried.

You may perhaps hear the cunning and promise-breaking of King Henry the First, called "policy" by some people, and "diplomacy" by others. Neither of these fine words will in the least mean that it was true; and nothing that is not true can possibly be good.

His greatest merit, that I know of, was his love of learning. I should have given him greater credit even for that, if it had been strong enough to induce him to spare the eyes of a certain poet he once took prisoner, who was a knight besides. But, he ordered the poet's eyes to be torn from his head, because he had laughed at him in his verses; and the poet, in the pain of that torture, dashed out his own brains against his prison-wall. King Henry the First was avaricious, revengeful, and so false, that I suppose a man never lived whose word was less to be relied upon. When the Bishop of Lincoln, who knew him thoroughly and had served him well for many years, was told that the King had praised him, he said, in alarm, "Then I am lost! I know that whenever he praises a man, he has resolved on that man's ruin." The bishop was quite right. Fine-Scholar ruined *him*.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE King was no sooner dead, than all the plans and schemes he had labored at so long, and lied so much for, crumbled away like a hollow heap of sand. STEPHEN, a grandson of the Conqueror, whom he had never mistrusted or suspected, started up to claim the throne.

Stephen was the son of ADELA, the Conqueror's daughter, married to the Count of Blois. To Stephen, and to his brother HENRY, the late King had been liberal; making Henry bishop of Winchester and finding a good marriage for Stephen, and much enriching him. This did not prevent Stephen from hastily producing a false witness, a servant of the late King, to swear that the King had named him for his heir upon his deathbed. On this evidence the Archbishop of Canterbury crowned him. The new King, so suddenly made, lost not a moment in seizing the royal treasure, and hiring foreign soldiers with some of it to protect his throne.

If the dead King had even done as the false witness said, he would have had small right to will away the English people, like so many sheep or oxen, without their consent. But he had, in fact, bequeathed all his territory to Matilda, who, supported by her brother ROBERT, Earl of Gloucester, soon began to dispute the crown. Some of the powerful barons and priests took her side; some took Stephen's; all fortified their castles; and again the miserable English people were involved in war, from which they could never derive advantage whosoever was victorious, and in which all parties plundered, tortured, starved, and ruined them.

Five years had passed since the death of Henry the First—and during those five years there had been two terrible invasions by the people of Scotland under their King, David, who was at last defeated with all his army—when Matilda, attended by her brother Robert, and a large force, appeared in England to maintain her claim. A battle was fought between her troops and King Stephen's at Lincoln, in which the King himself was taken prisoner, after bravely fighting until his battle-axe and sword were broken, and was carried into strict confinement at Gloucester. Matilda then submitted herself to the Priests, and the Priests crowned her Queen of England.

She did not long enjoy this dignity. The people of London had a great affection for Stephen; many of the Barons considered it degrading to be ruled by a woman; and the

Queen's temper was so haughty that she made innumerable enemies. The people of London rose, and, in alliance with the troops of Stephen, besieged her at Winchester, where they took her brother Robert prisoner, whom, as her best soldier and chief general, she was glad to exchange for Stephen himself: who thus regained his liberty. Then, the long war went on afresh. Once, she was pressed so hard in the Castle of Oxford, in the winter weather, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, that her only chance of escape was to dress herself all in white, and, accompanied by no more than three faithful Knights dressed in like manner that their figures might not be seen from Stephen's camp as they passed over the snow, to steal away on foot, cross the frozen Thames, walk a long distance, and at last, gallop away on horseback. All this she did, but to no great purpose then; for, her brother dying while the struggle was yet going on, she at last withdrew to Normandy.

In two or three years after her withdrawal, her cause appeared in England, afresh, in the person of her son Henry, young Plantagenet, who, at only eighteen years of age, was very powerful, not only on account of his mother having resigned all Normandy to him, but also of his having married ELEANOR, the divorced wife of the French King, a bold, bad woman, who had great possessions in France. Louis, the French King, not relishing this arrangement, helped EUSTACE, King Stephen's son, to invade Normandy; but Henry drove their united forces out of that country, and then returned here, to assist his partisans whom the King was then besieging at Wallingford upon the Thames. Here, for two days, divided only by the river, the two armies lay encamped opposite to one another—on the eve, as it seemed to all men, of another desperate fight, when the EARL OF ARUNDEL took heart and said, "that it was not reasonable to prolong the unspeakable miseries of two kingdoms, to minister to the ambition of two princes." Many other noblemen repeating and supporting this when it was once uttered, Stephen and young Plantagenet went down each to his own bank of the river, and held a conversation across it, in which they arranged a truce; very much to the dissatisfaction of Eustace, who swaggered away with some followers, and laid violent hands on the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, where he presently died mad. The truce led to a solemn council at Winchester, in which it was agreed that Stephen should retain the crown, on condition of his adopting Henry as his successor; that WILLIAM, another son of the King's, should inherit his father's rightful possessions; and that all the Crown lands which Stephen had given away, should be recalled, and all the Castles he had permitted to be built, demolished. Thus terminated the bitter war, which had now lasted fifteen years, and had again laid England waste. In the next year, Stephen died, after a troubled reign of nineteen years.

Although King Stephen was, for the time in which he lived, a humane and moderate man, with many excellent qualities; and although nothing worse is known of him than his usurpation of the Crown—which he probably excused to himself by the consideration that King Henry the First was an usurper too—which was no excuse at all—the people of England suffered more in these dread nineteen years, than at any former period even of their suffering history. In the division of the nobility between the two rival claimants of the Crown, and in the growth of what is called the Feudal System (which made the peasants the born vassals and mere slaves of the Barons), every Noble had his strong Castle, where he reigned the cruel king of all the neighbouring people. He was uncontrolled by any superior power, because such superior power as there was, courted his help. Accordingly, he perpetrated whatever cruelties he chose. And never were worse cruelties committed upon earth, than in wretched England in those nineteen years.

The writers who were living then, describe them fearfully. They say that the castles were filled with devils, rather than with men; that the peasants, men and women, were put into dungeons for their gold and silver, were tortured with fire and smoke, were hung up by the thumbs, were hung up by the heels with great weights to their heads, were torn with jagged irons, killed with hunger, broken to death in narrow chests filled with sharp-pointed stones, murdered in countless fiendish ways. In England there was no corn, no meat, no cheese, no butter, there were no tilled lands, no harvests. Ashes of burnt towns and dreary wastes were all the traveller, fearful of the robbers who prowled abroad at all hours, would see in a long day's journey; and from sunrise until night, he would not come upon a home.

The clergy sometimes suffered, and heavily too, from pillage, but many of them had castles of their own, and fought in helmet and armour like the barons, and drew lots with other fighting men for their share of booty. The Pope (or Bishop of Rome), on King Stephen's resisting his ambition, laid England under an Interdict at one period of this reign; which means that he allowed no service to be performed in the churches, no couples to be married, no bells to be rung, no dead bodies to be buried. Any man having the power to refuse these things, no matter whether he were called a Pope or a Poulterer, would, of course, have the power of afflicting numbers of innocent people. That nothing might be wanting to the miseries of King Stephen's time, the Pope threw in his contribution to the public store—not very like the widow's contribution, as I think, when Our Saviour sat in Jerusalem over-against the Treasury, "and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing."

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

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ICE.

Were I a Frenchman, I would barricade myself against the sky, and object to the sun's government. This is not republicanism, I admit; but what kind of loyalty to the Majesty of Light can be expected in the month of August from a man whose weight is fourteen stone? The illuminations got up daily by that extremely powerful luminary, regardless of expense, are rapidly accomplishing my ruin. My "condition" is oozing away under the strokes of the sun's rays, and my fortune is shrinking under the pressure of confectioners' bills. The number of sixpenny and shilling ices required per diem to keep down my own particular and personal temperature, would ice the punch to an alderman's turtle for a whole week. I really cannot afford it. I must organise a cheap revolution. The oppressive rule of the Solar Government must be opposed—hotly I dare not say—but zealously and cheaply, with an icy enthusiasm that ranges several degrees below zero, and at a price that shall be within the means of its humblest subjects. I want to be cool. We all want to be cool. Let us set about being cool systematically, economically. Let us start fair;—from freezing point. We will begin with a course of cold reading, and get up the subject geographically:—how they manage at the Arctics, in Russia, in the East, and at Cape Horn; how wiser people than ourselves, in hotter places, put on armour of ice against the blazing enemy.

Solomon appreciated ice in summer. "As the cold of snow in the time of harvest," he says, "so is a faithful messenger to those who send him; for he refreshes the soul of his masters." My soul wants something colder than a proverb; and I am more refreshed by reading what the Romans did in the ice way. They understood the luxury of ice and snow in summer. They preserved them in pits, and hawked them about their streets. Even now, a little above Rocca di Pappa (on the ancient Mons Albanus) is a plain, called Hannibal's camp, from which snow is collected annually for the use of Rome. On this dry plain they dig pits, about fifty feet deep, and twenty-five broad at top, in the form of a sugar-loaf or cone. The larger the pit, no doubt the snow will preserve the better. About three feet from the bottom, they commonly fix a wooden grate, which serves for a drain, should any of the snow happen to melt, which otherwise would stagnate, and hasten the dissolution of the rest. The pit thus formed, and lined with straw and prunings of trees, is filled with snow, which is beaten down as hard as possible, till it becomes a solid body. It is afterwards covered with more prunings of trees, and a roof is raised in form of a low cone, well thatched over with straw. A door is left at the side, covered likewise with straw, by which men enter and cut out the ice (for such it becomes) with a mattock. The quantity daily demanded is carried to Rome in the night-time, in carts well covered with straw. It is found by experience that snow, thus pressed down, is not only colder, but preserves longer, than cakes of ice taken from ponds and ditches. This is instructive and consoling. I shall show you, by-and-bye, what effectual weapons snow and straw are against the arch foe.—For the South of Italy and Sicily, snow is preserved in several caverns of Ætna, and brought down to purchasers, who compete for respite with the eagerness of roasting men.—In Lima, cheap ice, from the Cordilleras, is a cry kindred to our own cheap bread. The public mind makes about six revolutions a year in any state of South America, but in all tumults the ice-mules bear a sacred burden. Nobody dares meddle with the people's ice.—The Chinese understand the use of ice very well indeed.—As for Wenham Lake, folks at Boston talk about the state of the ice crops, as we talk about the state of wheat.—In European capitals, ice is not only an article of amusement, but of trade. Who has not heard of the delights of the sleigh, galloping over ice and snow at twenty miles an hour? Then there is the Russian version of the ice palace on the Neva, built at the marriage of Prince Gallitzin, with ice masonry that blunted all the chisels, ice chairs, ice dining-tables, and ice cannons that fired hempen bullets. But I am sitting upon horse-hair, writing upon leather; and I am not consoled. Here, however, I turn to a glowing Kohl, and find relief in a delicious extract from his book on "Russia." You may take off your neckerchief and sit at ease, for here you have a bit of Kohl thoroughly cold:—

"An immense quantity of ice is consumed in Russian housekeeping. Throughout the summer, ices are sold in the streets of every Russian town; and, not only iced water, iced wine, and iced beer, but even iced tea is drunk in immense quantities. The short but excessively hot summer would spoil most of the food brought to market, had not the winter provided in abundance the means for guarding against such rapid decomposition. An ice-house is, therefore, looked upon as an indispensable appendage, not merely to the establishments of the wealthy, but even to the huts of the peasants. In St Petersburg alone there are said to be *ten thousand ice-houses*, and it may easily be supposed, that to fill all these cellars is a task of no trifling magnitude. It is not too much to calculate that each ice-house, on an average, requires fifty sledge-loads of ice to fill it. The fishmongers, butchers, and dealers in quass have such enormous cellars that many hundreds of loads will go into them; and the breweries, distilleries, &c., consume incalculable quantities. According to the above calculation, five hundred thousand sledge-loads of ice would have to be drawn out of the Neva every year; but this calculation is rather under than over the mark. It is, certainly, the merchandise in which the most extensive traffic is carried on during winter. Whole processions of sledges laden with the glittering crystals may then be seen ascending from the Neva; and thousands of men are incessantly at work raising the cooling produce from its parent river. The breaking of the ice is carried on in this way: The workmen begin by clearing the snow away from the surface, that they may clearly trace out the form of the blocks to be detached. They then measure off a large parallelogram, and mark the outline with a hatchet. This parallelogram is subdivided into a number of squares, of a size to suit the capacity of their sledges. When the drawing is complete, the more serious part of the work begins. A regular trench has to be formed round the parallelogram in question. This is done with hatchets; and, as the ice is frequently four or five feet thick, the trenches become at last so deep that the workmen are as completely lost to the eye as if they had been labouring in a mine. Of course, a sufficient thickness of ice must be left in the trenches to bear the workmen, which is afterwards broken with bars of iron. When the parallelogram has thus been loosened, the subdivision is effected with comparative ease. A number of men mount the swimming mass, and with their pointed ice-breakers, they all strike at the same moment upon the line that has been marked out. A few volleys of this kind make the ice break just along the desired line; and each of the oblong slips thus obtained is broken up again into square pieces after a similar fashion. To draw the fragments out of the water, a kind of inclined railroad has to be made on the side of the standing ice. This done, iron hooks are fastened into the pieces that are to be landed, and, amid loud cheers, the clear, green, crystalline mass is drawn up by willing hands. As the huge lumps lie on the snow, they appear of an emerald green, and are remarkably compact, without either bubble or rent. As soon as the sledge is loaded, the driver seats himself upon his merchandise, and thus, coolly enthroned (ah, enviable fellow!) glides away to the cellars of his customers, enlivening his frosty occupation with a merry song. It is by no means without interest to visit the ice-shafts of the Neva, and watch the Russian labourers while engaged in a task so congenial to the habits of their country. In the cellars the ice is piled up with much art and regularity, and all sorts of shelves and niches are made, for the convenience of placing milk, meat, and similar articles there in hot weather. Such a description at least applies to what may be called a tidy, orderly ice-house; but tidiness and order do not always preside over Russian arrangements, and in the majority of cellars the ice is thrown carelessly in and broken into pieces, that it may be packed away into the corners, and that as little space as possible may be left unoccupied. The consistency and durability of the ice do not appear to suffer from this breaking process; on the contrary, the whole, if well packed, will soon freeze into one compact mass, that is afterwards proof against the warmest summer. The Russians are so accustomed to these ice-houses, that they are at a loss to understand how a family can do without them; and their housewives are in the greatest trouble when they think they have not laid in a sufficient supply of ice during the winter, or when in summer they fancy their stock likely to run short. It may safely be estimated that the ice consumed in St. Petersburg during the summer, costs the inhabitants from two to three millions of roubles." That is to say, three hundred thousand pounds to four hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Alas! how can I enjoy thinking about the popularity of ice in Russia; when I reflect how it is with us at home? We have abundant use for ice; yet, its use, instead of being general, is exceptional. Except at pretentious dinner-parties, and in confectioners' shops; with a lump or two to be met with now and then as a preservative for fish and meat, we see little of it in England. What I want, is to have it more generally applied to domestic purposes, amongst the poor as well as rich. I would be a propagandist from the frigid zones—an ice missionary. I want to show that it is practicable for ice to be a great deal more brought into play than it is.

Let me begin at the beginning—and, first of all, what is ice?

Ice, we all know, is water that beyond a certain point has parted with its heat, and it must get its heat back in some way before it

can return into the state of water. Whatever warmer substance comes into its neighbourhood, it robs, and so it robs creams of the confectioner, converting them into ice, as it converts, with the stolen warmth, a few drops of its own substance into water. The freezing point of water is at thirty-two degrees, but it is at thirty-nine degrees that the freezing process has commenced. Down to the temperature of thirty-nine degrees water becomes denser as it cools, in common with the law that regulates all other substances: but, from that point, as it cools, it becomes lighter, and the water, when solidified, is enabled thus to float. This is not caused by air enclosed within the solid substance; for water that has been boiled, from which, therefore, air has been expelled, makes better ice than water with air in it. It is the peculiar arrangement which the ice crystals take among each other from which ice derives the lightness of its structure. Why it is light, is obvious; for, if it were heavy, and sank to the bed of the water, no summer's sun would penetrate to melt it, year by year it would accumulate, and thus our waters would be rapidly blocked up. Upon the land, when the moisture on the rock or in the soil is frozen, the expansion of its innumerable particles is a mighty power that assists in preparation of the soil for human purposes. Very well; ice forms at thirty-two degrees, then; but it need not stop at that temperature. It remains solid; but in cold latitudes, more and more of that heat may be abstracted from it, until not only all the thirty-two degrees are gone, but a few besides upon the minus scale; until it becomes cold beyond all calculation, for no thermometer can register it. Now, to restore such ice to fluidity, every degree of heat has to be given back. Of Wenham ice, which is trebly cold, a great deal is imported. Importation is, however, an expensive process; and in good truth, there are some things to be said in favour of our own ice, and its quality, which practical men tell us is superior by virtue of the greater toughness and slowness of the first freezing process; for the more slowly ice freezes, the more slowly it melts. The grand thing, however, in favour of English ice, is that it lies at English doors, and in a favourable winter costs us little but the storage room and trouble of collection. In dairy farms, ice is a necessary article, and ice-houses are constantly connected with them. The construction of an ice-house is sufficiently well known; the general idea corresponding to that of the Roman ice-wells which we just now talked about. "But," exclaims the farmer or dairyman, "I can't afford to build ice-houses." Perhaps not; though it would pay you well if you could; but poverty need not deprive you of ice all the summer; for it may be preserved quite well without ice-houses.

Ice may be stacked—plain English ice, or snow well beaten down into a mass, after the Roman fashion, which answers for all economic purposes every bit as well. This is the mode of stacking ice or snow which has been found to succeed most thoroughly at Chatsworth;—in the first place, let the owner of the dairy-farm select, not the coolest and shadiest spot, as he inevitably would do without better instruction, but the openest and sunniest, because driest, bit of ground he can find —the sunnier the better. At Chatsworth the first trials were made in shady places, and proved far less satisfactory, because a dry place is required, and the dryness which the sun occasions more than compensates for the temperature of its beams. The platform having been judiciously selected, dig all round it a sufficient trench, which is to contain the water that will, more or less, inevitably drain from the completed stack; let the bank of the trench be lower on the outer side, and, if necessary, a siphon tube may be put in to drain off any excess. The object of the trench is, firstly, to prevent any of the drainage water from spreading over the platform; therefore to keep the platform dry; and secondly, to preserve this drainage water, which is very cold, and can be used for making butter. Then lay over the whole platform a bed of straw, six or nine inches thick. Straw is a sufficient and convenient non-conductor, and ice wrapped in straw is tolerably well protected from external influence. Upon the straw bed make your stack, building it with sides perfectly upright. The sides are to be thus perpendicular, in order that whatever melts may flow at once into the trench, and not soak into and spoil the ice which remains otherwise unmelted. If the stack happen to be long, partitions of straw should be inserted at convenient distances, for the protection of one part while another portion is in use. The stack being erected in this manner, coat round the whole outside of it, and thatch it with a straw defence of eighteen inches thick. If you build the stack of snow, build in the same manner, but take care to batten it well down. A stack of ice or snow, so made and so defended, will remain good through the hottest summer, and will obviate necessity for any ice-house. Remember that all this will be done in mid-winter, when your labourers have comparatively nothing to do; when your horses are eating their heads off, and your cart-tires are rusting from idleness.

It is not only to the confectioner and dairy farmer that ice is an important article. The fishmonger, the butcher, and many more who deal in perishable articles, should press it into service. Ice is an effectual antiseptic. How thoroughly it acts as a preservative is illustrated by the oft-told tale of the mammoth, which made its appearance fifty years since, in his body, as he lived perhaps before the birth of Adam. "In the latter part of the summer of 1799, a Tungusian fisherman"—I am now quoting from Professor Ansted's "Ancient World"—"A Tungusian fisherman,

who was in the habit of collecting tusks for sale from among the blocks of ice and rubbish which had fallen from the cliffs on the banks of Lake Oncoul, near the mouth of the Lena river, saw projecting from the cliff a mass of unusual form; but, from its shapeless appearance, he could make nothing of it. The year after, proceeding to his usual haunt, he noticed that this lump was somewhat disengaged, and had two projecting parts; and, towards the end of the summer of 1801, when he again looked at it, he found it to consist of the whole side of a gigantic animal, having large tusks, one of which projected from the ice. So slowly do changes take place in these districts, that the next summer, being rather cold, no alteration was to be noted; but in 1803 part of the ice between the earth and the monstrous animal was somewhat more melted than before, till the whole at length fell by its own weight on a bank of sand. Next year our fisherman came in the month of March, and cut off the tusks, which he soon sold for about the value of fifty roubles, (about seven pounds, ten shillings)." Two years after this, in 1806, being the seventh year from the discovery of the carcase, these distant and desert regions were traversed by Mr. Adams, an *employé* of the Court of Russia; and his account of the rest of the history of this mammoth, the ancient elephant of northern Europe, is as follows:—"At this time I found the mammoth still in the same place, but altogether mutilated. The prejudices being dissipated, in consequence of the Tungusian (who had fallen sick with alarm on first hearing of the discovery, because it was considered a bad omen,) having recovered his health, there was no obstacle to prevent approach to the carcase. The proprietor was contented with his profit for the tusks; and the Jakutski of the neighbourhood had cut off the flesh, with which they fed their dogs. During the scarcity, wild beasts, such as white bears, wolves, wolverines, and foxes, also fed upon it; and the traces of their footsteps were seen around. The skeleton, almost entirely cleared of its flesh, remained whole, with the exception of one fore-leg. The head was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hairs. All these parts have necessarily been injured in transporting them a distance of seven thousand three hundred and thirty miles (to St. Petersburg); but the eyes have been preserved, and the pupil of one can still be distinguished."

I will not quote the description of that mammoth, because his whole story has been told so very often; but I fix him here as the best known illustration of the preserving powers of ice. Decomposition requires three conditions,—warmth, air, and moisture. A body surrounded completely by dry ice has none of the three conditions properly fulfilled. This is the philosophy of the wonder; but it is too hot to philosophise at present, or to discuss any subject—even that of Ice. One can only glance at it while the thermometer is—I dare not go and ascertain where. At last, having attained a summer luxury (rather an expensive one, by-the-bye, in the long run), to wit, idleness—the *dolce far niente*—surely it would be insanity to add another syllable. Any one, who is capable of so much exertion, is at liberty to think a little of these things, and of the mode of stacking Ice especially.

THE STORY OF REINEKE THE FOX.

Of those who visit the Great Exhibition, few fail, after they come away, to talk of certain cases from Germany which contain stuffed animals, and especially of some exquisite groups illustrating the famous German fable, "Reineke Fuchs." Many desire to know the story which has furnished such amusing illustrations. We propose, therefore, to tell the tale as Goethe tells it, with this little difference, that we convert a long German poem into a short English tale, twelve books of hexameters into twelve chapters of prose, omitting episodes.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Whitsuntide was come, the pleasant festival; green leaves and blossoms covered rock, forest, and meadow; the birds practised their music, and the sun made holiday upon the earth.

Nobel, the King, summoned his court, and from all sides came his vassals leaping; Luitke the Crane and Markart the Jay, and all that was illustrious. For the King, with his barons, meant to hold a solemn court, and thereto all were to be summoned, great and small. Yet there was one who came not; Reineke Fox, the rascal. The Fox, having an evil conscience, shunned the assembled gentlemen. All had to complain, all had been injured by him. He had spared none but his brother's son, Grimbart the Badger.

Isegrim the Wolf began the accusation. Surrounded by his relatives and friends, he stepped before the King, and having made a speech, concluded thus: My liege, if all the linen made in Ghent were parchment, I could not find room to write thereon a list of all the tricks that he has played me. Then there stood forth a little Dog, named Wackerlos, who told in French, before the King, how poor he was, and when he had left but a bit of sausage in the world, Reineke robbed him of his little all. But Hintze the Cat sprang forward. It is well, he said, but Wackerlos has nothing to complain of. His sausage was lost three years since, and it belonged to me. I stole it of a miller. And the Panther said, We waste time in complaining; we have vengeance in the royal power. Let me tell you how the

reckless fellow treated yesterday Lampe the Hare; here Lampe stands, a man whom none of us would injure.' Reineke played the saint and was his chaplain, and they sat together to begin the Credo; but the Fox could not forget his tricks, and clawed our honourable friend here spitefully. I came by, knew Reineke at once, and he had Lampe by the throat. My presence saved the pious man; look at his wounds,—Lampe, whom nobody would harm. And will the King, and will the noble barons, permit a thief to scoff at law and justice! O that he were dead!—said Isegrim. But Reineke's nephew, the Badger, spoke for his absent friend:—Enemies rarely wish well to each other, Sir Isegrim. We know your thoughts of my uncle. Ah! were he here to speak for himself, and teach you repentance! As for the child's tale about the Hare. Shall the master not chastise the pupil, when he stumbles at his lesson? What would become of youth if errors passed unpunished! Then Wackerlos complains about his morsel of sausage, which he lost behind a hedge. Easy come, easy go. He should have held his tongue. Who blames my uncle if he removed stolen goods from the thief's premises? Men of high birth ought to be terrible to thieves. But little thanks my uncle gets for being just and pious. Since the king's peace has been proclaimed, none have behaved as he does. He has changed his life, eats only once a day, lives like a hermit, chastises himself, wears sackcloth, abstains totally from flesh, as I was told yesterday by one who has been with him. He has left his castle Malepartus to live in a cell. How thin he is, how pale from fasting and mortification, which he penitently suffers, you may learn for yourselves. Let him come hither, to cast down his accusers.

Grimbart having concluded, there marched in Henning the Cock, Henning with all his race. Upon a mournful bier was carried, without head or neck, a hen, Scratchfoot, the best of the egg-laying sisters. 'Ah, her blood flowed, and it was Reineke who shed it! All shall be told the King.' With the bold Henning, sharing his despair, came two Cocks, plunged in sorrow: Cryant and Cantart, brothers of the murdered lady. Each bore a light, and both cried woe upon the murderer. Two younger Cocks carried the bier; their lamentation could be heard afar. Then Henning spoke:—Most gracious lord and king, have pity upon me, and on my children. See Reineke's work! When the spring budded I rejoiced over a prosperous and cheerful family, ten young sons and fourteen daughters. My wife, most excellent of Hens, had reared them for me in a single summer. We dwelt in peace; our court belonged to wealthy monks; a wall protected us, and six great dogs watched over my children's lives. Reineke was envious of our peace, lurked often at our door, where the dogs caught him once and shook him soundly. He left us for a time; but, listen now, alas! he came again dressed as a hermit, brought me letters and a seal; I knew it; it was yours. There I found written that you had declared peace among beasts and birds. He showed me that he had become a monk, and taken strict vows to atone for his past sinfulness; I had no more to fear from him. He had forsworn meat for ever. He exhibited his cowl and scapular, also a testimonial from the Prior, and opened his dress to show me a hair shirt next to his skin. Then he left me with a pious word or two; said he had septs and nones to read, beside the vespers. He read as he went, and thought of our destruction. I with a light heart went to glad my children with his tidings. Now that the Fox was a monk the world had no more terrors for us; we strayed carelessly beyond the walls. Evil followed, for he lay craftily among the bushes, ran before and met us in the gate; he stole away the finest of my sons, and having tasted our blood once, sought for more greedily. He robbed me day by day of children; out of twenty there remain but five, and those will perish. O be pitiful! He slew my daughter yesterday, whose body the dogs rescued. See, here she lies! Reineke did the deed!

Then the King said:—Come hither, Grimbart; see how the hermit fasts, and how he shows his penitence. But if I live another year he shall repent in earnest. Words are of no avail. Believe me, sorrowful Henning, I will be just to you. Bury your daughter nobly; let them sing vigils, and commit her to the ground with honour; thereafter I will take counsel with these my lords, for satisfaction on the murderer.

So the King ordered vigils to be sung. The people began *Domine placebo*, and sang all the verses. I could name who preached the sermon, but no matter. The body was buried, and a thick square block of polished marble placed over the grave upon which they carved distinctly:

Scratchfoot, the daughter of Henning the Cock, the best of the Hen-kind, laid many eggs in her nest; was judicious at scratching for grain. Ah, she lies here! by the murderous Reineke torn from her kindred. Let all the world understand how wicked and false was the villain; and ever mourn for the dead.

That was the style of inscription. Then the King called for the most prudent of his lords, that he might hold counsel concerning the public scandal. And they advised that he should send a messenger, to bid Reineke, upon his life, present himself before the King at a great council. Bruin the Bear they named as messenger. The King addressing Bruin, gave him counsel to be diligent and cautious. The Fox is false and full of malice; he will endeavour to blind you with tricks, flatteries, and lies; he will betray you, if he

can, into a snare. Be easy, said the Bear, I am a match for him.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

So Bruin set out proudly on his way to the mountains, through a great sandy wilderness. He came then to the hills upon which Reineke was accustomed to hunt, but travelled on to Malepartus, where the Fox had famous buildings. Malepartus was the strongest and the best of all his castles. Reineke lived there when he dreaded any danger. Bruin found the gates fast locked. Then he cried, Sir Uncle, are you at home? Bruin the Bear is come as a King's messenger. The King has sworn you shall be brought to trial, and sends me to fetch you. If you do not come, the gallows and the rack are threatened. Choose wisely, then, and follow me.

Reineke went into the recesses of his house, which was built artfully, and full of holes, caves, passages, with many doors to close or open in all seasons of necessity; many simple beasts came unawares into those labyrinths, and so were taken. Reineke having seen that the Bear came really alone, went out and said, Most worthy Uncle, pardon me if I have kept you waiting; I was reading vespers. Thank you for coming; you are always welcome; and I dare say you will help me at the court. I will set out with you to-morrow. I would to-day if I were not so heavy. I have eaten too much of a food that never does agree with me.—Said Bruin, What food, Uncle?—Reineke replied, Why should I waste time in telling you? Mine is a weary life, but if a poor man be no duke, he must eat what he can sometimes. I never do eat honeycombs except when I have nothing else.—Hi! hi! what do I hear, Uncle? said Bruin. Do you scorn honey. Nectar! Bring me to some, and I will be your friend.—You are joking, said the Fox.—No, on my honour, answered Bruin.—Well, then, said Reineke, I can make you happy. Farmer Rusteviel, at the foot of the mountain, has more honey than you ever saw heaped in one place.—Bruin's mouth watered. Bring me thither, he cried; though it be ever so little, I will be your friend.—Come then, said Reineke, though I feel ill and very heavy, I will take you to the place, and you will think kindly of me when we come to court.—The rascal meant to take him to a thrashing.

Reineke ran before, and Bruin followed eagerly to Rusteviel's court-yard. It was then evening, and the Fox knew that Rusteviel, who was a strapping carpenter, took a nap in his chamber at that hour. There was the stem of an oak in the yard which the carpenter had commenced splitting. Two thick wedges were fixed into it, so that there was made a cleft of a yard's width. Up in this tree, said Reineke, there is more honey than you suspect. In with your snout, but don't be greedy; think how indigestible it is.—I am no glutton, said the Bear, thrusting his head and his fore feet into the tree.—But Reineke forced out the wedges, and Bruin was caught. He howled and kicked with his hind feet, till Rusteviel came out to see what was the matter, bringing a club with him in case of danger.

How is the honey? then cried Reineke. Be moderate, dear Uncle. See, Rusteviel comes to entertain you. He will give you a dessert after your dinner.—And so the Fox went home to his fortress, Malepartus. But when the carpenter saw what was the matter, he aroused the neighbourhood. Come! True as I live, a Bear has trapped himself in my court-yard. The parson, the cook, the sexton, and many more, with pitchfork, spit and spade, attacked the miserable Bruin. In his agony he forced his bleeding head out of the tree, leaving the skin and both his ears behind; but he was still held by the feet. To save himself, he sacrificed his claws, and limped off before his assailants. The smith fought at him with hammer and tongs, others with shovels; Gerold laid about him with a wooden flail, Gerold and Kuckelrey the fat, they were the stoutest of the thrashers. Frau Jutte headed the women; the women were active and clamorous, till Bruin, changing his course, threw five of them into the river. See! cried the parson, there sinks Frau Jutte, two tuns of beer if you save her. The men plunging after the women, gave Bruin a moment of leisure.

To cool his wounds, he too plunged into the river, and the stream swept him downward, bemoaning his ears and his feet, and cursing Reineke.

Reineke hunted for hens, and went to the river to drown them. There he saw Bruin float by, and was vexed that he had not been murdered. Halloo, Uncle, he cried, you've left something behind you at Rusteviel's. To avoid the jests of the Fox, Bruin sank to the bed of the water, was taken ashore by the current, and lay there wishing for death. At length he attempted the journey to court, and in four days painfully got there.

When the King saw the Bear's condition, he cried, Mercy, Bruin! who has brought you thus to shame?—The outlaw Reineke, groaned Bruin. Then the King swore that such a gentleman as Bruin should not suffer outrage for nothing. By his honour, by his crown, he would make Reineke repent, or never more would he wear a sword, he swore it.

The King summoned a council. They resolved again to command Reineke's appearance. Hintze the Cat should be messenger. Warn him, said the King, that I pronounce death, if he needs three times summoning.

But who am I? said Hintze. How should I go to work? Do as you will; yet I am but a small Cat. Bruin is big and strong, and where he failed how shall I prosper? Prithee, let me be excused.

No, said the King; many a little man is full of wit. You are no giant, but you are discreet and clever.—So the Cat said, I obey

you! and if I see a sign on my right hand as I travel, then I know I shall succeed.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Now Hintze had gone but a little way on his journey when he saw a Martin, and cried, Noble bird, come sit on my right hand. The bird sat in a tree upon his left, and began singing. Hintze was very sad, for then he was sure of misfortune. But he went on to Malepartus, where he found Reineke sitting before the house, and so he respectfully delivered the King's message. Reineke replied, Welcome, dearest nephew! May Heaven bless you to the utmost of my wishes! What blessings Reineke wished, it is not hard to imagine. Nephew, what will you eat? one sleeps better after a supper. To-night you are my guest, we will set out to-morrow. 'Tis very well, for of all my relatives there is none on whom I would depend so cheerfully as upon you. The greedy Bear came to me rudely, he is fierce and strong; I could not for my life venture with him as a travelling companion. But I dare go with you; we will start the first thing in the morning. Hintze said, We shall have moonlight on the heath, and why not start directly? Reineke said, Night travelling is far from safe. Men who are polite in the sunshine are ill friends often in the night. Said Hintze, Then, nephew, I should like to know what I can eat if I stay here. Said Reineke, Beautiful honey.—That stuff I never eat, said the Cat, rather swearing. Have you no such things as mice about here?—What! are you fond of mice? said Reineke. And are you really serious? Oho, then, my neighbour the Priest has a barn swarming with mice that he is anxious to get rid of. I hear him daily grumbling at them. —Bring me thither, said the incautious Cat. —Now, verily, said Reineke, you shall be furnished with a famous supper.

Hintze believed him, and followed; so they came to the Priest's barn. Reineke had scratched a hole under the wall of it the day before, and stolen in the night a hen. Martin, the Priest's beloved son, was her avenger; he arranged a snare before the Fox's hole, and thought to catch the vagabond. Reineke noticed that, so—Creep straight in, dear nephew, he said; I will keep watch on this side while you are mousing. Hear how they squeak! Come back when you have had enough. —Is it quite safe here? said the Cat. These Priests often have malice in them.—Oh, if you are afraid, said Reineke, let us go back; I'll find you a good supper, if we have no mice.—But Hintze sprang into the hole, and was caught in the noose. So Reineke showed hospitality towards his guests.

Hintze struggled till the noose was tightened. Reineke said, Hintze, how do you find the mice,—fat? If little Martin knew that you were supping on his game, without doubt he would come and bring you mustard; he's a courteous boy. What! do the court people all sing at their meals as you do? So Reineke went away, intent on some new villany.

But Hintze bewailed himself, pitifully, after the manner of cats, until Martin was awakened, and sprang out of bed with joy. He aroused father and mother, and the whole household, crying, We have caught the Fox! Even the Priest put on a little dressing gown, and all came with clubs and lanterns to destroy the thief. Hintze, thinking death near, struggled and fought; one eye he lost from a club stroke. Then, fixing himself on the Priest's leg, he inflicted horrible vengeance. The Priest fainted, and all taking him to bed, left Hintze in the noose, still living.

Wounded and almost dead, Hintze, for love of life, bit through the cord, and, passing through the hole, ran back to court, bewailing his lost eye, his wounds, and the shameful deceit of Reineke.

But the King's wrath burnt like a fire; he threatened death to the traitor. He summoned his council, and his barons came, he asked, what should be done? Grimbart the Badger answered, Summon him a third time; then, if he come not, let him die. Who will invite him? asked the King. Who has an eye to spare?—My lord King, answered the Badger, I will go as from my own will, if you please, or as your messenger.—Go, said the King, then, but be cautious.—Grimbart therefore went upon the road to Malepartus. He found Reineke at home, together with his wife and children. Uncle Reineke, good day, he said; you are a prudent man; why do you jest at the King's messages? Do you not think it is high time to come to court? Complaints against you increase daily. If you do not come now, you will be condemned. The King, with all his forces, will lay siege to Malepartus. You cannot escape the ruin of your family. Come, then, to court with me; your wit has often saved you in the day of trial. Trust now in yourself again.—Reineke said, Uncle, your advice is good. I hope the King will show favour to me. He knows that I am useful, and had I done ten times more wrong, that he cannot do without me. The barons, jealous of my better wit, conspire against me. We must see what can be done.—Then Reineke said also to his wife, Dame Ermelyn, be careful of the children, especially of Reynard, our youngest; by the sharpness of his teeth, he will turn out the image of his father. Put our little Rossell in the way of mischief, and take good care of the house while I am gone. So Reineke went off, at once, with Grimbart, leaving Dame Ermelyn and both his sons, to the great sorrow of the She Fox.

When they had not gone far, Reineke said, Dear Uncle, I may be upon the road to death; my sins much trouble me. No other priest is to be had; let me confess to you.—Then Grimbart said, Your penitence rejoices me; open your heart freely.—Reineke then related

certain tricks that he had played on Isegrim, and said, I have confessed; now, I beseech, impose a penance on me; let it be the heaviest. Grimbart, accustomed to such cases, plucked a little twig, and said, Uncle, beat yourself three times on your back with this; then lay it, as I show you, on the ground, and leap over it thrice; then gently kiss the rod, in token of your humble penitence. Do this, and I pronounce you absolved from all your sins.

When Reineke had done this, Grimbart said, Now, show your amended life by reading psalms, attend church on the appointed days, give alms, and forswear robbery and treachery for ever.—Reineke said, I swear to do all this.

So, as they went to court, they passed a nunnery, and to its court there belonged many cocks and hens, with plump capons, straying at large over the country. Reineke said, Our shortest way, Grimbart, leads close under the wall.—When they came near to the capons, the rogue eyed them furtively; but one hen, young and fat, pleased him especially. Briskly he sprang behind, already scattering her feathers.

But Grimbart, greatly shocked, cried out Behave you so, my graceless uncle? Will you be lost for a hen so soon after your absolution? Reineke said, If my thoughts went astray may Heaven pity me!—And they went on over a narrow bridge, but Reineke turned always his head and his eyes back towards the poultry. He could not help it. Had his head been cut off, it would have gone after the chickens; so strong was the desire within him.

Grimbart saw that, and said, Nephew, your eyes wander astray; alas! I see you are a glutton.—Reineke said, Be quiet, uncle; you are hindering my prayers. I say within me paternosters for the souls of hens and geese that I have slain from yonder family.—So Grimbart was silent, and Reineke looked back towards the hens, so long as he could see them.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

When it was heard at court that Reineke really was coming, all crowded out to see him, rejoicing in hope of his sentence. Reineke cared not for that, but walked jauntily into the palace; so walked before Nobel the King, and tranquilly faced all the barons: Great and illustrious King, he said, grant me a hearing. You know my faithfulness—your courtiers know it, and for that they follow me with persecution.—Silence! replied the King; 'tis in vain now to chatter or flatter. Look at the Cock, and tell me what have you done with his children?—Look at the Cat, the Bear. Why do I scold? Look around you; the country is swarming with plaintiffs; you will not come whole out of court.—Most gracious master, said the Fox, if Bruin was found poaching on a peasant's honey; if the Cat, whom I received with honour, could not keep her paws from stealing in the habitation of a priest, in spite of all my warnings, why must I be punished for their sins? Do as you will, however; boil or roast me, blind me, hang me; I am in your hands; you are strong, and I am weak. But come what may, I will abide upon the path of justice.

Then began Belline the Ram, Lo, now the time is come; let us bring forward our complaints.—And Isegrim came with his relations, Hintze the Cat, and Bruin, and all animals by troops. The multitude cannot be named who came to accuse the rogue Reineke. Complaint followed complaint; the stories related were numberless. Reineke stood unabashed; and, when he could put in a word, like simple truth, his defence flowed in a mellifluous current. Those who listened wondered; for not only did he exculpate himself, but he appeared to be a creature sinned against, rather than sinning. But to the council of the King the testimonies multiplied, and were too clear. With one voice it was pronounced that Reineke the Fox was guilty, and must suffer death; let him be bound and hung upon a gibbet.

Reineke himself thought that his game was lost. His clever speech had failed him. The King himself pronounced the sentence; and, as they were binding him, death swept by visibly before the eyes of the transgressor.

The friends of Reineke were grieved; Martin the Ape, with Grimbart, and some other of his old set. They sorrowed more than might have been supposed, for Reineke was a great baron whose disgrace frightened his comrades. So they craved leave of absence from the King, and went away from court.

But Isegrim, Bruin, and Hintze busied themselves cheerfully about the criminal, and hurried him eagerly towards the gallows. Think now, Sir Isegrim, said the Cat spitefully, how Reineke assisted at the hanging of your brother. Think, Lord Bruin, of Rusteviel's court-yard. If the rogue's wit should free him now, our hour of vengeance will not come again.—Isegrim said, Don't talk; but get a rope directly.

And the King came with all his courtiers to see the execution of the sentence. The Queen and all her women came; then came, too, a huge multitude of rich and poor, all wishing for the death of Reineke, and eager to look on. Isegrim cautioned his friends to keep their eyes on the Fox; especially cautioned his wife, and bade Bruin remember who mocked him. Hintze can climb, said the Wolf; he shall hang the rope on the gallows; do you hold the Fox in your clutch, while I bring forward the ladder.—Up with the ladder, said Bruin, and I'll hold fast by the culprit.

Ah, how busy you are! said the Fox; how you hurry to murder your uncle! Oh could I now escape! thought Reineke; get the King's pardon, and punish these three busy fellows. What could I not say to save my life? So he turned round upon the ladder and cried, Death is before my eyes; I

see my doom. But let me for the last time make confession, that I may not have hereafter to be punished for some unacknowledged sin.

Pitying him, some said, It is not much to ask. They begged of the King, and he permitted it. Then Reineke felt lighter at his heart, and instantly began: *Spiritus Domini*, help me now! There is no creature here whom I have not offended. Before I was weaned, I was a murderer of lambs; I loved to kill young goats, and spared no birds, not hens, not ducks, not geese. Wherever I met them I slew them, and many a body that I could not eat I buried in the sand. One winter, near the Rhine, I first made Isegrim's acquaintance. We vowed partnership. He committed the great thefts, I the little ones, but he cheated me always of my share. If we caught an ox or a cow, he fetched his wife and seven children, so that I still got only the bare ribs. Nevertheless, thank Heaven, I did not hunger. I was fed out of my secret treasure, a treasure greater than my wants; no wagon could remove it in seven journeys.

When the King heard of the treasure, he bowed forwards, and said, How did you come by that?—Reineke said, Why, in the face of death, should I conceal the secret? Moreover, I must confess, and it was stolen property. Many had sworn, great King, to murder you, and would have done it if I had not robbed them of their money. Mighty King, your life hung on that treasure; and though I brought my father to the grave, I stole it for your sake.

The Queen heard with alarm the mystery. I command you, Reineke, reflect, she cried. Open your soul truly in the hour of death.—The King said, Let everybody hold his tongue. This matter is important; let me hear it thoroughly. Come nearer, Reineke; speak up.

Reineke, much comforted, descended the ladder, to the great disgust of his enemies below, and he approached the King and his wife, by whom he was questioned eagerly. Then he prepared himself for a powerful effort at lying. Can I regain the King's favour? he thought; it is good; I must lie without scruple.

The Queen impatiently questioned. Reineke said, I will tell all. Death is before me, my soul must not suffer for want of confession. Better confess, though confession accuses dear friends and relations, than risk everlasting perdition.

The King grew heavy when he heard these words, and said, Do you speak truth?—Reineke replied, Alas, what could untruth avail me now? You know that I must die.—Poor fellow, said the Queen, I pity his despair.

The King commanded, and the whole assembly became silent. Merciful King, said Reineke, by your leave I speak. Though I speak suddenly, and without time for thought, I will be perfectly exact. You shall be told the whole conspiracy.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Reineke said: My noble father was so lucky as to find the hidden treasure of King Emmeric. So he grew proud; looked down on his companions; aspired to loftier connexions. He sent Hintze the Cat into the wild forest of Ardenne to look for Bruin the Bear, swear faith to him, and bid him come to Flanders to be made a king.

When Bruin got that invitation, he set off at once. My father was delighted; and sent out for Isegrim, and the wise Grimbart: those four managed the matter; but Hintze the Cat made a fifth. They determined on the king's death; swore together an eternal alliance. Grimbart, one morning, had been drinking himself garrulous; and the fool chattered the secret to his wife, binding her to silence. Directly afterwards his wife met my wife, and bade her swear solemnly by the names of the three kings, and give her word and honour for her dear soul's sake to whisper to nobody a syllable of what she was about to tell her; so she told her all. My wife failed of her promise, for, as soon as she saw me, I heard all about it. Alas! I thought then of the Frogs who were in want of an active king, and had the Stork sent down to them. Our king, I reasoned to myself, is nobly born, mighty and merciful; it would be but a sad change to raise a Bear, a good-for-nothing dolt, into his place. So I reflected for some weeks upon the plot, wishing to hinder it.

Quite well I understood that while my father held the treasure in his hand, he could bring troops together. Therefore, my care was to detect the place of its concealment, and remove it quietly. If ever my father walked out, I was behind upon his traces.

Once I perceived him slipping through a cleft; he thought himself alone, looked round suspiciously, and seeing no one, far or near, stopped up the hole with sand, strewing the ground, and stroking out his footmarks with his tail. Then he went off to business, and I found the treasure. I set to work upon it with my wife; we carried and dragged it day and night; for want of carts and wagons we endured no little trouble and fatigue.

Meanwhile my father held daily counsel with the betrayers of our king. Bruin and Isegrim sent patent letters through the land to entice mercenaries to them: they should come in crowds; Bruin would find them service; he would even pay them in advance. Sure of the treasure which he thought lay safely hidden, my father travelled through the province, showing these letters.

Summer returned at last; then returned also my father to his comrades. Joyfully he showed the list of rascals won over by promises of gold. Bruin was merry at the sight; the five read it together, and it said:—

Twelve hundred of Isegrim's relations come with open jaws and sharpened teeth: Item, the Cats and Bears have all declared for Bruin; every Badger is prepared to march out of Thuringia and Saxony. But there is one condition; namely, a month's hire in advance to every soldier. Heaven be praised that I frustrated their intentions!

For when all had been planned, my father went to look after his wealth. He scratched, and searched, but did not turn a penny; then, out of vexation and shame—how fearfully the recollection tortures me!—my father hung himself.

That is what I have done Now I must suffer for it; but I do not now repent Isegrim and Bruin, gluttons as they are, sit nearest to the King in Council. And poor Reineke, what thanks has he! He has sacrificed the life of his own father to save a King. Now, the King and Queen had felt a natural desire to get the treasure; so, stepping aside, they called to Reineke to speak with them in private, and said briskly, Tell us where the treasure is, for we should like to know.—Reineke said, however, Why should I give this wealth to the King, who is condemning me? You put faith in my enemies, the murderers and thieves.

No, no, replied her Majesty; my lord forgets the past. He controls himself, and ceases to be angry with you. But behave more prudently in future.

Reineke said, Gracious mistress, if the King will make a vow to me before you, that I have his pardon, then there is no King in the present day so rich as I will make him.

Never believe him, said the King; except when he confesses robbery and lies.—Then said the Queen, No doubt his past life has not earned for him our confidence; but think now how he has accused his own relations.

Well, if you trust him, said the King, I'll pardon Reineke. 'Tis for the last time. Let him be cautious.—Reineke said, Now I will tell you where the treasure is, and tell the truth.

In the East of Flanders is a desert: therein is a little bush called Hüsterlo—observe the name. Then there is a spring called Krekelborn, you understand and it is not far from the bush. It is a place frequented by the Owls, and there I hid the treasure. Go thither in person with your wife, and do not trust a messenger about so rich a prize. Let me advise you Go thither yourself. You pass by Krekelborn, and come near two young birch-trees; one of them is near the fountain. Go straight up to the birches; under them the treasure lies.

But the King said: You must go with me. How shall I find the place alone? I have heard in my time of Lübeck and Cologne, of Paris too: but Hüsterlo I have not heard once named: no, sir, nor Krekelborn.

Reineke said: What can you suspect? Ask somebody. Krekelborn—Hüsterlo, I said; and those are the real names.—Then he called out to Lampe, Tell the King, as well as you know, where Hüsterlo is, and where is Krekelborn. Let us hear.—Lampe said, I can tell you that. Husterlo is the bush near which Simonet the cripple lived with his companions when they made false money. I have often suffered much about that place when I have been chased by Rhyn their dog.—And the King said to Reineke: Forgive my momentary doubt, and see now about conducting me to this place.—Reineke said, How proud and happy should I now esteem myself in going as the King's companion to Flanders! but you would incur sin if you took me. Much as I am ashamed of the fact, let me confess it. Isegrim was made a monk some weeks ago, because he had faith in the priest's refectory. He ate rations for six, and still complained to me that he was starving. I took pity on him, when I saw how thin he grew, and helped him to escape, because he is my near relation. Now for this reason I am excommunicated by the Pope, and, with your leave, must start, for my soul's health, to-morrow at sunrise, to obtain my dispensation. I must go on a pilgrimage to Rome, and afterwards across the seas; before I dare to stand with honour in your presence Besides, if I go with you, it will be said, How intimate the King now is with Reineke, whom he so recently condemned to death, and who, moreover, is an excommunicated vagabond! You see, yourself, my liege, that it would be exceedingly improper.

True, said the King. Since you are under ban, I cannot take you with me. Lampe, or some one else, will go. But, Reineke, you ought to lose no time in getting absolution. You have leave to set out early to-morrow.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

So Reineke regained the favour of the King, and departed, making pious gestures, and showing a simple face. The King and the assembled animals returned to court. Many a good-humoured beast had pitied the assumed sorrows of Reineke; Lampe the Hare pitied most. Dear Lampe, said the rascal, must we part? If you and Belline the Ram would only walk a little further with me, agreeable and pious as you both are, I should be much honoured. So they went on with him, and saw his castle Malepartus. Reineke said to the Ram, Stop outside, Belline, and enjoy the sweet grass. I take our friend in with me, and beseech him to console my wife. So he went in with Lampe; there he found the She Fox lying sorrowful beside her children; for she despaired of Reincke's return from court. She saw him enter now with scrip and staff, and said, Reineke, my love, how has it gone with you?—And he said, I was condemned, but the King showed mercy, and I left him as a pilgrim. Isegrim and Bruin stayed behind as bail for me. The King gave me Lampe as a peace-offering.

We may do with him what we please. For the King said at parting, It was Lampe who betrayed you, Reineke.—Thereat Lampe was terrified, and sought escape; but Reineke stood in the door-way, and seized him by the neck, as he cried aloud, O help, Belline! I am undone! The pilgrim murders me!—He did not long cry, for the Fox soon bit his throat asunder. So he received his visitor. Come, now, said he, the Hare is fat, and let us eat him. For the first time in his life the fool is good for something. Reineke set to work then with his wife and children; they soon took off the hare's skin, and began their dinner.

Dame Ermelyn said, How did you get free?—That is a long story, he answered. But I must confess that the friendship between me and his majesty has but few days to run. When he discovers the truth, I have no more mercy to look for.

Now Belline at the door began to cry impatiently: Lampe, are you not coming? It is time we started.—Reineke, hearing that, went out and said: My dear friend, Lampe entreats that you will pardon him; he is enjoying the society of his aunt and begs that you will be pleased to walk slowly on.

Then said Belline: I heard screaming; what was that? I heard Lampe crying, Help! Have you done any mischief to him?—The Fox said, I was talking of my pilgrimage, at which my wife was in despair; a deadly fear came over her, so that she fell down in a swoon. That frightened Lampe, and he cried, Help, Belline! Belline! come quickly, or my aunt will die.—I only know, said Belline, that he cried in agony.—No hair of him has been harmed, swore the Fox. Now listen to me! I have some ideas of importance which the king begged me to write down for him. They are just written. My dear nephew, will you take them with you? There is prudent counsel in those letters.

My dear Reineke, said Belline, you must take care to close them well, because I have no pocket; were the seal to break, I might get into trouble.—Reineke said: Leave me to manage that. There is the scrip made out of Bruin's hide, and that is thick and strong; it will just hold the packet. The King certainly will give you a reward, and you will be thrice welcome.—Belline believed all that. The Fox then hastened back into the house, and stuffed into the scrip the head of Lampe. And he said, as he came out again, Hang the scrip round your neck, my nephew, and be careful not to peep into the letters. Do not so much as unfasten the scrip, for I have tied it with a private knot, which the King and I use between each other, in sending matters of importance.

And if you wish to secure in a special manner the King's favour, you may tell him, when you come into his presence, with a joyful air, that you bring with you a valuable packet, and that you helped me to make it up; this will get honour for you.—Belline was delighted, and he made great haste, and by noon returned to court.

When the King saw him enter with the scrip, he said, What does this mean, Belline, and where is Reineke?—Belline said, Gracious King, he bade me bring you letters. You will find them to contain important matters, treated in a very subtle way; what they contain has been put in by my advice; here they are in the scrip. Reineke tied the knot.

Then, when the head of the murdered Lampe was drawn forth, the King, drooping his head, said, O Reineke, if I still had you here!—The King and Queen were sorely troubled. Reineke has betrayed me! cried the King, O that I never had believed his lies! The King appeared bewildered, and all the animals together were bewildered with him.

But Lupardus, the King's near relation, exclaimed, Out upon it! Why are you distressed? Are you not master? Must not all obey you here?

The King said, That is my distress. I have abused my power. I have disgraced, for a rascal, Isegrim and Bruin, the best barons of my court. I followed my wife too rashly, and repentance now comes late.

Lupardus said, Grieve not, my lord. Give the Ram up as a sin-offering to the Bear and Wolf, and the Wolf's wife; for Belline openly and pertly has confessed that he advised the death of Lampe; punish him for that. And we will march out against Reineke, take him, and hang him instantly; for if he comes to speak, he will get free again.

The King said to Lupardus, I like your advice. Fetch the two barons: they shall take their seats beside me. Call all the animals to court. All shall do homage to the Wolf and Bear; and as atonement to these gentlemen, I will give up into their power Belline and his heirs for ever.

So it was done. The Ram was executed; and all his relations, and all his posterity, are to this day followed by the race of Isegrim. But in honour of Isegrim and Bruin, the King prolonged for twelve more days the sitting of his court; that all the world might see how thoroughly they were restored to favour.

NEVER DESPAIR.

The opal hued and many perfumed Morn
From Gloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shed light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From wondrous alchemy of winter-hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The fading bloom and dry seed bring once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of clashing Tones afford
The full accord

Through weary ages, full of strife and ruth,
    Thought reaches Truth;
Through efforts, long in vain, prophetic Need
    Begets the Deed:

Nerve then thy soul with direst need to cope;
    Life's brightest Hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—
    Never despair!

OUR PHANTOM SHIP ON AN ANTEDILUVIAN CRUISE.

Now that we can visit any portion of the globe by taking a cab or an omnibus to Leicester Square, who wants a Phantom Ship to travel in? The world, as it is, has taken a house in London, and receives visitors daily. Nothing remains now for the Phantom, but a sail into the world, as it was, or as it will be. What if we steer into the future? there our vessel will assuredly be wrecked: but we desire not to be wrecked; no, since we are retiring, let us retire decently, recede into the past with a becoming dignity. For a voyage into the past, therefore, we hoist our Phantom flag: we mean to sail quite out of human recollection, to the confines of existence, and remain in dock among the Graptolites.

So we walk down Cheapside, bustle aboard at London Bridge, and sail out, leaving man behind us. Leaving man behind us; for a thousand years roll back upon themselves with every syllable we utter; years, by millions and millions, will return about us, and restore their dead before our ghostly voyage back into the past is ended. We have passed the Nore; man is behind us; man is not created: we are on the ocean of a world which has not felt the footstep of its master. Land ho! then let us go ashore. This is some part of South America; there rolls a mighty river, like the rivers that now roll over that continent; we plunge into dense forests; let us now sit down under the trees, and speculate upon that world, into which we spirits of the future have receded. There is a fallen trunk before us, on which ants and other insects swarm; there is abundance of dead vegetation under the dense shade of these living boughs. A huge creature, a colossal armadillo, looking like a tortoise very little smaller than a horse, mounted on massive bony feet, scratches and digs busily by our side, eating his vegetable dinner. He is the Glyptodon. Now, what comes? Trees fall, and underwood gives way like grass before a mighty fellow—elephant or hippopotamus? His hind legs are three times more massive than an elephant's; and look at his tremendous tail! He is not twice your height, I think, and I should guess him to be twenty feet long. We must get out of his way; he is making for this tree under which we sit. Now, with a ten-navvy-power, he is digging at the mossy slope we have deserted. He will not hurt us: his neck is short, his head is slender, and his teeth are grinders all of them; he eats no flesh, but that glorious old tree he has chosen for the first course of his dinner. Now, he has scratched a pit around it, and plants himself upon his massive hind legs, making a third supporter of his tail; then lifting his huge bulk, he throws his fore-legs high upon the tree, so rocks and wrestles with it. Let us escape from its neighbourhood, lest we be overwhelmed by it in its fall. The firmest roots cannot resist so terrible a wrestler, and the great tree falls; luckily sideways. Now and then it falls upon the head of its destroyer (whose name is Megalotherium) and cracks his skull. But the skull of the Megalotherium is made thick and spongy, so that such blows crack only the outer plate, and are but rarely fatal. Now the green twigs are vanishing; the monster dines.

Aboard our ship again; as we pass out of the wood we encounter Monsieur the Mylodon, also at work upon a tree; he is not so bulky as our other friend. There is a fellow with a stiff long neck, neither a camel nor a hippopotamus, the Macrauchenia. What have we got at home? On our way home, why should we not sail round by the land, where there was New Zealand in '51? There, in the forests, run birds without wings; one, the Dinornis, greatly larger than the largest ostrich. Now, then, homeward! Ah! but where is home? "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!" but I can't find thee, oh, my native land! Some of it is under water, some is dry land, connected with a continent not to be found on Mr. Wyld's Globe. We run up against an iceberg, floating as icebergs now float, down from the North Pole. It is aground on a raised part of the sea-bottom, and, melting there under the warmer water, is depositing the mud and gravel, and the lumps of rock or boulders that it has scraped up in its travels. When that sea-bottom shall be lifted up and become land, there will be what they call a local pleistocene deposit, and granite cropped from rocks in Norway may lie in lumps upon the soil of England. These bergs have floated down on ocean currents setting from the colder to the warmer seas.

What of the climate then? Why, as we travel back into the past, we shall find the earth's climate in a given place, varying within pretty wide limits. Elevation of one part and depression of another part of the earth's surface is now going on, has always gone on, and probably always will go on. What is now continent has been sea before, as well as continent before, and will be sea as well as continent again. A hundred thousand years ago, Mr. Wyld, had he and Leicester Square existed, would have had to construct a model of the earth with very different coast outlines from those which now so accurately paint the land that is. But climate depends very much indeed upon the relative position of land and

sea, and the elevation of the land at given places. When, in the course of the incessant shiftings, it may happen that there is much land, and high land about the equator, and the bulk of water is at the two poles, then the temperature of the whole earth would of necessity be high. When it may happen that the land prevails about the poles, and at the equator there is chiefly water, then the temperature would be low, and ice would hold the world under its thumb far beyond the limits of the Arctic and Antartic circles. Variations of temperature, therefore, on the surface of the earth, may, and most likely do, depend upon the physical geography of the earth's surface, not upon any special cause of heat in the interior, or upon any strange condition of surrounding air. The physical geography of the world in past ages, as a whole, cannot be ascertained. Let us suppose a geologic Wyld, who should construct a model of the earth, whereupon he arranged, with elaborate care, each under each, the modelled strata, twisted, where they are twisted, broken where broken, continuous where continuous, so that the earth's anatomy could be studied, as one can study the anatomy of man upon a *papier maché* model. From such a work it would be easy to make out, so far as it goes, contemporary sea and land through all past ages; but what shall tell us where was sea, and where was land, over almost three-fourths of the whole surface, over the part now overflowed by water? The arrangement of strata and the fossils of the submarine earth are a blank, except to our reason and imagination; of the existing dry land we have scratched only here and there upon the surface; and if we knew all, it would be scanty knowledge. It is impossible, therefore, to reconstruct the seas and continents of former ages with enough completeness for a demonstration of their influence upon climate. Moreover, when we are denied the power of examining so large a part of the earth's crust, while we may reason fairly upon what we find, and consider what we see to be a fact, we have need to be very cautious about denials based on what we have not found: most unexpected things turn up; that fact is geological as well as social. We came back to look for England, and here, not far from the Cheapside of '51, a river, broad and rapid, draining a large continent, flows into a shallow sea. We sail up that river, and we call ourselves at home; though it be not our island home, the site is English. There is a monkey grinning at us. Well, we have seen monkeys in Regent Street. But there's a sort of boa-constrictor. And look through the trees, there is a tiger coming down to the river-side to drink—bigger than any Bengal tiger in the Regent's Park of '51. Let us land upon our native soil. There is an elephant, a very hairy fellow, and the Mastodon too. There's a great bison-ox, the aurochs; probably he lived long, and made acquaintance with the ancient Britons. Yonder stands gazing down upon us from the hill a mighty elk, shedding yearly a pair of antlers that weigh more than sixty pounds. The span of his horns must be a dozen feet. There is a bear; and there goes a hyæna snarling, with an old bone in his mouth, which he is taking to his kennel up in yonder cave. Any dead meat is good to him, and a fine collection of bones of contemporaneous animals, gnawed and broken, he is laying up in his establishment for the geologists of '51. There are plenty of insects buzzing in the wood; and, look, there is a vulture, dipping down into the dead flesh of an opossum. There's another serpent; and here we disturb a family of monkeys, who pelt down cocoa-nuts upon us. There's a wolf;—a fox;—let us go out to sea again. There is a crocodile; a turtle. There's a bird something like a pelican. There is a strange fellow on the shore with a long nose or a short proboscis, an odd compound between horse, pig and elephant: what may he be? O, he's the Palæotherium! That graceful fellow, the most graceful of the pig-tribe (which in this age takes the place of ruminants), looks not unlike the thing I never nursed, a dear gazelle. 'Tis the Xiphodon. Now we are at sea; but wait awhile before you begin fishing, though doubtless we may catch odd-looking things; they will be not very much unlike perch, mackerel, or cod, or herrings. You will find no salmon. I wonder how the salmon comes by so much patronage in '51; he's quite a *novus homo*. To be sure, so is the best man, with the longest pedigree. How far may we now be from Cheapside? Certainly some million of years. We have just retreated through what geologists call their tertiary period, and fallen back into the secondary.

Shall we have to fight our way through a convulsion? No, never fear! The three great periods are indeed separated by breaks in the chain of the geologist: they are not, however, breaks in nature, but in human knowledge. We have seen volcanoes on our voyage back into the past, and there is a volcano now; but the vast effects produced by force on the world's crust are not often produced in an instant by a grand catastrophe; they are the results of constant force applied through enormous periods of time. During the break between the secondary and tertiary periods, there takes place a change in the whole series of animals existing on the earth.

Here are sponges, and you may find the water clouded with minute animalcules. These little microscopic fellows, whose dried skeletons are carried by the wind like dust sometimes, and fall on our ship's rigging—these little fellows increase and multiply, very literally to replenish the earth. What would Mr. Malthus have preached to the father who produces eight hundred million of children, grandchildren, and so on, in a single month? Their skeletons, when they are dead, bestrew the bed of the ocean in some places, in a layer of immense depth, part

of which, raised hereafter, will become the chalk cliffs of Old England. When alive, these little fathers of families live on the minute organic fragments which are about to decompose, and become part of the dead world, but, arrested on its threshold, make the life of these small creatures, on which larger creatures feed and grow. There is a bird above us, like an albatross; but if we land now, we find but few birds, no mammals, and not very many reptiles. There is a thigh-bone some four feet long. It belongs to a great reptile, the Polyptychodon. There you perceive a turtle. There are some kinds of lizard; others, too, of which we shall see larger numbers presently. Now we are at sea again, with sharks about us. If you dredge about, you will find star-fishes, and terebratulas, and other things that we will look at when there's nothing else to engage our attention. Now we pursue our phantom voyage farther back into the depths of time—millions of years back into the past. Here is a huge reptile like a whale that darts through the sea to seize another monster with the claws that arm its webbed feet. This marine gentleman is the Cetiosaurus. We land in a warm, moist country, covered with a strange vegetation, in which fern-like palms, or palm-like ferns, Cycadeæ, predominate. We have seen vegetation not unlike this when we were among men in New Zealand. There are plenty of ferns, and pines, with a few palms. Here is a land reptile, before which we take the liberty of running. His teeth look too decidedly carnivorous. A sort of crocodile, thirty feet long, with a big body, mounted on high thick legs, is not likely to be friendly with our legs and bodies. Megalosaurus is his name, and, doubtless, greedy is his nature. Mercy upon us! There's a young crocodile flying; look at his long jaw and sharp teeth; he is sweeping down upon us, stretching his long neck out. He touches ground, not after us, but yonder little kangaroo, no bigger than a rat. But now the fast little crocodile tucks his wings under his arms—they work on an enormously long little finger—he tucks his wings under his arms, and begins running on four legs, as if he really were a little crocodile, and not a bird. Megalosaurus spies him; Megalosaurus is after him; away he runs into a lake of water, swimming there like a fish; and now lands, takes flight, and perches on a tree. Marvellous little crocodile! bird, beast, and fish, as to its powers; reptile alone by nature; he's the Pterodactyl, a strong, massive creature, but, luckily, though large, he is not a giant. For a giant, there's your reptile, the Iguanodon, with bones about eight times stronger than an alligator's bones, thirty feet long, and half as tall again as the tallest elephants. Don't fear. You are not a vegetable; he will not eat you. All manner of crocodilian monsters we stumble over as we make haste back to the ship.

Now we are afloat, look there, at that black, muddy-looking lump of skin, with an immense eye in it; nothing but that huge eye and a breathing hole above the surface. The socket of that eye is a yard and a half round. Now, look under the water; there's a jaw and set of teeth!—a jaw, sir, six feet long. Twenty feet, or so, behind his glaring eye, you see where his tail works as he shoots along. The Phantom only can keep pace with him. There's no defensive armour on a reptile like that; he is the monarch and devourer of whatever he surveys in the way of meat; and what an eye for a surveyor! He is an awful gentleman to meet when he is looking for a dinner, that same Herr Ichthyosaurus. Sharks there are plenty of; but what are sharks? Sharks are mere sprats to us, among these reptile monsters. If you please, we will get up that creature with a pretty shell which looks extremely like a nautilus; it is an ammonite. You may haul, too, for little fishes, and find sundry molluscs, bivalves and univalves. Lo! you have caught also a great fellow of a cuttle-fish, who has something to squirt out of his ink-bag. An antediluvian cuttle fish: no animals are of the exact kind we left behind us in the days when we dwelt among men. The skeleton in its tail it leaves as a legacy to geologists, by whom it is received under the name of belemnite.

Farther back we go into the depths of time, and pick up beautiful stone-lilies, animals on stems looking like lily-cups, and having thirty thousand bits of stone jointed within a single skeleton. There are some fish, but fewer reptiles now. The shores look desolate. On yonder strip of sand run a few lizard like reptiles, one with a turtle's beak, and one with tusks: Rhychosaurus and Dicynodon they are called. But yonder walks a novelty, a frog as large as a rhinoceros; a frog as to its large hind legs, and its mouth; otherwise very much a crocodile. There he goes towards the water, and some birds alight upon the sand to dress their feathers. The birds fly off; the huge frog plunges in; and after millions of years the footmarks they make now, with the ripple of the tide and the impression of the shower that is now falling on the soft sand, shall be presented to the eyes of men. The birds shall be believed in by the footmarks they have made, though not a bone of them exist: the reptile shall be called a Cheirotherium, because his footmarks oddly simulate the impression of a great human hand; his huge bulk shall perish into oblivion, but that strip of sand across which he has walked shall tell his story for him.

We approach a black shore, and sail under the smoke and ashes of a huge volcano; on rounding a point of rock we see another. By this time we have travelled back through the whole secondary period, and are about to pass into the remotest ages of the antediluvian world. Rocks, tracts of country, hundreds of

yards thick, have, under the influence of subterranean forces, been crumpled together like a cloth in a child's hand. But this was the work of force and time; and over time we pass, not caring for the breaks in human knowledge, till we find our way back quite into another epoch.

The sea is turbulent; often we see it beaten into surf, and roaring over banks, exposed and dismal at low water. But we pass on, centuries rolling by, and sail again over the site of England. Here we find many islands, small and large; the sea is open northward to the Arctic circle. Thick forests clothe these islands, dark forests, with no bright green in their foliage. The tree ferns raise above the lower shrubs their graceful crests; the lofty Lepidodendron spreads its feathery fronds; there rises the fluted column of the Sigillaria; there are the pine like Araucarias; and one gigantic fellow, that looks like the Norfolk Island pine, rises a hundred feet above his fellows. Ferns choke up the paths below. The paths! there is no beast or reptile living now to tread them; a few scarce birds or insects may be flitting through the scene, whose silence only winds and waves now interrupt. Rivers upon these islets float some fallen vegetation down into the sea; it is a vegetation, not of dense wood, but of plants rapidly growing, succulent or hollow in their stems. The remains of one such stem, called Calamite, resemble the jointed "horse-tail," or Equisetum, of our marshes, on a grander scale, the stem being a foot often in diameter. Another kind of stem is here, called Sigillaria, from the neat pattern which covers it; this belongs to a tree whose matted fibrous roots are called stigmaria. These, as fossils, shall belong to coal. Even in that age of the world, that '51, from which we are escaping, those who walk in tropical island forests tread upon a mass of fallen vegetation often ten feet deep. These islands, with the changes of level constantly occurring, shall sink under the wave; the sea shall cover them with sand and mud; but after a time they shall rise again, again wear the dark plumage, relieved only by the bright green of the low marshy places, again sink; and hereafter each, pressed down under the accumulated deposit of those ages through which we have been receding, shall be mined for in England as a coal deposit. Among the fossils in the coal, there will be found, chemically altered, whole trees upright as they grew—the base of a coal-field sometimes will be formed as the base of the forest is formed by the branching roots, Stigmaria, matted together. Upright stems, snapped asunder by the storm or by decay, shall be found standing as they now stand, and containing in their hollow cores the cones that drop from overhanging trees.

We sail away, by coral reefs, and dredge for shells of mollusca, which we find abundant: there are reptilian fishes. That great fellow, just under our bow, with wide jaws and some teeth nearly a span long, is the Megalichthys. There are representatives also of the shark family, which, you perceive, is very ancient, or, in other words, respectable.

Farther we sail back now across the depths of time; there is no animal upon the land, and in the sea there are the shell-fish still, and many larger fishes. Agassiz, who lived in the world with us when we were dwellers among men, divided fish into four natural orders, two of them prevalent, two insignificant. Now, in this period through which we travel, those two orders, the Ganoid and Placoid, insignificant among men, prevail, and rule the ocean. There is the Cephalaspis, compared by Hugh Miller to a saddler's cutting-knife; some people ignorant of saddlers' cutting-knives might need to be told that such an instrument is like a Cephalaspis. There is the Pterichthys for which Mr. Miller found a similitude in "a man rudely drawn, the head cut off by the shoulders, the arms spread at full length in the attitude of swimming, the body rather long than otherwise, and narrowing from the chest downwards, one of the legs cut away at the hip joint, and the other, as if to preserve the balance, placed directly under the centre of the figure, which it seems to support." This graphic account of a creature a few inches or a foot long, is much as if one compared a penny piece to a man's head, shaved, and without features, flattened down excessively by pressure. Nevertheless, Mr. Miller—once a stone-cutter, but now a doughty Scottish editor—wrote, for the instruction of men, a very delightful book upon that age of the world through which we are here sailing, the period of "Old Red Sandstone."

We have passed it now, and there are no more fishes. In a sea broken by coral reefs swim shoals of Trilobites, wood-lousy little fellows, with large compound eyes. The earth is desolate, but the sun shines, the wind murmurs, and the shower falls; the eyes used by an insect now, were needed in those days by the Trilobite. Encrinites, too, there are enclosed in many little stony plates, and growing on a slender stem of jointed stone. Molluscs there are; some of them cephalopods; that is to say, of the most developed form. These cephalopods, then, of a kind less formidable than the cuttle-fish, were in those distant ages monarchs of creation, the most powerful of living animals. For we have now found our way to the confines of life.

We have reached now the Graptolites, so men name Corallines, the skeletons on which lived little polyp colonies, whose records are the first records of terrestrial life; the polyp family being the most ancient. If we go farther now, we pass, perhaps, the bounds of life, and we pass, certainly, the bounds of knowledge. So we run our Phantom Ship on a primeval coral reef, and leave it there. Let it dwell with the past.

We now take to the Phantom's boats, row briskly back through a few dozen centuries

up to modern times; that is to say, geologically speaking, to the Deluge: then, taking good heart, and, nerving ourselves for a long pull, and a strong pull, we row gallantly into '51, and to within sight of Saint Paul's.

THE BOHEMIAN SCHOOLMASTER.

Herr Holub was the sub-tutor of our village school in Bohemia. He dwells in my recollection as the thundering Jove, the Frederic Lemaire, and the wizard Jacobs of my boyhood. He was engaged as second and extraordinary usher to Herr Melitka, the schoolmaster of our parish, and his lodging and board were found for him, because Herr Melitka was too old, too fat, and too rich to exert himself. The instruction, moral and religious training, of our youths devolved on Herr Holub, and his superior in office, the chief usher.

Herr Holub had the use of an attic in the school-house; but in summer he was bound to divide it with the grass and clover for the Frau Schulmeisterin's goat: cabbage and potatoes were chummed upon him, in autumn, winter, and throughout the year. The second usher's "chamber" was considered as the airiest, and most eligible place to dry the household linen. On Saturdays, Herr Holub's attic became the orchestra of the village-musicians, for their rehearsals of sacred music for Sunday morning, and of waltzes and gallops for the ball on Sunday afternoon. Herr Holub took his meals with the family; but while the family had good coffee, Herr Holub and the chief usher were regaled with a decoction of carrots, barley, and chicory. At the dinner table, Herr Holub had soup, boiled beef, and vegetables; but the appearance of the "Braten," or roast, was the signal for his leaving the table. As for supper, the Frau Schulmeisterin was of opinion that a sub-usher had no claim whatever to the honours of that convivial meal. An allowance of two candles a month in summer, and of the same number per week in winter, was made to Herr Holub, and in December and January a few logs of wood were daily thrown into the black furnace of his brick stove. Thus fed, enlightened, and warmed, he was cheered by the hope of advancing in the course of years to the dignity and emolument of a chief ushership; to the sole and undivided possession of an attic, the addition of "Braten" to his dinner, and the enjoyment of a glass of beer and a sandwich for supper, in addition to a stipend of thirty florins, in *notes*, per annum.*

It is, however, self-evident that hope, though it might sustain Herr Holub, could not provide him with raiment. Nor are ushers, in this our time, like the lilies of the field. It is true that Herr Holub's bass voice was in request at burials; but seasons of general and pestilential diseases are few and far between; and the worthy usher was compelled to look out for various sources of gain to defray the expenses which his position in society, as one of the Honoratiores of the village, entailed upon him. Waistcoats, tobacco, a pinch of snuff now and then, and a Sunday coat, were objects for the attainment of which Herr Holub exerted all his ingenuity. He conducted the correspondence among the illiterate in our own and the neighbouring village. He wrote the letters of maid-servants to their mothers or lovers; of parents to their daughters who were out in service, or to their sons and their grandsons in Poland or Hungary; he made petitions, reclamations, and protests, to the various authorities which decided on the fates of Bohemian villagers; and he used to boast, that his pen found him not only in tobacco, but in boots also. He was, moreover, a musician, and a performer on almost any instrument, from the fiddle down to the trumpet. His performances at church were, of course, part of his duty. For these Herr Melitka was paid; but on Sunday evenings he used to play the clarionet to the dances of the villagers, whenever they requested and paid for his services.

But to think that the respected instructor of my youth laboured solely for the mere lucre of gain, would be doing him grievous wrong indeed. That praiseworthy perseverance which enabled him to eke out, not only the bare necessities, but the decencies, also, of life, by dint of his multifarious avocations, inspired him to practise the arts of penmanship and music, wholly irrespective of the sordid considerations of "groschen und kreutzer." He copied and re-copied the notes which he had made of the lectures in the training-school at Prague, until his manuscripts were wonder-works of neatness and elegance; and the "True Correspondence for Lovers," which he found in the book-case of the Herr Amtmann, and which he forthwith proceeded to borrow, was, in the course of a few months, converted into a manuscript which would have done honour to any monk of the twelfth century. His studies in the science of music were equally unremitting, but not equally noiseless—to the disgust of the Frau Schulmeisterin, who hinted that nothing could be more unpleasant and heathenish than fiddle-practice at that witching hour of night when all good Christians ought to be asleep.

In the midst of these various occupations, it is almost a marvel that Herr Holub should have found leisure from time to time to promenade the main street of our village, and by a judicious course of bowing and scraping, to conciliate the good-will of the wealthier and more influential of its inhabitants. His ulterior objects were, firstly, the acquisition of private pupils, and, secondly, the discovery of a being, amidst the female popu-

* The repudiation of the Austrian Debt, in 1811, has created a fictitious currency of "Gulden Schein." Thirty florins in notes are equal to about twenty florins in the current coin of the realm, or two pounds in English money.

lation, who would condescend to entertain the addresses of a sub-usher. He was partially successful. Although oppressed by the competition of the chief usher, he found some families willing to engage his extra services for their children, at the sum of one-and-a-half florin* per month. But his endeavours to find a soft and feeling female heart, and to appropriate the same to his exclusive use, though often seemingly successful, never led to any favourable result. Herr Holub, however, was truly great. He was "adversis major;" each successive disappointment served but to enhance the victorious assurance of his gait, and the melting tenderness of the cast in his eye.

About the time when Herr Holub had been ten years attached to our village, I was a small urchin of six, he was always promenading in front of our house; the fact was that a pretty young cousin of my mother's had come to live with us, and to this wicked young woman's heart Herr Holub had resolved to lay a formal siege. His plan of operations was worthy of his great mind, although I, who record his deeds, was doomed to become the medium of his passion. May my fate be a warning to all little boys with pretty cousins!

On a fine summer's evening, when I had just succeeded in harnessing six young ladies and gentlemen to a long string, and at the very moment I was setting off with them at a slapping pace round the statue of St. John of Nepomuk, in our market place, we were surprised by the appearance of Herr Holub; who, leaning against one of the acacia trees in our vicinity, was intently bent upon inspecting the method of our sport. My companions belonged to the usher's class, and had some experience of that wholesome severity which pervaded his system of education. They no sooner saw him than they took to their heels; and, by so doing, they upset me, their driver, and flung me against the sharp granite steps which served as a pedestal to the statue of the patron saint and protector of our country. I screamed lustily, for the red, hot blood was running down my cheeks; but who can understand my dismay, when, rising, I found myself face to face with Herr Holub, who readily embraced the opportunity of obtaining an introduction to our house.

"Reckless child," said he, in a tone of authoritative mildness, while he fillipped away the snuff which stuck to the tips of his fingers; "reckless child! these, then, are the consequences of thy disobedience. If thy teachers'—I ought to say, thy parents', for teachers, it seems, thou hast none—exhortations had prevailed with thee, thou wouldst now be safe and free from harm."

Saying which, he produced a red cotton handkerchief, which he tied round my forehead, and, taking my hand, he led me to my mother.

* Three Shillings.

"Here, Frau Meisterin, is your spoiled child," quoth the worthy usher. "But for my timely presence and assistance, I am confident that his life would have fallen a sacrifice to his reckless conduct."

Mr. Holub's impressive speech, and my own cries, soon brought all the inmates of the house to the spot. My father volunteered to beat me, our old nurse gave me a lump of sugar, and the pretty cousin wiped the blood from my cheeks; while Herr Holub expatiated on the imperative necessity of my being sent to school. His impressive manner and sage remarks produced a favourable effect on all, even on my cousin; and when he repeated his visit, a few days afterwards, he found the wound in my head in a fair way of healing, and my parents prepared to sacrifice the joys of my infancy to the persuasion of his seductive eloquence. He saw his advantage, and, what is more, he followed it up.

"Frau Meisterin," said he, "why don't you send the boy to school?—And yet," he continued, "he is young, and it is not easy, let me tell you, to get young children well taught and taken care of. They never learn anything in this school of ours."

And Herr Holub enforced this sweeping condemnation with a pinch of snuff.

"You are right," said my mother. "The children learn nothing at school; and as for teaching them at home, why there is no one——"

Herr Holub took another pinch, and said—

"Send your boy to school for discipline, and apply to an able and attentive teacher for private instruction, and, take my word for it, you will be satisfied with the result."

"But what is to be done with children that are good for nothing, and little vagabonds, that won't learn?" asked my mother, making a dead set on my ambition.

"Then let the teacher alone for his method," replied Herr Holub, with great dignity. "Dost thou mean to learn, boy?" continued he.

I stared at him, blushed, and fell back upon the protection of my pretty cousin. Herr Holub, who was beetle-browed and long-nosed, was quite as formidable. Was I to declare my readiness to learn, and thus offer my back to the merciless rod of the usher?

"If thou wilt but learn, I will give thee a large cake, and lots of sugar," said Babieka, the nurse.

Still I hesitated. But the pretty cousin said, "If thou wilt but learn, I 'll love thee;" and she gained the day. I consented to go to school! Herr Holub (how I trembled to hear him say it!) promised to take me under his special protection, and to devote an hour a day to my instruction at home.

The following Monday was my first school-day. It was full of fate. Early in the morning I was dressed in my Sunday jacket and breeches, and shoes and stockings were put on my feet; for my mother

protested that "there must be a difference," and a "Meister's" son ought not to go bare-footed to school, like the children of wretched cottagers. From the closet, too, she fetched a small slate, which she had providentially purchased for me a few weeks after my birth, and which now was tied to my neck with great ceremony; and, finally, she took me by the hand and led me to the best room in the house. There, on the shelf, she showed me the image of St. Mikolas, with his golden mitre and crook, and beard of white cotton, amidst coffee-cups, pewter-pots, and japanned sugar-boxes. Behind him were two gilt devils, with their tongues of scarlet cloth lolling out of their mouths. I stood in the greatest awe of St. Mikolas.

"Thou hadst better mind what thou art about," said my mother; "look how St. Mikolas is staring at thee, and the two devils are only waiting for the word to fly at thee. So mind and be a good boy!"

My resolution to be a good boy was so sincere, that not even the nurse's presents of apples and cake could induce me to dry my tears; and thus, with the slate dangling from my neck, the apples in my pocket, and the cake in my hand, I went on my way weeping. Herr Holub, who stood leaning against the doorposts of the schoolhouse, and who was taking snuff as usual, received me very graciously, and gave me his hand to kiss. I was too innocent to heed the movement, and the usher, bringing his hand in forcible contact with my mouth, asked:—"Hast thou not been told by thy parents to greet thy master with a respectful inclination, and to kiss his hand whenever thou happenest to come into his presence? This once I pardon thy fault, but this once only.'

Saying which, and taking hold of my ear in a familiar and playful manner, he led me towards the school-room, which resounded with the shouts of half-a-hundred uproarious boys. He seized the lock as if to open the door, but took a second thought, and looked through the keyhole. Suddenly, a terrible noise, like the falling down of half-a-dozen heavy tables or closets, caused him to alter his plan of operations again, and to pounce upon and seize the rioters in the act. He rushed in, dragging me along by the ear. The uproar was hushed in a moment. There was a quick shuffling of a hundred bare feet, as every boy strove to regain his place. In the centre of the room lay the black ciphering board, which had been detached from the wall, and by its side Herr Holub's table, with its four clumsy legs turned upwards.

"Who did this?" cried Herr Holub, pinching my ear with all the energy of just indignation. "Who did this?"

No answer.

"I ask you once more! Who did this?"

Still the boys were silent.

"Take care. If you make me angry, it will be the worse for you all! Who did this?"

"Nobody!" said one of the boys, rising and trembling violently.

"Am I to understand that the table and board have left their places without human agency?"

"Ye—es!" said the boy, and had his ears boxed for his impertinence.

This powerful argument, and Herr Holub's threat to award a "pardus" to every boy in the room, proved more convincing than all the usher's persuasions; and after many accusations and denials, the crime was falsely fixed on a juvenile Jew.

Vain were Herzel Samuel's protestations. A cloud of witnesses were arrayed against the unfortunate Hebrew.

"Herzel Samuel, come up!" cried Herr Holub, turning up his coat-sleeves, and, in other respects, "clearing for action." He grasped a large ruler, the well-known and dreaded instrument of his justice. Next, sitting down on his stool, in the position prescribed by the ancient Sachsen Spiegel, he cast a terrible look at the trembling little Jew, and desired in an awful voice to know why he had done "all this mischief?"

"By my life, sir, I did not do it. It was——"

He stopped at the name, for, in the farthest corner of the room, a fist was held up—that of the real culprit.

Herr Holub, who was a great admirer of equitable justice, compelled Herzel Samuel to raise the table, and hang the board up in its accustomed spot,—a task evidently beyond his strength, and which he accomplished only after various unsuccessful attempts. When he had finished,

"And now," Herr Holub said, "tell me why did you do this?"

"You told me to hang up the board," quoth the Jew.

"I ask why you took it down?" thundered the usher.

All the boys laughed, and Herzel Samuel cried.

"Bring the 'Bock,' and purchase a broom," repeated he, taking a kreutzer from a very long and lank purse.

The Bock and broom were soon in readiness, and Herzel Samuel's agony was prolonged until Herr Holub had read prayers. The Jew, who, during prayers, had been confined in an adjoining room (for his religion prevented his joining in an act of Christian worship), was then brought up again, and Herr Holub proceeded to belabour the centre of his person with that modicum of impressive blows, which to the proficient in Bohemian popular education is known by the technical appellation of a "Pardus."

Herr Holub had just satisfied the claims of his duty and of justice, and Herzel Samuel, bearing the traces of his flagellation in his every movement, had just gained the last form, on which he, as an Israelite, was condemned to sit, when the door opened and admitted two stout men, whose appearance sufficed to petrify us with awe. These men

were the Herr Pfarrer, or priest of the parish, and Herr Melitka, the schoolmaster. We were all hushed into a deathlike stillness. It was

"As when before the startled eyes
Of some glad throng mysteriously,
With giant-step, in spirit guise
Appears a wondrous Deity." *

One half of the boys neglected to rise from their seats. Herr Holub bent and twisted his body in all conceivable directions, and sought by dumb-show to express the feelings of reverence which filled him for the new-comers.

The Herr Pfarrer declared that he had come to say a few words to the naughtiest boys in the school; but he begged that Herr Holub would, for the present, go on with his lesson. The usher, who had not even commenced, made a deep bow, and offered his chair to the Herr Pfarrer. Herr Melitka sat down on the Bock, crossed his hands on the top of his cane, and rested his chin on his hands.

When it came to the turn of the unfortunate Samuel, he jumped up, wiping his eyes with one hand, and applying the other to that part of his body which had suffered from the "Pardus." Herr Holub's position was by no means enviable. The priest was known to be given to drink, but he was also strongly opposed to injustice of any kind, even in the case of a Jew.

"Tell me, dearest child," said Herr Holub, "what are these letters?"

"Te-ersch-i!" said Herzel, sobbing.

"And how do you read the word, my son?"

"Tschi!"

"Right so! tzi! Thou art a good and obedient boy, but thou must not cry when thou art called up for thy lesson."

Hereupon Herzel Samuel cried bitterly, and the priest insisted on knowing what was the matter. Herr Holub, folding his hands, and leaning his head on one side, stated that Herzel was in general good and obedient; but that he had grossly misconducted himself by overthrowing the master's table, and pulling down the spelling-board, and that he had been justly punished for so doing.

The Herr Pfarrer received this explanation with evident displeasure. He shook his head, and took snuff with great energy. "You ought not," said he—"you ought not rashly—you ought first—that's the reason of my coming—I passed this window—heard a great noise in this room—look in—that fellow, Kokrha Wojtech, and Franta—that's his name, I think—bad boys—great vagabonds—table on his head—climbing about the board—accidents will happen—as I told you—You ought first—just send the boys away, and let those two fellows remain here." This reprimand before the whole school, was a sad humiliation to Herr Holub.

Prayers were said, and the school was over. We marched out of the room, making a bow to the priest and Herr Melitka, leaving Wojtech and Franta to the dreadful castigation which, I was certain, they had to expect at the hands of the Herr Pfarrer.

When I came home, my mother asked me what I had learned at school. I replied, "A Pardus."

Things were no better during my subsequent pupilage. Herr Holub was a tyrant in the school, whatever he might seem abroad. The ruler and the rod, the "Bock" and the Bible, were, in his hands, equally tools of tyranny. We all suffered more or less, but the greatest sufferer was Herzel Samuel, the Jew; for that wretched boy's family, from his father down to the maid-of-all-work, seemed to conspire to deprive the usher of those fees and perquisites on which a Bohemian pedagogue must rely for his sustenance. Herzel Samuel had consequently three whippings, where the favoured boys scarcely had one. Out of school, and especially in his private lessons, Herr Holub was the very pattern of a paternal despot. He was patient and kind, and only in cases of an extreme and hopeless opaqueness of intellect, did he condescend to elucidate his meaning by pinching the pupil's ear. In some things it is easier to be a looker-on than a principal agent. It is remarkable how much whipping a boy can stand in others. Thanks, then, to Herzel Samuel, and other devoted heads among my schoolfellows, on whom Herr Holub emptied the vials of his wrath, and thanks to the private stipend of one florin per month, and last, not least, thanks to the blandishments of my pretty cousin, my talents were permitted to develop themselves in the natural way, and without the forcing heat which Herr Holub applied to mature the latent energies of the exotic Jew. It did not take me above sixteen months to master the alphabet; and in two years more I could spell my way through any German or Bohemian book. I had, moreover, an indistinct notion of numbers, and of the multiplication table. I had made some progress in the noble art of writing; but with respect to orthography, I was firmly convinced that it was a snare and a delusion. Herr Holub, however, protested that I had entered the realms of science with the rapid step of a conqueror. He delivered me up to Herr Melitka, in whose class my scientific attainments were to receive the last and finishing touch.

To be admitted to Herr Melitka's class was indeed an honour; few children could boast of it, for the majority of my little companions passed the time between the sixth and twelfth year under the rod of the redoubtable Herr Holub, where they learned just enough of reading, writing, and accounts to enable them to read their tax-papers, write their letters, and sell their corn, fodder, and cattle. Herr Holub was not altogether

* Bowring's "Schiller."

responsible for the slowness of their advancement. These children came to school in November and attended it up to March. But in spring, summer, and autumn, they stayed away to take care of the goats, or of the house, or to nurse their little brothers and sisters while their parents worked in the fields. On their return to school, in winter, the children had, of course, forgotten the lessons of the last season, and Herr Holub had to begin again with his explanations of letters and infliction of "Pardus." Only a few of the more industrious and docile were, every year, declared to be fit and proper to "go up to Herr Melitka."

Herr Melitka was a man of great severity, especially with respect to the "Schulgeld" or "school-money." On Saturdays he made his appearance in the class, for the purpose of collecting this money. On these occasions he held a list of the scholars in one hand, and a long leathern purse in the other. He was accompanied by his wife, the Frau Schullehrerin, armed with a large ruler. He sat down by the table, and with the list before him, he called the children one after another by name. Those who deposited their week's groschen on the table were praised as good and orderly children, and received a "good mark" for every groschen they paid. But those who, when called upon, were not ready with their coin, were denounced as "dissolute and reckless vagabonds;" they lost all their good marks, and crosses were set against their names as signs of "laziness and of disrespectful behaviour." But if, after being thus warned, the groschen was again wanting in the following week, Herr Melitka subjected the culprits to a very summary and, sometimes, efficacious proceeding. In cases in which there were just reasons to doubt the solvency of the parents, the Frau Schulmeisterin bade the insolvent child hold out its hand, which she belaboured with the ruler, to the tune of, "Boy—why—didst—thou—not—bring—the—mon—ey?" But when the parents were known to be well off, a writ of attachment was issued and executed forthwith by Herr Melitka, and the body of the child remained confined in the school-room, until the debt was duly paid by the parents. The above were almost the only occasions on which Herr Melitka appeared among the children that were entrusted to his care. Now and then, indeed, he would come with the Herr Pfarrer to inquire into some very great crime, and to punish it with a Pardus. He, in short, superintended the departments of finance and of justice; that of public instruction was given up to the chief usher, Herr Kuckawy, and the Frau Schulmeisterin. The latter superintended the reading and the lessons in composition, for the sake of the paper which she was thus enabled to collect, and which, at the end of the year, fetched a good round sum from the grocer.

Herr Kuckawy had lived fifteen years as sub-usher and three as chief-usher. Herr Melitka relied upon him. He spoke little, but he coughed a great deal. His method was very simple. Everything was to be learned by heart as it stood in the books. Herr Kuckawy was not fond of explanations, and much less of making a scene. He never made an inquiry into any disorderly conduct, but he punished the whole of a form, or every boy in the school, by compelling them to kneel on peas, or to stand up for two or three hours at a time. The adjustment of very important cases was left to the Frau Schulmeisterin and her ruler.

Herr Kuckawy commenced his lessons by making the boys repeat the paragraphs which they had learned by heart. For this purpose, he examined all the windows, to prevent anything like draught, sat down, put a piece of sugar candy into his mouth, and said, "First form."

The first form advanced, and Herr Kuckawy put the question of the day, to which each boy was expected to give exactly the same answer. Then came the second, third, and fourth form, and finally, the last and fifth; viz., Herzel Samuel, the only so-called "infidel," whose seat was removed from those of his school-fellows. Poor boy! he had much to suffer. Having on one occasion resented a gross affront put upon him by the sauciest of our school mates, poor Samuel received a thrashing from every boy in the school. Happily, however, Herr Kuckawy entered at the very nick of time to see him bleeding and sprawling on the floor, made a speech, and appealed to Frau Melitka for the castigation of the self-constructed propaganda. Frau Melitka was the common executioner to our school; and, on this occasion, she handled her ruler with a dexterity and devotion most delightful to witness.

From all I have said, it must appear to every one, that my education was altogether unexceptionable; for be its merits whatever they may, no one of those concerned was able to find fault with it. And when the third year drew to a close, and I had completed my ninth year, it was solemnly announced that I, and several other boys of an equally ripe age, should take a formal leave of school, on the occasion of the grand examination. That examination was to come off with more than usual solemnity and splendour. Many weeks before, there were dark rumours of a "Herr Kanonicus" from Prague, and two Deans from Möseritz, who were expected to be present, and who were to sleep, the Herr Kanonicus at the parsonage, and the two Deans at the house of Herr Melitka. And on the eve of the great day, as late as ten o'clock at night, there was a grand burst of music from the little square in front of the parsonage, announcing the arrival of the very reverend guests. Every soul in the place ran out to [illegible] and there, just before the Herr Pfarrer's [illegible]

we found all the musicians of our village ranged in a semicircle, with the music glued to their instruments, while a lot of small boys acted as torch-bearers, by holding up little pieces of tallow candles. And Herr Holub played the clarionette, and Herr Melitka and Herr Kuckawy greeted the dignitaries of the Church with low salaams, while the village population pressed round to kiss their hands. Every window in the school-house was brilliantly illuminated; even Herr Holub's garret sported a small piece of candle on a gigantic savcall. Need I add, that the festivities of the evening closed with a cold collation, which Frau Melitka (for once without her ruler) begged to offer to the very reverend gentlemen. that on the following morning I rose with the sun, and wrapped my well-thumbed books in clean white paper; and long before the appointed time, we all—my father, mother, cousin and nurse, dressed in our Sunday clothes, and solemn like so many felons at the hour of execution—marched to the school to offer the first fruits of my learning to the gentlemen from Prague For it had been arranged that I was to address the visitors at the end of the examination. Herr Holub had composed the speech. and repeated it to me every day for the last six weeks

On that festive day everything was grand, clean, and imposing Herr Holub shone in a bran new suit of black He had a resplendent hat and waterproof boots. The schoolroom had been scrubbed, and the walls divested of their time-honoured tapestry of cobwebs Scarlet cushioned chairs from the Church had been placed for the visitors; and on the table in front of the chairs lay a very large nosegay. All the children and their parents were, like our own family, in their Sunday clothes. In short, Herr Holub was quite right when he remarked that all ranks and all classes combined to do honour to this grand educational jubilee.

The examination commenced. The reverend guests sat down, looked at the muster-roll, and the copybooks, and produced silver snuffboxes which they offered to the Herr Pfarrer. The cleverest boys were called up and examined by Herr Melitka, while Messrs. Kuckawy and Holub stood at their elbows to prompt them, in case of need. Never were services more welcome or necessary. In due time I was called upon to speak; and, obedient to the instructions I had received, I stood up, made four bows to the four quarters of the globe, and commenced:

"Very Reverend, Highly Honoured and Honoured Gentlemen, Patrons and Guests,—This is a day—" But at this juncture I became confused, and forgot all I had to say. Again I repeated, "This is a day—" and the gentlemen of Prague nodded their heads, as much as to say, that there was no contradicting such a self-evident proposition. There is no saying what might have become of my speech, had not Herr Holub crept near me and whispered in my ear. With his assistance I acquitted myself very creditably, and received a Silber Zwanziger and a tract, "The Royal Road to Happiness."

Thus did Herr Holub crown the good work he had commenced when he picked me up in the market-place; and I take this opportunity publicly to testify to his merits and my own gratitude. As for my pretty cousin. she jilted him.

THE VICAR OF ST. CARRABAS.

The parish of St Carrabas Fields had sunk into a state of sad decay. To speak more correctly, it had always been in decay. No one ever remembered the days when St. Carrabas had possessed a clean street, a cistern three feet distant from a sewer, or a sewer that was not always going to be "looked to," and which was not looked to at all.

Scientific gentlemen had produced wonderful heaps of figures, called statistics. Minute particulars respecting the chemical analysis of the air and water in the parish of St. Carrabas, had elicited strong applause at the Bagstraw Literary and Scientific Association; and one gentleman had satisfactorily proved that a dog expired under the vapour of a concentrated alkaline poison, which was found largely distributed through the same happy district. Nevertheless, things went on in the same way; the houses looked as if they had never been new—a supposition which was rendered highly probable by the old, angular faces of the children who sported in the gutters, or wore life away in the factories of St. Carrabas Fields.

People belonging to the "upper circles" had heard that there was such a place as St Carrabas Fields, and that it was a large dirty place, filled with dirty people, who went to work very early, and left off work very late, and were always having the typhus fever, "which was so dreadfully catching," and who never read the Bible, never educated their children, and never did any of the many things which ought to be done. Young ladies had shuddered at hearing of it; and a fashionable Member of Parliament, who was always taking the chair at fashionable charity-school meetings, assured Lady Lucia de Montmorency—while paying her for an egg-shell decorated with gold strip, at the "Grand Horticultural Fête and Fancy Fair in behalf of the Distressed Crochet Workers"—that it was "horrid low."

But dirt, poverty, and hard work were not the only evils under which St. Carrabas suffered. The minds of its inhabitants were as unhealthy as their bodies, or as the air they breathed. There was a church, to be sure; but, besides being but small, it was at a wonderful distance from the very people who most wanted it. There were one or two Infant schools, which kept a few of the children out

of the gutter, and a better sort of National school, which was, however, as inadequate to the numbers requiring its aid, as the church itself. The inhabitants were looked upon with a kind of indignant pity by those who were acquainted with their situation; and Mr Joseph Boomaway, the great political economist, who had expressed his conviction that a servant, on four pounds a year, might, by care and economy, die worth twenty thousand pounds, gave up St. Carrabas in despair; exactly as a person who has never learnt to swim, cannot understand that there can be any difficulty, till he is thrown into the water.

Yet, wonderful were the riches heaped up by the toils of the St. Carrabas community. Marvellous was the manufactured produce wrought by the almost anatomical and stunted forms which made up three parts of the quota of its inhabitants. Those who saw the silks, velvets, and cottons, in their daintiest fashions and most elaborate patterns, in the fairy-like encasements of glass and bronze which once were called shop-windows—those young ladies, whose dresses were so soft that it was a luxury to brush against them in a waltz, little dreamt that so much sickness, dirt, and disorder had been spent in their manufacture.

But it has often been remarked, that reform arises at the seasons, and from the quarters, where it is least expected. It was so with St Carrabas. Its dull, heavy brickwork, circular-windowed church had fallen into disrepair; in fact, its dirty stone-coloured pews, with their sham mahogany tops, (profusely carved with the names and initials of a sleepy congregation) were eloquent, though silent, evidence of the general state of things. The vicar, who was much too wise to live in so healthy a neighbourhood, had left it, for the most part, in the hands of clerical gentlemen who did "occasional duty," receiving two guineas for their Sunday officiating. As to the other supposed duties of a clergyman, in visiting, teaching, catechising, and a thousand other genuine apostolic offices, few people in St. Carrabas had ever heard of them; consequently few people complained of their absence.

About this time the new Bishop of St. Martin's began to do some real good, and to talk about, agitate for, and subscribe to, baths and wash-houses, and to take other means for teaching people godliness, by commencing with the more outward lesson of cleanliness. Many people had cried out against the bishop; and sometimes with reason, but all united in admiring him for his zeal on the present occasion. His unceasing activity, earnestness, and liberality, began to communicate their influence to others; and people wondered to see the excellent, self-supporting establishments in which the Goddess of Health began to be worshipped; while no one missed the guinea or two which he had invested for a purpose so obviously useful.

Fortunately, St. Carrabas was in the Bishop's diocese, and its vicar and other authorities began to attract unenviable notice. A gentlemanly, but unmistakeable remonstrance, brought the vicar back from his "stall" at Eastminster; and, his conscience proving too strong even for his cathedral indolence, the Rev. Samuel Grassgrow gave up the living of St. Carrabas to a worthier successor. About the same time the neighbouring parish of Dogwash also changed its vicar, and changed for the worse; meeting with a gentleman who carried the Rubric to excess, emptied the church of its congregation; and finally, went to live on the sea-coast for his health. The fact was, people said that his head was going.

But the new Vicar of St. Carrabas was a different kind of man. Report spoke highly of his splendid academical career, and few literary societies were not proud of his membership. But the people of St. Carrabas did not want learning, and the Rev. Botolph Fleming did not trouble them with it. He was a desperate man of business, had regular hours for everything, never omitted anything, never made misstatements, and never apologised for anything. He talked to men, not according to his own knowledge or views of a subject, but in language calculated to teach them to think for themselves; he appealed only to evidences with which his hearers ought to be acquainted, and never used the word "heretic," because a man could not understand hard words and doubtful traditions. He was in a parish where everyone was working, and was here, there, and everywhere; at one hour speaking words of ready, sensible kindness to ragged urchins; at another, sitting as president on a board for forming a school for the very same urchins; and, late at night, writing hard at one of the powerful and brilliant pamphlets which were fast bringing reform to the ill-favoured region of St. Carrabas.

Old ladies, who had thought only of the nuisance of living anywhere near so dirty a place, began to pay large cab-fares, in rainy weather, sooner than miss the vicar's charity sermons (and they were numerous—let us rather say, his sermons told no tale but that of charity); wealthy tradesmen, who kept their villas at Holloway, gave up their insinuations against church-rates, and were almost glad to be asked for a subscription. Still wealthier men, manufacturers, found themselves equally unable to withstand the tact and business-like common-sense with which the Rev. Botolph Fleming forced them to believe that an unhealthy, filth-polluted neighbourhood is ill calculated to produce active and efficient workmen. Model lodging-houses began to rear their lofty piles of windows upon windows; dirty hucksters' shops found red-herrings sell less rapidly than before; holiday "excursions" were talked of, and actually took place; and St. Carrabas seemed as though its inhabitants, born and bred in the murky caverns of the earth, had gradually been brought to the radiant and nourishing light of the sun.

Prejudice upon prejudice died in its own rottenness; even "vested interests" began to dread that they, like the flies of summer, must perish when the corruption that begat and fed them should be fully spent. Stationary horse-ponds, drains that bubbled over the pavement, a churchyard in which the dead might have shaken hands with the living at their first-floor windows, all found an unflinching adversary in the new vicar. Low pot-houses, and other establishments even less respectable, came summarily to an end. Atheistic debating societies were shamed into silence; publications, in which cheap excitement was combined with moral destruction, were driven, as bad stock, into the filthiest alleys, which even *old* St. Carrabas had viewed with horror.

It would be a foolish exaggeration to suppose, and a more foolish one to assert, that these noble and mighty changes were wrought all at once, or without much opposition—opposition that at times would have daunted the boldest. Several years had been spent in this arduous, but most fruitful labour, and yet day after day presented fresh objects for assistance or reformation. Those who saw the Reverend Botolph Fleming chatting at an evening party, with a few select wits or first-rate scholars of the day, little thought how many hours of his daily life were spent among those who were dead to wit or scholarship, but whose minds were as precious as those of the wittiest.

Thanks to human nature! this admirable priest, this true, practical Christian, had plenty of supporters in his glorious exertions. Sensible merchants who had remained steeled to misery, because they understood it not, relaxed their hatred of poverty, and their purse-strings also. Flippant people found themselves look ridiculous when they attempted to shirk the opportunities of doing good which were presented to them. Although the Rev. Botolph Fleming was too experienced and too wise to spend a farthing above his income, he drew handsomely from his own means, and saw where, and for what purpose, every farthing went. A spirit of emulation was aroused, and no one marvelled when a couple of handsome district churches appeared in rapid progress. The common phrase was, "Leave it to the vicar;" and, once left to him, it was strange if a satisfactory result was not produced. But then he always chose an active churchwarden, active curates, (he kept three, two of whom he paid out of his own purse,) active schoolmasters, active everybodies. With vestry speakers he never troubled himself, and they troubled him but little.

But while we have been talking so long about the vicar, we have forgotten his daughter, who is really the object of our story, —seventeen years old, with dark searching eyes, dark glossy hair, of middle height, faultless figure, and with a smile never changing, save for a tear of pity. But this is no joking subject, and many dashing young gentlemen, who had more of dress than brains, and who danced much better than they talked, found it so, to the cost of, in some cases, four-and-twenty hours' peace of mind.

For Margaret Fleming, besides being provokingly pretty, was provokingly sensible and clever. She did nothing ill. When a little girl, she dressed her doll as well as she afterwards dressed herself. She had never displayed her juvenile scholarship by asking her younger schoolfellows to spell C. I. R. C. U. M.-F. O. R. A. N. E. O. U. S, or I. N. C. O. N. T. R. O. V. E. R.-T. I. B. L. E., but yet she always said her lessons well; and when her mother died, and left her only darling to comfort her noble husband, her father became her teacher, and—we need say little more.

Miss Margaret was, in fact, as active as her papa; saw as much good and bad society, (we speak conventionally, of course); waltzed delightfully and sang delightfully at a party, and was up early the next morning to visit some infant, charity, or Sunday school. No one ever heard her allude to the probable motive of her leaving many an agreeable company at an early hour; but many a sick sufferer could have told them. She belonged to no "select sisterhood," for they would have abhorred a young lady who wasn't afraid of dancing even the Deux Temps. She did not adopt any eccentricities of fashion, nor revive any play-at-being-nun's sort of costume, but simply wore whatever she thought became her, and looked like what other young ladies wore. She did not believe in tract-distributing, but she never laughed at those who did; she was not great at fancy fairs, but she made all her own clothes, thereby saving no small proportion of her papa's liberal "clothes and pocket-money" allowance, and distributing it to a good purpose. Altogether, Miss Margaret Fleming was as perfect a lady as her father was a gentleman; and despairing of saying anything higher in her praise, we will come to matters of fact at once.

Among all the many matters in which Miss Margaret was her papa's best help, one which he had most at heart, was also her chiefest care. This was what the newspapers called a Refuge for the Destitute.

A rough, well built brick and wood building, of large extent, and admirable internal division, bore this sad but grateful title. Some worn-out stabling, and the warehouse of an extensive dealer in rags, bones, and bottles, had given place to the present structure; and its cleanliness and cheerful look of homely plenty, presented a painful but welcome contrast to the poor objects who daily and nightly sought its bounty.

But this "Refuge" was not merely an ingenious attempt for driving the destitute and profligate from one parish to another, or for finding employment for the police, in default of its answering that purpose. A rough, wholesome, plain meal or meals, an equally

rough, but equally [illegible] awaited the half-starved wayfarer; but there was more than this. There was a spirit—a spirit clothed in human form endued with human feelings, tenderly and quietly alive to human joys and sorrows; a spirit that asked why they had come thither, whither they were going, and whether better hopes and amended prospects were likely to bless the change of place.

Many came, many went away, and many staid. Those who staid, astonished prejudiced people by their sudden change from ragged "tramps" to steady, hard-working operatives. The men got work, often hard and ill-remunerated, but far better than the moral desolation of the highway and the police-station. Some girls, from whom many highly virtuous and unapproachably respectable young ladies would have turned away with loathing, spoke of "Miss Margaret," and never spoke but with a homely prayer—a prayer that angels carried to its fitting place of appeal.

An excellent matron superintended the female portion of the establishment, and, with her for a companion, Mr. Fleming feared not to trust his daughter amongst females whom poverty, and perhaps profligacy, had cast down. The daughter of distress blessed the hand and heart that aided, the lips that comforted her; the daughter of sin looked up to the lovely child of light, who spoke no word of reproach, and in her few words of kindness awoke to a consciousness of heaven. Aged men and women, crabbed and crossed with comfortlessness, smiled at their own sufferings, and prayed that their sweet-speaking teacher might never know an old age like their own. As to the children, children fell in love with Margaret wherever she went. Even the good-natured, steady, practical old Bishop of St. Martin's said, after a hearty dinner with the Rev. Botolph Fleming, "If Miss Margaret gets married, all the girls in the parish will be her bridesmaids, and the children will rifle Covent Garden Market for flowers." Scandal says, and we do not care to disbelieve it, that Miss Margaret took revenge that very same evening, by coaxing a large cheque out of the Bishop, while she was making a cup of tea for him and papa. Old Mrs. Chatterly, to whom Margaret always told everything, even says that the Bishop said something about marrying her himself—of course, he meant performing the ceremony.

To say that the Rev. Botolph Fleming loved his daughter tenderly, to exhaust all the poetical, rhapsodical, and conventional phrases descriptive of parental fondness, would be to little purpose. In her he found a companion in all his duties, as well as in the lighter endearments of female society at home. Her public duties—for we might call them so—did not rob the breakfast and tea table of their sociable comforts; pretty dainty little bits of cookery, the work of her hands, sometimes provoked a relish, when the fatigue of business had [illegible].

She sang, played, danced, nay, we must confess it, flirted a little sometimes, all charmingly, all in good spirits, and yet the "Refuge for the Destitute" lost none of her company. People who didn't know her, thought her a sweet young lady; people who did, thought her a pattern to woman, an unobtrusive creature, who did good almost as an amusement, and yet never made a fuss about anything. Her father asked, and deferred to, her advice on many subjects; yet when people spoke of her exertions, she only spoke of what her father was doing, and that moderately and modestly.

Coupled with the "Refuge" was a "Ragged School," in which Miss Margaret was almost equally interested. It was wonderful how many stupid children—children who could scarcely come to a clear understanding about their right and left hands—displayed comparative intelligence under their new instructress. Margaret loved teaching, and therefore taught well. If a preceptor can once seem pleased with his own task, the pupil learns readily enough.

Even young ladies grow older and older, as time goes on. There is a time for getting married, and Miss Margaret's time might have come long since, but "papa was particular." Nevertheless, Margaret never made but one choice, and at that one "papa" made no demur, but gave his blessing, and not his blessing only, with a clear voice, and a willing heart. But Margaret didn't leave home, nevertheless. Papa couldn't have spared her, and she loved no one well enough to desire to leave him.

Increased cares, three charming children, (one of whom has just begun Latin under the care of his now slightly gray-haired grandfather,) a cherishing and cherished husband, do not make one tittle of difference in Margaret's private and public duties. As many poor people pray for her welfare, as many ignorant children turn their faces to the school-room door when she is expected, and yet her voice sounds as sweetly, and her fingers run over the keys as blithely as ever. Her eldest son (who the Bishop says will be sure to take a double first) was shamed out of his antipathy to "Quæ genus," by a few visits to the Ragged School, and driven to enthusiastic emulation, by being compelled to teach therein. St. Carrabas is no longer a by-word; in fact, people are beginning to find that industry and filth, handicraft and drunkenness, hard labour and ignorance, are not the Siamese twins they once supposed.

Rumour points to the translation of the hearty old Bishop of St. Martin's to a larger See, and to the Rev. Botolph Fleming as likely to take his place. Heaven knows, he does not covet it; and Heaven knows it cannot be better bestowed. With unimpaired energies, increased experience, and high public character, he will be the best "Plea for [illegible]" ever realised. But then Margaret [illegible] with him.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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WHOLE HOGS.

THE public market has been of late more than usually remarkable for transactions on the American principle in Whole and indivisible Hogs. The market has been heavy—not the least approach to briskness having been observed in any part of it; but, the transactions, such as they have been, have been exclusively for Whole Hogs. Those who may only have had a retail inclination for sides, ribs, limbs, cheeks, face, trotters, snout, ears, or tail, have been required to take the Whole Hog, sinking none of the offal, but consenting to it all—and a good deal of it too.

It has been discovered that mankind at large can only be regenerated by a Tee-total Society, or by a Peace Society, or by always dining on Vegetables. It is to be particularly remarked that either of these certain means of regeneration is utterly defeated, if so much as a hair's-breadth of the tip of either ear of that particular Pig be left out of the bargain. Qualify your water with a tea-spoonful of wine or brandy—we beg pardon—alcohol—and there is no virtue in Temperance. Maintain a single sentry at the gate of the Queen's Palace, and it is utterly impossible that you can be peaceful. Stew so much as the bone of a mutton chop in the pot with your vegetables, and you will never make another Eden out of a Kitchen Garden. You must take the Whole Hog, Sir, and every bristle on him, or you and the rest of mankind will never be regenerated.

Now, without enquiring at present whether means of regeneration that are so easily spoiled, may not a little resemble the pair of dancing-shoes in the story, which the lady destroyed by walking across a room in them, we will consider the Whole Hog question from another point of view.

First, stand aside to see the great Tee-total Procession come by. It is called a Temperance Procession—which is not an honest use of a plain word, but never mind that. Hurrah! hurrah! The flags are blue and the letters golden. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many excellent, straight-forward, thoroughly well-meaning, and exemplary people, four and four, or two and two. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many children, also four and four, or two and two. Who are they?—They, Sir, are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope—Lord bless me! What are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope?—They are the Infantine Brigade of Regenerators of Mankind.—Indeed? Hurrah! hurrah! These young citizens being pledged to total abstinence, and being fully competent to pledge themselves to anything for life; and it being the custom of such young citizens' parents, in the existing state of unregenerated society, to bring them up on ardent spirits and strong beer (both of which are commonly kept in barrels, behind the door, on tap, in all large families, expressly for persons of tender years, of whom it is calculated that seven-eighths always go to bed drunk); this is a grand show. So, again, Hurrah! hurrah!

Who are these gentlemen walking two and two, with medals on their stomachs and bows in their button-holes?—These, Sir, are the Committee.—Are they? Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more for the Committee! Hoo-o-o-o-rah! A cheer for the Reverend Jabez Fireworks—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the stand-up collar, Mr Gloss—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the massive watch chain, who smiles sweetly on the surrounding Fair, Mr Glib—fond of speaking; a cheer for the rather dirty little gentleman who looks like a converted Hyæna, Mr. Scradger—fond of speaking; a cheer for the dark-eyed, brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America—fond of speaking; a cheer for the swarm who follow, blackening the procession,—Regenerators from everywhere in general—all good men—all fond of speaking; and all going to speak.

I have no right to object, I am sure. Hurrah, hurrah!

The Reverend Jabez Fireworks, and the great Mr. Gloss, and the popular Mr. Glib, and the eminent Mr. Scradger, and the Dove Delegate from America, and the distinguished swarm from everywhere, have ample opportunity (and profit by it, too,) for speaking to their heart's content. For, is there not, to-day, a Grand Demonstration Meeting; and to-morrow, another Grand Demonstration Meeting; and, the day after to-morrow, a Grand United Regenerative Zoological Visitation; and, the day after that, a Grand Aggregate General Demonstration; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative

Breakfast; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Tea; and, the day after that, a Final Grand Aggregate Compounded United and Associated Steam-boat River Demonstration; and do the Regenerators go anywhere without speaking, by the bushel? Still, what offence to me? None. Still, I am content to cry, Hurrah! hurrah! If the Regenerators, though estimable men, be the most tiresome men (as speakers) under Heaven; if their sincerest and best followers cannot, in the infirmity of human nature, bear the infliction of such oratory, but occupy themselves in preference with tea and rolls, or resort for comfort to the less terrible society of Lions, Elephants, and Bears, or drown the Regenerative eloquence in the clash of brazen Bands; I think it sensible and right, and still exclaim, Hurrah!

But how, if with the matter of such eloquence, when any of it happens to be heard, and also happens not to be a singular compound of references to the Bible, and selections from Joe Miller, I find, on drawing nearer, that I *have* some business? How, if I find that the distinguished swarm are not of that quiet class of gentlemen whom MR. CARLYLE describes as consuming their own smoke; but that they emit a vast amount of smoke, and blacken their neighbours very considerably? Then, as a neighbour myself, I have perhaps a right to speak?

In Bedlam, and in all other madhouses, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the patient. In Newgate, and in all other prisons, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the criminal. In the speeches of the Reverend Jabez, and the other Regenerators, Society is denounced as being wrongfully and wickedly combined against their own particular Whole Hog—who must be swallowed, every bristle, or there is no Pork in him.

The proof? Society won't come in and sign the pledge, Society won't come in and recruit the Juvenile Temperance bands of hope. Therefore, Society is fond of drunkenness, sees no harm in it, favors it very much, *is* a drunkard—a base, worthless, sensual, profligate brute. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, divines, physicians, lawyers, editors, authors, painters, poets, musicians, Queen, lords, ladies, and commons, are all in league against the Regenerators, are all violently attached to drunkenness, are all the more dangerous if by any chance they be personal examples of temperance, in the real meaning of the word!—which last powerful steam hammer of logic has become a pet one, and is constantly to be observed in action.

Against this sweeping misrepresentation, I take the liberty of entering my feeble protest. With all respect for Jabez, for Gloss, for Glib, for Dove Delegate, and for Scradger, I must make so bold as to observe that when a Malay runs a-muck he cannot be considered in a temperate state of mind; also, that when a thermometer stands at Fever Heat, it cannot claim to indicate Temperate weather. A man, to be truly temperate, must be temperate in many respects—in the rejection of strong words no less than of strong drinks—and I crave leave to assert against my good friends the Regenerators, that, in such gross statements, they set a most intemperate example. I even doubt whether an equal number of drunkards, under the excitement of the strongest liquors, could set a worse example.

And I would beg to put it seriously to the consideration of those who have sufficient powers of endurance to stand about the platform, listening, whether they think of this sufficiently? Whether they ever knew the like of this before? Whether they have any experience or knowledge of a good cause that was ever promoted by such bad means? Whether they ever heard of an association of people, deliberately, by their chosen vessels, throwing overboard every effort but their own, made for the amelioration of the condition of men; unscrupulously vilifying all other laborers in the vineyard; calumniously setting down as aiders and abettors of an odious vice which they know to be held in general abhorrence, and consigned to general shame, the great compact mass of the community—of its intelligence, of its morality, of its earnest endeavour after better things? If, upon consideration, they know of no such other case, then the enquiry will perhaps occur to them, whether, in supporting a so-conducted cause, they really be upholders of Temperance, dealing with words, which should be the signs for Truth, according to the truth that is in them?

Mankind can only be regenerated, proclaim the fatteners of the Whole Hog Number Two, by means of a Peace Society. Well! I call out of the nearest Peace Society my worthy friend John Bates—an excellent workman and a sound man, lineally descended from that sturdy soldier of the same name who spake with King Henry the Fifth, on the night before the battle of Agincourt. "Bates," says I, "how about this Regeneration? *Why* can it only be effected by means of a Peace Society?" Says Bates in answer, "Because War is frightful, ruinous, and unchristian. Because the details of one battle, because the horrors of one siege, would so appal you, if you knew them, that probably you never could be happy afterwards. Because man was not created in the image of his Maker to be blasted with gunpowder, or pierced with bayonets, or gashed with swords, or trampled under iron hoofs of horses, into a puddle of mire and blood. Because War is a wickedness that always costs us dear. Because it wastes our treasure, hardens our hearts, paralyses our industry, cripples our commerce, occasions losses, ills, and devilish crimes, unspeakable and out of number." Says I, sadly, "But have I not, O Bates, known all this for this many a year?" "It may be so," says Bates;

"then, come into the Peace Society." Says I, "Why come in there, Bates?" Says Bates, "Because we declare we won't have War or show of War. We won't have armies, navies, camps, or ships. England shall be disarmed, we say, and all these horrors ended." Says I, "How ended, Bates?" Says Bates, "By arbitration. We have a Dove Delegate from America, and a Mouse Delegate from France; and we are establishing a Bond of brotherhood, and that 'll do it." "Alas! It will NOT do it, Bates. I, too, have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. O John Bates, look out towards Austria, look out towards Russia, look out towards Germany, look out towards the purple Sea, that lies so beautiful and calm beyond the filthy jails of Naples! Do you see nothing there?" Says Bates (like the sister in Blue Beard, but much more triumphantly) "I see nothing there, but dust;"—and this is one of the inconveniences of a fattened Whole and indivisible Hog, that it fills up the doorway, and its breeders cannot see beyond it. "Dust!" says Bates. I tell Bates that it is because there are, behind that dust, oppressors and oppressed, arrayed against each other—that it is because there are, beyond his Dove Delegate and his Mouse Delegate, the wild beasts of the Forest—that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society: admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion. Whereupon Bates, otherwise just and sensible, insinuates that not being for his Whole and indivisible Hog, I can be for no part of his Hog; and that I have never felt or thought what his Society now tells me it, and only it, feels and thinks as a new discovery; and that when I am told of the new discovery I don't care for it!

Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on Vegetables. Why? Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as "DISTINGUISHED VEGETARIANS," vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished Vegetarians. As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a similar meeting, and become Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have no meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas daily in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are "in," and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of gravy-beef to flavour my potatoes? Not a shred! Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time.

Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very inconvenient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be "burnt and purged away." The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be a far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe, that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its learned predecessor Toby, of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a little meat; and if distinguished Fleshmeatarians, of all kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming—there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.

After all, my friends and brothers, even the best Whole and indivisible Hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work, called Education!

THE DEALER IN WISDOM.

IN England, when you place yourself under the hands of a barber, he usually chatters politics; in the East, he tells you a story. While I was having my head shaved in Cairo, the operator told me the following tale:—

In the city of Cairo, near the Bab el Fontonah, once dwelt a man, a saddle-maker, named Radawan, who had a young wife and one son. He was of a timid disposition, and was much respected by his neighbours. The great delight of his heart was, on returning

from his shop precisely at sunset, to find his house set in order,—a sleek black servant lad ready to open the door; a fat black cook giving the last turn, with a wooden spoon, to the stew; his plump little wife half-way down the staircase to meet him; and his chubby little baby gnawing his fists in an old carved cradle in one corner of the leewan. Then did Radawan feel that he was a little prince; that he had his dominions and his subjects more obedient than those of many a mighty monarch; and that he was looked up to with love, not unmixed with a spice of awe; for, like many timid men, Radawan liked sometimes to fancy himself fierce and tyrannical.

We are going to introduce him in one of his most overbearing moods. He entered, one evening, the little courtyard of his house, imitating, as far as his placid countenance would allow, the awful glance which he had observed on the visage of the Head of the Police, as he rode through the bazaars, that day, preceded by criers, offering mighty rewards for the discovery of certain robbers and murderers who had lately been exercising their dreadful trade with impunity. The sleek boy, being no physiognomist, received him with familiar welcome; the fat cook bawled out from the kitchen door that the kababs were done to a nicety. But his assumed sternness did not relax, and he ascended the stairs with a slow and stately step As usual, he met his plump little wife in the dark, and his dignity was half disturbed by a girlish embrace. Yet he only slightly swept the offered cheek with his compressed lips, and, continuing to ascend, entered the saloon, pretended *not* to glance at the cradle, sitting down, in a rigid attitude, in his accustomed corner of the divan.

Ayesha did not care a fig for these grand airs; and busied herself in preparing the supper, without so much as asking her lord what ailed him. Radawan began to feel uneasy; he perpetually shifted his position, called for a pipe in a tone intended to be authoritative, and looked very hard at the little clenched hands which he saw fighting with the air close by. Still, he had determined to play the tyrant that evening; and, in trying to look awful, twisted his meek face into so many grimaces, that Ayesha, as she tripped by, could not forbear laughing.

"Why laughest thou, woman?" said Radawan, succeeding, at length, in curving his brows into a real frown. "Where is the respect due to my beard?"

"Thy beard, O master!" cried the impudent little woman, twisting one of her hands in that sacred appendage, and putting the other round his neck. "When have I ever wanted in respect to it? especially since, by the advice of thy neighbour Saad, thou hast let it grow until it is as long as little Ali, there."

"O woman!" replied Radawan, trying to repulse her. "Scoff not at the advice of neighbour Saad; but listen to what he has told me to-day. He says it is absurd for a man of my standing to be content with one wife; and has offered me his daughter—a sweet virgin, straight as a wand, with eyes like gazelles, a nose like a pillar of silver, a mouth like a rosebud——But, what aileth thee, woman?"

Ayesha started back, and remained standing before her husband with a countenance so charged with anger, a form so trembling with emotion, that, had he observed it, he would certainly have been frightened out of his wits. It was some time before Ayesha could speak; but at length she said:—

"And did he tell thee all this of his daughter? Why, I have seen her at the bath —she is pale, one-eyed, flat-nosed, big-mouthed, crooked, and *thin* (here she glanced at her own somewhat fully developed form). Never mind, however, Radawan. Marry as many wives as you please; only remember—if you bring them home here, I will kill them all —then kill you, then kill myself, and then—yes, then—I will kill baby!"

At this terrific threat Radawan became very white, murmured that he was only joking; as, indeed, he was, in a way; and soon afterwards found his beard in the hands of that identical little offspring whose life one must suppose to have been saved by a promised abstinence from polygamy. Unfortunately for him, his skin was remarkably tender; and the affectionate tugs to which he was subjected—but of which, under the circumstances, he dared not complain—brought the tears into his eyes, and produced a variety of facial contortions, which the baby—innocent thing!—believed to be made wholly and solely for its especial amusement. Ayesha, who understood the case better, and had not quite suppressed her indignation, smiled maliciously at the punishment her lord was undergoing; and fairly danced with delight when, unable any longer to endure the pain, Radawan roared to be released.

After this they supped comfortably: Ayesha pretending, at first, humbly to serve the great-souled Radawan; but at length, with an audacity not common among Muslim women, sat down by his side. They had become quite merry, when, suddenly, a loud shriek disturbed them, and the fat cook rushed in. "O master! O mistress!" she cried; "there is a dead man—a murdered man—in the court." For some time the husband and wife could neither speak nor move. At length, however, each taking a light, they went forth into the gallery; and, looking down, beheld, sure enough, the corpse of a man, with a large wound in the forehead, lying in the very centre of the court. At the same moment loud knocks were heard without, lights flashed in through the windows, and numerous stern voices called aloud to open.

Radawan lost all presence of mind, and thought of nothing but flight; by no means an absurd expedient; for in the East, the fact of a dead body being found in the house, would infallibly condemn him, especially as so many criminals had lately escaped with impunity. Hurriedly embracing his wife, Radawan rushed up to the roof of his house, expecting to be able to pass along to that of a neighbour, and through that to make his way to the street. In his hurry, he had forgotten that he had himself caused a lofty strong paling to be erected, in order to prevent people from stealing his fowls. After vainly endeavouring to break through this, he returned, scarcely knowing what he did; and, happening to glance over the parapet, saw that the street was filled with soldiers, and that the Head of the Police himself was there. This sight gave him the courage of despair. A narrow street separated him from a house somewhat less lofty than his own. He cleared it at a bound; and, as he alighted in safety, heard the crash of his own door; it was at length burst in. Fear winged him. He ran along the roofs like a cat, reached a ruin through which he scrambled down into the street; and hastening through several narrow dark lanes, reached the city wall. With wonderful energy for him, he untwisted the linen of his turban, tied it fast to a projecting stone, let himself halfway down, then dropped; felt a little stunned; but, recovering, took to his heels, and found himself in the city of tombs.

The Arab Story-Tellers say, perhaps in their love for the marvellous and the supernatural, that Radawan fell asleep in one of the ruined tombs, and was found by the genius of the place, an ugly whimsical monster, by whom he was transported in a second to the gates of Damascus. Perhaps it was so; perhaps Radawan joined a caravan he observed next morning starting for Syria; any how, at the chief city of Syria, he arrived, without encountering any particular adventures.

It happened that the saddler's entire stock of cash consisted of the proceeds of his day's sales. When this was exhausted, he took, with the resignation peculiar to the East, to begging, and might have remained a beggar all his life, had he not one day entered a spacious mansion situated in the suburbs of the city. He cried out as he advanced, "I am hungry, O Lord!" but seeing no living soul to interrupt him, continued to penetrate into the house. At length he came to a retired apartment, where he saw an old man absorbed in meditation, surrounded with ancient books and strange instruments. Two or three times Radawan repeated his cry, each time in a louder key, before his presence was noticed. The old man at last looked up and said:—

"My son, who art thou?"

Radawan explained that he was a beggar, and had found the house deserted.

"Thus it is," said the old man, "Whilst I meditate, my servants, knowing that I shall not watch their movements, either go forth to amuse themselves or sleep."

"O master!" quoth Radawan, boldly, "may I suggest to thee a remedy?"

"You may."

"Appoint, then, a wise, prudent, honest, stern man to be the supervisor of thy servants—one who uniteth benevolence with fierceness of disposition; one who will be generous to reward, but swift to punish; and by the terror of whose looks alone obedience may be enforced."

"Where, O stranger, may I find such a treasure?" asked the sage.

"Lo!" cried the saddler, with astonishing courage, "such a man standeth before thee!"

The old man laughed much at these words; for Radawan had grown so humble-looking and meek in adversity, that a turtle-dove would scarcely have been alarmed at his aspect. The old man replied:—

"Thou art a strange fellow. Sit down, and tell me thy story."

Radawan did as he was desired; and the host, having listened attentively, said, "It is well. I will appoint thee supervisor of my servants; but I pray thee," he continued, smiling, "endeavour to moderate the ferocity of thy appearance; for my servants have been accustomed to gentle treatment, and the severity, pride, and majesty of thy looks might too much appal them."

Radawan was delighted at the success of this interview, and promised to manifest his native fierceness as little as possible. He succeeded so well, that the servants, who had first been disgusted with the appointment, soon found that they led an easier life than ever; for the venerable Abou Kasim, relying, or pretending to rely, on the vigilance of the supervisor, shut himself up for whole weeks in his room to meditate alone.

A year passed. What with presents and salary and some little speculations he had made, Radawan found himself master of six thousand pieces of gold. He now began to think of his plump little wife and his chubby little baby, and longed to return, even at the risk of his life. One day, therefore, he broke the subject to his master, who replied:—

"My son, I have conceived a great affection for thee, although I do not find thy ferocity of the avail that I anticipated. I would willingly keep thee with me; but thy reasons for returning are strong, and I do not think thou hast now much to fear."

So Radawan determined to return to Cairo; but before he went, he desired to satisfy his curiosity about his master; for he had never been able to learn who he was, or whence he derived his wealth. With an assurance, therefore, derived from his simplicity, he stated what he desired to know. Abou Kasim was not offended, but replied:—

"I cannot relate to thee my story. It would be too long. I will tell thee, however, my occupation;—I am a Dealer in Wisdom."

"Is wisdom of ready sale?" inquired Radawan, a little puzzled.

"Not very; and therefore I am obliged to sell it at a high price. I charge a thousand pieces of gold for every maxim."

"Master," replied Radawan, "I have six thousand pieces of gold. Take one thousand and sell me a maxim."

Abou Kasim took the money, and answered, "*Avoid bye-roads.*"

Then the fierce supervisor put another thousand pieces of gold into his hand, and received in return this saying—

"*Ask only about what concerns thee.*"

A third thousand purchased the following sentence—

"*Think before acting.*"

"Now," said Radawan, "I have invested half my capital in wisdom; the rest I will keep for my necessities."

At parting Abou Kasim, instead of giving him a handsome present as he expected, put into his hands a large loaf of bread, on which he told him to make his first supper, on arriving at his home. However, Radawan was grateful for the kindness he had received, kissed his master's hand at parting, and went his way rejoicing in his newly acquired wisdom, which he was very anxious of an opportunity for practising. He thought it best to journey in part by sea, so he embarked at Jaffa, and after a stormy passage arrived at length in the city of Alexandria.

Having rested one day, he resolved to start immediately for Cairo, by way of Rosetta and the Nile, then the regular route. Some travellers advised him strongly to go all the way by land; and as they showed that the journey could be thus performed more rapidly than by water, he was about to consent, when he remembered the first maxim he had bought—"Avoid bye-roads." So he refused the proposition, and carrying out his original plan, reached Cairo in safety one evening after the closing of the gates. On turning away to seek for a place of rest for the night, he met a man in rags. He soon recognised him to be one of the travellers who had tried to persuade him to accompany them; and learned that the overland party had been attacked by robbers, who had seized everything they had, and slain all except this one. Radawan silently turned his face to the East, and uttered a short thanksgiving, saying, "I thank thee, O Prophet, (whose name be exalted), for the wisdom thou hast sent me by thy servant, Abou Kasim."

Then the two went their several ways, seeking for a place in which they might sleep. The traveller, having nothing to lose, lay down under a tree; but Radawan, who had not left his money in the boat, wandered about until he saw a mansion standing in a fair garden. He approached, and knocked at the door, which, after a little time, was opened by a tall man of stern aspect; who, however, on hearing what he required, bade him enter and make himself at home. When the door was closed, Radawan's heart misgave him. He feared he had entered a robber's den; for the man was armed with a sword and pistols, and there was no sign of any other person living in the house. However, it was now too late to retreat, and he followed his host into a large apartment, around which were ranged, to his dismay, a long row of grinning human heads. A momentary impulse urged him to inquire what they meant; but the sage's second maxim—"Ask only about what concerns thee"—checked him, and he continued in the steps of the stern man until he came to an elegant chamber, where a supper was laid out. He was now invited to sit, and presently there appeared to attend on him a beautiful maiden, who was blind; not by the decrees of nature, but evidently by the violence of man. Radawan was now racked by intense curiosity; but he suppressed all outward sign of it, and ate and drank with his host as if nothing remarkable had met his eyes. Thus they passed an hour, after which Radawan spent the night comfortably; and, rising early next morning, prepared to depart.

As he was about to go the master of the house called him back and said "Verily, thou art a wise man; and thy wisdom hath saved thy life. Know that all those heads which thou hast seen are the heads of impertinent questioners, whom I received hospitably, and who could not control their curiosity respecting the maiden with her eyes put out. Thou shalt know all, because thou hast been silent. That maiden is my sister. I saw thee look with pity on her; but if thou knewest her horrible wickedness, thou wouldst loathe her and pity me."—Here the barber grew again tedious, in telling the story of the blind maiden. It is too revolting for repetition. At its conclusion the mysterious brother said: "Go now, Radawan; and it will be some comfort for thee to know without asking that which thou shouldst have known if thou hadst asked, because, in this latter case, after I had told my story I would have slain thee without hesitation."

Radawan accordingly went forth rejoicing from that house; and, turning to the East, he again blessed the Prophet, saying, "I thank thee, O Prophet, (whose name be exalted), for the wisdom thou hast sent me by thy servant, Abou Kasim."

He then hastened to the city-gates. They had long been open, and a busy crowd were pouring in and out. His first thought was to proceed at once to his own house; but he reflected that possibly great changes had taken place—it might even be that Ayesha had forgotten him, or, supposing him dead, had taken another husband. So he first went to the shop

of a barber in the neighbourhood, and being much changed by travel, was not recognised. Here he managed to draw the conversation, by degrees, to the subject that so much interested him, and learned, to his great surprise, that his absence had been unnecessary. The dead man that had frightened him away was one of a band of robbers, who had been surprised by the guard, wounded, and chased. Finding that he could not outstrip his pursuers, he had been seen to turn into the first open door that appeared; and was supposed to have drawn the bolts, and then gone to lie down and die in the court.

"However," added the barber, maliciously, "the young wife of the runaway was probably delighted with the accident. Radawan was a pompous little fool, and must have teased her prodigiously. I am told she has several admirers."

The barber would no doubt have said a great deal more; but Radawan, keeping his lips very close together, got up and walked away. He next went into a coffee-house, where the master told him that Ayesha was regularly visited by a lover; that the death of Radawan had been reported, and that a marriage would shortly take place. The poor husband, all the while burning with love for his plump little wife, was sorely perplexed by the idle stories, and many others much worse: and seriously reflected whether it was just in him to come to life again in that sudden manner. Having meditated alone for an hour or so, he resolved to disguise himself as a beggar, and thus penetrate into his own house. It was, perhaps, inconsistent with his milder reflections, that he concealed a sword under his rags; but he determined not to use it, unless something very abominable met his eye. In dilapidated garments he reached the house, and managed to slip into the court, and up stairs into the gallery, without being observed. Suddenly, he heard a voice from a dark room saying, in a tender tone, "Wilt thou come back soon?" The only answer seemed to be a shower of kisses. The world became black before Radawan's face. He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword; and, really ferocious for the first time in his life, prepared to rush in, and inflict summary vengeance. He had taken the first step, when the third maxim came to his aid, "Think, before acting!" and he restrained himself. Advancing cautiously, he raised the corner of a curtain that covered the entrance of the room, and looked in. At first he could see nothing; but his eyes becoming accustomed to the obscurity, he soon distinguished his wife, a little less plump and a little paler than of old, sitting with her baby, now a stout, sturdy fellow, on her lap, by the side of a black scaffolding which he knew represented his tomb. He rushed in, revealed himself to his plump little Ayesha, and a medley of embracing, dancing, laughing, crying, ensued, which it would be ridiculous to attempt to describe. Ayesha held on by his shawl, that he might kiss the chuckling boy for the fiftieth time. It was a scene of intense joy. After the perpetration of a thousand absurdities, they were about to sit down to sup together, when Radawan turned his face to the East, and said,

"I thank thee, O Prophet, (whose name be exalted), for the wisdom thou hast sent me by thy servant, Abou Kasim."

More kisses, more hugging of the boy; and they sate down to sup. Radawan broke the loaf given by Abou Kasim; and, lo! precious stones of immense value fell from it.

THE MAY FESTIVAL AT STARNBERG.

This year the May Festival in Starnberg has been especially attractive to the good people of Munich, on account of a little steamer which was launched that day on the lake, and taking its first trip; and here, in Bavaria, you must please to remember, steamers are not so rife by any means as on the Thames. We had heard terrible accounts of the crowds who would throng Starnberg, so that it would be impossible to get any conveyance thither, or any conveyance back, to say nothing of the impossibility of finding food there, if one did arrive in Starnberg, or accommodation for the night, if one found no means of departing again. For were not King Max, and the young Queen, and all their court to be there, to sail in the steamer, to witness the illuminations, and then hold a court-ball? and were not the artists going to hold their May Festival? and were not all the gentlefolks, as well as all the common folks of Munich, to be in Starnberg? and were not all the peasants of the neighbourhood to be there too? And was there not to be music on all hands, and a regatta, and a ball for all those who did not go to the court-ball? And had not people, for weeks beforehand, hired all the *fiacres* and carriages to let in Munich? and were not all the places taken days beforehand in all the omnibuses even?—There was a delightful prospect!—Various of my acquaintance, German and English, I found, had given up all idea of going—they said "the grapes were sour." The more hopeless seemed my case, the more determined I was to go. My good friends the Grunens, I understood, were going with a large party of very fine folks, who lived during the summer in an old castle near Starnberg; and at this old castle they were to pass the night. The happy Grunens! Relating my desolate condition to Mr. Grunen, however, to my surprise, I found, after all, they were *not* going with this party. Mrs. Grunen thought "the grapes sour;" but Mr. Grunen meant to go, and would be delighted for us to join company. But *how* were we to go?

"Oh! let us ride on horseback there," exclaimed I, wild with delight at the idea of

riding through the solemn old pine-woods in the dewy morning, and returning in the same way by moonlight—"Let us ride there; I know you and Signor N. often ride; I know you can get horses; I know of a capital *lady's horse* in Munich, and it is not so *very* far. Let us ride! let us ride!" But Mr. Grunen laughed at my idea, as very expensive, and very fatiguing to boot; so I was fain to content myself with a ride in imagination. The other evening, when I had given up the hope of going to Starnberg at all—unless I would *walk* the whole way—behold a note, with an omnibus ticket enclosed.—"I have been fortunate enough," ran Mr. Grunen's note, "to obtain two *stell-wagen* tickets; but whether we can return the same way in the evening, or whether we can find accommodation at Starnberg for the night, is another thing. But the worst that can befal us is to dance all night at the *fête*, and walk home, or part way home, in the morning—*Haben Sie courage?*"—I replied, certainly I had "*courage*" for any such adventure; and consequently six o'clock yesterday morning saw Mr. Grunen and myself comfortably seated in the *coupé* of one of the many *stell-wagen* departing from a certain inn, called the *Stachus-Garten*. Pleasant was the morning—pleasant the road through the long poplar avenues, and across the plain, and through the long, long, monotonous, dreamy pine-woods, which, in fact, are the Royal Park, and where, said Mr. Grunen, you may suddenly come upon a herd of very fine wild boars!—and pleasant was the view of the Alpine chain which we ever slowly approached. But *most* pleasant was the first glimpse of the quiet Starnberg lake, as it lay gleaming in the morning sunshine, surrounded by softly sloping banks, clothed in the tender May verdure of young beech-woods and luxuriant up-springing grass, with the white buildings of little Starnberg, its church, its handsome hotel of semi-Tyrolean architecture—its Town-hall, I think they call it—looking very like a convent perched commandingly upon a low hill; its various pleasant villas, embosomed in woods and gardens, and its sprinkling of grey Tyrolean cottages, shining out brightly close beneath us, as we descended a hilly road into the little town. And other white villas, and hamlets, and church-towers shone out dazzlingly in the sunshine, at remoter distances, round the green, sloping, wooded shores of the lake.

The background of our picture was the chain of Alps, whose snowy peaks pierced the clouds, and to whose very feet the expanse of water seemed to reach, though, in fact, thirty miles of plain lie between the lake and mountains; but the illusion is perfect—there is the shadowy line of distant shore, then abruptly rises the stern mountain chain. Imagine this scene steeped in May sunshine, which showered down even into the deepest recesses of one's own human heart, filling one's whole being with light and joy; then you can believe how pleasant was the descent into little Starnberg. All the houses were decorated with flags, and green wreaths, and festooned draperies; close to the shore lay the little steamer, which had already been launched, and round it swarmed a crowd of wondering people—some in boats, others on the new pier, others on the shore. Omnibuses and private carriages, vehicles, in fact, of all descriptions, had passed us on the road, but not in the numbers we had been led to expect; and now they were seen drawn up in array before the different inns. Still, Starnberg did not appear, some way, as animated and swarming with gay crowds as we had hoped, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, had *feared* to find it. But, then it was so early yet—only half-past nine! We walked down to look at the little steamer, which men were busily decorating with garlands. Having amused ourselves with this bustling scene, we were bending our steps once more across the flowery meadow which lies between the lake and the little town, when we perceived Mr. Grunen's friend, Signor N., in very summer-like costume of light coat and broad-brimmed straw hat, pacing up and down among the flowers. A few moments more, he, Mr. Grunen, and I were being rowed across the lake towards the little hamlet of *Lione*. We considered that our wisest plan was to enjoy the lake till we learnt precisely what the *fête* would offer us of enjoyment. One enjoyment promised, certainly, was the embarkation of Royalty; but for that we must wait an hour or two. No, we would see Royalty and the steamer touch at some point on the lake. Before, however, we reached Lione, we began to think of breakfast, or luncheon, or whatever else you may choose to call it. It was now eleven o'clock, and we were ready for a most substantial meal; we could not even wait till we reached the little hamlet, with its romantic name: but landed at a group of houses, where, our boatman said, we might have as good a breakfast as at Lione itself. What visions had we not been conjuring up, of fish just caught out of the lake! of capital beefsteaks, and delicious, smoking coffee! The gentlemen went into the kitchen to inspect the state of the larder, whilst I wandered up into a pleasant garden, or, rather, wilderness, round the little inn. Steep, gravelly, winding paths led among deep grass and flowers up the hill-side, and were shaded by beech-trees, clothed with their tender, young leaves; at every lovely spot commanding a view of the sunny lake, was a bench placed, and often a table before the bench. I chose a particularly pleasant and shady seat, where we could enjoy our breakfast, the view, the song of the birds, and the odour of flowers at the same time: and then—still thinking with agreeable anticipation, of our fresh fish and hot coffee—began plucking cowslips and grasses from the bank. But, behold! there were flowers more beautiful, by far than cowslips, at least, from their novelty,

more charming to my English eyes; there were tufts of the small Alpine gentian, with its peacock blue, so gorgeous in the sunshine; there was the golden ball of the Tollius; there were oxlips of pale cream-colour; and a lovely flower, the name of which I do not know—its blossom precisely like that of our lilac garden verbenum, but its leaves soft and tender, and of an oval shape. I fancy it is a small lilac primula; for it has the same faint, vernal perfume as our greenhouse primula; it is a lovely little flower, and the fields round Starnberg are full of it. Then, on the rocky parts of the hill I found, creeping over the short turf, a little plant with a cistus leaf and a pea-shaped blossom of orange and delicate buff. Imagine the lovely bouquet I gathered, and its delicate perfume! I was ready to endure any disappointment in breakfast, after such good fortune in flower-hunting. And well for me that it was so! For, firstly, our pleasant breakfast table was discovered to be planted in the very centre of an ants' nest; and, secondly, our *déjeûner à la fourchette* consisted of boiled beef like boiled india-rubber, of bad potato-salad, mixed with rank oil and coarse vinegar, of flabby veal and wretched coffee! But our spirits being as gay as the morning, not even this heavy fare could depress them. Groups of people were already regaling themselves beneath the trees round the house; waiters, male and female, were rushing madly about, in and out; and as our eyes wandered over the lake, little boats, gay with their display of blue-and-white flags, were seen traversing the broad expanse of water in every direction; and far off, like the wings of some huge bird, were discerned the white sails of a small yacht, belonging to an English resident at Munich; whilst real white wings, the wings of large gulls, dipped ever and anon into the sunny waves, and then soared joyously into the sunny air. Cannon now boomed across the lake, and we hastened down to the crowd of peasants assembled on the shore, expecting to see the steamer approach; but she still lay a lifeless black mass in the far distance, and as King Max is not, like our Victoria, famed for punctuality, we preferred once more pursuing our voyage, and awaiting the steamer yet farther up the lake. There was "music in Possenhofen," said the programme of the *fête*. Possenhofen lay just opposite us; we would first call at Lione, the romantic name of which seemed greatly to attract us, and then we would cross over to Possenhofen. But where was our boatman? Gone!—No matter, he was such a surly fellow, said we; and whilst we looked about for a fresh boat, behold, one approaching the shore, filled with some dozen students, and rowed by a woman! "What a sight that is to an Englishman!" exclaimed Mr. Gruner; "just look at it—all those stout young fellows rowed by a girl!" I looked, and discovered, as the boat drew near, that this female mariner was extremely handsome—and so also discovered my companions. "Let us go in her boat!" we all exclaimed, and were immediately seated in it, and on our way to Lione. Signor N. wanted to row, but the girl laughed merrily at him, seized the heavy oars, and with stalwart arms and vigorous strokes pulled away, the heavy old boat rapidly progressing towards Lione. "*You* know how to row!" she exclaimed, in her broad *patois*—and her lively grey eyes laughed merrily beneath her black head-gear, and her [illegible] lips showed the whitest set of little teeth in the world. How handsome she was! Large of frame, with round, well-developed arms and hands, which were seen to wonderful advantage as she plied the oars; they were burnt a ruddy brown by the sun, but were almost perfect in form.

Between the black handkerchief she had tied hood-wise over her head, and which, throwing her face half into shadow, fell upon her shoulders, and the orange striped handkerchief crossed over her bosom and tucked into her black boddice, you saw a round snowy throat; her face was of an oval contour, with delicate features, yet full of strength, and animation perfectly charming. Picture to yourselves how pleasantly she laughed and nodded to her old father, who passed us, dressed in a scarlet waistcoat and white sleeves, rowing another boat; and picture to yourselves how the sunshine showered down upon her, seated towards the end of the boat, in her quaint peasant costume, of blue woollen petticoat, bright blue stockings, heavy shoes, black boddice, with pink sleeves tucked up above the elbow, and showing a piece of scarlet lining, orange handkerchief, and black head-dress; beyond her the azure and silver sky; and her round arms vigorously plying the oars, which ever, unceasingly, dipped into the clear green waters,—picture to yourselves her and the scene, and tell me, had we not a delightful vision before our eyes? And as we glided past the greenest of beech-woods, the grassiest of meadows, with the sounds of distant music in our ears, ever and anon some gay festal party, with a banner of white and blue at the boat's prow, sometimes a wreath falling from it into the pleasant sunny water, passed us, or was seen in the distance, slowly progressing across the lake, like some large water-beetle. We only stopped at Lione long enough to imagine how pleasant a whole summer's day—or a whole summer, in truth—would be amid its woods and meadows, with one's abode in one of its little Tyrolean houses. And now we arrived at Possenhofen! Here is a villa belonging to one of the Royal Duchesses, its pleasant gardens extending down to the water's edge. A crowd of country-people swarmed about the bran-new steam-boat pier here, as at all the stations along the lake. Stepping on land, I saw a refreshing bit of Munich artist-life. Upon a tiny, tiny promontory, which jutted out into the lake, amid deep grass, and all the

lovely flowers I have described, lay two young painters. Painters I am sure they were, though they had no outward sign, except the character of their heads and faces, and perhaps their dress. One wore a loose blouse of a deep green; the other a similar blouse of dark brown. They reclined amid the cool grass, with the warm sunshine falling upon them, and the soft breeze blowing through their long hair, their felt hats and a large botanical tin-case lay beside them on the ground. Behind them were the twisted and gnarled trees of an old orchard just bursting into the tender beauty of pear and apple blossom. Through the chequered shadows of the orchard wandered a gaily-attired old peasant-woman, in her fur-cap, leading by the hand a tiny child, dressed as quaintly as the old dame herself, only wearing a handkerchief over her little round head, instead of the fur. On one side of the painters rose a screen of tall, dry, dead reeds, through whose grey stems gleamed the sparkling lake, a lovely mirror, reflecting the blue of the heavens; and above the reeds towered the distant mountains, of a fainter and more ethereal azure, with snowy peaks, scarcely to be distinguished, in the glare of noonday, from the silver of floating clouds. It was a pleasant little poem, this "*Painters' Holiday*."

And now we walked past old orchards, and through grassy meadows, people streaming in happy groups—all ranks and all ages, old and young, rich and poor, parents, children, friends, acquaintance, lovers, citizens, peasants, painters, poets, and learned men; all had turned out to celebrate G. I's bountiful gifts of May and Nature!

In the little hamlet of Possenhofen, by the road-side, stands a small chapel—so small that it seems only a large wayside shrine. It has a tiny belfry, is white-washed, and there is a deal of painting, of pale sea-green, about the lattice-work windows of the belfry. A large pear-tree grows close to the little chapel, and this pleasant May Sunday this pear-tree seemed a tree carved in snow, so covered was it with blossoms: bees hummed about the pear-tree; the sun showered down his loving warmth upon tree, chapel, and murmuring bees; and from the open door came a low monotonous chant. I looked into the little chapel; it was filled with people; about twelve women kneeling on one side, about twelve men on the other—the men chanted in their deep bass, the women took up the chant with their shriller voices, and when they paused you heard the low, busy hum of the bees around, over all, within and without the chapel, was the breath of May and the blessing of God. Higher up among the woods, too, how pleasant it was!

People arrived ever faster and faster; parties in carriages, with servants and grandeur; parties on foot; the gentlemen with [illegible] of ivy or [illegible] twisted round their straw or felt hats, with gentians and cowslips, and the little lilac primulas stuck into their button-holes; ladies and children with garlands and bouquets of the same flowers in their hands. There were families and knots of friends come together; there were lads from the Gymnasium, students from the University and Academy. Now I recognised one well-known painter and his family, now another; and friends greeted friends, and tables were brought out, extra tables from the near inn, and people sat upon benches or upon the turf, and talked and laughed, and ate and drank, and were right merry. Others, like ourselves, having seen what was going on, and having greeted their acquaintance, again moved off towards the lake. There we found our boat and its handsome mistress, and soon were landing upon a certain little island, which had been all the morning tempting us to pay it a visit—its trees and bushes having gleamed out so brightly in the distance, and looking as though they rose out of the very water itself. But it was pleasanter in idea, this island, than in reality, for we found it in a perfect chaos, being turned into a pleasure garden for the King. The only remarkable thing we saw was a cowardly bull dog, the veriest bully of a bull-dog conceivable; he looked tremendously fierce, barked tremendously, then put his tail between his legs and ran away! We returned to Possenhofen just in time to see the reception of the steamer, as she passed with all her flags, her garlands, and her royal personages on board. Very gay she looked, with her bevy of elegant ladies walking about beneath the awning that shaded the deck. The King, the Queen, and Prince Adelbart graciously replied to the shouts and waving of hats from shore; the King's voice was heard, saying something about "*Vivat Starnberg!*" and on passed the little steamer. We, rowed by our beautiful mariner, and listening to her extraordinary account of the huge fish caught in the lake, sailed on in the wake of royalty towards Starnberg—and dinner. Ah, that dinner!—I will spare you all the detail of our impatience and disappointments at the grand hotel, where, finding we might have waited till doomsday and get nothing to eat, we decamped to another. There we sat, in a room decorated for the evening's ball, amid tobacco-smoke, and beer-tankards, and empty coffee-cups, seeing people rushing about on all sides with food, having our dinner promised "immediately" a dozen times, yet dish after dish was carried past us to other hungry guests. One old gentleman—a prince, by-the-bye—greatly excited my envy, as I saw a [illegible] smoking roast fowl carried up to him. "Don't envy him!" exclaimed an acquaintance who had joined us; don't envy him; he has waited ever since two o'clock for that [illegible] now it is five. I have waited for [illegible] ever since three. [illegible]

fowl shows itself in three hours more, be thankful!" And verily I believe we might have waited and dined at the ball-supper itself, had not our benevolent acquaintance volunteered to rush into the kitchen, and lay violent hands upon the first food he saw. Soon, amid his looks of triumph, we beheld the advent of our dinner.

During all this waiting we had lost the Regatta. Still our impatience had been somewhat calmed by a scene which took place in the room where we sate. Musicians ascended into the gallery—of course, I supposed, the ball was about to commence, and that we and the long dinner-tables must decamp—but it was only that as the name of each successful competitor in the Regatta received his prize, the musicians might trumpet forth his triumph. A man with a white cockade on his coat read aloud the names of the successful boatmen, and, from a crowd of weather-beaten men at the opposite end of the room, one by one, with bashful mien and delighted faces, they approached and received the prizes and decorations. Of course many of the company in the garden crowded into the room to witness the spectacle.

Thankful was I when, at length, we emerged from the stifling room into the fresh air without. There all was animation; people arriving for the ball; people chatting, laughing, and drinking beer, wine, and coffee. Evening now was come. As we descended towards the lake, all looked so lovely in the sunset light, that again we said, "Suppose we take a boat!" The mountain peaks glowed with lilac and rose tints, the pearly sky was flecked with crimson and pale orange cloudlets; on one hand rose the moon; on the other sank the sun behind the green, sloping banks of the lake, now turning dark in the approaching twilight. Moon and sunset clouds were reflected in the calm waters; now one star came forth in the clear heaven; now another above the darkling mountains; a deep silence sank over all, only broken by the dip of the oars, and the singing of my companions. A fire suddenly busting forth on the shore, its ruddy flame reflected in the lake reminded us of the illumination, and we hastened our return.

As we set foot on *terra firma* a loud chorus of frogs greeted us, far out-croaking the sounds of merriment from the little town. Lights shone from all the hotel windows, telling of merry doings within; crowds filled the street; crowds filled the gardens; the pavilion in the garden, where we had dined and where was the ball-room, gleamed out like a huge lantern. We looked in, as I was curious to see who the dancers at this rural ball would be. The ball, itself, had not yet commenced, but the supper had. Ladies, not in regular evening costume, but with flowers, nevertheless, in their hair, and gentlemen, who had smartened themselves up somewhat after the dust and fatigue of the day, were seated eating at a long table in a sort of gallery in front of the ball-room; through an open door you caught a glimpse of the ball-room, all lighted up and gay with blue, scarlet, and white festooned draperies, supported on the walls by gilt anchors.

The report of cannon told us that the fireworks were about to commence, and people hastened down into the meadows. Up rose a rocket, like a long snake of fire, falling in lilac stars into the lake—another, and another! Then, suddenly, the conventual-looking building on the hill above Starnberg, gleamed out magically through the soft gloom of the May night, illuminated with a warm rose-colour; now with a pale yellow green, as though it were built of tinted light. And the little church across the lake, crowning the hill above Lione, gleamed forth a spectral sea-green, a pale ghost, as though replying to the signal of Starnberg. Villas, churches, and villages exchanged these spectral greetings across the serene lake, which ever reflected them in its peaceful mirror. And from the shores shot up in rapid succession long red tongues of flame, like sacrificial fires burning upon pagan altars; the flame rising steadily into the unruffled air, and reflected in the unruffled waters; whilst smoke curled in white volumes, ruddily illuminated by the fires.

Above all, shone down the quiet silver moon, smiling through the May heaven, and reflecting her calm face in a little rivulet which murmured through the meadow. The moonlight glimmered like frosted silver upon the ripple of the rivulet, and upon the long grass, which, in places, grew in the stream, and was swept by the current, just covered over by the water. All else, except the grass and ripple, was a transparent, murmuring gloom: whilst across the frosted silver, black shadows of sprays and grasses from the stream-bank were cast with the most exquisite and marvellous delicacy. And, in the midst of these illuminations, human and divine, the steamer, hung with lamps, was to sail forth into the lake again;—was to, and, I have no doubt, did sail forth. We, however, were not there to see her; for, now we mounted into our omnibus, and jolted home. The moon shining down among the old pine-trees in the Royal Park, and showing us, not only the trees and the long procession of royal carriages, which, with six horses to each, postilions, and fiery lamps, rushed past us; but groups of deer also quietly feeding by the road-side. At one place I saw a milk-white doe—white as a phantom doe might be; and, as she heard the sound of wheels, she fled affrighted into the dark glades of the wood. We were by no means sorry once more to find ourselves in Munich after our long, jolting ride, and, as we walked to our homes through the silent streets and squares, so brilliantly illuminated by the moonlight, all was so profoundly silent, that one felt

as if wandering in a dream through some city built of gigantic houses out of a Dutch toy-box.

THE WATER-ELF.

A Water-Fairy sat and play'd
Within the lustrous darkness made
By the tall rushes' tangled shade.

He had a harp of subtle power;
And often, at the evening hour,
Sang loudly in his sedgy bower.

He told of sailors' weltering graves,
Of caverns which the pearl-fish paves,
And gentle demons in the waves:

And of the rushing orbs, moon-bright—
Large splendours of the deep—that light
The floating, dark-blue water-night:—

Aspects flashing, swift, and free;
And of marvellous shapes, that be
In the still places of the sea:

And of translucent rivers, where
The naiads loose their glittering hair,
Half robed in tresses, and half bare;

And, stretching upward to the brink,
Their cold white arms in fetters link
About some youth who stoops to drink.

The Elf, whose voice and instrument
These wondrous tales with twilight blent,
Was loving at heart, and innocent.

And, as he play'd and sang, the lake
Heaved; and the ripples, half awake,
A sleepy sort of sound would make.

But once some children hither came,
Just as the sunset's upward aim
Flush'd monumental clouds with flame.

And, standing close upon the brim
Of the Elf's bower, all watery dim,
They laugh'd, and threw hard words at him;

Crying, "Old brazen devil! know,
'Twere better if you wail'd for woe.
You fell from Heaven long ago,

"And cannot climb back to your place;
For the men who carry a grave face,
Say you have never a chance of grace."

The music droop'd, as though in sleep;
And from his bower, close and deep,
The Fairy was heard to moan and weep,

Lamenting, like a five years' child,
Fill'd with strange sorrow, and yet mild,
With its own grief half reconcil'd.

The urchins felt rebuked, and fled;
Straight to their father, struck with dread,
And told him all that they had said.

[illegible] while, and therefore kind—the King
[illegible] love for every thing
While [illegible] of much pondering

Love that is pure and fresh as light,
And rich with the wide-clasping sight
Of knowledge, that makes love infinite.

Therefore he rose, and went straightway
Along the meadows, silvery-gray
With evening, tow'rds the mournful Fay;

And rais'd his voice across the lake,
And cried, "Oh, gentle Spirit! take
Thy harp again, and let it wake.

"Heaven's love, like its own air, is thrown
Round all, and was not meant alone
For the mere life of flesh and bone.

"Whate'er from largely-vital earth,
Mother of many kinds, has birth—
Fairies that guard the household hearth,

"Elves of old woods and fields divine,
And brown-bright goblins of the mine;
With what the waters crystalline

"Engender; spirits in air that flee,
And rock-crown'd genii of the sea—
All rest in God's smooth round, as we.

"All shapes that creep, swim, fly, or run,
Are from the same clear substance spun:
The elemental heavens are one."

He ceas'd. The ripples softly stirr'd,
And the Elf's voice again was heard
In sudden sparkles, like a bird.

That sharp joy past; and, at the close,
A mist of milder music rose
Out of the waters' flat repose.

The stars came forth, gold-bright, yet chill;
And evening, o'er the eastern hill,
Deepen'd to night, and all was still.

Yet even when the world lay stark
In sleep, and none was there to mark,
That music went up through the dark,

And touch'd the morning's portal white;
Like odours, in their viewless might,
Filling the solemn wastes of night.

THE "DREADNOUGHT."

I hope that the readers of "Household Words" have not entirely forgotten the visitor of the Sailor's Home—the exponent of the Blue-jacket Agitation—the friend and *quondam* messmate of the zealous Pipp, late of H.M.S. "Bustard." To that officer's enthusiasm I owe, once more, a hint; he it was who pointed out to me the propriety of bestowing a description on the "Seamen's Hospital" at Greenwich—that huge, quiet, solemn old man-of-war hull, which stands out above the surrounding craft in the river, with something of the effect of a ruined castle in a little country place. Pipp's enthusiasm on professional matters may positively be said to be on the increase;—his "lines" for a new frigate are, I believe, under official consideration at this moment; and he [illegible] a pamphlet on the Navigation [illegible],

other morning, while I was enjoying his hospitality, he broke out with—"Popples! we have seen the British seaman, my boy, afloat—in the Sailor's Home—and agitating. Let us now see the worthy fellow on his beam-ends; let us inspect him as he contends with salts instead of salt-water. Let us visit the 'Dreadnought.' It is an excellent institution, and"—added Pipp, with a leer in his eye—"the whitebait season is coming to a close!" Of course, I agreed to accompany him.

The "Matrimony" jogged down the river at a lively enough pace. As we sighted Blackwall, the chequered sides of the old craft dawned on our vision, and a steamer that was passing her looked like a pigmy. We landed at the pier, took a boat, and bobbed quietly alongside. "That 's the way up," said the waterman, pointing to what, in the service, we call the "accommodation ladder." "Thank you," said Pipp, with ironical dryness—"we know!" Perhaps, nobody is so peculiarly susceptible respecting any implied "greenness" about his own line of business as a nautical man! We mounted the ladder with a firm step (to borrow a well-known newspaper phrase); the great, high black-and-white sides seemed so familiar once more. The ports were open; but we missed the grim black gun-muzzles which protrude so calmly from your active-service vessels, and which usually, with their brilliant polish, and their ornate "tompions" corking them neatly, look as if they were meant only for ornament. One's first sensation on reaching the deck was of a white bareness—it seemed so odd to be in a ship without rigging; but glancing round, we observed what a clear, broad promenade it made—how clean and orderly everything was. The first hospital feature presented itself, in two or three "convalescents;" white caps covering them, and the inevitable pipe soothing their returning vigour.—We moved first aft, and visited the office where the ship's books are kept. There a curiosity of historical interest was shown to us—a piece of glass from a cabin skylight of the "Dreadnought" of old days, scrawled over with the names of those officers who were in her at Trafalgar. A curious thing to reflect on! This quiet old "Dreadnought," whose fighting days are all over—*sans* guns, *sans* shot, *sans* shells, *sans* everything—did fight at Trafalgar, under Captain Conne—did figure as one of the hindmost ships in the lee column, which Collingwood led—went into action about two in the afternoon, and captured the "San Juan" in fifteen minutes. . .

"Smart work," says Pipp, who told us all this as glibly as possible, the moment the piece of glass was shown to us. The courteous official smiled (they have something else to do in the "Dreadnought," now-a-days, besides musing over her old fighting times), but reminded us that Collingwood had her for some time. Pipp went off at a tangent again. Meanwhile, I suggested, "Let us go below, and see where he lived. To pass over Collingwood's old dwelling-place without mention, would be unpardonable." We descended the hatchway; and we learned the modern arrangement of the decks. The "Dreadnought" (a ninety-eight, according to rate) is a three-decker. The main-deck (a first, namely, under the upper ditto) is used as a chapel; and on it the "convalescents" sleep in hammocks. The middle is now the surgical, the lower the medical, deck; and the orlop is reserved for minor cases of illness.

On the main deck are the cabins for the surgeons resident on board, and these were old Collingwood's quarters ("dear Coll.," as Nelson calls him). Collingwood hoisted his Vice-Admiral's flag on board, for about a year, from the autumn of 1804 to that of 1805. Turning to his delightful letters, we find the old gentleman dating, "*Dreadnought*," off Rochefort, November 4, 1804: "I am really almost worn out with incessant fatigue and anxiety of mind." And he calls the "Dreadnought" a "fine strong ship." A few months afterwards, he writes again about his daughter's education. On August the 9th, 1805, he is blockading Cadiz with this harmless old vessel of ours, and becomes quite, what one may call, jolly. For—

"I am . . . in great expectation that we shall have a rattling day soon. The Spaniards are completely ready here. *It is a state like this that raises the spirits.*"

Sleeping on a gun-side, glad to get a bunch of grapes from a Portuguese boat, taking advantage of a fine day to hang his seedy old coats out of the cabin windows to air, (as a friend of mine saw him do)—the "Dreadnought" was the scene of these phases in the old man's career. This heavy old craft—she was a very dull sailer in her day—dodged many a weary day off Cadiz. Looking out of the ports at the peaceful shore here, in the Thames, one can fancy the dull monotonous ripple that broke on the admiral's ear as she floated heavily along. Perhaps not a fever-longing in any of her decks now, has more weary burning earnestness than his longing in those days for the enemy's fleet. It was Collingwood's close blockade which forced Villeneuve to sea to try his luck.—Collingwood left the "Dreadnought," for the "Royal Sovereign," ten days before Trafalgar—the "Royal Sovereign" being a better sailer—leaving the "Dreadnought," too, with the capacity of "firing three broadsides in three minutes and a half." This very prompt style of business must have come in very handily for Nelson's fleet just about two o'clock in the afternoon. The "Dreadnought" had seven killed and twenty-six wounded, and the maintop-sail yard shot away with a crash that one can imagine!

Pipp grows enthusiastic, wonders what has become of all the fellows who were in the "Dreadnought" that day, and speaks tenderly

of Collingwood's dog Bounce, who used to trot about these decks after his master. Meanwhile, I turn (being a man of business habits) to the Society's Report, and learn much useful information concerning the hospital. The thirtieth year of its existence ended in January of the present year. It was first established on board the "Grampus," which vessel was exchanged for the "Dreadnought" in 1831. It is open to sick and diseased seamen of all countries at all times. The number of patients admitted last year, was two thousand and ninety-five; that of out-patients, one thousand five hundred and twenty-eight. But perhaps it would give a better notion of the institution to deal with the sum of its usefulness from the first. The total number of patients received has been sixty-three thousand three hundred and forty-five. Of these, the British make up about fifty thousand. The Norwegians and Swedes are the next in point of number; after these, come Prussians, East and West Indians, and Americans; then Germans, Russians, Danes, Italians, and Portuguese; then Dutchmen, Spaniards, and Africans. The list, too, comprises one hundred and eighty-two South Sea Islanders, sixteen Turks, and thirty-eight Chinese, besides one hundred and eighty-one "born at sea;"—anomalous citizens of this planet, whom we defy any overseer going to keep to their proper parish. From all parts of the globe, you see, these poor fellows come to the "Dreadnought:" mankind has a family resemblance in disease, which in spite of their fightings, makes them brothers in pain. There, within the bulwarks originally built for the purpose of smashing mankind at large, they get tenderly doctored and nursed, and flannelled and gruelled, and almost petted, till they become once more able-bodied. Surely the gentle spirit of Collingwood might rejoice to watch his old ship turned into a place like this!

But now we determined to stroll round her, and see the arrangements. Descending the hatchway, you find yourself on the surgical deck—not the middle deck. I tell Pipp (who is obstinately nautical, as usual) this is a hospital—not a man-of-war—and that if he won't call it a hospital, to call it a man-of-peace. The gentleman who shows us everything so courteously, and at whose coming the eyes of these poor fellows brighten up cheerfully—is a surgeon—not a naval man at all. Did not we see the botanical collections in his cabin, which you, Pipp, if you had beheld them in the "Bustard," would have shamefully "chaffed?" All the rings and bolts are taken away from the port-holes. There is no capability of firing a [illegible]-two pounder. Where would you [illegible] the breeching [illegible]; where would you [illegible] the [illegible]? Then, the decks have [illegible] cut out [illegible] skylights, and [illegible] let the [illegible] air [illegible] flowing through; and [illegible] which diffuse a genial heat along the [illegible]. Pipp grins. And I observe fore-and-aft ten rows of little beds, each tenanted by its patient, and covered by its little brown coverlet. Above each hangs a little board, whereon is marked his diet, his name, time of admission, and so forth. Some are dozing languidly; some are reading papers; some are curiously inspecting tracts; some are simply peering out from their night-caps with the clear sad eyes of illness—the clear look that seems to go so far, and fare so ill. A black man leans up with his queer comic negro expression. Presently, we come to a bed, and see a young fellow with a cheerful enough face. "Amputation," says our guide, quietly, "at the ankle," and the patient cocks up a gutta percha contrivance at the end of the severed limb; grinning as if it was rather a joke than otherwise. So, we pass on "towards the bows," Pipp says, and visit the dispensary. A kind of trap-door on the deck of it opens, and we descend to the Museum. Here we behold a collection of skulls of all nations; a geographical Golgotha which is, to the ethnographer, of illimitable interest. Each skull is wrapped up in paper, and duly labelled.

We ascend again, and stroll round the decks, past two little boys who are playing drafts on a very primitive board. We visit the galley, where there is a roaring fire going on: we curiously watch a bluff dame, who proves to be one of the six nurses of the hospital.

By this time, it was getting dusk. A bell struck—Pipp was delighted to hear a ship's bell smote in the orthodox manner—only intelligible to the nautical or duly educated ear. He remarked that it was nearly the end of the second dog-watch. At this time, the medical officer, who had shown us so much attention, was about to go his round of visits. Would we accompany him? Certainly.

It was now dusk, and as we visited the medical deck, there was a dark gloom, in which the distant part of it was lost. A light, here and there, fell upon the white beds; and we started, accompanied by a youth in a red woollen handkerchief, bearing a lantern; the convalescent being expected, during their few final days on board, to make themselves variously useful. At each bed, where the case was an important one, the surgeon sat down, and chatted to the patient, as it were about a little business they had mutually in hand; comparing notes like partners in a transaction, and striking the balance of health and illness in a cheerful way. Well, Bliff, how's the pain in the chest? And Bliff narrates how it had shifted its position, rather with an air of quiet surprise, and ironical appeal to Æsculapius, as if the pain had no business to be doing anything so irregular as wander where the surgeon never told him to expect it. Then the brown brawny arm is held up for the pulse to be felt; down comes the ticket, and a [illegible] made. The heads pop up from the [illegible]

along: and there is generally an air of tranquil endurance about our nautical friends: they look upon illness as a certain work that they are engaged for—destiny being a skipper not to be mutinied against—and so wait.

One youth, with something between a grin and a blush, hints that milk diet is scarcely substantial enough for the existing state of his constitution, and receives an accession accordingly. Then we come to a brown fellow, who looks quite like an Englishman, but who is a Norwegian, and whose language is unintelligible. However, surgical tact joined to experience soon understands his case. The next patient is very, very far gone with consumption—he, poor fellow, asks for lime-juice; one is glad to think that there is still anything which can promise him pleasure here. We pass on, silent and thoughtful. Even severe illness does not damp the handsome Prussian in the neighbourhood, who seems comically excited at the bluff fat nurse, and grunts actively while that remarkable old woman tucks him up.

The darkness grows deeper; the breezes shiver on the night tide, and it is time to leave this huge hull, which looms so loftily through the dusk. One feels the emotion of relief at parting from this scene of pain and weariness—and feels it to be a somewhat ungrateful emotion—thinks how anxious everybody ought to be to aid an institution so valuable and so peculiar—an institution which appeals to what is best in the heart, and by so much that is attractive to the imagination.

THE CATALOGUE'S ACCOUNT OF ITSELF.

I am the Catalogue of the Great Exhibition. You are the Public. I intend to have some private talk with you, and pour into your ear the story of my early life.

Of a class of celebrated men there is a common saying, that

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

I, as a celebrated Catalogue, had much to go through with ere I learnt that which I teach now in the Illustrated edition, the official edition, the French edition, the German edition, and the twopenny edition. I call myself a celebrated Catalogue, and I consider myself a work of great importance. My father, the Exhibition, certainly begot in me an illustrious son, who shall hand down his name for the refreshment of posterity. My mother, the Committee, by whom I was brought forth, has, I think, been abundantly rewarded for her pains. There would have been a visible blank in the world's history if I had not been born.

[illegible] of business it is well known that my [illegible] of speaking is extremely terse; I'm none of your diffuse Catalogues that quote poetry out of unpublished manuscripts, or out of Scott, and have as many explanations to make as Ministers when Parliament is sitting, or as turtle-doves who have wounded one another's feelings, and desire to re-establish peace. I say a great deal, to be sure, but then there is a great deal in what I do say. This being my business habit, and which, as you know, fits me uncommonly tight, I feel it a relief now to throw off restraint, and wear something a little easier; something more flowing. In fact, I mean to flow out now into a tide of gossip; to pour into your ear, confidentially, a stream of information on the subject of my early life, and to unbend; if I may say so, to un-catalogue myself; to loosen myself from the accustomed bondage by which I am compelled to travel only on a certain path. Still it is possible that a confirmed business character, like mine, may slip into the old train. Fond of arithmetic by nature, Walkingame is Byron to me, and my Wordsworth is De Morgan. Should these facts peep out, and should my figures be Arabic, with less entertainment in them than some other Arabian things that might be mentioned, you must shrug your shoulders, and say, It's his way; for, after all, what is he but a Catalogue?

What but a Catalogue? No, don't say that, because it sounds a little like depreciation. Now, I cannot afford to be depreciated, because, as it is, my greatness is not fairly understood. Mr. Dando's appetite for oysters was large; but what would you say about Mr. Dando when you reached home after dining with that Major Cartwright, whose own notion of a dinner you will find put down in one of Southey's common-place books? Said he to the young poet, "I make only two cuts at a leg of mutton. The first, takes all that is on one side; the second, all that is on the other. After that, I put the bone across my knife to get the marrow."

The epic grandeur of Major Cartwright's dinner, with its two sublime cuts, would put out of your mind the lesser lyric of a Dando, though nineteen dozen of natives should give *éclat* to his performance. The clatter going on about that horrid Exhibition building keeps me, I fancy, too much unobserved. If I were to draw another parallel (the term is mathematical, but I am not yet in a state of De-Morganisation)—were I to draw another parallel, I should allude to the great mountain, Chimborazo, which is said in its first aspect to disappoint all travellers. The enormous magnitude of all surrounding features, dwarfs the chief feature to the mind; there are no Brighton Downs or Salisbury Plains at hand, as objects of comparison. Now, you have made a Chimborazo of the Exhibition, and it towers in Hyde Park, and you are astounded, and you do not look at the surrounding

elevations. Call the peak, Paxton, if you please; but, I tell you that this peak is the centre of a mountain system, which presents grand and bold heights to your view. Call me a mountain, and my peaks, if you will, you may call Ellis, Playfair, Yapp (my compilers), Clowes (my printer), and so forth. Never mind measuring comparative heights. Around Mont Blanc are many mountains; there are many large hills clustering round Snowden. One fool makes many; one wise man makes more: and one great fact creates around it generally other facts great in themselves, although less lofty than the centre around which they are collected. In this way I am great, and what I want to talk to you for now, is this: I want to have my greatness understood.

I shall begin by quoting from a high authority, namely, myself; and, when I say myself, I mean the Illustrated Catalogue. There I provide you with a little information, which I will repeat in a condensed form; and then, with as much modesty as is consistent with a proper self-respect, I shall have pride and pleasure in communicating to you some additional particulars. In the first place, you are aware that I am not one of your ordinary Catalogues; a list of books, or specimens already arranged; and ticketed, made in a quiet way by a gentleman who walks among the articles in dressing gown and slippers; then deliberately printed and revised in presence of the original articles which it is designed to comprehend. No, nothing of the sort. I was a Catalogue before the Crystal Palace was an Exhibition. From the north and the south, from the east and the west, my fragments were brought together in slips, and deposited by postmen at Hyde Park, in one party-coloured heap. Tah-tsi here, Shah Tishoo there, Sharps over the water, John Smith at the Antipodes, Oaweehoitoo in the Sandwich Islands, Monsieur Tonson of Provence, Jan Grubstik of Heinfettersdorf, Ben Israel, and Paskyvitnikoffsky, and fifteen thousand people more; —deliberately I say, fifteen thousand people, of all climes, all tempers, and all manner of hands at literary composition, had to be written to, and from each had to be received his modicum of "copy." Before the articles described were sent, or when they were upon the road, each contributor was applied to for his description of the articles he meant to send. Overwhelming might have been the eloquence of Shah Tishoo, descanting on his carpet; stupifying might have been the account given by Meinherr Grubstik of his case of pipe-heads. If no precaution had been used, I should have been even a more wonderful thing than I now am; but there would have [illegible] a something fearful in my composition. I should have been a monster like that chronicled in Frankenstein. To obviate [illegible] inconvenience, printed forms were supplied to the contributors. These forms, which were to be to the Catalogue what the manuscript of an author is to his proposed work, were framed with care, and were accompanied with instructions for filling them up, which suggested those points on which interesting or important information might be supplied, together with the descriptive account. There were four varieties, each appropriated to one of the four great sections of Raw Materials, Machinery, Manufactures, and Fine Arts. The essential characters of these forms were similar in each section, but the instructions for filling them up differed necessarily with the peculiar differences suggested by each section. The subjoined form represents that used in sending in descriptions of machinery, and is a type of those used in the other sections:—

"*List of Articles of* MACHINERY *to be exhibited by*

_______ Exhibitor's Surname. _______ Christian Name

_______ Country. _______ Address, stating nearest Post Town

_______ Capacity in which the Exhibitor appears, whether as *Producer*, *Importer*, *Manufacturer*, *Designer*, *Inventor*, or *Proprietor*.

No of Articles.	DESCRIPTIONS.

In order to facilitate their classification on being returned by exhibitors, the forms in the four different sections were printed in black, blue, red, and yellow, the latter applying to sculpture and fine art, the former to raw materials, and the intermediate ones respectively to machinery and manufactures. Every exhibitor was required to send in one of these forms, accompanied with a duplicate in every respect similar to it, and in so doing was supplied with a 'receipt for Catalogue forms,' which was a guarantee for the reception of his goods into the building." A very large number of these forms were printed and supplied to Local Committees, and to all exhibitors who applied for them; together with instructions for filling them up. These I omit. They are well-articulated skeletons on which to construct a succinct and sufficient description; general forms like the "Rules for taking Cases" given to medical students in many of our hospitals.

Of the two copies sent in, one was held by the Executive Committee; the other placed in the hands of the compiler, Mr. Yapp. The directions above specified, of course, did give a certain uniformity and a reasonably manageable character to the separate flakes of the great storm of description. It is also to be understood that many of the exhibitors neglected altogether, or postponed to the last minute, their answers; many answered in their own rambling way, with a [illegible]

of self-laudation; and many who endeavoured to comply with the desires of the Executive, made a sad mess of their descriptions, "unaccustomed as they were to public writing." These returned forms had then to be taken as they came, and referred to their respective classes. The classes were thirty in number, and the classifier was Dr. Lyon Playfair. The forms were then gone through in the compiler's office; all superfluous matter was as far as possible crossed out of them; knotty sentences were unravelled as far as time permitted, and bad grammar mended. The sending out of forms occupied several men for nearly a month, during which time they had folded, enclosed, and directed more than fifty thousand printed epistles. I am not quoting my Illustrated Edition now, but have begun to gossip, for I want to tell you a few odd things more in detail about my compilation. The most minute information, I know, is welcome, when it concerns any celebrated character. The office of my compiler was opened in the Building in Hyde Park, on the 21st of January, 1851, with a staff composed of the compiler-in-chief, and three *aides-de-plume*. After the lapse of a few weeks, this number was increased by one, and remained then fixed, until the middle of April, when it was further increased. Six individuals then worked on with occasional aid until the end of May; when five, or less, were found to be sufficient, and in the beginning of July all compilation duty ceased.

The returns of exhibitors from divers parts began to meet each other in the compiler's office towards the end of January. As they came, they were sorted into sections, and arranged alphabetically. Then they were re-examined to ascertain how many had neglected to bring duplicates; and duplicates were made in the office to supply all such deficiencies. For a third time, the returns were then examined, in order to compare them with a list of the proposed exhibitors; and not a few supernumerary papers, sent on speculation, were in this way detected and cast out. Then followed the grammatical revision; and, finally, the packet in each class had its contents numbered, and the numbers registered, before it passed out of the compiler's office, and into the office of the printer.

The first parcel reached the printer's on the 31st of January, and on the 31st of March, six thousand and ten returns (from exhibitors in Great Britain and Ireland) had been sent to be set up in type. After this time the printer was supplied at a more leisurely pace; and on the 22nd of April, the number of forms set up had advanced to six thousand two hundred and forty-one. The Colonial and Foreign returns were proceeded with simultaneously. Returns from the colonies were sent to press between the 6th of March and 21st of April; foreign returns between February 3rd and April 23rd, on which day the last fragment of my original manuscript was laid at the printer's door. The briskest of the foreign states, if we must judge by its promptitude in sending a return, was Tunis. The second parcel of foreign returns came from Lubeck, and the third from Switzerland. All the matter about which I have been speaking, was first printed for the Illustrated Edition of the public's humble servant, and kept set up in a fragmentary manner, until that work was revised for publication. Proof impressions, taken from these fragments, were sent to the gentleman charged with the scientific revision of the work, Mr. Robert Ellis, who allotted the various portions to the scientific annotators. For a few remarks upon those annotators, I must refer once more to the information given by my Illustrated self.

Of course, among the returned forms, there would not only be grammatical confusion to correct, but a large number of scientific blunders. Things would be falsely named; foreign scientific words would be inaccurately rendered, familiar objects of trade would be popularly expressed, and throughout the whole range of the Exhibition, a Catalogue supplied by thousands of people differently educated, would have no precision, uniformity, or coherence. There was a German once, named Feuerstein (flint), who went to French Canada. The Frenchmen there could make nothing of his outlandish name, so they translated it, and called him Gun-flint. The English occupied, after a time, that part of Canada, and as Gun-flint remained among them, he was again translated into Peter Gun. So you would have had in your Catalogue here, Feuerstein; there, Peter Gun; and never could have known them both to represent one and the same name. To obtain uniformity, therefore, the plan was adopted which I now quote:—

"A number of scientific gentlemen gave their consent to undertake the revision and correction of proofs of the returned forms in their peculiar departments, with a view to remove from them those errors which might present themselves, and to supply what might appear requisite to give prominence to their really important features. In addition to this, it appeared advisable, as critical observations were necessarily inadmissible, to relieve the tedium of mere description, and to assist in pointing out the leading features of interest in the objects described, or in direct relation with them, by appending, as the subjects of the proof suggested, such brief annotations as might appear best calculated to effect these objects.

"As a certain degree of harmony of procedure was considered absolutely necessary, in order to give a consistent character to such corrections and annotations, supplied as they would be from a variety of sources, a few suggestions of certain general principles were adopted, and as far as possible acted upon.

It is not necessary to reproduce the whole of these suggestions in their original form, but since it is important that exhibitors should be informed of the principles which, to a great extent, guided and determined the corrections and annotations which are found in this work, they are here subjoined." Attention was particularly directed to the suggestion, under the head "annotations," by which critical notices were strictly excluded from the annotations appended to the descriptions.

In sending about slips, many of them consisting of three or four lines cut out of other proofs, of course there arose danger of inextricable confusion when the little slips, or snips, should all come back again, and have to be re-arranged.

A simple method of ascertaining not merely the place in the Catalogue, but its entire history, its destination, annotator, and return, was, however, contrived, and the history of every proof has thus been accurately recorded. The information thus obtained was so accurate and precise, that on the temporary delay of very small proofs, their original destination was instantly discovered, together with the date of transmission, and the name of the annotator to whom they had been sent. Much punctuality characterised the return of the dismembered portions of this large volume. Had not such been the case, the original plan of scientific and technical revision could not have been persisted in.

But, while all this work was going on, I was being taught to speak in French and German, by gentlemen engaged especially for that purpose.

Furthermore, and finally, the slips of the large Catalogue, revised, annotated, and re-revised, were placed before the compiler, that he might condense each description into an average of about three lines, for the shilling, or "Official Catalogue." The reduction of the whole of the proofs of the British Exhibitors only, occupied the compiler, almost without any intermission, from the 24th of March to the 24th of April—just a month. The Foreign and Colonial portion was commenced on the 10th and finished on the 28th of April, so that the rough proof of the Catalogue was only completed two days before the opening of the Exhibition; fifty-two persons having been employed in the compiling and the annotating of these two English Catalogues.

It was not until all, or nearly all, the fragments were in the printer's hands, that the final numbering and arrangement could take place; so that, at the last moment, all my inside was twisted up and down. Classification this was called. The classification began at the printer's just before the arrival of the last corrected slips; and they came, as I told you, only two days before the Exhibition would be open, and the Catalogue would be demanded by the public. Woe be to the printer who should go to bed at such a crisis. The "Official Catalogue" was classified, made up, printed, and bound, in four days. The first perfect impression was only produced at ten o'clock at night upon the eve of the eventful opening. Ten thousand Catalogues, properly bound, were punctually delivered, at the building, on the morning of the 1st of May. The two copies presented to Her Majesty and to the Prince, that morning, elegantly bound in morocco, lined with silk, and with their edges gilt, had been bound, lined, and gilded in six hours. Now, perhaps, you do begin to wonder that you had a Catalogue at all upon the 1st of May, and are no longer surprised that, in that first edition, there were included descriptions of articles which the describers had neglected afterwards to send, or that the articles which had arrived, of unexpected bulk, or otherwise exceptionally, could not be placed properly in the building, according to the exact numerical order that had been established in the Catalogue. Most of the errors of my first edition are corrected in my second. Now I mean to tell you a few more things about myself, well calculated to excite your admiration.

My "Official" self makes three hundred and twenty pages, or twenty sheets of double foolscap folded into eight. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this having been printed; one hundred and five tons of paper have been consumed therein; and, upon this paper, the duty paid is one thousand four hundred and seventy pounds. The publications connected with the Catalogues, and the number of pages in each, are as follows:—

English, French, and German Catalogues	960
Descriptive and Illustrated ditto	1100
English and French Synopsis	192
Hunt's Handbooks	1000
Penny and Twopenny English and French Plans and Guides	18
Priced Lists	500
Advertisements	160
Jury Reports	750
Pages	5010

The new type of these publications is retained, set up for constant use and correction, and the weight of metal thus employed is fifty-two thousand pounds.

Up and down the courts of the Exhibition, I have been in the company of a good many people who have audibly voted me a bore. I trust that I shall not again have to complain of this. I contain the composition of some fifteen thousand authors; most of them authors for the first time, who have had their excrescences pruned, and their diction occasionally mended. Now, the first production of an author, if only three lines long, is usually esteemed by himself as a sort of Prince Rupert's drop, which is destroyed entirely if a person makes upon it but a single scratch. Some thousand authors, therefore, are dissatisfied with the attempts made to render me available for public use.

I say no more; having thus far indulged you with my confidence, I wrap myself in dignified reserve, conscious that I have told you quite enough to secure for myself your respect henceforward.

CHIPS.

A BUSH FIRE IN AUSTRALIA.

The following account of the Bush Fire which, in February last, desolated the whole country around Geelong, is extracted from the correspondence of a recent settler—a young man who is part owner of a farm in the district which suffered most. The letter is dated March 12th, 1851.

On Thursday, February 6th, I had my first introduction to one of the "small peculiarities" of Australian life; viz., a Bush Fire. The season had been unusually dry, and the grass, in consequence, ready to catch fire at the least spark. For some days we had seen the smoke of several fires around us, but none near enough to cause us any alarm. Thursday morning was intensely hot: there was a hot wind—a regular sirocco blowing. You cannot have the least idea of the heat here: one day, in Melbourne, I saw the thermometer standing at one hundred and forty-five degrees in the sun, and one hundred and five degrees in the shade!

About one o'clock on this said Thursday, a farmer named Rawlings, who lives about a mile and a half from us, sent a man to us for assistance. He said that a fire, which had begun at Lake Golar, a place twenty-five miles off, was rapidly approaching his house. Our next neighbour, Dent, myself, and two men who were putting up a hut near us, started off to render any help we could. When we came to Rawlings's farm, we found the fire had not yet reached it, so we went on to see which way it was coming. After walking half a mile, we saw it advancing in a red line through the grass, as fast as a man could run. From the direction of the wind, we thought it would avoid both ours and Rawlings's farm, so we stood for a considerable time watching it as it moved along in a line parallel to our road home. All of a sudden the wind shifted, and the fire came rushing up to where we were standing; the flames from the long grass rising more than eight feet high, and forming a line about a mile long.

As you may imagine, the only thing we could do was to run for it; and run we did, until we came to Rawlings's stacks of wheat. They were in a field surrounded by bush fences. These bush fences, I may explain, are made of felled trees, drawn into a line; the gaps being filled up with small branches. The fire caught the field at one corner, and ran up two sides of the fence like lightning; the flames rising and roaring in a manner which you town's-people can only imagine by picturing a whole street on fire at once. The smoke was so thick that, although only a few yards from the stacks, we could scarcely see them; and the lighted leaves came flying about us in a fiery shower. There was not a minute to lose; we were obliged once more to fly from our insatiable enemy, and, at the top of our speed, to run for our lives; for if the flames had run up the fence on another side of the field before we crossed it, we should have been surrounded by the fire, and smothered, if not burnt to death.

As it was, we reached the fence just in time, and succeeded in keeping a little in advance of the fire until we reached a road which runs on one side of Mr. Dent's ground, which is surrounded by bush fences the same as Rawlings's. Here we determined to make a stand and try to put out the fire, as the grass was short along the road; and we were reinforced by my partner and another man he had brought with him.

The way we manage to put out a Bush Fire when it runs through short grass, is to cut green boughs, to take them in our hands, and to beat out the flames as they advance up to the road. It seemed to me to be an almost impossible task to extinguish such a formidable fiery line with such puny engines as branches of trees; however, I set to work with the others, and we did succeed in stopping the fire for a quarter of a mile along the road. We were congratulating ourselves on our victory, when a spark from some half-extinguished grass flew across and set fire to Dent's fence. Here a renewal of our labours, with tenfold vigour, was necessary, and, fortunately, we were again successful; for the wind having lulled a little, we were able to prevent the fire from spreading by pulling down the fence on each side of it.

We thought we were safe at last; when, to our dismay, we saw another body of flame advancing in a straight line for the fence on the other side of Mr. Dent's ground. Off we started to meet this new aggression; and, after a hard fight, were again conquerors. By the time this was accomplished, we thought ourselves safe at last. It began to get dark, so we went home and had some tea, and then we commenced a perambulation of our ground, to see how far the conflagration had extended. We found that the two fires had joined below our own ground, so that it and Mr. Dent's formed an island in the midst of the fiery sea. During the whole night we could almost see to read by the light of the fires burning round us. In every direction there were trees blazing high up in the air, seeming like sentinels of the fiery army with which we had been contending all the afternoon. Towards morning some rain fell, which obviated any further danger of the flames spreading.

Next day we learnt that all the country between us and Geelong—about twelve miles—had been burnt; farm-houses, stacks, and everything; but fortunately only few persons

lost their lives. There had not been such an extensive fire since the colony was established.

THE STORY OF REINEKE THE FOX.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

SUMPTUOUS were the feasts at court, to which all animals were crowding, while Reineke the Fox was in his lair. And when the singing and the dancing, and the eating and the drinking, had continued for eight days, and the King sat at table beside the Queen, the Rabbit came before him, bleeding.

Sire! he exclaimed, and all of you, have pity on me! Rarely have you been told such murderous treachery as I have suffered now from Reineke. Yesterday morning, at about the sixth hour, I was on my way to this court, passing his castle Malepartus. There he sat at the door in a pilgrim's dress, reading, as it appeared to me, his morning prayers. When he saw me, he rose gently and advanced, I thought to give me greeting; but then suddenly he seized me with his paws, and clawed me so between the ears, that I believed my head was coming off. Luckily, I broke loose, and, being light, escaped from him, but left behind an ear. See how my head bleeds. Look at these four holes in my neck. You may imagine how near I was to death. Sire, who can travel to your court, if robbers thus are suffered to waylay your subjects?

Before he had done speaking, came the garrulous Crow, Merkenau, and said, Most noble King, I bring a sad story, but I don't think I can tell it you. I am not in a condition to say much, for my heart is breaking. O, such a pitiable thing has happened to me to-day! Sharpnebbe, my wife, and I, went out together early; Reineke lay there on the heath for dead. His eyes were twisted in his head, and his tongue hung out of his open mouth. Then I began to scream with affright. He did not come to life, and I screamed a lament for him; cried, Bless my soul! O dear me, dear me! O! alas, he is dead! how sorry I am! how much I am distressed! and said it all over again. My wife, too, sorrowed—we were both bemoaning him. I tapped about his belly and his head; my wife approached and listened near his chin, to hear if there were any breath; but no, we could have both sworn he was quite dead. Now hear the misfortune. In her sorrow, without thinking, Sharpnebbe put her bill upon the rascal's mouth; the monster noticed that, and snapped her head off. I won't mention how I was frightened. O dear me! dear me! I shrieked and shouted; then he darted after me and snapped. I flew away, and sat upon a tree. Alas! wherefore had I escaped? I saw my wife in the miscreant's claws; he had soon eaten the dear creature. He seemed to look for more—left not a darling bone for me to gather. When he was gone, I looked, and found nothing but blood and a few feathers—these I bring as testimonies of his crime. O have pity on us, sire! for if you let the traitor go, it will be said, There is no law, because there is no punishment.

Then Nobel the King was wroth and said—My wife persuaded me, but I am not the last who shall repent of following a woman's counsel. Decide now, barons, how this rascal shall be brought to judgment.

Isegrim and Bruin liked the royal speech, but dared not say a word themselves, because they saw the King was in a passion. At last the Queen said, Show less anger, if you wish to have your words thought weighty. Make no rash vow. Reineke has not been heard, and many an accuser would be silent were he here to explain his case. I thought Reineke prudent and sensible, though, to be sure, he causes scandal by his way of life. I seem to have been in error about him, but he certainly is clever as a councillor, and his connexions are important. You will not mend matters by precipitation. You are master; think deliberately, for you surely do whatever you resolve.

And the King said then, Why should I sit here waiting for him? I command you all to be prepared on the sixth day from this to follow me. I'll see the end of this. What say the honourable gentlemen? Get ready; come with harness on your backs; come with bows, spears, and other weapons. We will besiege Malepartus. We will peep into the inside of his castle. Thereupon all cried, We will obey.

Grimbart ran off to carry the intelligence to Reineke. He belied us at the Court, thought Grimbart, but he is the head of our family, a clever fellow, and we shall not hold our own without him.

So he reached the castle, where he found Reineke sitting outside, for he had just caught two young doves; they had ventured out of the nest, half-fledged, and fallen to the ground, where Reineke had snapped them up. Having seen Grimbart at a distance, he awaited him. Nephew, he said, nobody could be more welcome, but why do you run so fast? and you are wheezing. What news do you bring?—Grimbart replied, Uncomfortable news. The King has sworn to kill you. I beheld his wrath. In six days all his subjects are to meet him in arms before the walls of Malepartus. Isegrim and Bruin are his trusted favourites. Isegrim is his field-marshal. The Rabbit and the Crow came to complain of you. Ah, if the King gets you prisoner again, you have not long to live!—Is that all? said the Fox. I do not care a nut for that. Though the King's parliament had sworn to kill me three times over, I should still escape. They debate, and debate, and debate, but it is nothing that they do. Dear nephew, think no more about it, but come and see what I will give you. I have just caught these doves, young and fat; they are my favourite dish. They digest easily, they want no biting; and

the little bones, they are so sweet! they melt in the mouth, they are half blood, half milk. Light diet suits me, and my wife is of the same taste. Come in, then; she will greet us cheerfully; but do not tell her what you came about. The merest trifle troubles her, she takes things so to heart. To-morrow I shall go to Court with you; and then, dear nephew, I hope you will help me like a good relation.

My money and my life are at your service, said the Badger.—If I live long, said the Fox, I will reward your faithfulness.

So they both went in, and were received cheerfully by the mistress; she put before them what she had. They divided the doves and liked them, and each ate a full share; they could have eaten half-a-dozen more.

Reineke said to the Badger after dinner, Do you not admire my children? What do you think of Rossell and the little Reynard? They will establish our house; they give me delight from sunrise until sunset. So clever after hens; and you should see them dive for the young ducks! I would send them out oftener to hunt, but I must not neglect their education. Prudence and foresight they are to be taught, how to escape the snare, the huntsman, and the hound. When they have finished their education they shall go out into the world, and labour on their own accounts, and bring home wherewith to maintain their parents. Already they bite well, and their leap is certain.

Grimbart said, It is delightful to have children such as one desires, and who soon learn a business by which they can assist their parents. I am glad that they belong to my own family, and hope the best.—Suppose we go to bed, said Reineke, for all seem tired, Grimbart especially. And they lay down in the hall, upon the hay and leaves with which its floor was covered.

But Reineke remained awake because of his distress; the matter seemed to need good counsel, and the morning found him thinking still. And he rose from his litter and said to his wife, Do not concern yourself; Grimbart has invited me to go with him to Court; do you stop quietly at home. If anybody asks for me, you will know what to say, and you can take care of the castle.

And Dame Ermelyn said, I think it strange that you should venture back to Court, where so much evil is thought of you. Are you obliged to go? I do not understand: think of the past!—Certainly, said Reineke, that was no joking matter; my enemies were many and my trouble great; but many things take place under the sun. One thing and another happens unexpectedly, and he who thinks to have a thing suddenly misses it. So let me go, for I have business to do. Be calm, now, I entreat you; there is nothing to distress yourself about. Be patient, and if possible, in five or six days, darling, you will see me here again. So he set out for the Court, together with Grimbart the Badger.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Grimbart and Reineke went straight across the heath, towards the royal palace. Reineke said:—Happen what may, this time I feel that I am going to good fortune. Dear nephew, I have committed some more sins since I last made confession. Listen to me.—And thereupon he told, with great delight, of one more prank that he had played upon the wolf.—There, nephew, I have made confession; now teach me how to obtain pardon.

Grimbart said: I find you laden with fresh sins. They follow at your heels, and you have no time to escape them; for I fear you are near death. Lest, therefore, they overtake you suddenly, I now absolve you from them. Ah, you will not be forgiven for the Hare and Bird, when you come before the King. How could you behave so rashly?—Pooh! said Reineke, one has to make one's own way in the world. One can't behave as in a monastery. He who sells honey licks his fingers, now and then. Lampe took my fancy; he frisked up and down before my eyes; his fat little body tickled me; and I put love aside. As for Belline, what trouble his stupidity had given me! Well; dead is dead, as you say. We will change the subject.

Reineke then began to show how the King was himself a robber, and his lords were robbers, and the Fox was only persecuted for his want of privilege. Reineke then dilated disrespectfully upon the shortcomings of the priests, and counted priestcraft as more hurtful than the craft of foxes.

Uncle, the Badger said, I find it strange that you confess the sins of other people, when you have so many of your own to think of.

So they came near the Court, and met Martin the Ape travelling out as a pilgrim. They stopped by the way, and Reineke had conversation with him. Reineke told how he was persecuted by his enemies; and being under ban, was yet afraid to go to Rome, and leave his family in Bruin's neighbourhood. Martin enlightened Reineke upon the practice of the Church at Rome, and having himself great interest with the Pope, promised to get the Fox his absolution; yes, and put an interdict over the King and all his nation, if they should behave ill to his ancient crony. For the Foxes and the Apes were always friends, and forgiveness of sins, with all such matters, could be negotiated better, in fact, by any well-disposed third party.

Reineke the Fox thanked Martin for his consolation, and they parted. Reineke, with no companion but Grimbart the Badger, travelled on to Court, where war was being planned against him.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

Having arrived at Court, Reineke knelt cheerfully before the throne honouring the King, flattering the Queen; and all the courtiers pressed round, astonished at his boldness. But the King was fierce, and not

to be appeased so easily. Reineke said, My cousin Martin, who is trusted by the bishop, has engaged to get for me my absolution from the Pope. My pilgrimage was needless, therefore. Then he rebutted, with feigned tales, the accusation of the Rabbit, and the story of the Crow. Finally, he defied all his accusers, and offered to put his just cause to the test of a judicial combat. The Rabbit and the Crow then left the Court, and the King cried, Where are the accusers? All shunned a wordy warfare with the Fox, and Reineke was triumphing; but the King arose wrathfully, and spoke of Lampe's murder and the execution of Belline

Reineke said, What do I hear? Is Lampe dead, and is Belline no more? Alas! I lose a treasure with them; precious gifts of which they were the bearers to your Majesty and to the Queen. Who could have believed that the Ram would murder Lampe to commit a robbery upon his King? Alas, this world is full of danger and deceit!

The King did not listen to Reineke, but retired, incensed, into his chamber, where the Queen was closeted with the Ape's wife, Dame Ruckenau. Dame Ruckenau, pleading for Reineke, reminded their majesties of his ability, and of his wise decision in a certain contest between a serpent and a countryman. The King, a little soothed, returned into the judgment chamber, still threatening the Fox with death. Reineke regretted, eloquently, the lost gifts, which, if he were free, he would live only to recover.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

Reineke proceeded, with a minuteness that appeared like truth, to describe these gifts. To his majesty there had been sent a ring, on which were mystic letters, which only Abryon the Jew of Treves could read. He who wore it could not suffer cold or hunger; could not be defeated in a contest; could not be hated by a beholder; know no darkness; and could not suffer by water or by fire. Many more magic virtues the ring had. There was a comb, also, with a looking-glass, intended for the Queen. The wonders of the comb and looking-glass, as Reineke described them, were yet greater than the wonders of the ring. Moreover, pictures were engraved upon each, and Reineke told the fables appertaining to them; so that he made a very long speech. He also reminded the King of services performed by his father as court-physician.—As for your father's services, replied his Majesty, they were rendered so long ago that they have escaped my memory. But what good did I ever have from you?

Reineke had an answer ready, and narrated another story, in which Isegrim the Wolf figured disreputably. Justice must take its course, the King said; your accusers must come forward. But the accusers dared not match their truth against the Fox's cunning. Reineke would have been set free to make search for the missing property, if Isegrim had not stepped forward to defy the rascal.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

Isegrim narrated at length another pitiful tale of what he, with his wife Greremund, had suffered from Reineke. The answer of the Fox was ready; and, again, he turned his own misdeeds to merits, and threw back disgrace on his accusers Greremund told another tale; and the Fox made another explanation. Isegrim cried, We can get nothing by this wordy combat. Right is right, and will maintain itself. You are a liar, Fox; a murderer, a traitor, and a thief. I challenge you to fight.—He has lost his fore claws, thought Reineke, who said, I will accept your challenge.—The King received bail for the appearance of the combatants, and ordered lists to be prepared for judicial combat.

During the night, the friends of Reineke surrounded him, and Dame Ruckenau spoke comfortable words; she gave him good advice, and, shaving his whole body, anointed the plump Reineke with oil and fat. In the morning came the Otter and Badger to arouse their kinsman, and brought with them a young duck for his breakfast. Reineke breakfasted at ease, and walked to the lists surrounded by his relatives.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

The King laughed beyond measure when he saw the smooth body of Reineke; the Wolf was present with his friends, who, with many threats and angry words, prayed for an evil end of the Fox. The priests approached to swear the combatants. Each swore that he was true in everything, that the other was in everything false. They were then left in the lists together, and the whole assembly eagerly looked on.

Isegrim attacked fiercely; Reineke ran against the wind, and scratched up dust into his pursuer's eyes. In every way he sought to blind his adversary; to scratch and bite about him when his eyes were full of dust. One eye he tore out of the socket. The fight went on. Reineke began to shout, after the manner of ancient heroes, shame against his antagonist, and to exult in victory, when Isegrim put forth desperate strength, and overthrowing the Fox, held one of his fore-feet between his teeth. Yield, recreant! muttered the Wolf out of his throat.—Reineke saw no hope, and softly promised that, if Isegrim released his hold, he would acknowledge him the victor, be his serf, and fetch his family to kneel before the Wolf. All ducks, and geese, and fishes, that he caught thereafter, he would catch for Isegrim alone. Much more he promised; but the Wolf refused to be a dupe, and would have made an end to the whole battle, if Reineke had not, at that moment, fixed his other claw into a tender part of the Wolf's skin. Isegrim shrieked with open mouth, and Reineke drew out his foot. With two paws he increased, the torture of his

enemy They rolled together, and blood flowed in a stream from the Wolf's head. His friends raised a lament, and prayed the King to put an end to the contention; so the combat ceased, and Reineke remained victorious.

Reineke was then surrounded by his friends, and those who, yesterday, were his accusers, now brought flutes and trumpets, to make music before him, and display their love. For it is so among animals. Nobel the King declared that Reineke had freed him from all attaint, and, calling for the great seal, made him on the spot High Chancellor. In glory, Reineke returned to Malepartus, followed by a long train of admirers, to delight Dame Ermelyn and his two children. In a dark chamber, Grermund remained to pour oil on the wounds of the forgotten Isegrim.

So the Fox came to honour. From readings in "Buffon," we deduce, however, an important fact, that Foxes, after all, form but a small group in the great picture of the world.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF PETER CAREWE.

The Lyffe of Sir Peter Carewe, late of Mohonese Otrey, in the countie of Devon, Knyghte, whoe dyed at Rosse, in Irelande, the 27th of November, 1575, was read to the Society of Antiquaries of London, November 29th, 1838. At that reading, the yawning must have been terrific—the sleep profound. This 'Lyffe'—"collected by John Vowell, al's Hoker, of the Cetie of Excester, Gent., partly upon the credyble reporte of others, and partly which he sawe and knewe hyme selffe"—occupies fifty-eight quarto pages of the twenty-eighth volume of the "Archæologia." The world might have remained profoundly ignorant of the doings of Sir Peter Carewe, but for the exhumation of this MS. of John Vowell; and in truth this "Lyffe" might have shared the common fate of antiquarian discoveries—a digging-up, and a re-interment—had there not been some lasting and general interest in the narrative. The early history of Peter Carewe is a remarkable example of ancient educational discipline. His story comes unbidden before us, when we think that "wisdom doth live with children round her knees"—loving, and beloved. What was the daily life of a child in the days of Henry the Eighth? Shadow of Peter Carewe, instruct us!

About the year 1526, there is stir in the household of Thomas Hunte, draper, and Alderman of Exeter. Peter, a son of the worshipful Sir William Carewe is expected to arrive, in charge of a faithful servant of the house, from Mohones Otrey. He is to lodge with Thomas Hunte, and daily to attend the grammar-school of the city. "Wife," says the alderman, "this is a heavy charge; the boy, I am given to know, is pert and forward. He is the youngest son, and his father looks to his learning to bring him to some advancement. Sir William is a hard man. This is a heavy charge."

The boy comes on horseback, the servant having a leading rein, greatly to Peter's annoyance. They stop at the draper's threshold. It is a mean wooden house; but well stocked with West of England stuffs. "Welcome, young sir," quoth the draper's wife. "I am commanded by Sir William," says the servant, "to require you to keep a close eye upon my young master. You are to stand in the place of his father, Master Hunte. He must have no rude companions; he must go straight from your house to the school, and from the school to your house. If he be truant, flog him!" With this solace was Peter Carewe confided to the alderman.

We see the shadow of poor Peter in the grammar-school. One Freer is master; he is counted to be a very hard and a cruel master. Daily is that unhappy boy lacerated; no stripes can move him to learn. He sits doggedly with the open page of "Syntaxis" before him; but he will make no agreement between the nominative case and the verb. The noontide meal of John Hunte is by him neglected; he is off to the pleasant fields that lie around the city. He hath a book of ballads in his vest, which tells of the "actes and faits" of chivalry—of the knight's prowess, and the lady's love. Hunte in vain lectures—Freer in vain flogs. At last "he would never keep his school, but is daily truant, and always ranging." On a certain day good Thomas Hunte is seriously alarmed—the boy has been missing through a summer's morning, noon, and eve. The alderman hath sent abroad to seek him, and, as twilight approaches, goes forth himself. Behind a buttress of the city-wall is Peter hiding. "Oh, varlet!" cries the furious draper, "have I caught you?" "Not yet," replies the truant. The boy climbs the wall—he looks out from the top of the high turret: "Let me be! Keep down! If you press upon me, I will surely cast myself headlong over the wall, and then I shall break my neck; and thou shalt be hanged, because thou makest me to leap down."

In a few days after, there is a strange sight in the streets of Exeter. Sir William Carewe has once more sat in the draper's best room. The boy stands trembling before him. No word is spoken between father and son; a servant is in the back-ground, with a chain and a collar. "Bind him," is the one brief command. Through the streets of Exeter is the rebellious boy carried about, as one of his father's hounds; "and they lead him home to Mohones Otrey, like a dog." The degradation does not end, when the boy enters the house of his ancestors in this bestial guise. Does the pitying mother intercede for her youngest child? If she does—and we see a dim shadow of a lady kneeling before a silent husband—that intercession is bootless. Peter Carewe abides in a filthy outhouse, coupled to a hound.

Violent remedies must necessarily be brief.

Peter Carewe and the hound part company. Another proof of the rebellious boy is to be made. He sits upon a form in St. Paul's School, but he is still "more desirous of liberty than of learning; and do the schoolmaster what he would, he in no wise can frame the young Peter to smell to a book, or to like of any schooling." The father again comes to town. The sensible schoolmaster persuades him to put his son to some active employ. In Paul's Walk is Sir William musing; the boy standing in awe behind him. Sir William there meets with an old friend, then serving in the French court. This friend offers to take the boy as a page, and use him like a gentleman, and do as much for him as if he were his own child. The offer is accepted. The father is rid of his troublesome son—the son is freed from the terror of his father.

Peter Carewe is for some time caressed by his new friend. He has gay clothes—feeds well—partakes of courtly exercises. And yet Peter is ill at ease. He is little suited for routine duties. He sinks, gradually, from the hall to the stable. His fine apparel is worn and spent. His master will provide him no more. He becomes "a mulet, to attend his master's mules, and so in the order of a mulet did attend and serve his master. Howbeit, the young boy, having by these means some liberty, is contented with his estate." Oh, Peter! we see thy shadow, as thou art roystering with thy brother mulets—learning their uncourtly language, treasuring up their low experiences, but at length doing something useful. Thou hast work to do, and thou dost it. Thy real education is beginning. Thou hast hours of leisure, and then thou learnest many a virelay, and art merry in the dance; and thou readest, for delight, and not at another's command—thou readest Froissart and Comines;—gradually thou lookest back with shame on thy past obduracy. We see thy shadow weeping, for thou art thinking of thy mother.

There is a gentleman come with letters of commendation from Henry the Eighth to Francis the First, and he is received of the French King, and has a charge of horse given him. It is John Carewe, of Hacoombe, a kinsman to Sir William Carewe. He is riding to the court, and, coming before the court-gate, where there are sundry lackeys and horse-boys playing together, he hears a boy call out "Carewe Angloys! Carewe Angloys!"—"Which is Carewe Angloys?" says John Carewe, of Hacoombe. Come forth, our Peter! Thou art evil apparelled, thy clothes are all to-ragged and very simple, the stains of the stable are upon thee. Who art thou?—"I am the youngest son of Sir William Carewe, of Devon, Knight. My name is Peter. I offended my father, who sent me here to be a page. My master was not pleased with me, and I am now a poor mulet."—"Thou injured boy, I will be to thee as a father."

Peter Carewe is now a willing scholar. Kindness, which opened his heart, has fashioned his intellect. His kinsman and the bold boy have no break in their affections. They march together in the army which Francis the First sends against Charles the Fifth. On the march, John Carewe dies; but Peter is not desolate. He has made friends. The Marquis of Saluces takes him into his company. At the Siege of Pavia, Francis the First is taken prisoner, the Marquis is slain, the French army is scattered. In his rough career Peter has attained that practical wisdom which the school of Exeter might have failed to teach him. He has learnt to act for himself. He goes boldly to the Emperor's camp; and becomes a favourite with the Prince of Orange. The boy that was coupled with a hound is grown into a young man, "so honest in his conditions, so courteous in his behaviour, so forward in all honest exercises, and especially in all prowess and virtue, that he has stolen the hearts and gained the love of all persons unto him, and especially of the Princess."

A few years pass on, and Peter Carewe is in England. He has come with letters from the Princess of Orange to the Court of Henry the Eighth. He is taken at once into favour; for young Carewe "has not only the French tongue, which is as natural to him as his own English tongue, but he is very witty, and full of life." And so, he is—first a henchman, and then one of the Privy Chamber. But Peter has natural longings, which hard usage has not extinguished. He asks permission to make a journey; and he sets forth with a goodly company of attendants.

Sir William and Lady Carewe are sitting alone, in a parlour of their manor-house of Mohones Otrey. There is a trampling of horse without. In a few minutes the door is opened; and a gentleman, dressed in all the costly luxury of the period, and surrounded with the gayest of followers, falls upon his knees. "My father, my mother, your blessing!" He holds out a letter. Sir William is dumb with surprise; he with difficulty whispers to his wife, "It is Peter Carewe!"—"No—no—my poor Peter is dead and forlorn." "Mother, father, it is indeed your Peter!"

Thus, leave we the shadow of Peter Carewe. Of his after worth and greatness let the record of Master Vowell suffice. He did creditable things on land and at sea. The latter chivalry produced many such heroes. His shadow never comes before us in its panoply of loyalty and valour. But we have seen him, in an idle hour, as he is described by his biographer:—"The King himself being much delighted to sing, and Sir Peter Carewe having a pleasant voice, the King would very often use him to sing with him certain songs they call *fremen* * songs, as namely, 'By the bank as I lay,' and 'As I walked the wood so wild.'"

* Query—threemen? The "three-man-song" of "The Winter's Tale."

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A FLIGHT.

WHEN Don Diego de—I forget his name—the inventor of the last new Flying Machines, price so many francs for ladies, so many more for gentlemen—when Don Diego, by permission of Deputy Chaff Wax and his noble band, shall have taken out a Patent for the Queen's dominions, and shall have opened a commodious Warehouse in an airy situation; and when all persons of any gentility will keep at least a pair of wings, and be seen skimming about in every direction; I shall take a flight to Paris (as I soar round the world) in a cheap and independent manner. At present, my reliance is on the South Eastern Railway Company, in whose Express Train here I sit, at eight of the clock on a very hot morning, under the very hot roof of the Terminus at London Bridge, in danger of being "forced" like a cucumber or a melon, or a pine apple—And talking of pine apples, I suppose there never were so many pine apples in a Train as there appear to be in this Train.

Whew! The hot-house air is faint with pine-apples. Every French citizen or citizeness is carrying pine-apples home. The compact little Enchantress in the corner of my carriage (French actress, to whom I yielded up my heart under the auspices of that brave child, "MEAT-CHELL," at the Saint James's Theatre the night before last) has a pine-apple in her lap. Compact Enchantress's friend, confidante, mother, mystery, Heaven knows what, has two pine-apples in her lap, and a bundle of them under the seat. Tobacco-smoky Frenchman in Algerine wrapper, with peaked hood behind, who might be Abd-el-Kader dyed rifle-green, and who seems to be dressed entirely in dirt and braid, carries pine-apples in a covered basket. Tall, grave, melancholy Frenchman, with black Vandyke beard, and hair close-cropped, with expansive chest to waistcoat, and compressive waist to coat: saturnine as to his pantaloons, calm as to his feminine boots, precious as to his jewellery, smooth and white as to his linen: dark-eyed, high-foreheaded, hawk-nosed—got up, one thinks, like Lucifer or Mephistopheles, or Zamiel, transformed into a highly genteel Parisian—has the green end of a pine-apple sticking out of his neat valise.

Whew! If I were to be kept here long, under this forcing-frame, I wonder what would become of me—whether I should be forced into a giant, or should sprout or blow into some other phenomenon! Compact Enchantress is not ruffled by the heat—she is always composed, always compact. O look at her little ribbons, frills, and edges, at her shawl, at her gloves, at her hair, at her bracelets, at her bonnet, at everything about her! How is it accomplished? What does she do to be so neat? How is it that every trifle she wears, belongs to her, and cannot choose but be a part of her? And even Mystery, look at *her!* A model. Mystery is not young, not pretty, though still of an average candle-light passability; but she does such miracles in her own behalf, that, one of these days, when she dies, they'll be amazed to find an old woman in her bed, distantly like her. She was an actress once, I shouldn't wonder, and had a Mystery attendant on herself. Perhaps, Compact Enchantress will live to be a Mystery, and to wait with a shawl at the side scenes, and to sit opposite to Mademoiselle in railway carriages, and smile and talk subserviently, as Mystery does now. That's hard to believe!

Two Englishmen, and now our carriage is full. First Englishman, in the monied interest—flushed—highly respectable—Stock Exchange, perhaps—City, certainly. Faculties of second Englishman entirely absorbed in hurry. Plunges into the carriage, blind. Calls out of window concerning his luggage, deaf. Suffocates himself under pillows of great coats, for no reason, and in a demented manner. Will receive no assurance from any porter whatsoever. Is stout and hot, and wipes his head, and makes himself hotter by breathing so hard. Is totally incredulous respecting assurance of Collected Guard that "there's no hurry." No hurry! And a Flight to Paris in eleven hours!

It is all one to me in this drowsy corner, hurry or no hurry. Until Don Diego shall send home my wings, my flight is with the South Eastern Company. I can fly with the South Eastern, more lazily, at all events, than in the upper air. I have but to sit here thinking as idly as I please, and be whisked away. I am not accountable to anybody for the idleness of my thoughts in such an idle

summer flight; my flight is provided for by the South Eastern, and is no business of mine.

The bell! With all my heart. It does not require *me* to do so much as even to flap my wings. Something snorts for me, something shrieks for me, something proclaims to everything else that it had better keep out of my way,—and away I go.

Ah! The fresh air is pleasant after the forcing-frame, though it does blow over these interminable streets, and scatter the smoke of this vast wilderness of chimneys. Here we are—no, I mean there we were, for it has darted far into the rear—in Bermondsey where the tanners live. Flash! The distant shipping in the Thames is gone. Whirr! The little streets of new brick and red tile, with here and there a flagstaff growing like a tall weed out of the scarlet beans, and, everywhere, plenty of open sewer and ditch for the promotion of the public health, have been fired off in a volley. Whizz! Dustheaps, market-gardens, and waste grounds. Rattle! New Cross Station. Shock! There we were at Croydon. Bur-r-r-r! The tunnel.

I wonder why it is that when I shut my eyes in a tunnel I begin to feel as if I were going at an Express pace the other way. I am clearly going back to London, now. Compact Enchantress must have forgotten something, and reversed the engine. No! After long darkness, pale fitful streaks of light appear. I am still flying on for Folkestone. The streaks grow stronger—become continuous—become the ghost of day—become the living day—became I mean—the tunnel is miles and miles away, and here I fly through sunlight, all among the harvest and the Kentish hops.

There is a dreamy pleasure in this flying. I wonder where it was, and when it was, that we exploded, blew into space somehow, a Parliamentary Train, with a crowd of heads and faces looking at us out of cages, and some hats waving. Monied Interest says it was at Reigate Station. Expounds to Mystery how Reigate Station is so many miles from London, which Mystery again develops to Compact Enchantress. There might be neither a Reigate nor a London for me, as I fly away among the Kentish hops and harvest. What do *I* care!

Bang! We have let another Station off, and fly away regardless. Everything is flying. The hop gardens turn gracefully towards me, presenting regular avenues of hops in rapid flight, then whirl away. So do the pools and rushes, haystacks, sheep, clover in full bloom delicious to the sight and smell, corn-sheaves, cherry-orchards, apple-orchards, reapers, gleaners, hedges, gates, fields that taper off into little angular corners, cottages, gardens, now and then a church. Bang, bang! A double-barrelled Station! Now a wood, now a bridge, now a landscape, now a cutting, now a——Bang! a single-barrelled Station—there was a cricket match somewhere with two white tents, and then four flying cows, then turnips—now, the wires of the electric telegraph are all alive, and spin, and blurr their edges, and go up and down, and make the intervals between each other most irregular: contracting and expanding in the strangest manner. Now we slacken. With a screwing, and a grinding, and a smell of water thrown on ashes, now we stop!

Demented Traveller, who has been for two or three minutes watchful, clutches his great coats, plunges at the door, rattles it, cries "Hi!" eager to embark on board of impossible packets, far inland. Collected Guard appears. "Are you for Tunbridge, Sir?" "Tunbridge? No. Paris." "Plenty of time, Sir. No hurry. Five minutes here, Sir, for refreshment." I am so blest (anticipating Zamiel, by half a second) as to procure a glass of water for Compact Enchantress.

Who would suppose we had been flying at such a rate, and shall take wing again directly? Refreshment-room full, platform full, porter with watering-pot deliberately cooling a hot wheel, another porter with equal deliberation helping the rest of the wheels bountifully to ice cream. Monied Interest and I re-entering the carriage first, and being there alone, he intimates to me that the French are "no go" as a Nation. I ask why? He says, that Reign of Terror of theirs was quite enough. I ventured to inquire whether he remembers anything that preceded said Reign of Terror? He says, not particularly. "Because," I remark, "the harvest that is reaped, has sometimes been sown." Monied Interest repeats, as quite enough for him, that the French are revolutionary, "—and always at it."

Bell. Compact Enchantress, helped in by Zamiel, (whom the stars confound!) gives us her charming little side-box look, and smites me to the core. Mystery eating sponge-cake. Pine-apple atmosphere faintly tinged with suspicions of sherry. Demented Traveller flits past the carriage, looking for it. Is blind with agitation, and can't see it. Seems singled out by Destiny to be the only unhappy creature in the flight, who has any cause to hurry himself. Is nearly left behind. Is seized by Collected Guard after the Train is in motion, and bundled in. Still, has lingering suspicions that there must be a boat in the neighbourhood, and *will* look wildly out of window for it.

Flight resumed. Corn-sheaves, hop-gardens, reapers, gleaners, apple orchards, cherry orchards, Stations single and double-barrelled, Ashford. Compact Enchantress (constantly talking to Mystery, in an exquisite manner) gives a little scream; a sound that seems to come from high up in her precious little head; from behind her bright little eyebrows. "Great Heaven, my pine-apple! My Angel! It is lost!" Mystery is desolated. A search made. It is not lost. Zamiel finds it. I curse him (flying) in the Persian manner. May his

face be turned upside down, and jackasses sit upon his uncle's grave!

Now fresher air, now glimpses of unenclosed Down-land with flapping crows flying over it whom we soon outfly, now the Sea, now Folkestone at a quarter after ten. "Tickets ready, gentlemen!" Demented dashes at the door. "For Paris, Sir? No hurry."

Not the least. We are dropped slowly down to the Port, and sidle to and fro (the whole Train) before the insensible Royal George Hotel, for some ten minutes. The Royal George takes no more heed of us than its namesake under water at Spithead, or under earth at Windsor, does. The Royal George's dog lies winking and blinking at us, without taking the trouble to sit up; and the Royal George's "wedding party" at the open window (who seem, I must say, rather tired of bliss) don't bestow a solitary glance upon us, flying thus to Paris in eleven hours. The first gentleman in Folkestone is evidently used up, on this subject.

Meanwhile, Demented chafes. Conceives that every man's hand is against him, and exerting itself to prevent his getting to Paris. Refuses consolation. Rattles door. Sees smoke on the horizon, and "knows" it's the boat gone without him. Monied Interest resentfully explains that *he* is going to Paris too. Demented signifies that if Monied Interest chooses to be left behind, *he* don't.

"Refreshments in the Waiting-Room, ladies and gentlemen. No hurry, ladies and gentlemen, for Paris. No hurry whatever!"

Twenty minutes' pause, by Folkestone clock, for looking at Enchantress while she eats a sandwich, and at Mystery while she eats of everything there that is eatable, from pork-pie, sausage, jam, and gooseberries, to lumps of sugar. All this time, there is a very waterfall of luggage, with a spray of dust, tumbling slantwise from the pier into the steamboat. All this time, Demented (who has no business with it) watches it with starting eyes, fiercely requiring to be shown *his* luggage. When it at last concludes the cataract, he rushes hotly to refresh—is shouted after, pursued, jostled, brought back, pitched into the departing steamer upside down, and caught by mariners disgracefully.

A lovely harvest day, a cloudless sky, a tranquil sea. The piston-rods of the engines so regularly coming up from below, to look (as well they may) at the bright weather, and so regularly almost knocking their iron heads against the cross beam of the skylight, and never doing it! Another Parisian actress is on board, attended by another Mystery. Compact Enchantress greets her sister artist—Oh, the Compact One's pretty teeth!—and Mystery greets Mystery. *My* Mystery soon ceases to be conversational—is taken poorly, in a word, having lunched too miscellaneously—and goes below. The remaining Mystery then smiles upon the sister artists (who, I am afraid, wouldn't greatly mind stabbing each other), and is upon the whole ravished.

And now I find that all the French people on board begin to grow, and all the English people to shrink. The French are nearing home, and shaking off a disadvantage, whereas we are shaking it on. Zamiel is the same man, and Abd-el-Kader is the same man, but each seems to come into possession of an indescribable confidence that departs from us—from Monied Interest, for instance, and from me. Just what they gain, we lose. Certain British "Gents" about the steersman, intellectually nurtured at home on parody of everything and truth of nothing, become subdued, and in a manner forlorn; and when the steersman tells them (not unexultingly) how he has "been upon this station now eight year, and never see the old town of Bullun yet," one of them, with an imbecile reliance on a reed, asks him what he considers to be the best hotel in Paris?

Now, I tread upon French ground, and am greeted by the three charming words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, painted up (in letters a little too thin for their height) on the Custom-House wall—also by the sight of large cocked hats, without which demonstrative head-gear nothing of a public nature can be done upon this soil. All the rabid Hotel population of Boulogne howl and shriek outside a distant barrier, frantic to get at us. Demented, by some unlucky means peculiar to himself, is delivered over to their fury, and is presently seen struggling in a whirlpool of Touters—is somehow understood to be going to Paris—is, with infinite noise, rescued by two cocked hats, and brought into Custom-House bondage with the rest of us.

Here, I resign the active duties of life to an eager being, of preternatural sharpness, with a shelving forehead and a shabby snuff-colored coat, who (from the wharf) brought me down with his eye before the boat came into port. He darts upon my luggage, on the floor where all the luggage is strewn like a wreck at the bottom of the great deep; gets it proclaimed and weighed as the property of "Monsieur a traveller unknown;" pays certain francs for it, to a certain functionary behind a Pigeon Hole, like a pay-box at a Theatre (the arrangements in general are on a wholesale scale, half military and half theatrical); and I suppose I shall find it when I come to Paris—he says I shall. I know nothing about it, except that I pay him his small fee, and pocket the ticket he gives me, and sit upon a counter, involved in the general distraction.

Railway station. "Lunch or dinner, ladies and gentlemen. Plenty of time for Paris. Plenty of time!" Large hall, long counter, long strips of dining-table, bottles of wine, plates of meat, roast chickens, little loaves of bread, basins of soup, little caraffes of brandy, cakes, and fruit. Comfortably restored from these resources, I begin to fly again.

I saw Zamiel (before I took wing) presented to Compact Enchantress and Sister Artist, by an officer in uniform, with a waist like a wasp's, and pantaloons like two balloons. They all got into the next carriage together, accompanied by the two Mysteries. They laughed. I am alone in the carriage (for I don't consider Demented anybody) and alone in the world.

Fields, windmills, low grounds, pollard-trees, windmills, fields, fortifications, Abbeville, soldiering and drumming. I wonder where England is, and when I was there last—about two years ago, I should say. Flying in and out among these trenches and batteries, skimming the clattering drawbridges, looking down into the stagnant ditches, I become a prisoner of state, escaping. I am confined with a comrade in a fortress. Our room is in an upper story. We have tried to get up the chimney, but there's an iron grating across it, imbedded in the masonry. After months of labour, we have worked the grating loose with the poker, and can lift it up. We have also made a hook, and twisted our rugs and blankets into ropes. Our plan is, to go up the chimney, hook our ropes to the top, descend hand over hand upon the roof of the guard-house far below, shake the hook loose, watch the opportunity of the sentinel's pacing away, hook again, drop into the ditch, swim across it, creep into the shelter of the wood. The time is come—a wild and stormy night. We are up the chimney, we are on the guard-house roof, we are swimming in the murky ditch, when, lo! "Qui v'là?" a bugle, the alarm, a crash! What is it? Death? No, Amiens.

More fortifications, more soldiering and drumming, more basins of soup, more little loaves of bread, more bottles of wine, more caraffes of brandy, more time for refreshment. Everything good, and everything ready. Bright, unsubstantial-looking, scenic sort of station. People waiting. Houses, uniforms, beards, moustaches, some sabots, plenty of neat women, and a few old-visaged children. Unless it be a delusion born of my giddy flight, the grown-up people and the children seem to change places in France. In general, the boys and girls are little old men and women, and the men and women lively boys and girls.

Bugle, shriek, flight resumed. Monied Interest has come into my carriage. Says the manner of refreshing is "not bad," but considers it French. Admits great dexterity and politeness in the attendants. Thinks a decimal currency may have something to do with their despatch in settling accounts, and don't know but what it's sensible and convenient. Adds, however, as a general protest, that they're a revolutionary people—and always at it.

Ramparts, canals, cathedral, river, soldiering and drumming, open country, river, earthenware manufactures, Creil. Again ten minutes. Not even Demented in a hurry. Station, a drawing-room with a verandah: like a planter's house. Monied Interest considers it a bandbox, and not made to last. Little round tables in it, at one of which the Sister Artists and attendant Mysteries are established with Wasp and Zamiel, as if they were going to stay a week.

Anon, with no more trouble than before, I am flying again, and lazily wondering as I fly. What has the South Eastern done with all the horrible little villages we used to pass through, in the *Diligence*? What have they done with all the summer dust, with all the winter mud, with all the dreary avenues of little trees, with all the ramshackle postyards, with all the beggars (who used to turn out at night with bits of lighted candle, to look in at the coach windows), with all the long-tailed horses who were always biting one another, with all the big postilions in jack-boots—with all the mouldy cafés that we used to stop at, where a long mildewed tablecloth, set forth with jovial bottles of vinegar and oil, and with a Siamese arrangement of pepper and salt, was never wanting? Where are the grass-grown little towns, the wonderful little market-places all unconscious of markets, the shops that nobody kept, the streets that nobody trod, the churches that nobody went to, the bells that nobody rang, the tumble-down old buildings plastered with many-colored bills that nobody read? Where are the two-and-twenty weary hours of long long day and night journey, sure to be either insupportably hot or insupportably cold? Where are the pains in my bones, where are the fidgets in my legs, where is the Frenchman with the nightcap who never *would* have the little coupé-window down, and who always fell upon me when he went to sleep, and always slept all night snoring onions?

A voice breaks in with "Paris! Here we are!"

I have overflown myself, perhaps, but I can't believe it. I feel as if I were enchanted or bewitched. It is barely eight o'clock yet—it is nothing like half past—when I have had my luggage examined at that briskest of Custom-Houses attached to the station, and am rattling over the pavement in a Hackney cabriolet.

Surely, not the pavement of Paris? Yes, I think it is, too. I don't know any other place where there are all these high houses, all these haggard-looking wine shops, all these billiard tables, all these stocking-makers with flat red or yellow legs of wood for sign-board, all these fuel shops with stacks of billets painted outside, and real billets sawing in the gutter, all these dirty corners of streets, all these cabinet pictures over dark doorways representing discreet matrons nursing babies. And yet this morning—I'll think of it in a warm-bath.

Very like a small room that I remember in the Chinese Baths upon the Boulevard, certainly; and, though I see it through the steam, I think that I might swear to that peculiar hot-linen-basket, like a large wicker

hour-glass. When can it have been that I left home? When was it that I paid, "through to Paris" at London Bridge, and discharged myself of all responsibility, except the preservation of a voucher ruled into three divisions, of which the first was snipped off at Folkestone, the second aboard the boat, and the third taken at my journey's end? It seems to have been ages ago. Calculation is useless. I will go out for a walk.

The crowds in the streets, the lights in the shops and balconies, the elegance, variety, and beauty of their decorations, the number of the theatres, the brilliant cafés with their windows thrown up high and their vivacious groups at little tables on the pavement, the light and glitter of the houses turned as it were inside out, soon convince me that it is no dream; that I am in Paris, howsoever I got here. I stroll down to the sparkling Palais Royal, up the Rue de Rivoli, to the Place Vendôme. As I glance into a print-shop window, Monied Interest, my late travelling companion, comes upon me, laughing with the highest relish of disdain. "Here's a people!" he says, pointing to Napoleon in the window and Napoleon on the column. "Only one idea all over Paris! A monomania!" Humph! I THINK I have seen Napoleon's match? There was a statue, when I came away, at Hyde Park Corner, and another in the City, and a print or two in the shops.

I walk up to the Barrière de l'Etoile, sufficiently dazed by my flight to have a pleasant doubt of the reality of everything about me; of the lively crowd, the overhanging trees, the performing dogs, the hobby-horses, the beautiful perspectives of shining lamps: the hundred and one inclosures, where the singing is, in gleaming orchestras of azure and gold, and where a star-eyed Houri comes round with a box for voluntary offerings. So, I pass to my hotel, enchanted; sup, enchanted; go to bed, enchanted; pushing back this morning (if it really were this morning) into the remoteness of time, blessing the South Eastern Company for realising the Arabian Nights in these prose days, murmuring, as I wing my idle flight into the land of dreams, "No hurry, ladies and gentlemen, going to Paris in eleven hours. It is so well done, that there really is no hurry!"

THE FORTUNES OF THE REVEREND CALEB ELLISON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE Reverend Caleb Ellison had an odd way of doing everything; but he was so good a man, and so adored a clergyman, that his being in love was an interesting circumstance to a large proportion of the inhabitants of the country town in which he lived. When he looked up at the chimney-pots as he walked the streets, or went slowly skipping along the foot-pavement to the Reading-room in the market-place, the elders of his congregation might wish that he would walk more like other men, and the children giggled at the sight; but the ladies, young and old, regarded these things as a part of the "originality" which they admired in him; and Joanna Carey would scarcely admit to herself that such freaks required forbearance.

One Friday evening Mr. Carey returned before the rest of his party from a strawberry feast, to tell his wife that their dear girl had shown him by a look, that she must now decide on her lot for life. Ellison had certainly spoken. Joanna must decide for herself. If she was satisfied to have the greatest blessings that a woman could have—high moral and spiritual excellence in a man who loved her—and could, for these, make light of the daily drawbacks of his oddities, it was not for any one else to object. Mr. Carey could not say that his own temper would bear with so eccentric a companion; but perhaps he was narrow: perhaps his wife's nice household ways for twenty-five years had spoiled him. Joanna knew what she was undertaking. She knew that it was as much as the clerk and the deacons could do, to get the pastor into the pulpit in proper time every Sunday, and that this would be her business now. She knew that he seldom remembered to shave, and how he had burned his marble chimney-piece black; and—— Well; perhaps these were trifles. Perhaps it was a fault not to regard them as such. If a father was fortunate enough to have a man of eminent single-mindedness for his son-in-law, and genius to boot, he ought not perhaps to require common sense also; but it had always been Mr. Carey's belief that good sense was the greatest part of genius.

By Sunday evening Mr. Carey was little disposed to desire anything more in his intended son in-law than had appeared that day. Joanna had engaged herself to him on Saturday evening. On Sunday morning there was something in the tone of his pathetic voice so unusual, in the very first verses of the Psalm, that many hearers looked up; and then they saw something very unusual in his countenance. He so preached, that a stranger inquired earnestly who this Mr. Ellison was, and whence he came; and his admirers in the congregation said he was inspired.

"Joanna behaved very well, did not she?" whispered Mrs. Carey to her husband, as they were returning from chapel.

"Very well, indeed. And it was extremely fine, his preaching to-day. Extremely fine!"

And this particular day, the father feared as little for Joanna as Joanna for herself.

There was no reason for delay about the marriage. Mr. Ellison had three hundred pounds a year from his office, and was never likely to have any more. The interest of Joanna's portion—one thousand pounds—was hers whenever she married. She was four-and-twenty, and Mr. Ellison was five years older.

They were no children; there was no reason for delay; so everybody knew of the engagement immediately, and the preparations went on diligently.

A pastor's marriage is always a season of great interest and amusement. In this case it was unusually diverting from the singular innocence of the gentleman about all household affairs. He showed all the solicitude of which he was capable to have everything right and comfortable for Joanna; but his ideas were so extraordinary, that his friends suspected that he had been quizzed by certain youths of his congregation, who had indeed made solemn suggestions to him about dredging boxes and rolling-pins, and spigots, and ball irons, and other conveniences, the names of which were strange to him. He had promised to leave the whole concern of furnishing in the hands of a discreet lady and her daughters, with a power of appeal to Mrs. Carey in doubtful cases; but when these mysterious names had been lying on his mind for some days, he could not help making inquiries and suggestions, which brought nothing but laughter upon him. Mr. and Mrs. Carey thought the quizzing went rather too far; but Joanna did not seem to mind it.

"His head should not be stuffed with nonsense," observed Mr. Carey to his wife, "when business that he really ought to be attending to is left undone."

"You mean the Life Insurance," replied she. "Why do you not remind him of it?"

"I believe I must. But it is not a pleasant thing to do. No man in his circumstances ought to need to be spoken to more than once. However, I have to suggest to him to insure all this pretty furniture that his friends are giving him; and while I am speaking about the Fire Insurance, I can easily mention the more important one."

"I should feel no difficulty," observed Mrs. Carey. "He will be purely thankful to you for telling him what he ought to do."

An opportunity soon occurred. The presents came in fast: the Careys were consulted about how to stow them all. One evening at supper, the conversation naturally turned—as it probably does in every house—on what should be saved first in case of fire. Mr. Carey asked Mr. Ellison whether his landlord had not insured the cottage, and whether he himself was not thinking of insuring the furniture from fire.

Instant opposition arose from Mr. Carey's second daughter, Charlotte, who declared that she could not bear to think of such a thing. She begged that nobody would speak of such a thing. Indeed, she wondered that anybody could. When induced to explain the emotions with which her mind was labouring, she declared her horror that any one belonging to her could feel that any money could compensate for the loss of the precious things, such as old letters, and fond memorials, which perish in a fire.

"How old are you, my dear?" inquired her father.

"Sixteen, papa."

"Indeed! I should have taken you to be six years younger. I should wonder at a child of ten talking so sillily as you are doing."

Mr. Ellison stared; for his sympathy with Charlotte's sentiment was so strong, that he was looking at her with beaming eyes, and softly ejaculating, "Dear Charlotte! dear child!"

It took some time to convince both (for young ladies of sixteen sometimes see things less clearly than six years before and ten years after that age) that, if precious papers and gifts are unhappily lost in a fire, that is no reason why tables and chairs, and fish-kettles and dredging-boxes, and carpets and house linen should not be paid for by an Insurance Office; but at last both young lady and pastor saw this. Still, Charlotte did not look satisfied; and her father invited her to utter what was in her mind. After some fencing about whether her thoughts were silly, and whether it would be silly to speak them out came the scruple. Was there not something worldly in thinking so much about money and the future?

"Dear Charlotte! dear child!" again soliloquised Mr. Ellison.

Mr. Carey did not think the apprehension silly; but, in his opinion, the danger of worldliness lay the other way. He thought the worldliness lay in a man's spending all his income, leaving wife and children to be maintained by their neighbours, in case of accidents which may happen any day to anybody, and which do happen to a certain proportion of people, within an assigned time, as regularly as death happens to all. Charlotte had nothing to say against life insurance, because every man knows that he shall die; and there is no speculation in the case. But she was extremely surprised to hear that there is an equal certainty, though of a narrower extent, about fire, and other accidents; that it is a fact that, out of so many householders, such and such a number will have their houses burned down.

"Is it indeed so?" asked Joanna.

"It is indeed so. Moreover, out of so much property, such and such an amount will perish by fire. Every householder being bound in with this state of things for his share of the risk, he owes it equally to others and to himself to secure the compensation, in case of accident. Does he not?"

"How to others?"

"Because he should contribute his share to the subscription, if you like to call it so, by which the sufferer from fire, whoever he be, is to be compensated. Thus, you see, Charlotte, that which seems to you an act of worldliness is a neighbourly act, as well as a prudent one."

When reminded, Charlotte admitted that

she had herself said so about the Cow Club at B——. She had told many people how the cottagers at B——, were now saved from all danger of ruin by the loss of a cow—a loss fatal to so many cottagers elsewhere. The farmers at B——, who could ill afford to lose from nine pounds to fifteen pounds at a stroke by the death of a cow, had joined with the cottagers in setting up a Cow Life-insurance. The club employed a skilful cow-doctor. The members paid in a small portion of the weekly profits of their milk-selling; and had the comfort of knowing that, whenever their cow died, they would be supplied with another, or with a part of the value of one, according to the length of time, or the yearly amount they had paid. Charlotte admitted that she had been delighted with the scheme, but now asserted that she was much more pleased about the Quakers and their ship.

"Ha! Quakers!" said Mr. Ellison.

Yes those Quakers, now, were the sort of people whom Charlotte admired. So unworldly! so trusting! There was a rich India ship, belonging to some Quakers, lately wrecked in the Channel, very near her port. The whole cargo was lost. It had been a total loss to the owners, because their principles would not allow them to insure—to put themselves out of the hands of Providence, and speculate in "the stormy winds fulfilling his word." That had been their statement; and was there not something very beautiful in it? Charlotte looked at her father for an answer.

"Tell me, first, my dear," he replied, "whether you admire Tasker, the shoemaker, for refusing to have his children vaccinated, saying that it was taking them out of the hands of the Lord?"

Charlotte could not think of poor little Mary Tasker, disfigured and half blind, and not wish that she had been vaccinated; and yet Tasker had acted in a resigned spirit.

"Well: exactly as much as you admire Tasker, I admire your Quakers. I honour their motive, but I am sorry for their mistake—sorry that they refuse one safeguard against worldliness."

"Worldliness, papa!"

Mr. Carey explained how the moral dangers of commercial pursuits are in proportion to their gambling character. Large gains and great hazards must be more engrossing to the mind, and more stimulating to the passions than small and secure profits. The great drawback upon commerce with very remote countries is, or was, its gambling character, from the variety and seriousness of the risks, and the largeness of the profits laid on to cover them. By means of insurance against sea risks and other dangers, the losses are spread over so large a number that they cease to be losses, and become a mere tax, such as men may willingly pay for security. When a man has so introduced moderation into his gains and his losses, as to detach himself from "the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches," he may listen with a quiet pulse (as far as his own affairs are concerned) to the wind roaring over the sea, and need not be "afraid of evil tidings." It was quite a new view to Charlotte that her Quakers had been gambling, in fact, when they should have been trading safely; but she could not deny that it was so. Nobody wished her to give them up, in regard to their spirit of faith and trust; but nobody could stand up for their prudence.

The most striking view to Charlotte was that there is nothing accidental in storms and tempests; and that it is only our ignorance which makes us call them so. The realm of Meteorology is, no doubt, governed by laws as invariable as that of Astronomy. We know this fact, though we, as yet, know little of these laws. Something more we know: and that is, the average of shipwrecks and conflagrations, in a certain condition of society; in the same way that we know the average of men that will die, out of a certain number, in a certain time: and it is this knowledge of the averages which justifies the resource of insurance in all the three cases. When Mr. Ellison at length comprehended that there were thousands of prudent men now paying their mite to compensate him for the loss of his new furniture, in case of its being burned, on the simple condition of his paying his mite also, he was so struck by their neighbourly conduct, that he could scarcely express his sense of it. The ladies considered it impossible that he should feel so strongly, and be heedless about the condition on his own part. Mr. Carey shook his head.

Mr. Carey was right. The wedding-day came, and the insurance was not effected. Joanna did not like to tease her betrothed about worldly affairs. If the subject was mentioned, and the train of thought revived he went into an enthusiasm about the benevolent class of insurers: but he did not become one himself.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The wedding-day came and went. The young people were married and gone. Mr. Ellison's flock were assembled, almost entire, in the parish church, for the first and last time. In those days, dissenters could not marry in their own chapels, or anywhere but in church; and the present was an occasion when the clergyman of the parish appeared to great advantage, with his kind courtesy towards his dissenting neighbours. The whole affair was talked over from day to day, during the wedding-trip of the Ellisons, in the intervals of Charlotte's business in preparing their house for their return. Then began her sisterly relation towards the pastor beloved by so many. Her reverence for him, and her pride on Joanna's account, made her consider his dignity (in spite of himself) on

all occasions; from the receiving him at his own door, on the evening of arrival, to the defending him in every trifle in which he vexed her orderly father. When Mr. Carey complained of his being found at breakfast unshaven, and wondered how he would like to see Joanna come down with her hair in papers, Charlotte contended that these things mattered less in a gentleman than a lady; and that it was from a meditative turn that he forgot to shave, even as Newton forgot to dine. If he fell over all his new furniture in turn, she declared it was because the affection of his friends had overcrowded his cottage with memorials of their love. If he was met half-way to the town without his hat, she looked with reverence in his face for a foretaste of his next Sunday's sermon. When it came out that Joanna had paid all the post-boys and bills on the journey; that Joanna had to go with him to the tailor's, when he was to be measured for a new coat; that Joanna had to carve, because he did not know the wing of a fowl from the leg—— But we will not dwell further on the foibles of a good man whose virtues were as uncommon in their degree, as his weaknesses, it may be hoped, in kind.

Full as the cottage was of pretty things, it was destined to be yet fuller in another year. Never was there a prettier little wardrobe of tiny caps and robes, and the like, than room must be found for, the next autumn, in preparation for that prettiest of all things—a baby. Half the ladies in the congregation brought their offerings of delicate work, in cambric and lace, and the softest of flannel, and most fantastical of pincushions and baskets. It was a delightful season to the whole family; and Joanna was so well and bright! And when the great day was over, there were such rallyings of Mr. and Mrs. Carey, on their being so early a grand-papa and grand-mamma; and it was so droll to see Mr. Ellison, who seemed never to have seen a baby, but in baptising the little creatures, whom he had always hitherto regarded as young Christians, and never as little infants! Mr. Carey was rather ashamed of the extent of his ignorance, shown on the first sight of his child in its sleep, by its mother's side.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "a baby!" in as much surprise as if it had been the last thing he expected to see.

"Yes; there is your baby. How do you like her?"

He gazed in silence, and at length said—"But can she walk?"

"My dear Ellison! At a day old!"

"But can she talk?"

"All in good time. You will have enough of that by-and-by."

"Dear, dear! Ha!" said he, again and again, till he was sent off to dinner, at a friend's house.

He dined at some friend's house every day. On the fourth day it was at a distance of three miles. Mrs. Carey had gone home, in the twilight of a November day. As soon as she was gone, the nurse stepped out, very improperly, for something that she wanted, the child being asleep beside Joanna. She desired the servant girl to carry up her mistress's gruel in a quarter-of-an-hour, if she was not back. The girl did so; and approached the bed, with the basin in one hand and a candle in the other. She poked the candle directly against the dimity curtains, and set the bed on fire. It was a large bed, in a small crowded room, close to two walls, and near the window-curtain. The flame caught the tester instantly, and then the corner of the pillow, and the edge of the sheet. Before that, the girl had thrown down the basin of hot gruel on the baby, rushed to the window, thrown up the sash, and screamed; and she next rushed out at the door, leaving it wide open, and then at the house-door, leaving that wide open too. The air streamed up the staircase, and the bed was on fire all round.

Poor Joanna crept off the bed, and took the child in one arm, whilst with the other she tried to pull off a blanket. She was found weakly tugging at it. He who so found her was a sailor, who had seen the light from the road, and run up the stairs.

"I see how it is, Madam," said he, in a cheerful voice. "Don't be alarmed; you are very safe. Come in here." And he carried her into the next room—the little drawing-room, and laid her, with her baby on her arm, on the sofa. He summoned a comrade, who was in the road. They pulled up the drugget from the floor, doubled it again and again, laid it over her, and tucked it nicely in, as if there was no hurry.

"Now, Madam," said he, "where shall we carry you?" She was carried through damp and dusk to her father's house. Her mother was not there. Such news spreads, nobody knows how. Her mother was then in the streets, without her bonnet, imploring everybody she met to save her child. She presently encountered one of the sailors, returning to the fire. He assured her the lady and child were safe, and sent her home. Mr. Carey was almost as much beside himself. His first idea was, that it was Mr. Ellison who had, by some awkwardness, set his house on fire; and he said so, very publicly; and very sorry he was for it afterwards.

Mr. Ellison was called from the dinner-table, and told he was wanted at home. He strode along, in a bewildered state, till he saw the flames from a distance. As he stood before the cottage, which was now one blaze, nobody could tell him where his wife was. He was trying to break from many hands, and enter the house, when some one at last came up with the news of the safety of his wife and babe. As for the servant, it was some days before she was heard of; and there were serious apprehensions about her, when

her aunt came in from the country, to say that the poor creature had fled to her, and would never come near the town, or see any of the family again. Nobody wondered that she said she should never be happy again.

Joanna seemed to be really no worse for the adventure; and for some days it was confidently believed that the infant would do well, though it was severely scalded. Everything was lost,—every article of clothing of all three, all the pretty gifts, all the furniture, two precious portraits, all Mr. Ellison's books and manuscripts. But he was so happy and thankful that his chief treasures were saved, that he never preached more nobly than on the next Sunday, without a scrap of notes;—he who took such pains with his sermons, and never preached extempore! It was from the abundance of his heart that he spoke.

"I have to beg your pardon, Ellison," said Mr. Carey, "for what I said in the first moments of misery."

"It was natural—it was not doing me wrong; for my mother used to say that I did awkward things sometimes; that I was not expert; and it appears to me that I really have erred." And the good man went on to blame himself for having no furniture and clothes to give Joanna, no piano, no books! His landlord was no loser by the fire, while he was destitute. In short, Mr. Ellison was full of remorse for not having insured. All the ladies of his acquaintance were stitching away in his and his wife's behalf; but this was rather an aggravation than a comfort; and he fully intended to effect an insurance, both against fire (when he should again be settled) and on his life. Still, Mr. Carey told his wife, with a shake of the head, that his impression was that it would never be done.

All such thoughts were presently banished. The baby did not get through. After pining for ten days, she died. Then it was that the pastor's fine qualities manifested themselves. He surrendered so patiently a happiness and hope which had really become very dear to his heart; he supported Joanna so tenderly; he considered the whole family so much more than himself, that Mr. Carey vowed he would never more be vexed or ashamed at the peculiarities of such a man.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Nobody would hear of the pastor going into furnished lodgings. The pastor and his wife would not hear of Mr. Carey's furnishing another house for them. Joanna was allowed to draw half her little fortune to buy furniture and clothes, and a few indispensable books for her husband. Thus, their income was reduced by twenty-five pounds, and the half of the principal was gone. If that twenty-five poundsof lost income had been devoted to a life insurance, it would, at Mr. Ellison's present age, have secured one thousand pounds at his death. Thus he had, by neglect, in fact, thrown away one thousand five hundred pounds of future provision for his family. The present was not the easiest moment for contracting new obligations; but the duty was clear, even to the unpractical mind of the pastor. He went to London to effect his insurances, and his wife went with him, partly for change of scene and thoughts, and partly because she knew that her husband could never get through the business by himself.

It was not got through after all. One pious friend had affected them with fears, that they would find it an ensnaring bondage to worldly things to have to think of the payment of the annual premium; another thought it was speculating in God's will; another assured them that they could not spare the money, and should provide for their own household, and hospitality to neighbours, to-day, instead of taking thought for the morrow. They returned without having been near an insurance-office at all. The Careys thought this a sad mistake, and pointed out to them the peace of mind they would lose by the precariousness of their fortunes, and the ease with which the business might be managed, by the trustees of the chapel being authorised to deduct the necessary sum from the pastor's salary, and the pastor's way of living being proportioned to an income of three hundred pounds a-year It was certain that Mr. Ellison would never lay by money in any other way than this; for he could never see a beggar without giving him whatever he had in his pocket.

It may be observed, that insurance was a more onerous matter in those days than in ours. Science has introduced much ease and many varieties into the process of insurance. The rates of premium in Mr. Ellison's younger days were higher; the methods were restricted; middle-class men drank more, and taxed their brother insurers for their accelerated mortality, though precautions were taken against obviously fatal intemperance. The "bondage," that friends talked of, was greater, and the advantages were less, than at present. If Mr. Ellison was wrong in his delays and hesitation, much more are family men wrong who delay and hesitate now.

Time went on, and Joanna was made happy by the birth of a son. During the whole period of her confinement, her husband refused to leave the house, except on Sundays; and he went about, many times in the day, from the attics to the cellars, with his nose in the air, trying to smell fire. There was none, however, to reward his anxious search. No accident happened. The mother and child throve without drawback; and a finer little fellow really was never seen.

For two years—two precious years—all went well. Then came one of those seasons of unhealthiness which occur at intervals, as if to warn men of their ignorance of the laws on which their life depends, and to rebuke their carelessness about observing such

conditions of health as they do understand. No town was less prepared to encounter an onset of autumnal fever than that in which the Ellisons lived. It had no right to expect health at any time: the history of the place told of plague in old times, and every epidemic which visited England became a pestilence amidst its ill-drained streets, its tidal expanse of mud, and its crowded alleys. These were the times when the beloved pastor's fidelity shone out. For weeks he was, night and day, in close attendance on the poor of his flock, and any other poor who were needing help. He could not aid them in the way that a more practical man would have done; but Joanna supplied that kind of ability, while the voice of her husband carried peace and support into many a household, prostrated in grief and dread. He ran far greater risks all the while than he needed, if he could have been taught common prudence. He forgot to eat, and went into unwholesome chambers with an empty stomach and an exhausted frame. In spite of his wife's watchfulness, he omitted to give himself the easy advantages of freshened air, change of clothes, and a sufficiency of wholesome food; and, for one week, he hardly came home to sleep. It was no wonder that, at last, both were down in the fever. The best care failed to save Joanna. She died, without having bidden farewell to husband and child. Her husband was in bed delirious, and her boy was in the country, whither he had been taken for safety when fever entered the house.

Mr. Ellison recovered slowly, as might be expected, from the weight upon his mind. There was something strange, it appeared to his physician, in his anxiety to obtain strength to go to London. He was extremely pertinacious about this. The Careys, glad to see that he could occupy himself with any project, humoured this, without understanding it. They spoke as if he was going to London when he should be strong enough. They did not dream of his not waiting for this. But, in the dark, damp evening of the day when he dismissed his physician, after Mrs. Carey had gone home, leaving him on the sofa, and promising that her husband should call after tea, he was seen at the coach-office, in the market-place; and he made a night-journey to London. There were no railways in those days; and this journey of one hundred miles required twelve hours by the "Expedition," the "High-Flyer," the "Express," or whatever the fastest coach might be called. As soon as he arrived, Mr. Ellison swallowed a cup of coffee in the bar of the inn, had a coach called, and proceeded to an insurance-office to insure his life. As he presented himself, emaciated and feeble, unwashed, unshaven, with a crimson handkerchief tied over his white lips, which quivered when he uncovered them;—as he told his errand, in a weak and husky voice, the clerks of the office [illegible] at him in pitying wonder; and the directors dismissed him from their parlour, under the gentlest pretexts they could devise.

He returned home immediately, and told his adventure to Mr. Carey.

"I could not rest till I had made the effort," he said. "When dear Joanna was gone, and I believed that I should follow her, it occurred to me that our child would be left destitute. I saw that I had neglected my duty; and I resolved that, if I recovered, it should be so no longer. I have made the effort; it has failed; and God's will be done!"

Mr. Carey would not allow that the matter must be given up. In fact, there was no difficulty in effecting the insurance, in the next spring, when Mr. Ellison was restored to his ordinary state of health, and Mr. Carey was his guide and helper in the business. The interest of Joanna's little portion was appropriated for the purpose, with a small addition, rendered necessary by the lapse of three years. It is well known that the most unworldly and unapt persons are the most proud of any act of prudence or skill that they may have been able to achieve. So it was in this case. When the pastor sat gazing at his child, it appeared to him a marvellous thing that he, even he, should have endowed any human being with a fortune. He was heard to say to himself, on such occasions, in a tone of happy astonishment,

"A thousand pounds! Ha!—a thousand pounds!"

We cannot here follow out the curious process of that boy's rearing. We have not space to tell how tenderly he was watched by grandmamma, and by Charlotte, till her marriage gave her cares of her own,—nor what a stroke it was when Mr. Ellison moved to a distant city, being invited to a higher post in the ministry of his sect; nor how curiously he and his child lived in a lodging, where, notwithstanding all his efforts to fill the place of both parents, his boy was too often seen in rags; nor how the child played leap-frog and other games with little beggars and ruffians in the streets, so cleverly, that his father might be seen gazing at him from the foot-pavement, in a rapture of admiration; nor how, on the great occasion of the little lad's first going to chapel, he told everybody within reach, that it was "Pa" in the pulpit; nor how, when he was tired of the sermon, he was wont to scrape the sand from the floor, and powder with it the wigs of the old men who sat in the long pew before him; nor how, at length, the importunity of friends prevailed to get him sent to school; nor how comfortably his father was boarded in a private family when the lodging plan became too bad to be borne even by him. All this we must leave undescribed; and also his satisfaction when, in a later time—when his son was grown up, and prosperous, and well married—the good pastor found himself at liberty to do, if he should wish it,

what he had always thought ministers had better do, leave the pulpit before they were worn out—before anybody had begun to look for their wearing out. The "dear child," as he still calls the father of his grandchildren, early persuaded his father to take advantage of that modern improvement by which his life insurance can be commuted into an annuity at sixty years of age, if he should attain it, or receivable in full. if that method should be preferred. A small independence being thus secured, if he lives to leave the pulpit at sixty, and a legacy to his son, if he dies before that time, Mr. Ellison feels more free from worldly cares than is often the case with dissenting ministers who begin the world without fortune, and with thoughts far above the lucre of gain.

No one wonders that he never seemed to think of marrying again. Before his removal, the name of his "dear Joanna" was often on his lips. After his removal, it was never again heard, except on the rare occasions of his meeting old friends. He did not speak of her to those who had never known her; but not the less was her image understood to be ever in his thoughts.

CHANGE AND THE CHANGELESS.

The eye that sparkles with a flash of mirth
Is quench'd ere long in swelling streams of sorrow;
Tears flood the source where laughter had its birth;
To-day we smile—we melt in woe to-morrow.

The traits and lineaments we hold so dear,
Harden and stiffen in a marble slumber;
We look our last upon the funeral gear,
And add one sleeper to a countless number.

But love is changeless in the changeless soul,
Though born of earth, and rear'd in homes that perish;
Buoy'd on the wings of ages as they roll,
It clings to memories it was wont to cherish.

Amidst the glories of yon radiant skies,
Transplanted thither from its mortal dwelling,
It dreams of those for whom in fleshly guise
With tenderest thoughts its faithful breast was swelling.

Oh! fondly nurture in thy heart of hearts
The precious germ whose produce blossoms ever!
And when thy spirit from the body parts,
Life's sacred ties e'en death will fail to sever!

A DAY AT WATERLOO.

In less than twenty-four hours from the time that one conceives the idea, it is possible to be standing on the spot where Wellington saw the Imperial Guard give way before his troops, and felt that the great contest of the age was decided.

At two o'clock, on a fine summer morning, we walked on board of the Antwerp steamer, and, at the same hour the next morning, having spent some hours in Antwerp on the way, and visited most of its remarkable objects, we were proceeding from Brussels to Waterloo. M. Gozlan, a French gentleman, who has just published a very curious account of the battle, after having recently visited the ground, tells us that "it is necessary to pass a whole day at Brussels in the endeavour to procure, at a reasonable charge, a carriage capable of transporting the visitor to Waterloo!" In exactly five minutes after we arrived at the Hôtel de l'Europe, we were at the stables of Mr. Suffield, an Englishman, in the *Rue de la Montagne*, where we saw abundance of carriages at our service; but by the advice of our worthy countryman, selected an English gig—there being but two of us—and thus were independent of drivers. In ten minutes more, and at the not unreasonable charge of twelve francs for the horse and gig for the day, we were passing our hotel in the Place Royale, on the way to Waterloo. The distance is twelve miles; the road nearly as straight as a line, but, to our annoyance, a *paved* road, such as you used to rattle over in Lancashire, and, as you still are jolted over in France. With this one exception, and to this there was often the alleviation of the unpaved sides of the road, all was very charming. The sun shone in a clear sky; a fresh breeze blew over the landscape; the extended masses of the houses of Brussels lay below us to our right; and, before us, green corn-fields and quiet villages saluted our approach. Our horse was our guide on the way, for he was accustomed to traverse it daily; but, just for this very reason, he was not the best possible guide. He would much rather have gone any other way. Anon, however, the great forest of Soigne showed itself, and here, according to our previous information, we allowed the horse to turn into its verdant shades. For seven miles the path runs through this fine wood; not, however, the direct path; for that which, at the time of the battle, ran *through* the wood, now runs along the side of it; for the wood all along the right-hand of the road has been cut down, and the land thrown into cultivation. It is impossible to traverse this road, without recollecting the expressive stanza of "Childe Harold:"—

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low."

Not the less vividly occurs to the mind the image of the Duke of Brunswick during a halt in this forest, dismounting, and with his aide-de-camp, seating himself on a bank on

the road-side, little dreaming that he was to fall one of the very first victims of the impending and most terrible slaughter.

Before arriving, however, at this part of the road, we had turned off, and entered the left-hand road through the wood. Well may Scott call it "Thy wood, dark Soigne;" for a more densely-grown forest is not easily to be met with. Still, it is no "salvage wood," but one of trained growth. It consists of beech; the trees remarkably lofty, and their fine, slender, and remarkably straight boles ranged so thickly side by side, that their tops shut out nearly all the day-light. Below, the ground is almost entirely free from brushwood, so that you might range freely all over it, if the fear of being lost did not prevent you. Through this dense and shadowy region runs the road for seven miles, the tops of the trees even meeting over your heads, and the eye ranging through the solemn gloom in which showed all the endless columns of the wood below. Sometimes the track of a footpath tells that the peasants cross it; and here and there beautiful openings let in the light of heaven, and seem to invite you to stay awhile in their sylvan and profoundly silent enclosures. The people of Brussels often form picnics in this wood, and, probably, sometimes call to mind the fearful day when no less than twelve thousand of the soldiers of the Allied Army are said to have stolen away from the horrible carnage of the fight, preferring the green wood and loss of honour to loss of the "dear life." "It was quite amusing," says one writer, who was engaged in the battle, "to see some of the foreign troops cut away from the angles of their squares, and our staff-officers galloping after them to intercept their flight." And Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson, without finding it *amusing*, says, "I had an opportunity of witnessing how disgraceful had been the conduct of many of the foreign troops. I saw thousands making their way to the forest, who had quitted their colours during the battle, and fled. The commanding-officer of a cavalry regiment showed me one hundred and forty men, stating that his loss in the battle had reduced it to that number; but very nearly the original complement of eight hundred men were forthcoming, a few days afterwards. The Duke degraded it."

In the shades of this green Soigne did these fine fellows, that trying day, seek "the better part of valour." M. Gozlan could not find a single singing bird in the wood, and gravely states that all the birds fled in terror on the day of the roaring battle, and have never since come back.—One thousand acres of this wood belong to the Duke of Wellington; a testimony to his services from the government of the Netherlands.

Soon after issuing from Soigne to the great paved road again, we began to see the pyramidal hill, surmounted by the Lion, raised by the Belgians on the spot where the chief fury of the battle raged, showing itself aloft in the opening of the road. It is strange what a sensation the first sight of this monument of the grand conflict, which at once terminated the lives of seventy thousand human creatures, and the destinies of Napoleon, gave us. A solemn brooding horror seemed to hover about it; a vivid consciousness of the reality of the terrible scenes which had taken place there, comes with its presence. It stood up like a giant spectre of the past, assuring us that we were now actually on the spot which had, for a great part of our lives, been talked of as something afar off, and, therefore, like the things of another world, only half real.

Waterloo is an ordinary Belgian village, with its cottages and gardens scattered on each side of the road; but since the battle, it has been continually extending itself, and now nearly joins Mont St. Jean, the village from which the French name the fight. In this village, which has prospered and grown by the influx of visitors and the sale of relics for six-and-thirty years, lie buried in the churchyard a considerable number of British officers who fell in the conflict; and a woman presented herself to show their monuments. There, also, but in a private garden, is buried the leg of the Marquis of Anglesea, which the owner of the house has honoured with a monument and epitaph, and found these, along with the boot belonging to the leg, a most profitable possession. But still more interesting to us was the house where the Duke of Wellington took up his quarters before the battle; and that interest, we are not ashamed to say, was created not so much by the great commander, as the commander's cook. During the battle, as, from hour to hour, thousands on thousands of fugitives poured along towards Brussels, or at least towards the Forest of Soigne, crying that all was lost—the English beaten—the French victorious, and coming—the incredulous cook continued unmoved his preparations for his master's dinner. "Fly!" cried one after another, "the French are coming, and you will be killed!" But the imperturbable cook, strong in his faith of invariable victory, only replied, "No, I have served my master while he has fought a hundred battles, and he never yet failed to come to his dinner." And he cooked on, spite of flying thousands of "brave Belges" and Hanoverians; and the Duke came, though rather late!

In Waterloo, there is an excellent hotel kept by Serjeant Munday, an Englishman who was in the battle, and who has succeeded as guide to his brother-in-law, the late well-known Serjeant-Major Cotton, the author of the admirable little guide-book, "A Voice from Waterloo." The house cannot be missed by the Englishman or American visiting the spot; its name and the name of the host being painted in bold letters along its front. It is a cheering thing to an Englishman who comes here, and finds himself surrounded by Belgian peasants, in blue slops and cloth caps, voci-

ferous as jackdaws and voracious as horse-flies, to cicerone you over the field, of the real history of which they know little, and that little pervert most liberally, to see a fine manly fellow of his own nation step forth to receive him. The Belgian guides are great dealers in manufactured relics, and one man professes to have been the guide of Lord Byron—at which time the said precocious guide must have been just three years old! If you visit the field, Serjeant Munday is your man. He is about sixty; hale, fresh, frank; upwards of six feet in height, and a gentleman in manners. He has none of the showman about him. You go over the ground feeling as if you had fallen in with a well-informed yeoman of the neighbourhood, who is delighted to conduct you over that most impressive scene, and tell you all that he knows of it. While he is zealous to state the real facts of the real history, no man will ever hear him utter a word injurious to the honour of the French;—on the contrary, he is the first to bear cordial testimony to their bravery and spirit.

With this excellent guide, we drove on, after a hearty luncheon, to Mont St. Jean, where we stopped a short time to examine the Museum of Waterloo relics, which is kept there by his daughter. Here, besides portraits and autographs of almost all the eminent generals concerned in the battle, including those of Wellington, Napoleon, and Blucher, there is an immense collection of arms, cuirasses, clothing, and accoutrements, gathered from the field. There are gold and silver crosses of the Legion of Honour, Prussian crosses and medals, several pieces of Napoleon's cooking utensils, marked with the Imperial Crown, letter N., and *Tuileries* or *Voyage*, and the sword of General Alexander Macdonald, which was dropped by him in the battle when wounded, and recognised by himself when he visited the field in 1846, and having his attestation of its identity attached by his own hand.

Many and strange are the thoughts which come crowding on you at the sight of these relics, and of pecks of bullets, and heaps of cannon-balls, of bombshells, and broken lances, and pioneers' axes, which are collected here. But the field itself demanded us, and we drove on. Here, as those who have ever examined a map of Waterloo, or been upon the spot, well know, the road diverges into two; or rather the great road by which we had come from Brussels, goes right on across the field of Waterloo, to Genappe and Charleroi, while another goes off to the right in a perfectly straight line to Nivelles. Along this latter road we proceeded for about a mile or so, gradually descending till we found ourselves in a valley, and close upon the farm of Hougoumont.

As we traversed this road, we were struck with the more pleasant and varied aspect of the country than we had anticipated. We had expected a flat and somewhat dreary plain; but we were in a finely undulating landscape, destitute in a great measure of hedges and trees, in continental fashion, but still covered with green corn, and scattered here and there with villages, farms, and patches of wood. To our right stood on a bold hill the quaint church of Braine-Lalleud; before us stretched skirts of the woods of Callios and Neavecourt, along a considerable eminence; to our left lay hill and valley, which turned out to be the actual battle-field itself; and below us at our left hand also, lay Hougoumont amid its trees.

On reaching a cross road in the valley, we delivered our gig to the care of a boy belonging to our guide, and proceeded along a lane having on each side a row of tall trees. The farm-house of Hougoumont was a few hundred yards before us, and we were on the actual battle-ground. Here stood the extreme right wing of the Allied Army. On the hill above us, to our right, were posted the French General Piré's division of observation; nearer, on the same hill, the troops under Prince Jerome Buonaparte, with formidable batteries overlooking Hougoumont. On the ascending field on our left, the British forces commanded the other or northern side of Hougoumont, also with their strong batteries; and still along the ascending fields, covered then, as now, with growing corn, stretched the allied forces for a mile and a half, following a winding cross road along the ridge from the Nivelles road, which we had descended, to beyond the great Waterloo and Genappe road. On the opposite hills lay the armaments of the French.

We drew near Hougoumont with feelings of extreme interest. Never in the histories of wars and fighting, had a simple chateau of a country-gentleman been the scene of so desperate a contest, or had had so decided an influence on the fate of the whole civilised world. The buildings are said to be more than two hundred years old; were erected for defence, and had formerly been the property of Arrazola Deonate, viceroy of Naples; but at the time of the battle the place belonged to a M. De Luneville, who has since sold it to Count Robiano. Within the enclosures of this chateau, six thousand troops, chiefly British, were posted, and were assailed by twelve thousand of French under Jerome Buonaparte. Here the battle first commenced, and here it continued to rage with desperate and unabating fury for upwards of eight hours; in fact, till the grand charge annihilated the Imperial Guard, and put an end to the offensive operations of the French. On one side of the devoted place was Jerome, on another General Foy, on a third General Rousillon, and on the fourth the Allied Army. The French division under Jerome Buonaparte, and the British troops on the opposite slope fired their batteries over it, while the two hostile nations were engaged in the deadliest strife on record,

in and around the place, for its possession. Six times the French are said to have forced their way into the orchard, but were always driven back by our troops. The walled garden and the court yard they never took. Once they nearly succeeded, for they forced open the north gate of the farm-yard and a desperate struggle took place in the gateway. At this crisis Serjeant Graham, with gigantic strength, succeeded in forcing to the gate and fastening it. In the act of completing this exploit, he was interrupted by a French soldier, who had climbed to the top of the gateway, and endeavoured to despatch him; but Graham taking his musket from his captain, Wyndham, who was holding it while he tried to close the gate, shot the Frenchman, and then secured the bolts of the door. For this deed and for fetching his brother, on his back, out of the barn, when set on fire by the enemy's shells, the Duke of Wellington adjudged to him the thousand pounds left by a gentleman to be given to the bravest man in the battle

Here lay Hougoumont quietly basking in the sun, in the midst of its trees, and its surrounding corn-fields, as if no such scene of sanguinary fury had ever raged around it, or no dead lay in thousands in every hollow, and under every turf that skirts it. Here we now stood before this very gateway, and gazing over it to the old buildings battered in every direction by the leaden hailstorm of that fiery day

We proceeded along the back of the farm-buildings to the southern side. Hougoumont is built around the court in a square. The south side, which we now reached, consisted chiefly of the farm-house, having a gateway through its centre. The chateau stood within the enclosure, and thus as much as possible defended from outside assailants. Yet that was destroyed, and is now totally removed; while this side, which was exposed to all the fury of the onslaught, still remains, strong though battered by numberless balls; and is the part now inhabited. Opposite to this side, divided from it only by a broad, grassy road, stood at the time of the battle a wood, under cover of which, and of their batteries above, the French approached to within close musket shot, and threw a constant and terrific fire upon it. This fire was returned by our troops inside with equal vigour from window, loop-hole and roof; and the effects of this desperate contest are still visible in the smashed and splintered walls, in the well-perforated top part of the south gate, the battered front of the house, stables, and loop-holed walls connecting the buildings on the south, and again running along the front of the garden. One cannon-ball hole is particularly pointed out to you in the east gable of the house, which entered at the west end, and cut through the whole house, and no less than four walls. The garden, or park, was walled on the east and south sides, where our troops made additional loop-holes, and erected scaffolding to enable them to fire over the top of the wall, or to bayonet intruders. At the wall, an embankment with the loop-holes, and scaffolds erected with some farming utensils, enabled the Coldstream Guards from the inside to throw such a fire upon the enemy's left flank, when in the large orchard, that Colonel Hepburn, who commanded from about two o'clock, considered the east wall as the strength of his position.

We walked along the front of the garden wall in silent astonishment at the millions of balls which have battered without destroying it. It is supposed that this stout wall of red brick was mistaken by the French, as they reached the extremity of the wood opposite to it, for the close front rank of our troops. At all events, they discharged a tremendous volley of shot against it, which was returned with equal briskness by our men through the loop-holes; so that the thick smoke, preventing the detection of the error by the French, the contest went on here most awfully, till it rose to such a pitch of rage, that the French soldiers rushed up to the very wall, and discovering the real obstruction, seized the barrels of the English muskets which protruded through it, and endeavoured to wrest the weapons from their possessors At the end of the battle, this space outside of the wall was piled with thousands of slain, astonishing the most veteran observers, familiar with slaughter, at their numbers The wood which screened the French was so shattered by the shot and shells which fell into it, that it is wholly cut down.

The chateau itself, we have said, is gone. Napoleon finding that he could not force the place, determined to burn out the English forces by shells. These were thrown in, in showers, and soon set the buildings in flames. About three o'clock, after more than three hours of desperate conflict, the whole of the chateau and part of the outbuildings were on fire. The fire burnt on till it reached the chapel, between the chateau and farm-house, and here, as by a miracle, it stopped, having consumed only part of one foot of the figure on the cross, which remains perfect, except that charred foot, to this day, and the chapel entire. The old walls of the garden also remain. For the rest, the farm-buildings have resumed their usual work-a-day aspect, and a farmer's family inhabits the house, where we found the women quietly ironing up a wash, heating their irons on the curious horizontal Flemish stove, and gossipping gaily in the midst of this region of the dead. Yet what a place for hosts, if the discontented could return to haunt the spot of their fall; if the fallen conqueror of almost all the civilised world, and the annihilated invincible Guard, could reappear on the scene of their overthrow! What a spot, if the contending armies, like the warrior spirits of Walhalla, were still to pursue their airy combats round the dark-red walls of Hougoumont!

Issuing from the orchard, and crossing the little ravine on the north side just mentioned, we became sensible of at least one enemy. This was a blue-slopped Belgic peasant. We had paid a franc at the farm for the privilege of going over the fields in pursuit of our inquiries, but here our guide informed us that we were on the edge of another property, and in ascending the slope to the site of the main army, we must be careful not to set even a foot in a clover-field before us. A slight track along its edge indicated its boundary, and to that track we were warned to keep carefully. Such is the jealousy of the Belgians of the English guide, and English visitors who do not employ them, that they watch the visitors to the field as a cat watches mice, and a single foot set on their land, consigns you at once to the hands of a couple of gensdarmes, who march you off two miles to a magistrate. You are usually punished with a fine of five francs! The blue-frocked man kept a scowling watch upon us, and appeared exactly disappointed that we did not fall into his tender mercies. Numerous are the instances of English, and Americans mistaken for them, who on going to the different monuments on the field, which are surrounded with corn, have thus been snapped up, and, despite indignant remonstrance, marched off, and fined. No stranger should, in summer, venture on the field without a guide.

Escaping the clutches of this "brave Belge," we ascended the slope, and soon stood on the ridge, along whose field-road ran the front line of the Allied Army, in length upwards of a mile and a half. The Lion Mount, in whose vicinity the battle raged most fiercely, is about the centre of the line, or about three-quarters of a mile from Hougoumont. Between that and the junction of this field-road with the Nivelles road, the Duke of Wellington was moving during the chief time of the battle. To our left sloped away the ground towards Waterloo, and on this slope the Duke kept his main reserve of troops, ordering them to lie down, so that they were protected from the enemy's fire till they were wanted, and to our right lay the great field of contest. We ascended to the top of the mount, which is upwards of two hundred feet high, and sixteen hundred and eighty feet in circumference. A flight of steps is cut in one side of the mount, and a cord fastened to very rickety poles, is the hand-rail by which you ascend. Once up, however, you are amply repaid for your labour. The Lion stands above you on his massy pedestal, raised on three gigantic steps, and before you lies all the field of Waterloo, distinct, and perfectly intelligible. Right and left of you, and behind, between you and the farm of Mont St. Jean, stood the allied army. Down to the right lies Hougoumont, amid its orchard trees. A little below you on the left, and on the great Genappe road, lies the farm of La Haye Sainte, the possession of which was so fiercely contested, and which was the most advanced post gained by the French. Between you and La Haye Sainte stands two monuments—one on each side of the Genappe road. The one on this side is that of Colonel Gordon—that on the other is that of the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion who fell on that spot. Not far from these, but on the Mont St. Jean side of the cross-road, is the spot where General Picton was killed, and some distance farther to the left, that where General Ponsonby fell, near Papelotte. Close to La Haye Sainte is the grave of Shaw, the brave Life-guardsman; and a little beyond, on a slight elevation, but sufficient to command the view of the field, Napoleon took his stand during the greater part of the conflict. About half a mile still farther on the Genappe road, which cuts the field direct across, on the opposite ascending slope, stands the farm of La Belle Alliance, now a public-house,—a spot scarcely less fiercely contested than Hougoumont. Here was Buonaparte's right wing, and his lines extended thence along the slope to Hougoumont enclosures, about half a mile, and all round them. Looking on to the horizon beyond La Belle Alliance, you see the woods which conceal the battle-ground of Quatre Bras, where Wellington was engaged with Ney on the 16th, while Buonaparte was fighting with Blücher at Ligny. About three quarters of a mile, left of La Haye Sainte, and beyond it, lies Planchenois, where the French and Prussians had a sharp fight, and near it stands the Prussian monument to their slain there. All to the left between the wood of Hubermont near Planchenois and those of Frischemont, nearly parallel with the ground on which you stand, was occupied by the Prussians, under Blucher, when, late in the day, but not too late to be of signal service, he appeared on the field and engaged the right of the French.

Over all this scene the battle raged from forenoon till night, except in the Prussian portion of it. Everywhere deeds of eternal memory were done, while five hundred pieces of artillery mowed down men like weeds. But especially around this mount raged the fury of the tempest of death. Charge after charge of the French cavalry swept across the valley between the two armies, and dashed on the serried files of the Allies—only to be flung back again like waves from the ocean rocks; till, as the sun was casting his setting beams over the hill, the final hour was come—Ney led up the hitherto invincible Imperial Guards, twelve thousand strong—the English Duke gave the decisive word, "Up guards, and at them!" the finest infantry the world produced confronted each other, and after a shock, like that of an earthquake, the veterans of Jena, Austerlitz, and Wagram reeled backward before the exterminating fire—and, in the expressive words of Ney, "became annihilated—not a man of them ever to rally more." . . .

Of no battle have the details been so much discussed, contested, and distorted. German and even French authors have claimed the victory for their respective nations. The latest French specimen we have already quoted. The arguments of M. Gozlan may be judged of by his facts. He finds Genappe between Soigne and Waterloo, which really stands seven miles beyond Waterloo. He makes the French occupy Mont St. Jean, and the English stand posted near Waterloo; so that the field where the Lion and the monuments of Colonel Gordon and the Prussians stand, could not be the place of battle, after all, though all the world beside thinks it was. He confuses La Haye Sainte with La Belle Alliance, and so on, in hopeless confusion, to the end of the chapter.

It is of little use contending as to whose was the victory—it was a victory which wrung from the firm heart of the Iron Duke, in his despatch to Prince Schwarzenberg, these memorable words:—"Our battle on the 18th was one of giants; and our success was most complete, as you perceive. *God grant I may never see another!* for I am overwhelmed with grief for the loss of my old friends and comrades."

We say Amen! May the world never see such another vast and fearful field of carnage. Waterloo was the terrible close of a terrible reign of Moloch, which began with the attempts of despotic powers to resist the progress of liberty, and ended in this signal destruction of the great genius of conquest and subjugation which they had raised into being. A new era has happily begun. Six-and-thirty years of peace have followed this last grand catastrophe; and Great Britain, which played so brilliant yet so unhappy a part in that wild drama, has been the first to acknowledge her error by sanctioning the French Revolution of 1848, which swept away the last persons and principles for which all this blood was shed. At this moment, railways and steam-ships are superseding cannon, and a large class of the community are calling on statesmen and governments to recognise Mrs. Browning's simple but sublime truth, that

. . "The world is past the mere brute blow,
Given or taken. *Children use the fist*
Until they are of age to use the brain."

Pondering on these facts—the sanguinary gloom of the past, the bright and glowing dawn of the future—we descended the Mount of the Lion, and pursued our visit to various quarters of the great, gory field, where heroic hearts were crushed by thousands, or we turned to where some one of the many sad and touching stories told by survivors drew our sympathies to the spot. Where we now walked in the green corn, we thought of those who all night long had lain there wounded, amidst perished and perishing thousands; where they heard the agonized groans and saw the prowling plunderer doing his base and often murderous work. Especially did the image of that young British officer come before us, who perished by the plunderer's bayonet rather than suffer his mother's picture to be torn from him.

Beneath our feet slept seventy thousand men—but above them waved the green corn, and sang the lark, and shone the bright exulting sun. The victims of the past sleep deep in the repose of nearly forty years, but—

"I saw around me the wide fields revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,"

and it seemed to me to symbolize a more glorious future. I felt that it was good to have trodden this famous field, whose aspect, in bright contrast to its memories, assure us that—in the words of Elizabeth Browning—

. . . . "Drums and battle-cries
Go out in music of the morning star—
And soon we shall have thinkers in the place
Of fighters; each found able as a man
To strike electric influence through a race
Unstayed by city wall, or barbican."

LAMBS TO BE FED.

"Feed my lambs." It was Our Saviour's last injunction. In all inquiries into the condition of the "lower orders" of the people—into the miseries which harass, or the crimes which terrify the country—we are met by that portentous phenomenon known as juvenile depravity. To whoever has determined to look below the surface of national affairs, this is the first thing that presents itself. The inquirer's journey is like that of Æneas into the infernal regions of Virgil; no sooner had the Trojan wanderer crossed the Black River, and lulled the three-headed dog, than the very first objects he encountered were the souls of infants weeping in the threshold.* The poet who fancied this, surely conceived it to be the most horrible image that he could commence his pictures of terror with. Supposing we were to look for a little while at *our* regions of this class—regions not mythological, but very real, and very melancholy indeed? It so happens at this time, that—to keep up for an instant our Virgilian metaphor—we, like Æneas, have a guide into the gloomy realms. Æneas had his Sibyl; and to us a female guide presents herself.

An earnest, grave Christian lady, Miss Mary Carpenter, has recently published a book on "Reformatory Schools," wherein she deals at large with the question of the children of the perishing and dangerous classes, and the juvenile offenders of the country; and gives us, from all sorts of documents, and from

* Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.

personal inquiry, an account of the efforts that have been made from time to time to amend their condition. It is a matter not only of national, but, one would think, of personal, interest to every thoughtful citizen. Let us consider what the words "juvenile offenders" mean—not in blue-books, but in the book of Nature. Look at those rosy little boys, lolling in carriages, elegantly attired and pompously attended. It is only the accident of birth which has prevented them being pickpockets, and from being now and then "privately whipped." Your playful little Tommy, my dear madam, who has a slight tendency to mischief, might—if born of somebody who, instead of being an example to her sex (with a snug income), had been brought up in squalor and among the base —have been corrected with a heavier hand, and in altogether a ruder manner than is his present lot. Not that one wishes to say that propriety is not propriety, because it has had only favourable circumstances to grow in; but the immense force of circumstances must not, and ought not, to be forgotten; it is cruel, useless; and, ultimately, will prove fatal to do so.

We start with a very plain announcement, quoted from the evidence of Mr. Pearson before the Select Committee of the House of Lords, that "the number of commitments and convictions for crime has increased in this country greatly beyond the increase of population." He adds, citing later documents, that the "number of juvenile criminals has increased in a greater degree than even the mass of criminals at large. Thus, the number of criminals under twenty years of age committed to prison in the year 1835, was six thousand eight hundred and three, or one in four hundred and forty-nine of the population; while in 1844 they amounted to eleven thousand three hundred and forty-eight, or one in three hundred and four upon the population of the same age." This is one of those facts which startle, and well they may, at first sight. "Poverty and ignorance!" exclaims the reader. True, but the country has been increasing in wealth and the means of education all the time.

Although there had been a decrease within the last three years of convictions all over the country, yet it has only applied to the adult population; for the number of commitments and convictions of juvenile offenders has increased in the three latter years upwards of seven per cent." Another gleam of comfort comes when we hear that crimes have "been less aggravated in character;" but, on the other hand, (there is always something on the other hand!) the number of summary convictions, which do not form part of this account, amount to more than three times the number of convictions, which form the basis of such evidence. The observer has hope after hope knocked away from him. You fancy that the spectre has vanished from the premises; and here he is, busier than ever, in the "cellarage!"

Serjeant Adams states, that the "large towns" are the places where juvenile offenders are generally met: accordingly, Liverpool shows considerable increase in that way. Miss Carpenter quotes an extract from the report of Captain Williams, Inspector of Prisons, for 1840. It seems from that, that "during one year the number of male juvenile prisoners committed to the Liverpool Borough Prison was, in proportion to the whole number of male prisoners, much greater than in any of the gaols selected for comparison;" and, also, that "of the worst class of recommittals (those who had been in gaol four times or oftener), the proportion in Liverpool was upwards of seven times the average proportion in the metropolitan gaols, and nine times more than in the five provincial gaols." One is glad to learn that in 1847—thanks to the exertion of the chaplain and governor—the per-centage of "relapses into crime" was got reduced about eight per cent., though it "still remains very high." To speak of "relapses into crime," is a loose, vague way of talking: it seems to imply that the little fellows had been once well raised out of it, and had so "fallen" again by some moral backsliding—the case being, that on leaving the gaol they return generally to the old circumstances under which they just offended: they can scarcely be said to "relapse," when they are no ways raised above their old level. What these "circumstances" are, and their connexion with crime, may be gathered from such accounts as we proceed to examine. We learn from Serjeant Adams's evidence, that "of the one hundred prisoners whom he has to try every fortnight, from sixteen to forty are boys; some even of the age of seven, a few of eight, and a great number of nine and upwards; of these children" (mark this) "the offences are for the most part of a pilfering description, to which the young children are tempted by older persons."

They, in fact, seem to hop about like wild birds, pilfering the crumbs that fall from the table of the country's wealth. It seems difficult to see how they can have any higher relation to the moral view of crime, than blackbirds among currant bushes. They certainly have no higher notion of what we call justice, than blackbirds have of nets, scarecrows, and guns.

Being, therefore, destitute and abandoned, children become what is called "criminals." Abandoned by everybody, the nursing-mother Britannia takes them to her bosom, imprisons, transports, and privately whips them, with the kindliest intentions; and at the same time the ghastliest feeling that it is not all right. Nothing is more curious to watch in this inquiry than the uneasy despair of all the officials. "What am I to do?" asks the judge. The judge himself looks with terror at the unhappy little youngster perched in the dock before him, and is to all appearance

decidedly the less at ease of the two. The gaoler himself is moved to compassion at the ceremony of private whipping.

Education is the great hope. Education is the beginning of all the good in man. Let us see how much of this good is obtainable by juvenile offenders. We must not fall into the error of calling "reading and writing" education; nevertheless due importance must be attached to these acts as the instruments of modern culture. Note, first, that we are embarrassed by the circumstance, that the young thieves, on entering the prisons, frequently conceal their knowledge. Mr. Pearson has recorded this fact, and has given it as his opinion, that "the cause of juvenile crime is not the absence of education;" further, he thinks, "that any education of the children of the labouring classes that is not accompanied with industrial training, and their actual employment in manual and useful labour, will entirely fail in checking the growth of crime." Mr. Pearson's meaning seems obvious enough; the truth is, that the "industrial training" would be "education" in the proper sense of the word. Fragments of book knowledge may be stuck on—if we may use the expression—to any reprobate of moderate acuteness, such acquisitions would be like jewels on a savage. But what sense is there in simply teaching a poor boy a few things of a literary character, and then turning him adrift to his old circumstances and temptations? All good education begins with a moral impulse; and, if a person cannot see the immense moral influence of industry on a character, he can do little good in this inquiry.

"I call it," says Mr. Clay, the chaplain of the Preston House of Correction, "extreme ignorance, when a man, or woman, or child, cannot repeat a word of prayer—when they cannot do it intelligibly. They attempt sometimes to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but they make gibberish of it. I call it extreme ignorance when they cannot name the reigning Sovereign, or the months of the year. I have found a great number that did not know the months of the year; and when I have put the question to them in the plainest way I can, 'Do you know who is reigning over us?' the answer has been 'No'.—'Do not you know the name of the Queen?' 'Prince Albert, is it not?' I have conversed with one thousand three hundred and one men and boys, and two hundred and eighty-seven women and girls, out of about three thousand, in this state of ignorance. I have found one thousand two hundred and ninety men and boys, and two hundred and ninety-three women and girls, so incapable of receiving moral or religious instruction, that to speak to them of virtue, vice, iniquity, or holiness, was to speak to them in an unknown tongue. They have a vague impression of the immortality of the soul; and, that when they leave this world for another, they will be rewarded or punished, but they know little or nothing of the conditions of the reward or punishment. As respects mere ignorance, I cannot say that I have known many instances of persons who did not believe in the existence of a God at all, and that is the ground of our hope, but they have no sense of a God constantly present and superintending them." The cases of extreme ignorance among the juvenile and adult prisoners, amount to from forty-three to forty five per cent.

A significant fact as to the value of *mere* reading and writing, is furnished by Mr. Smith, governor of Edinburgh gaol. The number of re-commitments of those who can read well, he says, is much greater than the number of those who cannot read at all.

Few have not heard of Parkhurst prison, in the Isle of Wight, built to receive juvenile offenders sentenced to transportation, with a view of reforming them before sending them to people a new country. Parkhurst contains accordingly the pick of the black sheep—the pet black lambs of the nation. Three qualifications are necessary to the Parkhurst boy,—"he must be fourteen years of age, four feet six inches high and of a character so depraved, that he would be sentenced by the court to transportation, if Parkhurst did not exist." It would seem, from the returns, that most of the boys have previously been to some school or other, although the great majority are uneducated. The schools they had attended, were Church of England schools, private schools, [illegible] and other free schools, in the proportion of thirty-five, twenty five, and twenty seven respectively. Now, note the results we arrive at, from examining the table. While twenty can read tolerably,—twenty-four can repeat the Church Catechism. While sixty have "scarcely any or none"—knowledge of the meaning of words in use, ALL can repeat the Lord's Prayer. About one hundred and two can repeat the Church Catechism, either well, tolerably, or in small portions, while about one hundred and sixty-two only have any knowledge of the "meaning of words in use." These little facts, recorded in tabular figures, give one a glimpse of what the "schools"—the Church of England and others do. "Repeating" without "understanding," is, it would seem, principally taught—a dull system of mechanical grinding of words, little more respectable than the rites of Mumbo-Jumbo.

The present school system, Miss Carpenter thinks, is useless to the classes of whom we are speaking; and attention must next be directed to the question, *what* schools can be got up with any probability of success? But, first, we should notice a suggestion that, if Penal Reformatory Schools were established, the parents of children should be made responsible—should be even made to pay for their maintenance, if they fell into crime through their neglect. It is one of the curses of the present state of things, that the parent is not responsible; that he leaves his child to

starvation and crime. Accordingly, the cost falls upon the country; and we hear in one case of eight thieves mulcting the public to the amount of thirteen thousand pounds. On the other hand, how much more economical is good sense in the long run! A report of the Glasgow Industrial Schools for 1849, assures us, that the maintenance and instruction of its poor children costs only four pounds per annum; while a pauper costs thirteen pounds, and a prisoner sixteen pounds seven shillings and fourpence. One of the most expensive articles going is a prisoner. One of the most economical things possible is virtue and good conduct.

We now pretty well see the bearings of affairs. We are in a condition, it is to be hoped, to look at a Ragged School with considerable curiosity and interest. The Ragged School teacher lands in some district—on the whole rather like a navigator among new islands—and hoists his flag before an astonished population. Out the boys buzz, with matted hair, piebald with mud, fluttering in rags, capering in lively squalor before the navigator. "What's your name?" "They call me Billy;" "And yours?" "Dick." Billy and Dick, no other names, more than a goat or a dog has. Questions are asked, brief answers given. "Mother dead, father a drunkard. Sometimes go errands, sometimes starving; lay under arches; picked a pocket; sent to Giltspur Street Prison; bread and water, and visited by chaplain; well flogged, and turned out!" This is the brief history of many a boy. Let us now glance at these Ragged Schools, and see what they have done, "they being the fruits of," as Miss Carpenter says, "the only organised movement that has been made in the present century, to carry education to the lowest depths of society." The earliest attempt was made in April 1844, at a meeting held at the St. Giles's Ragged School. They grew out of a very natural necessity. There being a large portion of the poor boys of the town so ragged and dirty, that they constituted a distinct class. Sunday and Day Schools of the humblest class were "too respectable," apparently for these youngsters, who had a raggedness and dirtiness which defied classification, and demanded an establishment of their own. Schools were opened from time to time for them; there was "no lack of pupils," the policeman had to keep the door even against aspirants. The difficulties of the case may be imagined; for the teachers proposed to teach these wild boys the word of God. There may be pedants in piety, as well as in everything else; and we have no doubt that any narrow way of teaching religious matters to such a company as a Ragged School, must only produce such shameful scenes as these. Surely, to get hold of a set of wild cubs, half starved and criminal, and to be at all dogmatic in religious teaching, must be an absurdity.

We have no doubt that where these schools fail, it is owing to an error of this sort; some poor pedant of a teacher, whose profession is Christianity, as another man's profession may be law, holds forth, on Judæa, Benjamin's Cup, the Passage of the Red Sea, and Pontius Pilate, before the heart or moral nature of the pupil has been at all worked on. It is quite plain, that to a wild boy this must all be incomprehensible, incredible, and even ludicrous. Miss Carpenter, thankful as she is in her grateful hopeful way for the good Ragged Schools have really done, declares emphatically that they must be wisely and efficiently conducted. It is satisfactory to know that an improvement is visible generally in districts where Ragged Schools are established. Nay, the very gathering together of the boys to hear something partaking of a higher nature than the vile jargon of their neighbourhoods must do some good. The last report of the Ragged School Union states that there are in existence ninety-five schools; the number of voluntary teachers being one thousand three hundred and ninety-two; of children, on week evenings, five thousand three hundred and fifty two; on Sunday, ten thousand four hundred and thirty nine.

We now come to a new agency, that of Free Day Schools—a class of schools which belong to the same kind as the last and appear to have arisen from them. There are several sorts of them, some merely Day Schools for free instruction, some Industrial Feeding Schools, some partaking of the character of Refuges for the destitute and vicious. Miss Carpenter gives an account of a very interesting one established at Bristol—a town apparently remarkable for the large number of destitute children it contains. Some five years ago, a few persons, "strongly moved by pity" for these, determined to attempt a Free School there. The out-look was not very hopeful, "midnight brawls" were the fashion of the "lower orders," and two policemen had been killed as an example to despots disposed to interfere. The one thing needful, however,—a brave good man—for a teacher, was found, and by the end of six months he had brought one hundred boys and girls into order and decorum. Work was gone at, here, in a sensible way; washing apparatus, for instance, provided—the place itself being decently warmed and ventilated. In short, the conditions under which the poor children lived being ameliorated when they became pupils, something could be made of them. Does not poor Rousseau, who mused so much on education, tell us, that if we want to reform, we must alter the conditions under which the sin we suffer from is committed! "Fundamental principles of religion" were taught, "sectarian theology avoided:" the business of the school included "common branches of useful knowledge," "instruction in some industrial occupation," and "inculcation of cleanly and orderly habits." One is not at all surprised to learn that the "industrial

occupation has been found most valuable." Then there is a little fund, out of which the boys and girls get little payments for work that they do. How much better all this than a system which should take the boys out of the streets to learn "Scripture History," and then turn them into them again to pick pockets! It is surely discreditable to the town that such a school should be hampered for want of pecuniary assistance—*monitors*, for instance, would be such an aid. And then, the school also suffers from—what does the reader suppose?—want of police surveillance in the neighbourhood! The expenses of the school we are speaking of, during the past year, were two hundred and forty-four pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny; the annual subscriptions amounted only to one hundred and twenty-nine pounds twelve shillings and sixpence, and there is a balance, &c., of nine pounds five shillings and fivepence due to the treasurer. Yet it gives an education to "between three hundred and four hundred children, about two-thirds of whom are receiving daily instruction, and some industrial training."

Let us next look at the question of "Industrial Feeding Schools," which Miss Carpenter defines to be proper for the children "whom the Free Day School fails to influence." We are now pretty well arrived at the "lower deep" of misery, and have to deal with the vagrant of vagrants—with children whom their own parents bring up to crime—the rejected of unions, and the elected of gaols. Let us look through the darkness and watch what manner of figures are there. "A boy of fourteen" meets the eye, who recently told the alderman on the bench that he did not know "what an oath is, what the Testament is, what prayers are, what God is, what the devil is. *I sweeps the crossing*," he added—summing up his position, moral and social, in the universe, in that one sentence. We look next at a teacher's journal, and see "a bright black-eyed little S.," who "seems thoroughly established in his vagrant habits." Then, we come to the case of a child whose stepmother did not seem willing that it should go to an industrial school. And Miss Carpenter fairly admits that this class of children are beyond the pale. Mere Free Day Schools, she thinks, would scarcely do anything here. Their attendance is not regular enough; they are in the abyss of wretchedness as regards circumstances, and what can save them from crime and the gaol? An attempt was made in Aberdeen, in 1841, it being then known that not less than a thousand persons were "wandering about, preying on the inhabitants;" that three hundred and twenty-eight children were vagabondising the county; while the superintendent of the city police testified that "upwards of two hundred and eighty children" were known to him as common "beggars and common thieves." On the 1st of October, 1841, a Feeding School was opened in the town—a dozen scholars brought in, and told that they would be fed and taught, and allowed to depart when they pleased, provided they did not again resort to begging. The immediate effect was good, but many withdrew from the school, unwilling to bear the discipline. At last, the promoters resolved to get magisterial sanction for their plan—the magistrates authorised the police to apprehend all begging children, and bring them to the school. And on the 19th of May, 1845, a haul was made, accordingly, and seventy-five collected, of whom only four could read. "They were in the lowest condition," as of course the reader is prepared to learn; they were rebellious; but they were sternly informed that begging would not be tolerated, and here food and teaching were offered. The plan appears to have been strikingly successful; and what magic was there here? why should the country shudder in a cowardly manner over details of horror—when a little money and a little courage will do so much? Aberdeen has done an act of real charity and good sense here, blessed itself and blessed these poor vagrants. The poor must be taught, somehow, if society means to exist: we hear, to be sure, that there are parents who can, but will not, educate them—who wilfully train them in crime for their own purposes. At present, therefore, the children of such as these go to gaol. But, suggests Miss Carpenter, why not get an act of the legislature, authorising the magistrates to send all such children to an Industrial School at the expense of their parents? Why not? We are not aware that it would in any way interfere with the grouse.

Miss Carpenter notices here an objection of somebody's to Feeding Schools, on the ground that they interfere with the Government, by taking on themselves the duties of the unions. Respectability, we know, always has the ready phrase of "the union" on its consolatory tongue: unhappily, however, the unions do not relieve the wants of all the destitute at this time. They perform, to be sure, one odd office, according to Miss Carpenter; they serve as coins to certain experienced offenders, who commit acts of violence there, that they may be sent for a week or so to some favourite gaol. But surely no Poor Law nor any neglect of anybody's should be allowed to interfere with such efforts for the benefit of the wretched, and the consequent benefit of the whole country, as these detailed above. In all such cases, legislative aid is wanted. It is wanted to save children from parents who are infamous; to enforce the attendance of the children at such places of reform, to apprehend vagabondising children throughout the country. It is wanted, in fact, for the performance of all such duties as a Government ought to discharge.

"At present, however, "the only school provided in Great Britain by the State for her

children is—the gaol." There, as far as one can learn, further contamination assists the fledgling criminal; immense expenses are incurred; and no good is done. In fact, Government combines in its instruction the old "preachee and floggee" system which so much offended the negro in the pages of the venerable Joe. Parkhurst may certainly be well conducted as a prison—as a school, however, it would seem to have no high claims. The governor has to complain that boys of eighteen, hardened in crime, are sent there—debasing the younger prisoners—neutralising all the objects of the place. Reform must always begin inwardly; you reform only from the heart outwards: confinement, discipline, whipping, these are mechanical means. By these you may make a good prisoner, not a good man. All common education of the existing gaol sort is a kind of polishing that makes the black not lighter—only more shiny. Some good men in France have tried certain reformatory penal schools after the example of one established at Mettrai by the efforts of M. Demetry. Success has attended the project, and the example has been largely followed in France. A still higher establishment of a kindred nature exists in Dusseldorf.

We have now given some account of the present state and prospects of the criminal and destitute young in this country. And cordially thanking the good and wise lady, whose book we have so frequently referred to, we must add how entirely we agree with her, that such a cause as this must be approached, worked in, and carried out in a far higher spirit than that in which most of what is called "reform" is undertaken. It is a very sacred business, this!

Feed my lambs. Are they not perishing?

THE DEAN OF ST. VITUS.

Dr. Van Gudgeon sate in his study, involved in profound meditation. The room was decidedly comfortable. Good, sturdy mahogany furniture, heavy merino damask curtains, respectable-looking family and other ecclesiastical portraits, and an excellent fire, were sufficient to render the Dean of St. Vitus (for Dr. Van Gudgeon was no less a personage) an object of some envy. Nevertheless, Dr. Van Gudgeon was not comfortable in mind just at present. The table was strewed with papers; some letters, in disagreeably business-like envelopes, and a copy of the "Times" newspaper, attracted his uneasy glances from time to time. Even the unexceptionable Port wine, of which the worthy Doctor was not over-sparing, failed to restore perfect tranquillity to the expression of his countenance.

Dr. Van Gudgeon was naturally a sociable man; and generally enjoyed his quiet five o'clock dinner, and wine afterwards, in the presence of his family, without imitating the example of those sternly respectable fathers who drive their children from table, in order to teach them parental reverence in the nursery. But on this occasion he had withdrawn immediately after dinner; and, although he couldn't exactly do without his wine, he couldn't enjoy it as usual.

The Dean of St. Vitus wasn't a bad man, by any means. He was somewhat rough in manner, but had a kind heart. He gave away plenty of coals, blankets, books, and prize-medals; wasn't afraid to pat the heads of little boys who evinced unusual sharpness in the difficulties of the multiplication table; and would pick up a child who had tumbled down in the street, wipe away its tears (generally the result of fright, or of a conventional habit of crying upon all occasions, known only to the tender age.) and send away rejoicing in a penny, to be invested at the nearest "sweet stuff" shop. Every one seemed to like the old Dean, and his taste for gossiping with everyone added to his popularity. He took an interest in everything and everybody. Mrs. Gillespie, who supplied the Dean with snuff, often entertained him for half an hour on the painfully pathetic subject of her corns, and never tired out his patience. Mr. Aconite Bolus, the veterinary surgeon, always consulted the Dean (who had once been a slightly, very slightly, sporting man,) on difficult "cases" regarding the horses of the neighbours; and not a child fell sick, died, or saw light, without furnishing a subject for old Dr Van Gudgeon's kindly chit-chat.

If the almost universal good-will of a large district could have been received as the exponent of a man's real character, few men could have stood better than the Dean. But, there are sins of omission which hang round the characters of the best of men, and, like cobwebs in a palace, prove the necessity of a little dusting and cleansing.

The truth then, was this:—The Dean of St. Vitus was one of the most indolent men that ever enjoyed a rich collection of pluralities. He lived on, from day to day, without ever dreaming of a change of employment, and without ever reflecting whether he was not morally bound to do many things which were not, however, compulsory. An immense Lexicon of the mediæval Latinity absorbed every moment that was not given to eating, drinking, gossiping, and the performance of a few nominal church duties. But of matters taking place under the very walls of St. Vitus he knew nothing, and felt it a bore when any such subjects were mentioned. He took his ample share of the Cathedral income, as a matter of course; but as to the least idea of having any duty to render as an equivalent for the same, it was utterly out of the question.

Moreover, the Dean hated anything like reform or alteration, and negatived every such

proposal, on the grounds that there was "no precedent." He stoutly resisted the attempt which one or two of the Chapter had made to enlarge the choir, and throw the whole Cathedral open for purposes of public worship, and defended the clumsy oak and deal partitions which spoilt the Cathedral, simply because they had always been there in his time. When a new organist came down from London, and found that the bellows didn't supply wind enough, and that there were no pedal pipes, the Dean, who cared not a straw for music, said that he was very sorry to hear it; but that the organ did well enough. If any money was proposed to be appropriated to any purpose, he simply said, "there were no funds." His own house displayed much the same feeling; for excepting the drawing-room, where the taste of the female part of the family had been at work, the old, heavy furniture, which had belonged to the Deanery for nearly a century, still did its duty, in defiance of modern elegance, and the ample resources of its occupant.

He was an immensely regular man. Whatever might be the state of the weather, he was in his "stall" every morning at eight o'clock, and read the service through, always in the same loud, commanding tone, with something of an air of patronage, as though the circumstance of a Dean saying his prayers gave an additional respectability to religion. He always breakfasted, and dined, at the same hour; ate two eggs and some dry toast at the former meal, and always took wine ceremoniously with his eldest son, who was married, at the latter. He never felt at a loss what to do with himself, because he spent every day alike. The only difference was, that sometimes he read proof sheets, and at other times prepared "copy." His wife was very amiable, and a woman of taste, and his family had all turned out well; that is to say, they were perfectly inoffensive, and by no means obtrusively clever.

But, on the day which first introduces the very Reverend the Dean of St. Vitus to our readers, his feelings had received a series of rude shocks. In the first place, before he started to go to chapel, the verger came round with the charming news that a stack of chimneys, belonging to some unused offices of the Cathedral, had fallen through one of the windows in the left aisle, smashing the stained glass to atoms, and chipping off the nose and hands of St. Ursula de Vitus, the traditional foundress of the Cathedral, whose effigy had hitherto rested undisturbed. As the Dean had zealously opposed the taking down of that identical stack of chimneys, he knew that he alone was to blame, and read the Litany with irritated and abashed feelings.

He had scarcely finished breakfast when a deputation from the "Pay Your Curates Commission" waited upon him, with extreme, but ominous, politeness. As their object was to claim some two thousand odd pounds, which, it appeared, ought to have been given up long ago, it did not contribute materially to allay the annoyance respecting St. Ursula's broken nose. The Dean, like many other persons, hated arithmetic, except when its product was on his own side; and his being suddenly called upon to give a full, true, and minute account of his income, and the different sources thereof, was a cruel innovation upon domestic rights, and a wanton interruption to his lexicographical labours. Another difficulty was, that the Dean, so long as he received the money, had never troubled himself about the precise quarter from which it came; and, truth to say, some of those quarters were but doubtful. He, however, said he'd consider the matter.

Not an hour later, a gentleman called to entreat that the inhabitants might be ejected from a house adjoining his own, and belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Vitus. He gave such desperate proofs of the utter depravity of the present tenants, and the nuisance they were to the neighbourhood, that Dr. Gudgeon advised him to speak to their "manager" about it, and said he'd consider what could be done.

Lunch was spoilt by the appearance of the "Times" newspaper, to which we have already alluded. The leading article contained a sweeping attack on the Cathedral system in general, in connection with a speech in the House the night before, in which the unhappy Dean of St. Vitus was painfully mixed up with a question of misappropriated property. This consummated the evils of the day, and Dr. Van Gudgeon, having made a dinner without appetite, withdrew to his study to think matters over, taking his Port with him.

The Dean well remembered that, several years back, the resignation of a certain manor, as well as some other pecuniary concessions, had been urged upon him by the Pay Your Curates Commission, and agreed to by himself. The said Commission, after mature deliberation, had come to the conclusion that a Deanery, with a couple of thousands a year, together with a sinecure living of some seven or eight hundred attached, and a couple of stalls, averaging from nine to twelve hundred a year each, formed an adequate provision for any ecclesiastic, and the Doctor was persuaded to give up the tithes of the manor in question, and several other "pickings" of less importance.

But somehow or other, the Dean's promise wasn't performed to the very letter. His Deanery one year turned up a large "fine," by which the Chapter got some few thousands, but the Pay Your Curates got nothing. He certainly paid three or four hundred a year to the Commission, but the tithes of the Horseferry manor were far richer. The members of the Commission were remarkably lenient on the subject, and gave long credit. At length, finding the St. Vitus parties getting

extensively into arrears, they presented their bill, and an alarming one it was.

There isn't any doubt that Dr. Gudgeon, when he made the promise, really meant to perform it. At all events, he was obliged to do something in the matter; but his indolence prevented him calculating, in the first instance, what steps must be taken in order to satisfy the Commissioners. Moreover, Dr. Van Gudgeon laboured under a serious error, extremely common amongst mankind. He was very fond of money. Not that it steeled his mind against better impressions, but he couldn't resist the Apostolic desire of dying worth eighty thousand or one hundred thousand pounds sterling. On the other hand, his wife liked a couple of carriages; his sons liked horses, and one of them revelled in a private "trap" of his own: one of his daughters couldn't live except at Madeira or the South of France; some of his sons, who were too idle even for the Church, wanted cadetships, or promotion by purchase. Furthermore, a butler was a necessary item in the family respectability, and where a butler was, there must be a couple of footmen, besides various other adjuncts. Mrs. Van Gudgeon was passionately fond of flowers and this taste required a head gardener, who in turn required several subordinate gardeners, off and on. Besides this, some sons and daughters married, and married people want money, especially when their families begin to increase. Then the Doctor was largely insured, and people who insure heavily must pay heavy policies. In short, what with one expense or another, the worthy Doctor, with a regular income of five or six thousand a year, and frequent droppings in of good luck, found it very difficult to keep up his family state and his banker's account at the same time. The consequence was, an unwillingness in the Doctor to part with any money it was possible to retain. To a man so unhappily situated, a sudden call for upwards of two thousand pounds, as well as for the production of documents not always satisfactory in their bearing, and likely to lead to farther concessions, was a cruel refinement of torture, beyond the soothing powers even of a Turkey carpet and unexceptionable Port wine.

The Dean sat sipping his wine, now and then looking sadly at the last uncorrected proof of his Lexicon, and then more ruthfully at the "Times," that heartless journal, which believed that a Dean might live upon less than five thousand a year. It was a painful scene. Had the author of that "leader" been present, he must have gone home, put his writing-desk into the fire, and turned Church philanthropist at once.

And what were the old Dean's thoughts? Were they so fraught with easy indolence or confident pedantry, as those of his past life? Was the nose of St. Ursula the only cause of his troubled feelings? Decidedly not.

The readers of ascetic literature doubtless remember the cruel temptations and curious visions to which some of the early Christian monastics were exposed—St. Anthony in particular. Those who are "up" in German divinity, also, doubtless remember that such visions have been looked upon as mere mental delusions, dreams, or ecstacies, in some cases proceeding from a stomach empty through fasting. Now, whether, the effects of vexation and Port wine had absolutely sent the worthy Dr. Van Gudgeon to sleep, we are too polite to have even an opinion on the subject; but, however, it happened the Doctor's mind passed through a most extraordinary review of the day's occurrences, and those of some years previous.

He seemed to be suddenly transported into the childhood of his now lengthened career, when coarse, wholesome diet, and a strange, quaint "livery," formed his food and clothing at the humble grammar-school of St. Agnus Dei. All the recollections of early hardships, of bodily fights against big boys, of intellectual struggles against clever ones, crowded upon his memory. Stoutly had he fought, and well had he conquered. Scholarships and exhibitions had set him afloat in the wider field of University contests, and a substantial fellowship had paved the way to great and profitable advancement. So whispered gratified ambition; so vanity proclaimed; so self complacency persuaded itself: but conscience hung back unsatisfied, and religion seemed to remind him of a certain parable, in which men were judged, not according to the talents they possessed, but according to the manner in which they had used them.

Had *he* ever lightened the toils, assuaged the anxiety of those who were toiling up the same steep road? In his most influential capacity, had he ever brought forward unknown talent? had he ever held out the helping hand, except when family connections or worldly prosperity rendered it almost unnecessary? Had he ever searched for objects worthy his continued and earnest patronage; or had all his deeds of charity been mere yieldings to a natural, easy impulse of simple good-nature, done in a kindly spirit, but done indiscriminately; and, when done, grossly disproportionate to the large means he possessed of doing better? Indolence hung its head abashed, as Truth replied.

Nor were his parochial recollections more satisfactory. True, he had paid one or two visits to his parish within the last three or four years, and had asked some of the farmers to dinner. Mrs. Van Gudgeon had been dreadfully bored on the occasion, although she herself had once been governess in a third rate family. But of the state of the parish which yielded so handsome a contribution towards his large income, the Reverend the Dean of St. Vitus knew literally nothing.

He had been applied to respecting the educational destitution which existed there; said he was very sorry to hear it, and wished it could be amended—and that was all. Repentance now seemed taking hold of the Dean's thoughts, and a strong feeling of self-condemnation was rapidly awakening him from his long moral slumber.

But, as ill fate would have it, or, as the spirit of evil is always on the look-out to clap an extinguisher upon any scintillations of good feelings, the Dean happened suddenly to think of his family. Sad thing that parental affection should so often be made a cover for forgetfulness of the common claims of mankind, or that the pretext of benefiting "those belonging to one" should make us forget Him to whom all things belong! At this very moment, when the Dean had almost made up his mind to refund certain moneys, and do various, much-called-for justice to the objects of his past neglect, he recollected that his wife had just agreed to pay the cook a higher salary, to prevent her leaving her place for another in a far wealthier family; and he also remembered that the butler had thrown out some hints as to an additional foot-boy being required. Moreover, the last bin of Port wine had been a strong draw on his purse, and the aviary Mrs. Van Gudgeon was building in the midst of the lawn would come to a handsome sum when finished; and the Dean hated "going on credit," as most married people do, who can have no necessity for it. Then Caroline was engaged to Colonel Fityswag, who had nothing besides his pay, and something handsome must be done for her. Worse than all, the Dean's banking-book was still very far off from the sum which, in the case of a churchman of respectability, ought to pay probate duty.

Selfishness had done its work, and indolence, encouraged at its progress, revived, and began again. Her arguments were somewhat as follows.

It was of no use doing anything, because it would be altering what had been done before. The newspaper agitation would soon cease, and the House would not do anything in the matter. If he began to do anything, he would be obliged to go on, and what might the consequences be? He couldn't interfere with his living, because he had always left it to his curate. It wouldn't do to begin a fuss about schools, baths, wash-houses, dispensaries, and all that sort of thing, because, wherever it had begun, there was no end to it. He would get St. Ursula's nose repaired, and have the chimney (which was, by the bye, of no earthly use) substantially rebuilt; and that would be something off his mind.

As to his past career, he totally forgot his own early trials in his present affluence. It was surprising how soon he discovered the immense advantage of leaving youths to shift for themselves! Here was another qualm of conscience hushed most admirably.

As to retrenching his establishment, humanity forbade it. Could he turn the respectable, demure, gentlemanly-looking butler, who had never done anything but keep the keys and decant the wine, abruptly upon the world, perhaps to humiliate himself by advertising in the "Times?" Could he get rid of the faithful footman, who had slept in the great chair, or looked out of the little hall window, for the last fifteen years? So pleased was the Dean with his own humane feelings, that he thought it would even be unjust to turn disreputable parties out of the Cathedral tenements, as long as they paid their rent.

Sophistry had done its worst, when the Dean awoke to the returning consciousness of outward things. His eye rested upon the unread proof-sheet, and his vanity glistened in his whole features as he asked whether the boon of such a volume (which, by the way, was to be printed at the expense of an University press) did not exonerate him from the claims of common-place, unscholastic honesty. He called for his coffee; wrote a cheque for a terribly inadequate amount, and enclosed it to the Commissioners, resolving to take the chance of being compelled to do more. He sent a polite note to the Rev. Canon Groins, D.D., F.R.S., &c., who took an interest in mediæval architecture, entreating him to see to the proper repair of St. Ursula, at his (the Dean's) expense, and told his footman that he needn't bring the "Times" into his study any more.

Our worthy Doctor felt so happy at the prospect of doing nothing, or of having silenced his conscience as to the propriety of that very safe method of proceeding, that he returned to his proof-sheets and Port wine with a relish keener than ever. The newspapers, however, were provokingly tiresome, and when the Dean's stanch friend and patron, Sir Rowland Graehame, attempted his defence in the House, they said he had fully proved what he sought to contradict. The Bishop of Eddystone likewise "defended" the worthy Dean, and heaped abundance of well-pointed sarcasms, dipped in oily politeness, upon the heads of the accusers. But the obstinate, not-to-be-convinced, believe-what-I-see newspapers, said the Bishop had not only found his client guilty, but had passed condemnation upon him into the bargain.

When we last saw the Dean, we fancied he was a trifle soured, though he looked as well as ever. But we were told that the Lexicon "hangs fire," and that the reverend gentleman has of late become very intimate with lawyers, advocates, attorneys, serjeants, and other people of whom he formerly entertained a most unchurchmanlike hatred. There is even a report afloat, that the living of Kneedy-dough will pass to his second son, who has suddenly manifested a desire to take orders.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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ONE MAN IN A DOCKYARD.

I am a man of good average size and strength; John Strongitharm by name; five feet eight, in my shoes; and able to lift a hundred-weight and a half, without turning purple in the face. The last time I had a tussle with Peter Briggs, I sent him clean into the back parlour, from the front dining-room (all in an amicable way), and my weight is barely eleven stone, while Peter weighs at least fourteen. I consider myself, therefore, as neither weak nor helpless.

But of what use on earth is a single man? I mean—of how small an amount of practical labour is an individual capable, when he compares his powers, not only with the entire magnitude of great public works, but with one of the countless number of subordinate parts, nay, one of the mere temporary details and preliminaries. I stand in the evening looking up at St. Paul's—a small dark object in the broad shade of its huge sombre walls. My eye ascends the darkness, and wanders round the great black dome, and then slowly returns by way of the roof of one of its great porticoes, and finds its way down one of the large dark pillars. What are my strength and weight compared with that one pillar? Could I have set it up there—could I have moved one tenth part of it, or a twentieth part of it, as it lay upon the ground? I can throw Peter Briggs, who weighs fourteen stone, but there is a cornice up there which I could not stir if I had it before my feet, but which, if it fell upon me, would exterminate me.

I often have this feeling in gazing at large edifices. I took a stroll about the town of Chatham, the other day, and almost everything I looked at there, engendered it in an unusual degree.

There was Rochester Castle, to begin with. I surveyed that massive ruin from the Bridge, and thought what a brief little practical joke I seemed to be, in comparison with its solidity, stature, strength, and length of life. I went inside; and, standing in the solemn shadow of its walls, looking up at the blue sky, its only remaining roof (to the disturbance of the crows and jackdaws, who garrison the venerable fortress now), calculated how much wall of that thickness I, or any other mere man, could build in his whole life—say from eight years old, to eighty—and what a ridiculous result would be produced. I climbed the rugged staircase, stopping now and then to peep at great holes where the rafters of floors were once—bare as toothless gums now—or to enjoy glimpses of the Medway through dreary apertures like eye-sockets without eyes; and, looking down from the Castle ramparts on the Old Cathedral, and on the crumbling remains of the old Priory, and on the row of staid old red-brick houses where the Cathedral dignitaries live, and on the shrunken fragments of one of the old City gates, and on the old trees with their high tops below me, felt quite apologetic to the scene in general for my own juvenility and insignificance. One of the river-boatmen had told me, on the Bridge, (as country folks usually do tell of such places) that in the old times when those buildings were in progress, a labourer's wages were "a penny a day, and enough too." Even as a solitary penny was to their whole cost, it appeared to me was the utmost strength and exertion of one man towards the labour of their erection.

As I sauntered along the old High Street on my way towards Chatham, I seemed to dwindle more and more. Here, was another old gate; here, were very old houses, with the strangest gables; here, was a queer, queer, little old House, founded by Richard Watts, Esquire, for the nightly shelter and entertainment of so many poor travellers, "not being rogues or proctors," who were to be dismissed in the morning with a Godspeed and fourpence each. It was all very well my being able to throw Peter Briggs into the next room, but what could I throw into the next century? If I, John Strongitharm, were to go at it (as the saying is) with all my might and main, what object could *I* set up, that should be on earth to be wondered at, a few generations hence? Unassisted, probably not so much as a mile-stone.

Coming into Chatham, it appeared to me as if the feeble absurdity of an individual were made more and more manifest at every step I took. Men were only noticeable here by scores, by hundreds, by thousands, rank and file, companies, regiments, detachments, vessels full for exportation. They walked about the streets in rows or bodies, carrying

their heads in exactly the same way, and doing exactly the same thing with their limbs. Nothing in the shape of clothing was made for an individual; everything was contracted for, by the million. The children of Israel were established in Chatham, as salesmen, outfitters, tailors, old clothesmen, army and navy accoutrement makers, bill discounters, and general despoilers of the Christian world, in tribes, rather than in families. The cannon, and pyramidal piles of cannon-balls, renounced the insignificance of individuality, and combined by the score. In the town-barracks, if I saw one soldier pipe-claying a belt, I was sure to see twenty: nineteen of whom might have been compound reflections of the first one in a combination of looking-glasses. No man cooked his dinner in a saucepan; the whole regiment's dinner came out of a copper. The muskets stood in racks and even the drums were gregarious. Up in the airy Artillery Barracks, Private Jones or Brown lived in a mansion labelled "120 men." or "160 men," —that was his door-plate—he had no separate existence. The only fact that made the least approach to the recognition of an individual was a sentry box; but that, after all, was for the accommodation of all the rank and file in the barracks, as their turns came.

I took a walk upon the Lines, and mused among the fortifications; grassy and innocent enough on the surface, at present, but tough subjects at the core. Here I saw the artfullest pits and drawbridges, the slyest batteries, the most unexpected angles and turnings; the loneliest, deep-set, beetle-browed little windows, down among the stinging-nettles at the bottoms of trenches, indicative of subterranean passages and bomb-proof rooms. Here, I saw forts, and citadels, and great-guns hiding their muzzles deceitfully behind mounds of earth; and the low flat tops of inner buildings crouching out of the range of telescopes and aim of shells; and mysterious gateways and archways, honey-combed with loopholes for small arms; and tokens of undermined communication between place and place; and narrow passages beset by dark vaults with gratings to fire through, that one would like to see the inside of, they are so mysterious, and smell so chill and earthy. Steeped in these mysteries, I wandered round the trenches of Fort Pitt, and away to Fort Clarence—a dismal military prison now, like an old Giant's Castle "new-hatched to the woeful time;"—and looking down upon the river from the sloping bank, I saw even there, upon the shore, a stranded little fort, with its blank, weather-beaten brick face staring at the mud; which fort, I settled in my own mind, somehow communicated with all the other forts, and had unknown means of blowing them up into the air if need should be. Then, I went back to the Lines, and strolled away to the low stagnant level of the river in that direction, by other solitary trenches, forts, drawbridges, and posts of guard. Everywhere, I found some fragments of a comprehensive engineering scheme for cutting off, cutting down, blowing up, alluring on to his own destruction, or driving back to his defeat, "the enemy"—all these contrivances having reference to men by the hundred, and the thousand, and the ten thousand, without the least offence to any individual.

I was now in a good train of mind for the Dockyard; a Dockyard being a place that always particularly impresses me with the feeling I have mentioned, on account of the multiplicity of obtrusive single parts it comprehends, and of which, indeed, it is composed.

Take this Chatham "Yard"—take Woolwich—take Portsmouth—take Plymouth—each with many features in common, and some features very different—what wonderful places, they all are! The results accomplished in their substantial magnitude and completeness are scarcely more surprising and admirable than the means by which they have been realised—commencing with the "dreamy abstraction" of a variety of mathematical calculations, progressing through a multiplicity of operations upon solid materials, and ending in a stupendous ship, ready to be launched, like a wooden citadel, as it is, into the proud but yielding bosom of the ocean.

What could *I*, an individual, do in aid of such a result? Look at this huge tree-trunk, lying along a stone wharf at Chatham Dockyard, in company with several other trunks almost as large. It is of such a diameter, and so tough of grain, that I could not make much way through it with a saw in a couple of hours, if not obliged to stop long before, from the pressure against the sides of the embedded implement. As to the weight of such a tree trunk, it would assuredly need two or three horses to drag it a dozen yards. But see!—a strong rope is flung round one end of it—the rope leads up towards an aperture in a brick house, or work place, over which is written "Saw-Mills"—and away runs the huge tree-trunk, following the rope up hill with unhesitating docility. It is placed in front of the fierce-looking teeth of three great saws, all standing bolt upright, hungry but passive; a workman makes a sign to them (by touching a handle), and the three fierce saws instantly commence a dance. It is a grim and grotesque *pas de trois* to their own hoarse music of a smothered scream, and the "drum" accompaniment of buzzing wheels which have set them in motion. The saws advance from one end of the trunk, and two of them, dancing three inches apart, cut a solid plank of this thickness out of the solid centre of the trunk, while the third saw, performing its dance at ten or twelve inches distance from its sisters, cuts out a solid beam from the solid trunk—and all this with the ease, not exactly of a Taglioni, but with the same amount of facility and rapidity which characterise a sailor's hornpipe.

In another department of these mills, called

the "Mill-wrights'," there is a circular saw, the upper shoulder of whose bright-toothed disk rises through the horizontal plane of a long work-bench. The saw is made to revolve—quicker and quicker; it spins!—you cannot see it move, so shade-like it appears from its velocity; and a thick plank of hard-grained and knotty wood, being gently pushed against its now invisible edge, the grey shadowy disk runs clean through it in a trice, or rather the plank runs on each side of the grey shade, having unconsciously divided itself in the middle as it ran by.

There is a broad deep basin of brickwork, an immense well, with apparently several feet of water at the bottom; and this is the seasoning tank, in which timber that has been shaped into beams or thick planks, is lowered and left to soak for a season. On one side of this great basin there is a sort of cast-iron bridge; with various other iron and stonework, which supports an iron trough hanging in chains. When they wish to raise one of the pieces of timber, the trough is filled with water by means of a pump which "looks into it;" and this constituting a counterweight to the timber about to be raised, is then filled till it exceeds the latter, and then quietly lifts the timber to the top of the bridge. Upon the bridge stands an iron carriage of eccentric outline, which at a little distance is not unlike a prodigious black tea-pot, or the sacred tortoise of Indian mythology. It is placed on a tram-way, and, being harnessed to a stationary steam-engine by an iron chain, can creep, or run along the tops of a long row of iron pillars arranged in pairs, each being connected by an arch, and the whole of them forming a vista of low iron archways of a length the perspective of which leads the eye almost to a point. On each side of this are stacked various piles of seasoned timber, lying cross-wise, and very close together. The iron carriage laden with a number of beams and planks, and moving forward along the tops of the pillared arches, deposits its load now on one side, now on the other, each in its appointed resting-place, where it exhibits the marks of its birth and parentage—Riga, Dantzic, Norway, Canada—and the date of its introduction and education in the Yard.

I approach one of these seasoned stacks, and, extending my hand, I touch one of the pieces of timber, to try its texture. It is uncommonly hard. I give it a poke, and a good dig or two, with the point of my walking-stick. How ridiculous I feel at the total absence of any sort of effect produced, beyond a dull, blank, and I may say irresponsive sound, as it certainly makes no sort of response commensurate with the digs I give it. Yet these beams are handled, and dandled, and slung up, and dangled, and raised and lowered, and moved hither and thither, and fashioned and fitted by man like myself, as an ordinary occurrence.

But there is the "Mast-House," and there we shall find magnificent specimens of choice timber. Masts are highly historical objects. We will not fall into the prevailing taste of the day, and go back to the ancients, in order to begin our contemplation of masts with the one which Ulysses, or the Phœnician sailors considered as the best model, but simply turn back as far as the mast of our childhood. Shelley evidently considered that the most primitive form of mast would comprise mast and sail in one fabric; and in "Rosalind and Helen," he speaks of a child delighting his fancies—

> "Now, with a dry leaf for a boat,
> With a small feather for a sail."

We must, however, pass on from this first form of a child's idea of shipbuilding and rigging, to the same thought when "breeched." The real child's mast we know to be a bit of stick set upright with sealing-wax, and afterwards, with the progress of knowledge, stuck into a hole in the bottom of the boat. The stick increases in size with the boat and the boy, until, having a morsel of tail to his jacket, he begins to talk about a top-mast, and then he is "sophisticated," or, at least, the period of maritime childhood is passed. But, oh, the wondrous difference between these early crudities of structure, as of thought, when we walk into the "mast-house" of a great English Dockyard! You can scarcely fit the two ideas together; indeed, the things you see are not at all like masts, as you knew them, nor, in truth, as you now know them. The fact confounds us—partly from its magnitude, partly from its novel and unpicturesque position. The mast of a large ship looked up at in its natural place, rising out of the ship's deck, with all its yards and rigging about it, is a very imposing well-known personage, for whom no familiarity ever breeds contempt; but the same mast looked at upon the level of "equal terms," as it lies along the ground, or in the range of the mast-house, with the perspective foreshortened to the eye, so as to look like a series of very clean beer-barrels, or neatly-painted butts, is a totally different phenomenon, and stagnates the imagination, by perplexing, if not disappointing all its anticipations. It is not the least strange part of the business that you are never at your ease and reconciled by seeing a mast at all like what you expected, neither do you ever see the extent of the enormities which lie before you. You look at a huge mast, which you could scarcely more than half encompass with expanded arms; you take this for the main-mast of a seventy-four. On a small painted board is written, "Fore-top-mast of a Frigate of the seventh class." You come to a much larger one—a series of clean beer-barrels, neatly hooped, and not tapering off—these masts would scorn such a thing—but all of the same goodly dimensions; this, then, is the fore or main-mast of a line-of-

battle ship? No such thing; a painted board tells you it is the "Top-mast of a Frigate of the fourth class." It does not strike you with more wonder than disappointment—a sort of displeasure at the inability to arrive at the end of greatness. But there now!—there is a wooden ponderosity which at last brings you to the close of your search. It resembles a huge hogshead painted white, hooped with broad and thick iron hoops painted white also, and then a second hogshead, and a third, and——but the thing is so fat and foreshortened that you cannot see beyond. This, then, *must* be the main-mast of a first-rate line-of-battle ship—a ship of a hundred-and-twenty guns no doubt. Wrong again: "Fore-mast of a Frigate of the second class." We give it up.

These masts—and of course the main-masts yet more elaborately—are built up as regularly as a monument or wooden tower; but let us pass on to something more within one's range, for these masts, being no longer traceable to their early origin, in a bit of stick set up in sealing-wax by tiny little fingers, may be said to have passed beyond the bounds of ordinary human sympathy, and to belong to the higher orders of naval architecture.

The "rolling mills" of our English dockyards often present scenes, when in full work, which might rival Pandemonium. Great furnaces suddenly displayed, by the raising of an iron door or portcullis, wherein you see the contending flames wavering, and leaping up and down, and flapping about, and thrusting forth their tongues, and struggling to come out and devour those nearest at hand. Presently two dusky Cyclopean forms advance to the glaring aperture with enormous iron tongs, such as you only see here, and in a *very* grand Christmas pantomime, and drag forth a great square cake of red-hot copper, spitting and spurting metallic sparks and flakes as it is drawn along the iron flooring towards a pair of great smooth rollers of solid iron, and of many tons weight, placed one above the other, with an interval of a couple of inches between. To this interval one side of the red-hot cake is presented, and though it is perhaps three inches thick, it is drawn in by the revolving motion of the rollers and forced through, having been flattened and expanded by their great weight and pressure in the process. It is received by tongs and nippers on the other side, passed over the top of the rollers, which are then, by the turn of a screw, brought a little closer together, when the operation of pressing through the cake of copper between them is repeated, to its still greater expansion; and this is repeated till, from a red-hot cake of three inches thick by fifteen inches square, it becomes a sheet of copper of the sixteenth of an inch thick, and perhaps four or five feet long. By this time the sheet of copper has become of a dingy colour, like a thunderous cloud; but it is immersed in a tank of liquid, and after being turned over several times, it is drawn out cool, and of the usual red colour of our wrought copper. At another set of rollers a similar operation is taking place for the manufacture of copper bolts. For this purpose the rollers are grooved in circles, like deeply-indented rings, the grooves being of different shapes or different rolls, according as square bars or round bars are required. A red-hot piece of copper, about a foot and a half in length, and four inches square in thickness, is drawn from a furnace, and being dragged to the rollers, is passed through the largest of the grooved rings, then over the rollers and in again at the second groove, which is a size less than the first, and so on, each ring having a smaller groove, till it stops at the size required for the bolt; meanwhile, the heavy ingot of copper, of a foot and a half in length, has grown and grown, and crept through the latter grooves, like a long writhing serpent of red-hot metal, till finally it becomes a bar of eighteen or twenty feet in length, ready to be cut up into bolts when required.

But the power that sets in motion all these rolling-mills, and upright dancing saws, and circular spinning saws, and runs away with tall tree-trunks at the end of a rope, and bores holes in thick masses of cold iron, and cuts brass like cheese, or shaves a surface of it with far more ease and softness than most razors shave a beard—where is this power? Behold him yonder! There he is in his house—the black and oily Majesty of Steam power.

I approach his dingy, vibrating, ominous house, and look through his small, square, smutty, open window. There he is, all black and shiny, ponderously heaving and sliding up and down, and bowing like Pluto, and ducking under, and curtseying with coy retirement, and twirling iron dumb-bells in the air, as if in triumph, and panting, and gasping, and blowing and snorting, and puffing and working incessantly, and whistling and drinking, and smoking! Truly, a most wonderful fellow—a great savage king, or, rather, one of the savage Pagods, civilised into reason and utility.

The purpose and result of all these materials, appliances, and means, and powers, is to be seen beneath each of those enormous light-coloured roofings, like Brobdignag bonnets, full of square glass windows. Beneath each of these is embedded a stupendous fabric of shapely oak planks and beams, united together with copper bolts, and massive wooden pins, as big as truncheons, and iron-work, and glue as hard as stone. It sweeps downwards into a deep cradle of beams below, and its wooden walls sweep upward to a towering altitude. The object is one which does a strong man good to contemplate. It is an immense satisfaction. It is the complete realisation of a great idea—a whole, compact, useful, majestic, and entire thing. But a contemplation of the subordinate parts, has given

rise to a very different feeling, and is confounding, if not somewhat humiliating. As I compare my body and strength for a moment with this single piece of timber, which serves, as one among many, to shore up the vessel's sides, and keep it in an upright position, I am obliged to feel that it would need at least ten or fifteen like me to carry it on our shoulders to the edge of the cradle, and drop it into its place. This being the case, supposing I had worked three years at the structure of this ship, how very small and insignificant would be the share I could claim in the production of the whole. Yet, there is a shipwright, hard at work, and singing as he works; he is just about my height, and of my strength, his craft is not a difficult one, and by his means, and that of others like him, the edifice before me is absolutely and completely built.

What a scene is inside! By narrow bridges of planks I make my way within. It is dusky and full of noise. There is a strong, racy, and not disagreeable smell of clean timber shavings and turpentine. The ship I am now within is in an early state of its fabrication, and I see on all sides the bare ribs and foundation bones. As yet, it has no decks; but where these will be is indicated by the means of transit from one part to the other, which is effected by an endless number of flying platforms, often of only a single plank, which are supported by spars, attached to ropes, and all swinging about in the air and answering to every motion of the foot. The different series, or ranges of these above your head, and below your feet, are enough to confuse the steadiest visitor. I leave this vast skeleton (the "Hood," to whom eighty guns are promised — commenced in 1849), and approaching another ship in an advanced state, I ascend a series of wooden slants and ladders, and finally arrive at a port-hole through which I step upon the quarter-deck. Bare of all rigging, and all appurtenances, what a field of woodwork it presents! How solid it feels beneath the feet! A man is as a fly upon it. Nevertheless, flies like these built it, and made it all that it is, and will be. But what a noise surrounds me, whether I stand on the quarter deck, or go down upon the lower decks. The hammer is sounding incessantly, and the adze, and the voices of men. It is an uproar,—a Babel of work; but no, not really so, for the confusion is only apparent, and that which sounds and seems to be madness, is in fact order and reason. This is the secret of the whole thing, the solution of the problem of so vast a structure being the work of flies, perched about it, as I am now; it is the work in accord and harmony, the well-devised combinations of men that produce this majestic result. It is a very curious psychological fact, that this power of combination is lost by lunatics. On some occasions, they have formed subtle designs for a rise against the "Doctor" and his men, and have begun to put their plans into execution; but presently, it was found that instead of acting in concert, each was following his own wild will, which usually terminated in several fighting together, while others yelled or danced with purposeless fury, and were soon "put down" by the combined force of the authorities.

I may become reconciled, here, to feeling so minute an object before so mighty a structure; and to the consciousness that my share of work would be so very small a fraction in the aggregate of its completion. I know that I can agree and combine with others for a reasoned object, and I am content to do such modicum of the world's work as falls to my allotted share.

But I must add in one word, by way of conclusion, that I certainly am not content to have such tricks played in the execution of public work as have been played for years upon years, in this and every "Yard" in England, by the eminent personages who have condescended to do the public the great honour of directing such operations. More obstruction of good things and patronage of bad things, more extravagance, jobbery, ignorance, conceit, saving of cheese-parings and waste of gold, have been committed in these Dockyards (as in everything connected with the misdirection of the Navy), than in every other branch of the public service put together, including even the Woods and Forests. And however conscious I may be that an individual can do little, I very heartily protest that I mean to do all the little I can, to have England governed by men of merit, and not by fine gentlemen. An individual opinion is of small consequence, I know; but my opinion may possibly be held by others—and it is, that no privileged class is, by a direct dispensation of Providence, born to the broad arrow. Many people are born with silver spoons in their mouths, many more with wooden ladles, but I never did hear of two or three genteel families being expressly born to the broad arrow. They may have taken possession of it as a matter of course, but that is another thing. It shows us, the people, the effect of a little combination on their part; and I think it is almost time for us to show *them* the effect of a little combination on ours.

THE FLYING ARTIST.

Karl Herwitz is a German. He is about fifty years of age, and one of the most original of characters. Since I have known him, I have passed whole nights in listening to his adventures, which are in general as instructive as they are amusing. Married at a very early age, he left the military career for that of inventions. He had a most marvellous talent for conceiving novel machines, often of practical utility; but his soul was set upon perfecting a flying machine. To this he had

devoted nearly his whole life. He made models, he tried experiments, he brought to bear all his prodigious knowledge of mathematics on the subject of travelling in air, with an enthusiasm, a childish earnestness, which is not uncharacteristic of genius. He studied every natural law which was likely to advance him towards the consummation of all his hopes and desires—namely, the ability to fly. At one time his little garden was turned into an aviary. He filled it with birds of various kinds, to study the mechanism of their powers of flight. There was the eagle and the dove, the vulture and the sparrow, all of which were made subservient to his darling object. He has often explained all this to me. "The Golden Eagle," he once said, "can cleave the air at the rate of forty miles an hour. Now, if I can succeed in imitating the mechanism by which he travels in space, exactly and efficiently, of course, my machine will move in the air at the same pace." What could I say? No argument, no warning, availed. Still he went on, hoping and working, and buying expensive tools and materials. He completed aerial ships one after another; and although none of them answered, he was never discouraged.

At one time, however, he thought he had succeeded. His contrivance was a curious affair, shot out of a bomb; but it was about as buoyant as a shot, fell, and failed, disheartening everybody but the persevering projector. Still he did not wholly neglect useful productions, and several times made improvements in mechanism, and sold them for very good prices. But the money went as fast as it came. His winged Pegasus was a merciless Ogre, which swallowed up all the money the old German earned.

Last Christmas-eve, in Paris, five of us were collected, after dinner, round a roaring fire, half wood, half charcoal. For some time the conversation was general enough. We spoke of England and of an English Christmas. The magic spell of the fireside was felt, and the word "home" hung on the trembling lip of all; for we were in a foreign land; we were all English, save one. There was a lawyer, the most unlawyer-like man I ever knew, a noble-hearted fellow, whom to know is to like; there was a poet, of an eccentric order of merit, whose love of invective, bitter satire, and intense propensity to hate—whose fantastic and Germanic cast of philosophy will ever prevent his succeeding among rational beings; then there was an artist, a young man well known in the world, not half so much as he deserves, if kindness of soul could ever make a man famous; there was Citizen Karl Horwitz, as he loved to be called; lastly myself. I had been speaking of some far-off land, relating some personal adventures; and, with commendable modesty, feeling that I had held possession of the chair quite long enough, paused for a reply.

"Tell us your adventures at the Court of Konningen," said the poet, standing up to see that his hair hung tastefully around his shoulders, addressing at the same time Karl, and mentioning the name of one of the smaller German states. "I have heard it before, but it will be new to the rest, and I promise them a rich treat."

"Ah!" sighed the German, with a huge puff at his long pipe; that *was* an adventure—or rather a whole string of adventures. I have told it several times; but, if you like, I will tell it again."

All warmly called on the German to keep his promise. After freshly loading his pipe, and taking a drain at his glass, he drew his arm-chair closer to the fire, settled his feet on the *chenets*, and began his narrative in a quaint and strange English, which I shall not seek to copy:—

I had spent all my money. I had sold all my property. There remained nothing but a little furniture in my house, which was in a quiet retired quarter of the town; but then I had completed a machine, and sent it for the approval of the Minister of the Interior, who promised to purchase it for the government. I now looked forward with delight to a long career of success, and saw the completion of my flying machine in prospect. On this I depended, and still depend, for fame, reputation, and fortune.

"I had then a good wife and four children; she is dead now." The German paused, puffed away vigorously at his pipe, and tried to hide his emotion from our view by enveloping himself in smoke.

"I was naturally impatient for some result," he continued, when his face became once more visible.—I used to go every day to the Minister, and wait in the antechamber, with other suitors, for my turn. Weeks passed, and then months, and yet it never came. But we must all eat, and six mouths are not fed for nothing. We had no resources, save our clothes and our furniture. My clothes were needed to go out with, so the furniture went first. One article was sold, and the produce applied by my careful wife to the wants of the family. We had come to that point when food is the only thing which must be looked on as a necessity. We lived hardly indeed. Bread, and a little soup, was all we ever attempted to indulge in.

Six months passed without any change for the better. I went to the Minister's every day; sometimes I saw him, and sometimes I did not. He was always very polite, bowed to me affably, said my machine was under consideration, should be reported on immediately, and passed on his way. It was the dead of winter. Every article of furniture was now gone, my wife and children having not gone out for two months for want of clothes. We huddled together for warmth, on two straw mattresses, in the corner of an empty room, without table, without chairs,

without fire. Catherine had nothing to wear but an old cotton gown and one under-garment. We had not eaten food for a day and a night, when I rose in the morning to go to the Minister's. I felt savage, irate, furious. I thought of my starving and perishing family, of the long delay which had taken place in the consideration of my machine. I compared the luxurious ease of the Minister with my own position, and was inclined to do some desperate act. I think I could have turned conspirator, and have overthrown the Government. I was already half a misanthrope.

When I entered the Minister's antechamber I placed myself, as usual, near the stove. I kept away from the well-dressed mob as much as possible. They were solicitors, it is true, and humble enough, some of them; but then they had good coats on, smart uniforms, polite boots, and came, perhaps, in carriages. I came on foot, clad in a long frock reaching almost to my heels, patched in several places; with trousers so darned about the calves as to be almost falling to pieces; with boots which were absolutely only worn for look, for they had no soles to them. My hat, too, was a dreadful-looking thing. This day, being faint with hunger, and pinched by the cold, the heat of the room overcame me, and I grew dizzy. I am sure I knew nothing of what passed around. I saw my wife and children, through a misty haze, starving with hunger and cold. A basket full of logs of wood lay beside my knee. Reckless, wild, not caring who saw me, I took a thick log, huddled it under my frock, and went away. I passed the porter's lodge unseen; I was in the open air; I was proud, I was happy. *I had stolen a log of wood;* but my children would have fire for one day.

When I got home I went to bed. I was feverish and ill; wild shapes floated round me; I saw the officers of justice after me; I beheld a furious mob chasing me along interminable fields; and on every hedge, and every tree, and every house, and every post, I read, in large letters, the word "thief." It was evening when I awoke. I looked around for some minutes without moving or speaking; a delicious fragrance seemed to fill the air, a fire blazed on the hearth, and round it huddled my wife and children, sitting on logs of wood. I rubbed my eyes. The presence of these logs of wood seemed to convince me that I still dreamed. But there was an odour of mutton-broth, which was too real to be mistaken.

"Catherine," said I, "why, you seem to have some food."

All came rushing to my bedside, mother and children. They scarcely spoke; but one brought a basin of broth, another a hunch of bread, another a plate of meat and potatoes, which had been kept hot before the fire. I was too faint and sick to talk. I took my broth slowly. Never did food prove a greater blessing. Life, reason, courage, hope, all seemed to return, as mouthful by mouthful I swallowed the nourishing liquid. It spread warmth and comfort through every fibre of my frame. When I had taken this, I ate the meat, and vegetables, and bread, without fear. While I did so, my wife, sending the children back to the fire-place, told me, in a whisper, how she had procured such unexpected subsistence. It seems that scarcely had I got home, and, after flinging my log on the ground, rushed to bed, when a knock came to the door. Catherine went to answer it. A man of middle age entered. He gave a hurried glance around, seemed to shudder at its emptiness, looked at the next room through the open door, saw that it was as bare as the other, turned his eyes away from the crouching form of my half-dressed wife, and spoke:—

"Have you any children?"

"Four," said Catherine tremblingly; but, still, answering at once, so peremptory was the tone of the stranger.

"How long have you been in this state?"

"Six months."

"Your husband is Karl Herwitz, the mechanist?"

"He is, sir."

"Well, madam, please to tell him that I recognised him as he came out of the Minister's of the Interior, and, noticing what he clutched with such wild energy, followed him here. Tell him, I am not rich, but I can pay my debts; I owe him the sum contained in this purse. I am happy to pay it."

"And did he owe it you?" said I, anxiously.

No, replied Karl; he had never seen me or heard of me before. Generous Englishman! I shall never forget him. I found out afterwards that he was a commercial traveller, with a large family and a moderate income. On what he left we lived a month, by exercising strict economy. I did not go to the Minister's for several days. I feared some one might have seen me, and I was bowed by shame. But, at last, I mustered courage, and presented myself at the audience. I was, as usual, totally unnoticed, and I resumed my wretched dangling in the antechamber, as usual. The result was always the same. Generally I caught a glimpse of the Minister; but, when I did, it was eternally the same words. Meanwhile time swept rapidly by, and soon my misery was as great as ever. My children, who during the past month had recovered a little their health and looks, looked pale and wan again. I was more shabby, more dirty, more haggard and starved-looking than ever. Once again I went out, after our all being without food for some twenty-four hours. I knew not what to do. I walked along the street turning over every possible expedient in my mind.

Suddenly I saw, on the opposite side of the way, a lieutenant belonging to the regiment I had quitted. He had been my intimate friend, but so shabby was I, that I sought to

avoid him. He saw me, however, and, to my surprise, hurried across and shook me heartily by the hand. I could scarcely restrain tears; so sure was I, in my present state, to be cut by even old friends. But, in my worst troubles, something has always turned up to make me love and cherish the human heart.

"My poor Karl," said he, "the world uses you badly."

"Very;" said I: and in a few words I told my story.

"My dear Karl!" he exclaimed, when I had concluded; "I was going to ask you to dine with me on what I have left. I am come up to claim a year's arrears of pay, and have been sent back with a free passage and promises. But I have a little silver; and, as I said, meant to ask you to devour it But after what you have told me, will you share my purse with me for your wife and children's sake?" And he pulled out a purse containing about the value of five shillings English, forced me to take half, shook me heartily by the hand, and hurried away to escape my thanks.

Home I rushed with mad eagerness, a loaf in one hand, the rest of the money in the other. My poor wife once more could give food to her little ones. On the morning of the third day after I had obtained this little help, I lay in bed, ruminating. I was turning over in my mind every possible expedient by which to raise enough money to go on with, a brief time, until my machine was really decided on by the Government. Suddenly I sat up in my bed and addressed my wife.

"How much money have you got left, Catherine?"

She had threepence of your money.

"Can you manage with the loaf of bread then, and three-halfpence for to-day?"

"I have often managed on less," said she.

"Then give me three-halfpence to take out with me."

"But what are you going to do? We may have nothing to-morrow, and then the three-halfpence will be missed."

"Give!" said I, rather sternly, reflecting as I was on my scheme; "be assured, it is for our good."

My poor wife gave me the money with a very ill grace, but without another word; and, rising, I went out. When in the street, I directed my footsteps towards the outskirts. They were soon reached. I halted before a tavern frequented wholly by workmen, and going into the public room, called for a *choppe* of beer. I had purposely chosen my position. Before me was a handsome, neatly-dressed young workman, who, like all his companions, was smoking and drinking beer. Quietly, without saying a word, I drew out a small note-book and a drawing pencil. I was then considered a very good artist; but had only used my pencil to sketch models. But I now sketched the human face with care and anxiety. Presently, as my pencil was laid down, a man sitting next to me peeped over my shoulder.

"Why!" he cried, "that's Alexis, to the life."

"How so?" said the man I had been sketching, holding out his hand, into which I put my note-book.

"Good!" cried he, while a smile of satisfaction covered his face. "Will you sell this? I should like to keep it."

"I will sell it if you like," replied I, as quietly as I could, though my heart was nigh bursting with excitement.

"How much?"

I knew my man, and asked but six sous, threepence, which the workman gladly paid, while five others followed his example at the same price. I went home a proud and happy man with my thirty-six pence of copper. Would you believe it? that was the commencement of a long and prosperous career, which lasted until the Revolution of 1848 threw me back again. Six months after, I received a thousand florins for a portrait in oil of the Grand Duchess of B——; and about the end of the same year I drove up to the Hotel of the Minister of the Interior in a splendid carriage, a gentleman by my side; it was the English commercial traveller.

We had a letter of audience, and were admitted at once. The Minister rose, and after a very warm greeting, requested us to be seated We took chairs.

"My dear Herwitz," said the Minister, a little, bowing, smirking man, "what can I do for you? Glad to see you doing so well. The Grand Duchess says wonders of you. I will have the committee on your machine."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I have come to request your written order for its removal. I have sold it to the English house represented by this gentleman."

"Its removal!" cried the astonished Minister; 'but it is impossible. So excellent an invention should not pass into the hands of foreigners."

"So I thought," replied I, coldly, "when for nine months I waited daily in your antechamber, with my family starving at home. But it is now sold. My word is my bond."

The Minister bit his lip, but made no reply. He took up a sheet of paper, and wrote the order for removal. I took it, bowed stiffly, and came away.

We all heartily thanked the old German for his narrative. Since the Revolution, and the consequent impossibility of selling his machines in Germany, he has come to Paris, and taken to portrait-painting once more. His perseverance and endurance are untiring. His wife died long since, and he is like a mother to his four girls;—all of whom are most industrious and devoted. He still believes in his flying machine; but, for the sake of his parental love, his hard-working head and fingers—for

the sake of his goodness of soul, his eccentricities, he must be forgiven for this invincible credulity.

None can fail to admire the original dreamer when he is also a practical worker; while few will be willing to patronise the mere visionary, who is always thinking and never doing.

CHIPS.

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial popularity of the military amongst womankind, an average of only five to every ninety-five private soldiers, are allowed to enter into the bonds of matrimony. No private can marry without the leave of his commanding officer. The soldier's ordinary income, indeed, is not exceedingly well adapted to support those domestic relations and additions which belong to, and are to be looked for, in the married state. The weekly stipend of seven shillings and seven-pence does not hold out a very flattering prospect of wedded bliss; nor would it, but for an efficient application of the club-system, support bachelorhood in wholesome competence. The prodigious quantity of food, and the enormous expanse of lodging, required for a hundred thousand men, make them wholesale dealers in those necessaries in the largest sense of that term; and, under the management of their officers, they are fed and partly clothed out of their pay; but, in addition to it, Britannia annually provides each soldier with a coatee, a cap, one pair of boots, and one pair of trousers. She gives him lodging gratis also. Despite these helps, however, his "pay and allowances" leave him too little to marry upon.

Although, therefore, it is scarcely avoidable that only five per cent. of the British rank-and file should be allowed wives, yet this "allowance" among his other perquisites granted, it would be but commonly prudent if Britannia would permit the fortunate one in twenty to have decent accommodation for his wife. At present, the soldier's wife only shares the wholesale accommodation afforded to her husband's comrades: sleeping in the common barrack-room amidst whole companies of soldiers, she is obliged to dress and undress in public.

There are, in the army, officers' wives, who feel for the position of their poorer sisters; who think that perhaps Britannia has not peeped into this little corner of her housekeeping with a sufficiently scrutinising eye; and who tell her that marriage need not be discouraged in the army by desecrating it; by putting it to shame. A country girl, or a respectable servant (let us say a nursery-maid) marries a soldier—"then," says an officer's wife, who writes to us with a warm zeal upon this subject, "picture her making her entry into married life over the threshold of a barrack-room, containing twenty or thirty men. She hesitates, she trembles; some are laughing, some are singing, some swearing, and some dressing for parade. She hurries through the throng; and, ere a month is past, necessity has reconciled her to her new position. A thin curtain is all that screens her from the gaze of her husband's comrades; and she yields to the companionship of women who jeer at her modest reserves, because their constant intercourse with coarser natures has hardened them, and put to flight the modesty themselves once possessed. Ere long the bride's shame breaks down; she who was innocent is now a slut, from whom, perhaps, you turn aside with scorn." Scorning, however, is a decided mistake in every case where human beings are concerned.

From the same correspondent we quote the following record of a visit to a barrack chamber:—

"Having ascertained that there was no objection to our visiting the soldiers' quarters, no particular apartment was selected; we crossed the square, and, after passing several open doors, about which lingered slatternly women and noisy children, we entered a long narrow chamber. On either side were ranged the men's bedsteads, with their bedding closely rolled up on them. Above each was placed the whole of each soldier's property: his knapsack; his great coat neatly folded, and strapped to it; his pouch containing sixty rounds of ammunition; and beside his couch stood his firelock. A table and benches were stretched along the centre of the room, and at this were seated two or three steady characters, reading and writing amid the din and clatter of their noisy comrades' glee or arguments. Silence fell upon the assembly as we entered.

"At the end of this room, near the windows, was the narrow space allotted to the serjeant—a married man. Two iron bedsteads lashed together, formed the family couch. Four iron rods, fastened at the corners, supported a cord on which hung some curtains looped up. The screen which separated this nook from the men's quarter was also drawn back. The place was scrupulously clean, the bed neatly made, the patchwork quilt displayed industry and ingenuity; and, on a chest covered with green baize, and used as a table, lay several well-chosen books, the serjeant's writing materials, and some needle-work. There was an attempt, too, at ornament, which touched my heart; arranged with some taste on the chest and above it, were various remembrances of foreign climes, where I had been a sojourner with this respectable soldier's wife, who had done her best to make this miserable, noisy, unsettled home comfortable. Shells there were from the depths of southern seas, and specimens of manifold kinds that would have pleased a naturalist. Above these hung the soldier's cap, sword, sash, and silver watch, with its heavy steel-

chain and large seal. In a homely brown jar, jauntily arranged, a nosegay bloomed. At the foot of the bed, neatly attired, and with a pretty, cleanly-dressed infant in her arms, sat the serjeant's wife, a slender, delicate looking creature, of very different mien, I must confess, to the generality of soldiers' wives.

"She rose as we approached, and I recognised one of the 'daughters of the regiment.' I had known her from her childhood.

"My friends, struck with her youthful look, asked her age.

"She was nineteen!

"And her infant's?

"It was nine months old. It had been born in that barrack-room—at midnight!"

Our correspondent describes the couple to exemplify how, amidst every tendency to demoralisation, a will strong in virtue can set temptation at naught. But the case of the serjeant's wife is, unhappily, exceptional. "In the regiment to which my husband belonged for twenty years," continues the officer's wife, "I could not have singled out three reputable women. By mixing the married and single families together, the women are enabled to smuggle drink into the barrack-room, and, as to the children, the more vicious they are, the more encouragement they meet with. Soldiers' daughters of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, are to be found in barracks, sleeping almost side by side with the male inmates.

"Abroad, the soldiers' wives accumulate a great deal of money, by washing for officers, and by the illicit sale of wine and spirits. They are usually industrious and hard working, and would, under a better system, employ themselves to advantage, instead of struggling on in discomfort, and spending all they can spare in drink."

It is not of much use to educate the soldiers' children, while their mothers are committed to pollution. We do not take upon ourselves to scold Britannia. Britannia has, of late, made some wise regulations for the moral and intellectual improvement of the soldiery; she has established regimental schools, regimental savings-banks, (for the soldier *can* save, it seems, out of thirteen-pence per day) and regimental libraries; but we would delicately say to her—Be decent. You have, we would remark, a large establishment, and you must economise; but not the most economical of all your stewards, not the bitterest enemy of army expenditure, would grudge you the cost of a few separate cells—cheaper than the cells you offer to the use of those who have offended your laws—whereinto these your soldiers could bring, as into a little home, a modest wife. Here, would you only afford one separated abode out of every twenty beds, might the woman remain pure, and exercise her humanising influence over her husband and his comrades; here she might wash, or stitch, and peacefully support her children, whose young ears she might accustom to a mother's affectionate teaching, and keep from the coarse song or jest.

SEALS AND WHALES.

Except, perhaps, to naturalists, the Seal will be known to many readers only through the medium of Sir Walter Scott's "*Antiquary*." "'What is that yonder?' says Hector M'Intyre to his uncle, Jonathan Oldbuck. 'One of the herd of Proteus,' replied the Antiquary—'a *Phoca*, or Seal, lying asleep on the beach.' Upon which M'Intyre, with the eagerness of a young sportsman, exclaiming, 'I shall have him! I shall have him!' snatched the walking-stick out of the hand of the astonished Antiquary, at some risk of throwing him down, and set off at full speed to get between the animal and the sea, to which element, having caught the alarm, she was rapidly retreating . . . The Seal finding her retreat intercepted by the light-footed soldier, confronted him manfully, and having sustained a heavy blow without injury, she knitted her brows, as is the fashion of the animal, and making use at once of her fore-paws and her unwieldy strength, wrenched the weapon out of the assailant's hand, overturned him on the sands and scuttled away into the sea without doing him any further injury." We shall not dwell on the mortification of the gallant captain, or the gibes of his uncle, as these will readily occur to the readers of Scott's immortal pages. Turning, then, from the romancer, we shall trace the records of the *Phoca* through the denser chapters of the scientific compiler, and the Arctic voyagers.

The literature of the Seal, which is very limited, would lead us to suppose that, like the owl of *terra firma*, it maintains, to quote from one authority—an "ancient, solitary reign, threading an unfurrowed track along the dark waters of the Atlantic, and skimming in peace and security along the margins of ice bound shores, where all is dumb." But how stands the actual facts? In the year 1850, no fewer than one hundred thousand Seals were captured by British vessels, and in the present year a greater number will probably be slain. What will be the commercial value of those animals? Reckoning the whole to be even young Seals, and estimating one ton of oil to be the produce of one hundred Seals, the oil will yield, in round numbers, thirty-five thousand pounds, and the skins, calculated at three shillings each, would bring fifteen thousand pounds—in all, fifty thousand pounds. So that we have an interesting branch of commerce represented in our literature as all but extinct, while in reality it is flourishing in a high degree, adding extensively to national wealth, and giving employment to a large portion of the seafaring community.

Whale-fishing in the Arctics has been in a declining state for a number of years; a

result which, so far as mere purposes of illumination are concerned, might have been of minor consequence, seeing that the substitution of gas for oil-lamps has rendered us comparatively independent of oil as a lighting agent; but, concurrently with the introduction of gas, there has been an increased demand for oil for lubricating machinery, and for other manufacturing purposes; hence fish-oil has maintained its price remarkably well, notwithstanding an opposition that at first seemed fatal to it. Greenland was, at the beginning of the whale-fishing, the resort of the whale, and thither its pursuers went, and captured it in large numbers: but in process of time, the animal finding the peace of its ancient home ruthlessly invaded, retreated to the more northern latitude of Davis Straits. The distance, although greater, being still practicable, the chase was still continued, and the slaughter went on as before. Again, the leviathan, as if conscious that its track was followed, beat another retreat, which has turned out more successful than the last. Each spring witnessed the departure of Arctic fleets from every port of note in Britain, and the regions of the North were invaded with [illegible] in search of the monster of the deep. Captains would stand, telescope in hand, in the "crow's nest," perched on the summit of the main-mast, and peer through the [illegible] till eye became dim and hand was [illegible]; boats' crews would be despatched, and pull for weary miles in the sea, or drag their skiffs for still more weary miles on the surface of the ice—men on deck would [illegible] wistfully across the main, and mutter [illegible], or invoke omens; but all in vain. The ice would close in like iron mountains around them, and the time would come that they must bend their sails homeward. Then stray fish would be seen far off, or very shy fish would dart off in their immediate vicinity, and the disappointed mariners would return for the season, either with *clean* vessels, or at best with small cargoes of oil. Some accounted for the change by asserting that the whale had been hunted from Davis Straits just as it had been pursued from Greenland, and that it had betaken itself to still higher and now inaccessible latitudes;—some held that the animal had diminished in numbers, and as gestation takes place only once in two years, there was some ground for this conjecture;—while a third section, who were principally composed of superannuated Blowhards, and who harpooned only by the fireside, held pertinaciously to the notion that the failure arose from the inefficiency of modern fishermen. But, arise from what cause it might, whales were either not brought home at all, or else they were brought home in wofully diminished numbers. Owners became discouraged, and captains sank in despair; harpoons and flinching gear were flung aside, and whalers were despatched to the Baltic for timber, or wherever else a freight could be procured, and others departed to strange ports, and returned no more; for they were sold. The whaling fleet became, therefore, small by degrees. Yet two ports struggled on against the receding tide; Hull in England, and Peterhead in Scotland, always hoped against hope, and persevered amidst every disadvantage. They still send vessels out; if not to catch whales, to be contented with seals. Peterhead reaped the reward of perseverance. We observe from a recent return, that out of the hundred thousand Seals captured in 1850, sixty-three thousand four hundred and twenty-six fell to the share of ten Peterhead vessels.

There was something romantic about whale-fishing. When the captain, with his assisted eye, descried the far-off parabolic *spout* of his victim, the cry of "*Fall! fall!*" would resound from stem to stern, and from hold to cross-trees. Down went the boats, sharp and graceful as regatta skiffs, and yet strong and compact as herring yawls; the steerer took his oar, for rudders are too slow for this kind of navigation; the line-coiler, stood by his ropes; whilst last, and most important of all, the harpooner descended with his glittering instruments. Muffled oars dip in the waters, and the skiff nears the sleeping leviathan. A single awkward splash would rouse him, but all is silent as death, and the harpooner, poising himself, takes his deadly aim, and buries his javelin in the huge carcase. Smarting with pain, the enormous black mass lurches, and then with lightning speed darts underneath the wave; the boiling surge raised by its descent lifts the boat like a feather; the line attached to the harpoon disappears fathom after fathom, hissing around the rolling-pin, with a force and velocity that, but for copious libations, would cause ignition; a long and still extending streak of gore marks the route of the wounded animal: the rope at last goes less rapidly off, and as its rapidity decreases, they pull up to the victim and insert more instruments, and then after a few deadly flaps with his tail, the monarch of the ocean yields up the contest.

What has the Russian, the Dutch or the Hanseatic man, or the Esquimaux, been doing all this time? They have been following the pastime of Captain Hector M'Intyre, and endeavouring to slay the *Phoca*. Most of the Britons pursuing whales, and the foreigners and natives peddling with seals; just as if Captain Gordon Cumming had been hunting a lion, while some other sportsmen would stand by shooting sparrows or mice. No glory in capturing a seal, and as little pay. Thirty large seals are needed to make up one ton of oil, while an average whale would produce twenty tons of the oleaginous fluid. The whale-fishers despised such small game, and regarded mere seal-fishers with contempt,—we say mere seal-fishers, because if seals did come in the way, they were shot or knocked down by the whale-fisher; but his main vocation

consisted in waging war with the colossal member of the finny tribe. And apart from the larger quantity of oil yielded by the one animal, the bone of the whale was singularly valuable. Twenty tons of oil would indicate one ton of bone, and that was worth some two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. The seal, too, had its extrinsic value, for its skin was worth *seven-pence*—dust in the balance compared with the bone of its huge contemporary. Whales, then, undoubtedly were the superior subjects for capture; but as whales could not be had, and seals became plentiful, the whalers lowered their plumes, and raised their arms against their amphibious prey.

Old seals had wont to be pursued, but although their capture was more profitable than young ones, still the old seals are so excessively shy that they can only be shot in detail, and hence a preference is given to the destruction of the young. The seal propagates twice a year—the first pups of the season lie upon the ice early in the spring, and being unable to run to the water and swim off, they fall ready prey to the spoiler. A smart blow with a club stuns them, and a wound does the rest. Their numbers are very large. During the present season of 1851, a flock of them extending to about fifteen miles was discovered, not far from the Scottish coast; a dozen animals at least occupying every hundred square yards. Of course, with such opportunities, a ship is readily filled, and bearing homewards with her valuable cargo, there is still time to undertake a second and more northern voyage, in search of whales or larger seals.

The Dutch have been in the habit of prosecuting the trade with small vessels, but the British, although occasionally using tiny craft, prefer employing large and stout vessels, as with such they can penetrate into fissures of the ice, instead of timidly sailing by the margin; and their success in this respect is gradually inducing their foreign competitors to follow their example.

The size of ships generally preferred for seal or whale fishing, is three hundred and fifty tons burden, or upwards, although this year some vessels have gone out so small as eighty tons. A ship of the larger size carries sixty-five men, of the latter dimensions, twenty. The average outfit of a large vessel costs about one thousand four hundred pounds, and the original cost of such varies from two thousand to ten thousand pounds, according to age and quality of vessel, and also whether a used ship has been purchased, or one expressly built for the trade. The loss when a vessel is unsuccessful, is greater than in any other maritime speculation, there being no return whatever to stand against outlay; but, on the other hand, if fortunate, no other kind of shipping adventure yields so large profits. One vessel this year brought home a cargo of the gross value of six thousand pounds, leaving (it being her first fishing voyage) a net profit to her owners of three thousand pounds. The vessels sailing from the small northern port of Peterhead have, as before stated, been remarkably successful. The following is a statement of the produce of the ten vessels which sailed from thence in 1850:—

1,144 tons of oil.
63,426 seal-skins.
14 tons of whalebone:

the aggregate commercial value of the whole would amount to about fifty thousand pounds. Seal-skins have lately risen in value—the former rate of seven-pence having been augmented to three shillings; and they are used principally for the purpose of being manufactured into patent leather. Each skin is split into two or three layers, and each layer is turned to separate account. No other leather possesses the same closeness of texture, smoothness of surface, and elasticity. From being employed as rough waistcoats for seamen, and hairy coverings for trunks, it is now in its *stratified* state applied to the most delicate artistic purposes.

The Seal belongs to the four-limbed mammiliferous animals. It is half quadruped, half fish. The head and general physiognomy, especially when seen in the water, resemble those of a dog. The limbs, which in the sea act as excellent paddles, are indifferent instruments of locomotion on land—the forepaws are almost the only motive powers, the posterior portion of the body having to be dragged over the ground. The young are very obedient to the parent seals, and are obedient to, and recognise the voices of, their dams amidst the loudest tumult. They are decidedly gregarious in their habits, and hunt and herd together in common; and in those cases, when surprised by an enemy, they have great facilities in expressing, both by tone and gesture, the approach of a dreaded enemy. There are four different species of the animal; the one to which we have been referring is called the *Phoca Groenlandica*, and is about six feet in length, and has the peculiar property of often changing the colour of its skin as it approaches maturity. The seal visiting the British shores (*Phoca Vitulina*) is seldom more than four or five feet in length.

We have now given our contribution to the literature of the Seal, and submit, that it has the merit of being up to what Mr. Carlyle calls the "present hour."

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOWS OF ELLEN AND MARY.

The street-door is ajar, and Ellen enters.
She pauses in the empty hall, for sounds
Come, from the right, of music—soft, low sounds
Of one preluding on the organ, rapt
Into an ecstacy at his own touch.
She pauses still; for, on the left, she hears
A querulous voice, and then a long drawn sigh:
She opens the left hand door—Mary sits weeping.
"Yes, Ellen, I am wretched—I, the bride

Two little months agone, am very wretched.
I am a lonely woman: in the morning
He drudges with his boys; then comes the dinner—
A short, sad meal; and then—hear you that organ?—
I hate those notes he calls 'a winding bout
Of linked sweetness.' Then, at eventide,
He reads aloud some dismal tragedy,
Or puritanic sermon. I'm weary on 't."
"Mary, I grieve for you; but not because
Of what you think your loneliness. Believe me,
There's something heavier than a weary hour—
Heavier to bear, in this new life of yours.
Forgive me, if I say the fault is one
That oft besets our sex—we seek delights
When man asks only sympathy. Knew you not
What manner of mind was his?—what earnestness?
Deep contemplation—proud and resolute will—
A poet's tenderness, but yet withal
The heroic heart, to do and suffer all things
For duty? Mary, you must mould your spirit
To his more lofty nature. Did he win you
By common blandishments—by bows and smiles?—
Talk'd he, as Charles's cavaliers would talk,
When they danc'd at Forest hill?"
"I thought him beautiful—
I knew him wise; he held my soul subdued
To his most absolute power. I loved and trembled—
And yet I loved. I was a giddy girl,
Brought up in country pleasures. My heart yearns
For the old revelries. And, then, I dread
To listen to his talk, of kings discrown'd
For their misdoings, and of mitred bishops
Thrust from the altar. He is very stern.
Would I had never left my father's house!"
"Your father's house was a strange house for him
To find a wife in—so short a courtship, too!
But now your Husband's party must be yours,
And not your father's. 'Tis an evil time—
Friend against friend, and brother against brother."
"My brothers are with the King; they draw the swords
Of loyal subjects. My Husband does not fight,
Save with the pen; but he writes bitter words—
Foul, rebel words, they say. I cannot read them:
I will not listen when he eagerly paces
The garden up and down, declaiming loud
His eloquent sentences, of Liberty,
And private Judgment—and I know not what.
Would I had never left my father's house!"

A year has gone since Mary was a bride.
She sits at her father's hearth. The autumn flowers
Have perish'd at Forest hill, and now the earliest
Are blooming there. Mary has gather'd both—
Fled from her Husband. A false cheerfulness
Flickers about her face; there is no radiance
Of inward peace now beaming from her eyes.
Ofttimes is gaiety within that house:
Lovelocks are floating in the midnight dance;
Cups are there drain'd, with tipsy shouts of joy
At rumours of success, and threats of vengeance
Pour'd forth with curses, as some news is heard
Of rebel daring. The King's quarters are nigh,
Some five miles off, at Oxford. Volunteers,
And plumed ensigns, reckless, fiery spirits,
Hover round Mary. There are sometimes sneers
Whisper'd, not very low, at widow'd wives;
And some would think that freedoms might be safe.
But Mary keeps her innocence: the mind,
Undisciplin'd and weak, is gathering strength.
At first, she never uses her Husband's name:
She is plain Mary. Now and then she hears
Men speak that name in hatred; but they speak
With fear, too, of his might. There comes one thither
Who loved him once; they parted in deep anger.
Milton and Cleveland went their several ways.
But Cleveland speaks no bitter word to Mary
Of that old College friend. He has within him
The poet's yearnings; and the nobleness
With which a poet bows before the genius
Even of a rival and an enemy.
Though wassail, and the license of the camp,
Made him a scorner and a ballad monger,
He scorn'd not him who wrote that lofty book
The 'Areopagitica.' Mary hears
From him some gentle memories of the man
Whose soul had awed her. Then remorse creeps in;
And she daily weeps to think what cold replies
Her stubbornness had given his mild requests,
And then his brief commands, for her return.
The summer comes. Fear is within that house
Where late was revelry—galliards and country-rounds,
And moonlit madrigals on dewy lawns.
Fear now abides there, for the news has reach'd
Of Naseby field. Ruin is drawing near.
The sequestrators come; and Mary's father
Hurries to London.

Ellen is sitting in her father's house—
A garden-house, in the City. She is reading.
A grave and learned book is on her knee—
'The Doctrine and the Discipline of Divorce.'
"Down, idle fancies! Perish, wicked thoughts!
Thou great logician, thou hast steep'd thy argument
In the deep dye of thy hopes. I could hope, too;
But I will strive against temptation. Lord,
Forgive my erring and tumultuous thoughts!
It cannot be—it is not true—that difference
Of temper—incompatibility—make
A cause of final separation. Yet
How hard it is!——
It is not just; for what a crowd would rush,
Upon that plea, to sever household ties,
Play false with oaths——"
Mary is on the threshold.
Another minute, and she bathes the cheek
Of Ellen with hot tears.
"I knew him not—
Knew not his greatness—not his gentleness—
I wrong'd him, Ellen; yet he hath redeem'd
My father from deep ruin. Will he spurn me?
Yes, he will spurn me. Ellen, I would ask
Forgiveness, and then die."
The book is done.
Another morn, and Mary's Husband comes
At Ellen's bidding. There is no word—
A sob—and then a silence—then a rush.
Mary is kneeling at her Husband's feet,
And Ellen joins their hands.

THE KEY OF THE STREET.

It is commonly asserted, and as commonly believed, that there are seventy thousand persons in London who get up every morning without the slightest knowledge as to where they shall lay their heads at night. However the number may be over or under-stated, it is very certain that a vast quantity of people are daily in the above-mentioned uncertainty regarding sleeping accommodation, and that when night approaches, a great majority solve the problem in a somewhat (to

themselves) disagreeable manner, by not going to bed at all.

People who stop up, or out all night, may be divided into three classes:—First, editors, bakers, market-gardeners, and all those who are kept out of their beds by business. Secondly, gentlemen and "gents," anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the "lark" species, or intent on the navigation of the "spree." Thirdly, and lastly, those ladies and gentlemen who do not go to bed, for the very simple reason that they have no beds to go to.

The members of this last class—a very numerous one—are said, facetiously, to possess "the key of the street." And a remarkably disagreeable key it is. It will unlock for you all manner of caskets you would fain know nothing about. It is the "open sesame" to dens you never saw before, and would much rather never see again,—a key to knowledge which should surely make the learner a sadder man, if it make him not a wiser one.

Come with me, luxuriant tenant of heavy-draped four-poster—basker on feather bed, and nestler in lawn sheets. Come with me, comfortable civic bolster presser—snug woollen nightcap wearer. Come with me, even workman, labourer, peasant—sleeper on narrow pallet—though your mattress be hard, and your rug coarse. Leave your bed—bad as it may be—and gaze on those who have no beds at all. Follow with me the veins and arteries of this huge giant that lies a-sleeping. Listen while with "the key of the street" I unlock the stony coffer, and bring forth the book, and from the macadamised page read forth the lore of midnight London Life.

I have no bed to-night. Why, it matters not. Perhaps I have lost my latch-key,—perhaps I never had one; yet am fearful of knocking up my landlady after midnight. Perhaps I have a caprice—a fancy—for stopping up all night. At all events, I have no bed; and, saving ninepence (sixpence in silver and threepence in coppers), no money. I must walk the streets all night; for I cannot, look you, get anything in the shape of a bed for less than a shilling. Coffee-houses, into which—seduced by their cheap appearance—I have entered, and where I have humbly sought a lodging, laugh my ninepence to scorn. They demand impossible eighteen-pences—unattainable shillings. There is clearly no bed for me.

It is midnight—so the clanging tongue of St. Dunstan's tells me—as I stand thus, bedless, at Temple Bar. I have walked a good deal during the day, and have an uncomfortable sensation in my feet, suggesting the idea that the soles of my boots are made of roasted brick-bats. I am thirsty, too (it is July, and sultry), and, just as the last chime of St. Dunstan's is heard, I have half-a-pint of porter—and a ninth part of my ninepence is gone from me for ever. The public-house where I have it (or rather the beer-shop; for it is an establishment of the "glass of ale and sandwich" description) is an early closing one; and the proprietor, as he serves me, yawningly orders the pot-boy to put up the shutters, for he is "off to bed." Happy proprietor! There is a bristly bearded tailor, too, very beery, having his last pint, who utters a similar somniferous intention. He calls it "Bedfordshire." Thrice happy tailor!

I envy him fiercely, as he goes out, though, God wot, his bed-chamber may be but a squalid attic, and his bed a tattered hop-sack, with a slop great-coat—from the emporium of Messrs Melchisidech and Son, and which he has been working at all day—for a coverlid. I envy his children (I am sure he has a frouzy, ragged brood of them), for they have at least somewhere to sleep,—I haven't.

I watch, with a species of lazy curiosity, the whole process of closing the "Original Burton Ale House," from the sudden shooting up of the shutters, through the area grating, like gigantic Jacks-in-a-box, to the final adjustment of screws and iron nuts. Then I bend my steps westward, and, at the corner of Wellington Street, stop to contemplate a cab-stand.

Cudgel thyself, weary Brain,—exhaust thyself, Invention,—torture thyself, Ingenuity—all, and in vain, for the miserable acquisition of six feet of mattress and a blanket!

Had I the delightful impudence, now—the calm audacity—of my friend, Bolt, I should not be five minutes without a bed. Bolt, I verily believe, would not have the slightest hesitation in walking into the grandest hotel in Albemarle Street or Jermyn Street, asking for supper and a bootjack, having his bed warmed, and would trust to Providence and his happy knack of falling, like a cat, on all-fours, for deliverance in the morning. I could as soon imitate Bolt as I could dance on the tight-rope. Spunge again, that stern Jeremy Diddler, who always bullies you when you relieve him, and whose request for the loan of half-a-crown is more like a threat than a petition—Spunge, I say, would make a violent irruption into a friend's room; and, if he did not turn him out of his bed, would at least take possession of his sofa and his great-coats for the night, and impetuously demand breakfast in the morning. If I were only Spunge, now!

What am I to do? It 's just a quarter past twelve; how am I to walk about till noon to-morrow? Suppose I walk three miles an hour, am I to walk thirty-five miles in these fearful London streets? Suppose it rains, can I stand under an archway for twelve hours?

I have heard of the dark arches of the Adelphi, and of houseless vagrants crouching there by night. But, then, I have read in "Household Words," that police constables are nightly enjoined by their inspectors to rout out these vagrants, and drive them from their squalid refuge. Then there are the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, and the railway

arches: but I abandon the idea of seeking refuge *there*, for I am naturally timorous, and I can't help thinking of chloroform and life-preservers in connexion with them. Though I have little to be robbed of, Heaven knows.

I have heard, too, of tramps' lodging-houses, and of the "twopenny rope." I am not prepared to state that I would not avail myself of that species of accommodation, for I am getting terribly tired and foot sore. But I don't know where to seek for it, and I am ashamed to ask.

I would give something to lie down, too. I wonder whether that cabman would think it beneath his dignity to accept a pot of porter, and allow me to repose in his vehicle till he got a fare! I know some of them never get one during the night, and I could snooze comfortably in hackney-carriage two thousand and twenty-two. But I cannot form a favourable opinion of the driver, who is discussing beer and blasphemy with the waterman; and neither he nor any of his brother Jehus, indeed, seem at all the persons to ask a favour of.

It is Opera night, as I learn from the accidentally heard remark of a passing policeman. To watch the departing equipages will, surely, help to pass the time on bravely, and with something almost like hope, I stroll to Covent Garden Theatre.

I am in the thick of it at once. Such a scrambling, pushing, jostling, and shouting! Such pawing of spirited horses, and objurgations of excited policemen! Now, Mrs. Fitz-tomkyns's carriage stops the way, and now, Mr. Smith, of the Stock Exchange, with two ladies on each arm, stands bewildered in a chaos of carriages, helplessly ejaculating "Cab." Now is there a playful episode in the shape of a policeman dodging a pickpocket among horses' heads, and under wheels; and now a pitiable one, in the person of an elderly maiden lady, who has lost her party in the crush, and her shoe in the mud, and is hopping about the piazza like an agonised sparrow. It is all over soon, however. The carriages rattle, and the cabs lumber away. The great city people, lords of Lombard-street, and kaisers of Cornhill, depart in gorgeous chariots, emblazoned in front and at the back. The dukes and marquises, and people of that sort, glide away in tiny broughams, and infinitesimal clarences. The highest personage of the land drives off in a plain chariot, with two servants in plain black, more like a doctor (as I hear a gentleman from the country near me indignantly exclaim), than a Queen. Mr. Smith has found his party, and the sparrow-like lady her shoe, by this time. Nearly everybody is gone. Stay, the gentleman who thinks it a "genteel" thing to go to the Opera, appears on the threshold carefully adjusting his white neckcloth with the huge bow, and donning a garment something between a smockfrock and a horsecloth, which is called, I believe, the "Opera envelope." He will walk home to Camberwell with his lorgnette case in his hand, and in white kid gloves, to let everybody know where he has been. The policemen and the prostitutes will be edified, no doubt. Following him comes the *habitué*, who is a lover of music, I am sure. He puts his gloves, neatly folded, into his breast-pocket, stows away his opera-glass, and buttons his coat. Then he goes quietly over to the Albion, where I watch him gravely disposing of a pint of porter at the bar. He is ten to one a gentleman: and I am sure he is a sensible man. And now all, horse and foot, are departed: the heavy portals are closed, and the Royal Italian Opera is left to the fireman, to darkness, and to me.

The bed question has enjoyed a temporary respite while these proceedings are taking place. Its discussion is postponed still further by the amusement and instruction I derive from watching the performances in the ham and beef shop at the corner of Bow Street. Here are crowds of customers, hot and hungry from the Lyceum or Drury Lane, and clamorous for sandwiches. Ham sandwiches, beef sandwiches, German sausage sandwiches—legions of sandwiches are cut and consumed. The cry is "mustard," and anon the coppers rattle, and payment is tendered and change given. Then come the people who carry home half a pound of "cold round" or three-pennyworth of "brisket;" I scrutinise them, their purchases, and their money. I watch the scale with rapt attention, and wait with trembling eagerness the terrific combat between that last piece of fat and the half ounce weight. The half ounce has it; and the beef merchant gives the meat a satisfied slap with the back of his knife, and rattles the price triumphantly. I have been so intent on all this, that I have taken no heed of time as yet; so, when custom begins to flag, glancing at the clock, I am agreeably surprised to find it is ten minutes past one.

A weary waste of hours yet to traverse—the silence of the night season yet to endure. There are many abroad still; but the respectable wayfarers drop off gradually, and the disreputable ones increase with alarming rapidity. The great-coated policeman, the shivering Irish night prowlers, and some fleeting shadows that seem to be of women, have taken undisputed possession of Bow-street and Long acre; and but for a sprinkling of young thieves, and a few tipsy bricklayers, would have it all their own way in Drury Lane.

I have wandered into this last-named unsavoury thoroughfare, and stand disconsolately surveying its aspect. And it strikes me now, that it is eminently distinguished for its street-corners. There is scarcely a soul to be seen in the street itself, but all the corners have posts, and nearly all the posts are garnished with leaning figures — now two stalwart policemen holding municipal converse—now two women, God help them!

—now a knot of lads with pale faces, long greasy hair, and short pipes. Thieves, my friend—unmistakeable thieves.

There are no professional beggars about—what on earth is there for them to be out for? The *beggees* are gone home to their suppers and their beds, and the beggars are gone home to their suppers and their beds. They have all got beds, bless you!

Some of the doorways have heaps of something huddled up within them; and ever and anon a policeman will come and stir them up with his truncheon, or more probably with his boot. Then you will see a chaotic movement of legs and arms, and hear a fretful crooning with an Irish accent. Should the guardian of the night insist in the enforcement of his "move on" decree—the legs and arms will stagger a few paces onward, and as soon as the policeman's back is turned, sink into another doorway—to be routed out perchance again in another quarter of an hour by another truncheon or another boot.

Half-past one by the clock of St. Mary-le-Strand, and I am in Charles Street, Drury Lane. It is a very nasty dirty little street this—full worthy, I take it, to challenge competition with Church Lane or Buckeridge Street. Something, however, a feeling indefinable, but strong, prompts me to pursue its foul and devious course for some score of yards. Then I stop.

"Lodgings for single men at fourpence per night." This agreeable distich greets me, depictured on the panes of a window, behind which a light is burning. I step into the road to have a good look at the establishment that proffers the invitation. It is a villainous ramshackle house—a horrible cut-throat-looking den, to be sure:—but then the fourpence! Think of that, Master Brooke! There is a profusion of handbills plastered on the door; these which I can read by the light of a gas lamp a few paces off. I decipher a flattering legend of separate beds, every convenience for cooking, and hot-water always ready. I am informed that this is the real model lodging-house; and I read, moreover, some derisive couplets relative to the Great Spitalfields Lodging-House, which is styled a "Bastile." I begin fingering, involuntarily, the eight-pence in my pocket. Heaven knows what horrible company I may fall into; but then, fourpence! and my feet are so tired. *Jacta est alea*, I will have fourpenn'orth.

That portion of the reading public who were on duty with Inspector Field some weeks ago, know what the "deputy" of a tramps' lodging-house is like. As, however, I came to sleep, and not to inspect, I am not abused, but merely inspected and admitted, I am informed that, with the addition, my company will make the establishment is full. I pay my fourpence, without the performance of which ceremony I do not get beyond the filthy entrance passage. Then, the "deputy" bars the door, and, brandishing an iron candlestick as though it were a broad-sword, bids me follow him.

What makes me, when we have ascended the rotten staircase, when I have entered my bedchamber—when the "deputy" has even bid me a wolfish good-night—what makes me rush down stairs, and, bursting through the passage, beg him to let me out for Heaven's sake? What makes me, when the "deputy" has unbarred the door, and bade me go out, and be something'd, and has *not* given me back my fourpence, stand sick and stupified in the street, till I wake up to a disgusted consciousness, by being nearly knocked down by a group of staggering roysterers, howling out a drunken chorus?

It was not the hang-dog look of the "deputy," or the cut-throat appearance of the house. It was not even the aspect of the score or more ragged wretches who were to be my sleeping companions. It was, in plain English, the smell of the bugs. Ugh!—the place was alive with them. They crawled on the floor—they dropped from the ceiling—they ran mad races on the walls! Give me the key of the street, and let me wander forth again.

I have not got further than Broad Street, St. Giles's, however, before I begin to think that I have been a little hasty. I feel so tired, so worn, so full of sleep now, that I can't help thinking I might have fallen off into heavy sleep yonder, and that the havock committed by the bugs on my carcase might have been borne unfelt. It is too late now, however. The fourpence is departed, and I dare not face the deputy again.

Two in the morning, and still black, thick, impervious night, as I turn into Oxford Street, by Meux's Brewery. The flitting shadows that seemed to be of women, have grown fewer. A quarter past two, and I have gained the Regent Circus, and can take my choice, either for a stroll in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, or a quiet lounge in the district of the Clubs. I choose the latter, and shamble down Regent Street towards Piccadilly.

I feel myself slowly, but surely, becoming more of a regular night prowler—a houseless, hopeless, vagrant, every moment. I feel my feet shuffle, my shoulders rise towards my ears; my head goes on one side; I hold my hands in a crouching position before me; I no longer walk, I prowl. Though it is July, I shiver. As I stand at the corner of Conduit Street (all night prowlers affect corners), a passing figure, in satin and black lace, flings me a penny. How does the phantom know that I have got the key of the street? I am not in rags, and yet my plight must be evident. So I take the penny.

Where are the policemen, I wonder. I am walking in the centre of the road, yet, from end to end of the magnificent street, I cannot

see a single soul. Stay, here is one. A little white-headed ruffian leaps from the shadow of Archbishop's Tenison's Chapel. He has on a ragged pair of trousers, and nothing else to speak of. He vehemently demands to be allowed to turn head over heels three times for a penny. I give him the penny the phantom gave me (cheap charity), and intimate that I can dispense with the tumbling. But he is too honest for that, and, putting the penny in his mouth, disappears in a series of summersaults. Then, the gas-lamps and I have it all to ourselves.

Safe at the corner (corners again, you see) of what was once the Quadrant, where a mongrel dog joins company. I know he is a dog without a bed, like I am, for he has not that grave trot, so full of purpose, which the dog on business has. This dog wanders irresolutely, and makes feigned turnings up by-streets—returning to the main thoroughfare in a slouching skulking manner—he ruminates over cigar-stumps and cabbage-stalks, which no homeward-bound dog would do. But even that dog is happier than I am, for he can lie down on any doorstep, and take his rest, and no policeman shall say him nay; but the New Police Act won't let me do so, and says sternly that I must "move on."

Halloo! a rattle in the distance—nearer—nearer—louder and louder! Now it bursts upon my sight. A fire-engine at full speed; and the street is crowded in a moment!

Where the people came from *I* don't pretend to say—but there they are—hundreds of them all wakeful and noisy, and clamorous. On goes the engine, with people hallooing, and following, and mingling with the night wind the dreadful cry of FIRE.

I follow of course. An engine at top speed is as potent a spell to a night prowler, as a pack of hounds in full cry is to a Leicestershire yeoman. Its influence is contagious too, and the crowd swells at every yard of distance traversed. The fire is in a narrow street off Soho, at a pickle-shop. It is a fierce one, at which I think the crowd is pleased; but then nobody lives in the house, at which I imagine they are slightly chagrined; for excitement, you see, at a fire is everything. *En revanche* there are no less than three families of small children next door, and the crowd are hugely delighted when they are expeditiously brought out in their night-dresses, by the Fire-brigade.

More excitement! The house on the other side has caught fire. The mob are in ecstasies, and the pickpockets make a simultaneous onslaught on all the likely pockets near them. I am not pleased, but interested—highly interested. I would pump, but I am not strong in the arms. Those who pump, I observe, get beer.

I have been watching the blazing pile so long—basking, as it were, in the noise and shouting and confusion; the hoarse clank of the engines—the cheering of the crowd—the dull roar of the fire, that the bed question has been quite in abeyance, and I have forgotten all about it and the time. But when the fire is quenched, or at least brought under, as it is at last; when the sheets of flame and sparks are succeeded by columns of smoke and steam; when, as a natural consequence, the excitement begins to flag a little, and the pressure of the crowd diminishes; then, turning away from the charred and gutted pickle-shop, I hear the clock of St. Anne's, Soho, strike four, and find that it is broad daylight.

Four dreary hours yet to wander before a London day commences; four weary, dismal revolutions on the clock-face, before the milkman makes his rounds, and I can obtain access to my penates, with the matutinal supply of milk!

To add to my discomfort, to the utter heart-weariness and listless misery which is slowly creeping over me, it begins to rain. Not a sharp pelting shower, but a slow, monotonous, ill-conditioned drizzle; damping without wetting—now deluding you into the idea that it is going to hold up, and now with a sudden spirt in your face, mockingly informing you that it has no intention of the kind. Very wretchedly indeed I thread the narrow little streets about Soho, meeting no one but a tom cat returning from his club, and a misanthropic looking policeman, who is feeling shutter-bolts and tugging at door-handles with a vicious aspect, as though he were disappointed that some unwary householder had not left a slight temptation for a sharp house-breaker.

I meet another policeman in Golden-square, who looks dull; missing, probably, the society of the functionary who guards the fire-escape situated in that fashionable locality, and who hasn't come back from the burnt pickle shop yet. He honours me with a long stare as I pass him.

"Good morning," he says.

I return the compliment.

"Going home to bed?" he asks.

"Y-e-es," I answer.

He turns on his heel and says no more; but, bless you! I can see irony in his bull's-eye—contemptuous incredulity in his oil-skin cape! It needs not the long low whistle in which he indulges, to tell me that *he* knows very well I have no bed to go home to.

I sneak quietly down Sherrard Street into the Quadrant. I don't know why, but I begin to be afraid of policemen. I never transgressed the law—yet I avoid the "force." The sound of their heavy boot-heels disquiets me. One of them stands at the door of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, and to avoid him I actually abandon a resolution I had formed of walking up Regent Street, and turn down the Haymarket instead.

There are three choice spirits who evidently have got beds to go to, though they are somewhat tardy in seeking them. I can tell that they have latch-keys, by their determined air—their bold and confident speech. They have

just turned, or have been turned out from an oyster-room. They are all three very drunk, have on each other's hats, and one of them has a quantity of dressed lobster in his cravat.

These promising gentlemen are "out on the spree." The doors of the flash public-houses and oyster-rooms are letting out similar detachments of choice spirits all down the Haymarket; some of a most patrician sort, with most fierce moustachios and whiskers; whom I think I have seen before, and whom I may very probably see again, in jackboots and golden epaulettes, prancing on huge black horses by the side of Her Majesty's carriage, going to open Parliament. They call this "life." They will probably sleep in the Station-house this morning, and will be fined various sums for riotous conduct. They will get drunk, I dare say three hundred times in the course of a year, for about three years. In the last-mentioned space of time they will bonnet many dozen policemen, break some hundreds of gas-lamps, have some hundreds of "larks," and scores of "rows." They will go to Epsom by the rail, and create disturbances on the course, and among the sticks. They will frequent the Adelphi at half-price, and haunt night-houses afterwards. They will spend their salaries in debauchery, and obtain fresh supplies of money from bill-discounters, and be swindled out of it by the proprietors of betting-lists. Some day, when their health and their money are gone—when they are sued on all their bills, and by all the tradesmen they have plundered—they will be discharged from their situations, or be discarded by their friends. Then they will subside into Whitecross Street and the Insolvent Debtors' Court—and then, God knows, they will die miserably, I suppose: of delirium tremens, may be.

I have taken a fancy to have a stroll—"save the mark!"—in St James's Park, and am about to descend the huge flight of stone steps leading to the Mall, when I encounter a martial band, consisting of a grenadier in a great-coat, and holding a lighted lantern (it is light as noon-day), an officer in a cloak, and four or five more grenadiers in great-coats, looking remarkably ridiculous in those hideous grey garments. As to the officer, he appears to regard everything with an air of unmitigated disgust, and to look at the duty upon which he is engaged as a special bore. I regard it rather in the light of a farce. Yet, if I mistake not, these are "Grand Rounds," or something of the sort. When the officer gets within a few yards of the sentinel, at the Duke of York's Column, he shouts out some unintelligible question, to which the bearer of "Brown Bess" gives a responsive, but as unintelligible howl. Then the foremost grenadier plays in an imbecile manner with his lantern, like King Lear with his straw, and the officer flourishes his sword; and "Grand Rounds" are over, as far as the Duke of York is concerned, I suppose; for the whole party trot gravely down Pall Mall, towards the Duchess of Kent's.

I leave them to their devices, and saunter moodily into the Mall. It is but a quarter to five, now; and I am so jaded and tired that I can scarcely drag one foot after another. The rain has ceased; but the morning air is raw and cold; and the rawness clings, as it were, to the marrow of my bones. My hair is wet, and falls in draggled hanks on my cheeks. My feet seem to have grown preposterously large, and my boots as preposterously small. I wish I was a dog or a dormouse! I long for a haystack, or a heap of sacks, or anything. I even think I could find repose on one of those terrible inclined planes which you see tilted towards you through the window of the Morgue at Paris. I have a good mind to smash a lamp, and be taken to the Station-house. I have a good mind to throw myself over Westminster Bridge. I suppose I am afraid; for I don't do either.

Seeing a bench under a tree, I fling myself thereon; and hard and full of knots and bumps as it is, roll myself into a species of ball, and strive to go to sleep. But oh, vain delusion! I am horribly, excruciatingly wakeful. To make the matter worse, I get up, and take a turn or two—*then* I feel as though I could sleep standing; but availing myself of what I consider a favourably drowsy moment, I cast myself on the bench again, and find myself as wakeful as before!

There is a young vagrant—a tramp of some eighteen summers—sitting beside me—fast asleep, and snoring with provoking pertinacity. He is half naked, and has neither shoes nor stockings. Yet he sleeps, and very soundly too, to all appearance. As the loud-sounding Horse-Guards clock strikes five, he wakes, eyes me for a moment, and muttering "hard lines, mate," turns to sleep again. In the mysterious free-masonry of misery, he calls me "mate." I suppose, eventually, that I catch from him some portion of his vagrant acquirement of somnolence under difficulties, for, after writhing and turning on the comfortless wooden seat till every bone and muscle are sore, I fall into a deep, deep sleep—so deep it seems like death.

So deep that I don't hear the quarters striking of that nuisance to Park-sleepers, the Horse-Guards clock—and rise only, suddenly *en sursaut*, as six o'clock strikes. My vagrant friend has departed, and being apprehensive myself of cross-examination from an approaching policeman (not knowing, in fact, what hideous crime sleeping in St. James's Park might be) I also withdraw, feeling very fagged and footsore—yet slightly refreshed by the hour's nap I have had. I pass the stands where the cows are milked, and curds and whey dispensed, on summer evenings; and enter Charing Cross by the long Spring Garden passage.

I have been apprised several times during

the night that this was a market-morning in Covent Garden. I have seen wagons, surmounted by enormous mountains of vegetable-baskets, wending their way through the silent streets. I have been met by the early costermongers in their donkey-carts, and chaffed by the costerboys on my forlorn appearance. But I have reserved Covent Garden as a *bonne bouche*—a wind-up to my pilgrimage; for I have heard and read how fertile is the market in question in subjects of amusement and contemplation.

I confess that I am disappointed. Covent Garden seems to me to be but one great accumulation of cabbages. I am pelted with these vegetables as they are thrown from the lofty summits of piled wagons to costermongers standing at the base. I stumble among them as I walk; in short, above, below, on either side, cabbages preponderate.

I dare'say, had I patience, that I should see a great deal more; but I am dazed with cabbages, and jostled to and fro, and "danged" dreadfully by rude market-gardeners—so I eschew the market, and creep round the piazza.

I meet my vagrant friend of the Park here, who is having a cheap and nutritious breakfast at a coffee stall. The stall itself is a nondescript species of edifice—something between a gipsy's tent and a watchman's box; while, to carry out the comparison, as it were, the lady who serves out the coffee very much resembles a gipsy in person, and is clad in a decided watchman's coat. The aromatic beverage (if I may be allowed to give that name to the compound of burnt beans, roasted horse-liver, and refuse chicory, of which the "coffee" is composed), is poured, boiling hot, from a very cabalistic-looking cauldron into a whole regiment of cups and saucers standing near; while, for more solid refection, the cups are flanked by plates bearing massive piles of thick bread and butter, and an equivocal substance, called "cake." Besides my friend the vagrant, two coster-lads are partaking of the hospitalities of the *café;* and a huge gardener, straddling over a pile of potato sacks, hard by, has provided himself with bread and butter and coffee, from the same establishment, and is consuming them with such avidity that the tears start from his eyes at every gulp.

I have, meanwhile, remembered the existence of a certain fourpenny-piece in my pocket, and have been twice or thrice tempted to expend it. Yet, on reflection, I deem it better to purchase with it a regular breakfast, and to repair to a legitimate coffee-shop. The day is by this time getting rapidly on, and something of the roar of London begins to be heard in earnest. The dull murmur of wheels has never ceased, indeed, the whole night through; but now, laden cabs come tearing past on their way to the railway station. The night policemen gradually disappear, and sleepy potboys gradually appear, yawning at the doors of public houses—sleepy waitresses at the doors of coffee-houses and reading-rooms. There have been both public-houses and coffee-shops open, however, the whole night. The "Mohawks' Arms" in the market never closes. Young Lord Stultus, with Captain Asinus of the Heavies, endeavoured to turn on all the taps there at four o'clock this morning, but at the earnest desire of Frume, the landlord, desisted; and subsequently subsided into a chivalrous offer of standing glasses of "Old Tom" all round, which was as chivalrously accepted. As the "all round" comprised some thirty ladies and gentlemen, Frume made a very good thing of it; and, like a prudent tradesman as he is, he still further acted on the golden opportunity, by giving all those members of the company (about three-fourths) who were drunk, glasses of water instead of gin; which operation contributed to discourage intemperance, and improve his own exchequer in a very signal and efficacious manner. As with the "Mohawks' Arms," so with the "Turnip's Head," the great market-gardeners' house, and the "Pipe and Horse Collar," frequented by the night cabmen—to say nothing of that remarkably snug little house near Drury Lane, "The Blue Bludgeon," which is well known to be the rendezvous of the famous Tom Thug and his gang, whose recent achievements in the strangling line, by means of a silk handkerchief and a life-preserver, used *tourniquet* fashion, have been so generally admired of late. I peep into some of these noted hostelries as I saunter about. They begin to get rather quiet and demure as the day advances, and will be till midnight, indeed, very dull and drowsy pothouses, as times go. They don't light up to life, and jollity, and robbery, and violence, before the small hours.

So with the coffee-shops. The one I enter, to invest my fourpence in a breakfast of coffee and bread-and-butter, has been open all night likewise; but the sole occupants now are a dirty waiter, in a pitiable state of drowsiness, and half-a-dozen homeless wretches who have earned the privilege of sitting down at the filthy tables by the purchase of a cup of coffee, and, with their heads on their hands, are snatching furtive naps, cut short—too short, alas!—by the pokes and "Wake up, there!" of the drowsy waiter. It is apparently his "*consigne*" to allow no sleeping.

I sit down here, and endeavour to keep myself awake over the columns of the "Sun" newspaper of last Tuesday week—unsuccessfully, however. I am so jaded and weary, so dog-tired and utterly worn out, that I fall off again to sleep; and whether it is that the drowsy waiter has gone to sleep too, or that the expenditure of fourpence secures exemption for me, I am allowed to slumber.

I dream this time. A dreadful vision it is, of bugs, and cabbages, and tramping soldiers, and anon of the fire at the pickle-shop. As I

wake, and find, to my great joy, that it is ten minutes past eight o'clock, a ragged little newsboy brings in a damp copy of the "Times," and I see half a column in that journal headed "Dreadful Conflagration in Soho."

Were I not so tired, I should moralise over this, no doubt; but there are now but two things in my mind—two things in the world for me—HOME and BED. Eight o'clock restores these both to me—so cruelly deprived of them for so long a time. So, just as London—work-away, steady-going London—begins to bestir itself, I hurry across the Strand, cross the shadow of the first omnibus going towards the Bank; and, as I sink between the sheets of MY BED, resign the key of the street into the hands of its proper custodian, whoever he may be—and, whoever he may be, I don't envy him.

THE TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

IN introducing to the notice of our readers a translated account of a visit to the "Casa dei Matti," in Sicily, at page 151 of our second volume, we stated that "the recent improvements in the treatment of lunatics in this country have been widely reported to the public in many ways by the Press." The transition, from the brute-force system of the last century, to the comparatively humane and well-intentioned method of the present day, could not be passed over in silence; nor could its announcement fail to make a satisfactory impression on all who had devoted the slightest degree of serious attention to it.

It by no means follows, however, that nothing remains to be done. The right principle, indeed, has been all but universally acknowledged; but it is no less certain that from the still existing want of proper means and appliances, its practical development has been materially hindered; and assuming that at least all the recently provided *public* arrangements for the care of lunatics are good, let us inquire as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of the amount of this kind of accommodation. Our observations on this point are applicable to Pauper Asylums almost exclusively, as no good *public* provision of any material consequence has been yet devised for the accommodation of private patients.

According to an Abstract of Returns published by the Commissioners in Lunacy, it appears that in the month of August, 1843, the estimated "grand total of lunatics and idiots" maintained at the public charge in England and Wales, was sixteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-four. Of this number three thousand five hundred and twenty-five were at the time placed in county asylums, and two thousand two hundred and ninety-eight in houses "licensed" for their reception; that is to say, five thousand eight hundred and twenty-three (not much more than one-third of the then known number) were placed under what may be termed appropriate superintendence; whilst no fewer than four thousand and sixty-three were associated with the sane inmates of Union Workhouses, and the still larger number of four thousand nine hundred and six were singly "farmed out," as the phrase is, at the average weekly cost of two shillings and seven-pence farthing per head.

Since the period above referred to, a great change has taken place in these things; through the provisions of the 8th & 9th Vict., cap. 126., several new County Asylums have been called into existence. Some indeed were in process of erection under the optional authority conferred upon County Magistrates by 9th Geo. 4th, cap. 40; enlargements of several of the older institutions have been effected; and each shire and separate municipal district is in this respect now called upon by law to meet and provide for the pressing necessity of its population.

It may seem strange that any reluctance should ever have been shown to comply with a measure of such obvious importance and necessity; and yet there are districts of the country in which the local authorities even still manifest no higher a capability of appreciating the subject, than is consistent with the blind instinct which they miscall economy, or with the desire to obtain credit for the exercise of extraordinary care and prudence in the administration of public funds. But we ought not, perhaps, to wonder at this. There are regions on the earth over which daylight is long in breaking. Between the 9th of Geo. 4th, and the 8th & 9th of Victoria, seventeen years had passed, and during the whole of that time the fullest powers and the most ample facilities were possessed by the magistrates on the one hand, and by the rate-payers on the other, and still a large majority of the insane poor were either very imperfectly taken care of, or had not been publicly accounted for at all. The optional plan was thus proved to have been quite inadequate to the necessities of the case.

After the establishment of suitable accommodation for pauper lunatics in compliance with the requirements of the last-mentioned Act of Parliament, shall have been completed, and when the experience of a few years shall have shown how the peculiar defects and misarrangements of each institution may be rectified, we may, perhaps, indulge a hope that little will be left to wish for respecting the domiciliation of this class. In the mean-time, let us see how the account stands.

By the Fifth Annual Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy (June 30, 1850) to the Lord Chancellor, we find that the *public* accommodation for pauper lunatics has been so materially augmented, that on the 1st of January, 1850, no fewer than six thousand nine hundred and eight patients of this class (almost twice as many as were so accommodated in 1843) were dwelling in County Asylums. At the same time the necessity

for still further accommodation has been not less urgently felt. The number of pauper patients in "Licensed Houses" has also been well-nigh doubled; so that the entire number placed under what, for distinction's sake, we shall term *appropriate* superintendence, on the 1st of January, 1850 (including three hundred and forty-three inmates of certain other institutions, distinguished by the name of Hospitals), was not less than eleven thousand three hundred and five.

Without farther inquiry, it might very naturally be inferred from this statement, that the increased amount of special accommodation had produced a corresponding diminution of the numbers lodged in workhouses, and "farmed out." The fact is exactly the reverse. From the Third Annual Report of the Poor Law Board (Appendix, No. 26) it appears that four thousand six hundred and ninety-nine insane patients were lodged in workhouses on the 1st of January, 1850; an increase of six hundred and thirty-six on the return of 1843. And so far from there having been any decrease in the number of those who are returned as being placed "with their friends, or elsewhere;" that is, "farmed out" on some such miserable pittance as we have mentioned, it would seem, from the same official document, that no fewer than nine thousand and thirteen (an increase of four thousand one hundred and seven on the first-mentioned return) were so situated on the 1st of January, 1850.

From these very plain and incontrovertible facts, we deduce the somewhat startling conclusion that, on the 1st of January, 1850, the number of insane persons who were maintained at the public charge in England and Wales was greater, by nearly one-half, than it was in the year 1843.

Now, looking merely at the surface of the subject, it is natural to suppose that the causes of insanity, during the period in question, must have been in an unwonted state of activity.

But such a supposition we conceive to be as groundless as it would be discouraging and uncomfortable if it were well-founded. The causes of insanity are not referable to any specific agencies, in the ordinary sense of such a term. We cannot properly describe the malady, under any circumstances, as an epidemic disease. Looking over the reach of centuries, with a complete knowledge of all the mental and physical elements of social perturbation and discomfort, we might, probably, be able to point out occasional periods at which the reason of multitudes was more than usually exposed to shocks of vehement moral suffering, or undermined, either by habits of exhausting debauchery, or by the stealthy inroads of physical want. In this way, we might, perhaps, arrive at something like a fanciful analogy, but nothing more. It would be idle, therefore, to argue a point of this kind, and the conclusion is inevitable, that many pre-existing instances of the malady, have been brought to light, and that the discovery of new cases has been greatly facilitated.

"The *known* numbers of the insane will always increase in proportion to the facilities of relief which are afforded;" and the rule here quoted not only affords a sufficient explanation of the remarkable facts we have been considering, but receives at the same time its own most ample and satisfactory verification.

An example or two may be sufficient to afford something like a notion of the hardship to which the poorest class of insane persons in many districts may even yet be exposed, notwithstanding the risk of penalties incurred from non-compliance with the directions contained in the 50th Section of the 8th & 9th Victoria, cap. 126 In the same way, some idea may be formed respecting either the misery or the callousness which the presence of such patients must occasion in situations of the kind to which we here refer.

The first of the following letters is from a relieving officer in a Welsh Union to the steward of a County Lunatic Asylum.

"June 7, 1851.

"Respected Friend,—We have a pauper lunatic residing in this town, chargeable to the parish of ———, who will have to be removed to your asylum in a few days. His name is David Davies, aged about 29 years; is the son of David Davies, a weaver, living on the Lower Green. The boy is a confirmed idiot, and has been for the last fifteen years confined in a room at home, wearing what we call a strait waistcoat. He spends most of his time in bed, but is so far at liberty as having his feet loose, so that he can rise when he pleases. The door of his room is always locked from the outside, and the window barred. Before the window was barred, he would sometimes rise from his bed and break the window. His mother chiefly attends upon him. When he has occasion to rise for a natural purpose, he intimates this to his mother by striking the floor, as he never could talk. He has had no clothes on for many years; and as I shall have to supply him with some, I would feel greatly obliged, if you would please to drop me a line, just to state what clothing is indispensably required, as I should not wish to incur but as little expense as possible.

"Yours respectfully,

" ———

"Relieving Officer"

The subjoined communication is from the sister of a poor woman who had previously suffered from severe attacks of mania. It is addressed to the Superintendent of a County Lunatic Asylum, under whose care the patient had been placed on two previous occasions, and on both of which she had been sent home well. It may be requisite to explain, that the sister had called at the asylum a short

time before the date of her note, to say that the patient was about to be placed in what she conceived to be a very improper situation, and being ignorant of the necessary forms, to request that she might be sent for, and again re-admitted.

"May 29, 1851.

"I was with you about my sistar, Elizabeth Evans She is in the case I told you Sur, and she is put with the man I told you by the Justis, to save the paris a few shilins in the year. But I hope to God that you will try to get her to come to you. I was there last night to see hur, and she is in a very bad stat of life. She lay down on a Sac of Straw, and her Hands were in Handcuffs, and hur Legs were tied in some sort of Iron by the Bed Post in a Chamber of a Earthen Bottom, and I want you to judg wother this is fit for my Sistar or not. The Relivin Officer and the Guardins are very mutch aginst hur being sent to you, and my opinion about these men is, they are very unjest in their werks.

"ANN JONES,
"Hur Sistar."

Without some deviation from the original idiom and orthography of this note, its meaning would be generally unintelligible; but we apprehend that its good sense will be universally admitted. The answer it received was to the effect that, as the Superintendent had no power to act in the affair, beyond offering his opinion and advice, Ann Jones was recommended to represent her sister's case to the clergyman of the parish, and to such other influential individuals as she might think likely to take an interest in the matter. The following observations were added, with the view of demonstrating the inexpediency of allowing the patient to remain in the situation above described.

"In Elizabeth Evans' case, the mental derangement is brought on mainly by her inability to procure a sufficiency of proper nourishment. Had pains been taken, upon former occasions, to provide her with a good and substantial diet, there is little likelihood that she would ever have become insane. To preserve her bodily health in sufficient vigour must be the first object, and this can only be accomplished, in her case, by an ample allowance of food. Two or three pounds of good beef or mutton every week are an indispensable part of her treatment; and when her spirits appear to be depressed, or if she exhibit any other signs of weakness, an ample supply of good malt liquor will be not less necessary for the maintenance of her strength. These observations apply to her case when she is well, and must be considered to have still greater force in the event of her complaint having actually relapsed. The kind of treatment here referred to was the only means employed in the cure of her malady when she was here."

We are glad to say that this suggestion was acceded to, and that the patient was accordingly re-admitted into the County Asylum, on the 13th of June.

It is quite clear, that some more efficient arrangements are required for the protection of the insane poor from this grinding parochial parsimony. Thrift in any proper sense it certainly is not; and we can conceive no plan so good for this purpose, and so likely to afford general satisfaction, as some modification of that which was proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the early part of the present Session of Parliament,—such as charging the difference between the rate of maintenance in asylums, and the rate of maintenance in workhouses, on the Consolidated Fund. We have nothing to say respecting the object with which such a proposal was made. We only conceive that its adoption would relieve many Union Boards from an uncomfortable interruption to their general business, and would confer an inestimable boon on the insane poor, as well as on their families and friends. We do not wish to speak here of the still higher contingent advantages which would accrue to the general community from such an arrangement, and we purposely confine our remarks to what we conceive would be its direct practical consequences. Relieving officers and overseers would feel themselves unfettered by the inclinations or prejudices of this or that particular guardian—or of this or that particular set; and the very important duty of those minor functionaries, in relation to the care of pauper lunatics, would be executed in more strict conformity with the spirit and intention of the Act of Parliament.

We shall now refer to the provisions in existence for the care and treatment of such insane persons as are above the necessity of seeking for parochial aid. Of this class, particularly among the higher orders, an unknown number are singly guarded from injury by the vigilance of private or professional friends, and such of them as at length become utterly unmanageable in this way, are removed either to "licensed houses," to hospitals, or to asylums.

The last report of the Commissioners in Lunacy showed us that the number of pauper lunatics, placed under what we have termed appropriate superintendence, that is to say, *confined* either in public institutions or in houses "licensed" for their reception, on the 1st of January, 1850, was eleven thousand three hundred and five. Of that number, sixty-four per cent. were lodged in public institutions, and thirty-six per cent. in "licensed houses." But with respect to private patients, or those whose independent resources are sufficient for their maintenance, we find that this balance is somewhat more than reversed; the proportional number of those placed in public institutions at the time in question having been scarcely thirty per cent., whilst the number confined in "licensed houses," was not fewer than seventy per cent.; the whole

number of private cases in confinement being three thousand seven hundred and seventy-four.

At this point we should wish our readers to pause for an instant, as we apprehend that a comparison of the numbers to which we have just referred may serve to throw much light upon the general nature of those influences which are constantly tending to the development of mental alienation.

Taking the net total of persons relieved by their parishes on the 1st of January, 1850 (as shown by the third annual report of the Poor-law Board, Appendix 26) to have been eight hundred and eighty-one thousand two hundred and six—we shall very roughly say, for the sake of a round number, one million—and the entire population of England and Wales at the same time to have been fifteen millions, we shall find that, out of an aggregate of fifteen thousand and seventy nine persons who were under confinement on account of mental derangement, nearly seventy-five per cent. belonged to the pauper class, and scarcely more than twenty-five per cent. to the more fortunate millions whose comparatively comfortable private circumstances enable them to dispense with extraneous help.

The inference derivable from this fact we consider to be self-evident, and to admit of no question whatever; viz., that poverty and its attendant evils (including defective education, and the unrestrained sway of appetites and passions, which tend to produce an exhausted state of the organic energies, whilst both means and discretion are wanting to check their ruinous career) are the most fertile sources of insanity.

We have said that no *good* public provision of any *material* consequence has yet been devised for the accommodation of private patients. In repeating this assertion, we would earnestly deprecate any intention to disparage or hold cheap the efforts either of those who have already accomplished good deeds in this way, or of other benevolent individuals who are striving to adapt existing institutions of the kind now under consideration to the altered circumstances of the districts in which they are situated, and to the improved therapeutics of the present day. What we particularly wish to point out in reference to this part of the subject is, the utter insufficiency of the existing amount of this latter kind of accommodation, as compared with the wants of the community.

The annual Reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy contain too many animadversions on the want of due care and consideration for the necessities of the insane, as exemplified in the management of "licensed houses," to render it probable that the system upon which those establishments generally are founded, can be much longer permitted to exist, unless some limited exception be made in a few cases where pecuniary considerations are far outborne by knowledge, zeal, and humanity. It is time that the "pressure from without" and the extended powers and jurisdiction of the Commissioners in Lunacy have produced very considerable changes for the better, even here. But it cannot be denied that the principle of the system, as a whole, is vicious and unsound, and that the sooner the State shall come to look upon the protection and care of its most helpless and unfortunate class of citizens as an indefeasible duty of its own, the better will it be for all who have the greatest and most proper interest in such a change.

Around the *merely destitute* the law has already placed its ægis, and has declared that no human being within these islands shall be absolutely and literally starved to death, nor left to perish for want of shelter, without somebody else being to blame for it. The peculiar wants of the insane pauper have been taken into consideration by the legislature, and much has been done to meet the requirements of his case. But for the necessities of the lunatic, whose case is uncomplicated by destitution, and who has (in this respect) the misfortune to be in independent circumstances, the legislature has hitherto vouchsafed no such consideration. The Court of Chancery, it is true, will guard his estate, if he have one, and will assign a certain sum for his maintenance, as soon as a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* shall have determined that he is insane. But farther than this it cannot interfere. It can afford no absolute guarantee as to the services to be rendered to the patient in consideration of the sum set apart from his estate to defray the charges of his maintenance. The trustees of his person, ignorant as most people are on these matters, and directed in all probability by mere chance as to the choice of his abode, and the suitableness and sufficiency of his accommodation, are constrained to rely almost entirely on the conscientiousness of the person who receives him, and whose ruling consideration naturally points to the surplus which may remain, after the current expenses of the establishment over which he presides shall have been accounted for.*

Let us hear what the Commissioners in Lunacy say in reference to this matter.

"Whilst making our visitations in the course of the past year, we had reason to believe that, in some instances, private patients in licensed houses had not the benefit of that suitable accommodation and those comforts to which they were entitled from their circumstances and situation in life. In some cases, it appeared, on inquiry, that the relations were unable to afford a remuneration adequate to the expenditure necessary for proper accommodation and treatment, and in others, that

* It would appear from a return recently made to Parliament, that the number of commissions of lunacy which were in force in the year 1849, was no more than thirty. The total amount of the annual incomes of the parties was twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-three pounds, ten shillings, and tenpence, and the aggregate of the sums allowed for their maintenance was seven thousand nine hundred and three pounds, fifteen shillings, and eightpence.

they neglected to appropriate a sufficient part of the patient's income in promoting his cure, or adding to his general comforts.

"A few cases also came under our observation, in which it was evident that the sums paid were amply sufficient to provide everything necessary for the comfort and restoration of the patients, but the benefit of which the patients in fact did not enjoy. A marked instance of the disproportion between the amount paid and the accommodation provided for a gentleman of property, having been brought before the Board, we issued the following circular to the proprietors of private asylums in the metropolitan district:—

"'Office of Commission in Lunacy,
"'10, New Street, Spring Gardens,
"'12th February, 1850.

"'Sir,—The Commissioners in Lunacy having reason to suppose that in some cases a smaller allowance is made for the maintenance of patients in lunatic asylums than their annual income would justify; and also, that in other cases the amount of accommodation and comfort supplied to the patients is less than was stipulated for by the relatives, and less than, having regard to the sums charged, the patients may be considered to be reasonably entitled to, are desirous, and request that you will, without delay, make out a tabular list (according to the annexed form), specifying the names of all the private patients in your house (as far as may be, alphabetically), separating the males from the females, and specifying also, against their several names, their stations or profession in life, together with the total annual rate of payment agreed to be charged for them respectively, for their maintenance and treatment, and also for extras (if any); and the Commissioners further request that you will have this list ready, and accessible to them, whenever they may visit your licensed house.

"'I am, &c.,
"'(Signed) R. W. S. LUTWIDGE,
"'Secretary.

"'To the Superintendent of ———'"

"We think it due to some proprietors of licensed houses to state that we have ascertained that in various instances superior comforts and accommodation have been afforded to patients, more with reference to their former habits and station in life, than to the mere amount of money received for their maintenance." We have hitherto referred only to the case of an individual whose affluent circumstances render him more likely to be well done by than if he belonged to the middle rank of society. But the great majority of private patients are not persons of superabundant wealth. In numerous instances, their means of maintenance depend entirely on the bounty of their relatives or friends; and who shall say in how few cases the mere pecuniary burden does not seriously interfere with the prosperity of an entire family?

The wants of the insane, even under the most favourable circumstances, are much too apt to be under-rated. Domestic order and regularity, even with the more substantial requisites of good treatment, by no means include all that is necessary. The monotony of a secluded life, at the best, is not always well adapted to soothe the morbid irritability of the feelings, still less to afford such a salutary amount of mental stimulus as is requisite for exciting and for gradually imparting due tone to the impaired powers of the constitution. But having intimated that the existing arrangements for the accommodation of private patients are generally defective, we conclude with the expression of a hope that we may yet witness the establishment of a system into which speculation, in the hope of private gain, will not be allowed to enter, or will be far more stringently restricted than it is at present.

SUPPOSING.

SUPPOSING that among the news in a Weekly Newspaper—say, "The Examiner" for Saturday the twenty-third of August in the present year—there were stated in succession two cases, presenting a monstrous contrast.

Supposing that the first of these cases were the case of an indigent woman, the wife of a laboring man, who died in a most deplorable and abject condition, neglected and unassisted by the parish authorities:

Supposing that the second of these cases were the case of an infamous woman, drunken and profligate, a convicted felon, a returned transport, an habitual inmate of Houses of Correction, destitute of the lowest attributes of decency, a Pet Prisoner in the Model Prison, where the interesting creature was presented with a large gratuity for her excellent conduct:

I wonder whether it would occur to any governing power in the country, that there might be something wrong here!

Because I make bold to say, that such a shocking instance of Pet Prisoning and Pet Poor Law administering has profounder depths of mischief in it than Red Tape can fathom.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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A GALLOP FOR LIFE.

It was hot, burning hot, hot enough for Bengal, a few weeks ago, when a party of us were sitting in the shade of a clump of trees beside the brook that rattles down from the lake, with the unpronounceable name, on the big hills behind Tremadoc. Some of our party (they were from town, and lately arrived) had been haymaking in the field, which is not quite as steep as the roof of St. Paul's, but steep enough to tempt a roll or two in the fresh, sweet hay; two had been fishing in the lake; while a trio, lazy and romantic, had just been reading, with occasional intervals of discussion, during which, it was wonderful the number of bottles of porter they had managed to empty, out of the three dozen put to cool in the hollow of the brook bank for the amateur haymakers. By a universal vote, we had lunched under the trees on all manner of comestibles, including a wonderful salad of cold turbot, for want of a lobster We were very happy and very warm, except the idlers. After luncheon, some went to sleep; I am afraid some smoked; but no one scolded, and no one argued. As the evening crept on, the tide went down in the bay, and for miles, there was nothing to be seen but a desert of yellow sand—real yellow sand, where Ariel's friends might have danced with pleasure. We watched the sea receding, and receding, until only a dim white waggling line on the horizon told us where the waters of Port Madoc were to come from, at the turn of the tide.

Everybody seemed deliciously lazy; no one could be called or coaxed into haymaking again. To half of us, open-air work was something new; to the other half, the rattle of new arrivals from town was wonderfully refreshing, after the vegetation of a Welsh village. So, gossiping, with a little singing, a little story-telling, and, I am afraid, a little flirting, the day wore out, the moon rose up, and presently, up a hundred channels, before we knew, the sea began to flow back, and [illegible] below us, as we sat on the turf, on the [illegible], beside the rustling torrent.

At length the conversation turned on rides across the sands, on the shores of the Solway, and the perils of Morecombe Bay. One quoted the adventure in "Redgauntlet," another of Sir Arthur Wardour and Lovell in the "Antiquary"; a third, the story of the narrow escape of Madame D'Arblay, near Ilfracombe; but we were all piqued with the acutest curiosity, when Alfred Aubrey, the matter-of-fact man, with a romantic name, said, between the whiffs of a genuine Manilla,

"I once had a narrow escape myself, crossing the Dee, on just such a night as this, only there was no moon; and I can assure you that galloping a race with time and tide is no joke."

"Come," cried Carry Darling, the self-elected dictatress of our *al fresco* parliament, "that will do; you have been talking nothing these three days but fishing and politics; put down your filthy tobacco, and tell us that—for you owe us a story" So Aubrey, knowing that he had a Napoleon in petticoats to deal with, began, with fewer excuses than customary in such cases, as follows:—

About twenty years ago, after a fatiguing London season, I was stopping at the decayed port and bathing village of Parkgate, on the Dee, opposite the equally decayed town and castle of Flint. It was a curious place to choose for amusement, for it had, and has, no recommendation except brackish water, pleasant scenery at high water, and excessive dulness. But, to own the truth, I was in love, desperately in love, with one of the most charming, provoking little sylphs in the world, who, after driving me half crazy in London, was staying on a visit with an uncle, a Welsh parson, at dreary Parkgate. Not that it was dreary to me when Laura was amiable; on the contrary, I wrote to my friends and described it as one of the most delightful watering-places in England, and, by so doing, lost for ever the good graces and legacy of my Aunt Grumph, who travelled all the way from Brighton on my description, and only stayed long enough to change horses. One sight of the one street of tumble-down houses, in face of a couple of miles of sand and shingle at low water, was enough. She never spoke to me again, except to express her extreme contempt for my opinion.

Our chief amusement was riding on the sand, and sometimes crossing to Flint at low water. You know, of course, that formerly the Dee was a great commercial [illegible] important ports at Chester, Parkgate, [illegible]

Flint, but, in the course of time, the banks have fallen in, increasing the breadth at the expense of the depth; so that at Parkgate, whence formerly the Irish packets sailed, the fisher-girls can walk over at low water, merely tucking up their petticoats in crossing the channel, down which the main stream of fresh water flows.

But although this broad expanse of sand affords a firm footing, at low water, for the whole way across, except just round Flint where there are several quicksands, when the tide turns, in certain states of the wind the whole estuary is covered with wonderful rapidity; for the tide seems to creep up subterraneous channels, and you may find yourself surrounded by salt-water when you least expect it.

This was of no consequence to us, as we were never tied for time. I was teaching Laura to ride, on a little Welsh pony, and the sands made a famous riding-school. I laugh now when I think of the little rat of a pony she used to gallop about, for she now struggles into a Brougham of ordinary dimensions with great difficulty, and weighs nearly as much as her late husband, Mr Alderman Mallard. In a short time, Laura made so much progress in horsemanship, that she insisted on mounting my hackney, a full-sized well bred animal, and putting me on the rat-pony. When I indulged her in this fancy—for of course she had her own way—I had the satisfaction of being rewarded by her roars of laughter at the ridiculous figure I cut, ambling beside her respectable uncle, on his cart-horse cob, with my legs close to the ground and my nose peering over the little Welshman's shaggy ears, while my fury galloped round us, drawing all sorts of ridiculous comparisons. This was bad enough, but when Captain Egret, the nephew of my charmer's aunt's husband, a handsome fellow, with "a lovely grey horse, with such a tail," as Laura described it came up from Chester to stay a few days, I could stand my rat pony no longer, and felt much too ill to ride out: so stood at the window of my lodgings with my shirt collar turned down, and Byron in my hand open at one of the most murderous passages, watching Laura on my chestnut, and Captain Egret on his grey, cantering over the deserted bed of the Dee. They were an aggravatingly handsome couple, and the existing state of the law on manslaughter enabled me to derive no satisfaction from the hints contained in the "Giaour" or the "Corsair." Those were our favourite books of reference for Young England in those days. Indeed, we were all amateur pirates, and felons in theory: but when I had been cast down in disgust at the depraved state of civilisation, which prevented me from challenging Captain Egret to single combat, with Laura for the prize of the victor, instead of a cell in Chester Castle, my eyes fell on an advertisement in a local paper, which turned my thoughts into a new channel, of "*Sale of Blood Stock, Hunters and Hackneys*, at Plas * * *, near Holywell."

I determined to give up murder, and buy another horse, for I could ride as well as the Captain; and then what glorious *tête-a-têtes* I could have, with my hand on the pommel of Laura's side-saddle. The idea put me in good-humour. Regimental duties having suddenly recalled Captain Egret, I spent a delightful evening with Laura; she quite approved of my project, and begged that I would choose a horse "with a long tail, of a pretty colour," which is every young lady's idea of what a horse should be.

Accordingly I mounted my chestnut on a bright morning of July, and rode across to Flint, accompanied by a man to bring back my intended purchase. It was dead low water; when full of happy thoughts, in the still warm silence of the summer morning, holding my eager horse hard in, I rode at a foot pace across the smooth, hard, wave-marked bed of the river. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sun, rising slowly, cast a golden glow over the sparkling sand. Pit-pat pit pat, went my horse's feet, not loud enough to disturb the busy crows and gulls seeking their breakfast; they were not afraid of me; they knew I had no gun. I remember it; I see it all before me, as if it were yesterday, for it was one of the most delicious moments of my life. But the screaming gulls and whistling curlews were put to flight, before I had half crossed the river's bed, by the cheerful chatter, laughter, and fragments of Welsh airs sung in chorus by a hearty crowd of cockle and mussel gatherers, fisher-men, and farmers' wives, on their way to the market on the Cheshire side—men, women (they were the majority), and children on foot, on ponies and donkeys, and in little carts. Exchanging good humoured jokes, I passed on until I came to the ford of the channel, where the river runs between banks of deep soft sand. At low water, at certain points, in summer, it is but a few inches deep; but after heavy rains, and soon after the turning of the tide, the depth increases rapidly.

At the ford I met a second detachment of Welsh peasantry preparing to cross, by making bundles of shoes and stockings, and tucking up petticoats very deftly. Great was the fun and the splashing, and plenty of jokes on the *Saxon* and his red horse going the wrong way. The Welsh girls in this part of the country are very pretty, with beautiful complexions, a gleam of gold in their dark hair, and an easy graceful walk, from the habit of carrying the water pitchers from the wells on their heads. The scene made me feel anything but melancholy or ill-natured. I could not help turning back to help a couple of little damsels across, pillion-wise, who seemed terribly afraid of wetting their finery at the foot ford.

Having passed the channels, the wheels and footmarks formed a plain direction for a safe route, which, leaving Flint Castle on my

right, brought me into the centre of Flint, without any need of a guide. The rest of my road was straightforward and common-place. I reached the farm where the sale was to take place, in time for breakfast, and was soon lost in a crowd of country squires, Welsh parsons, farmers, horsedealers, and grooms.

Late in the day I purchased a brown stallion, with a strain of Arab blood, rather undersized, but compact, and one of the handsomest horses I ever saw before or since, very powerful, nearly thorough bred. When the auctioneer had knocked him down to me, I said to one of the grooms of the establishment who was helping my man—handing him a crown-piece at the same time—

"As the little brown horse is mine, with all faults, just have the goodness to tell me what is his fault?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "he can walk, trot, gallop, and jump first rate surely, but he's very awkward to mount, and when you are on, he'll try uncommon hard to get you off, for two minutes; if you stick fast, he will be quiet enough all day."

"Thank you, my man," I replied, "I'll try him directly."

Just before starting I found the chestnut had a shoe loose and I had to send him to the nearest village, two miles off. I had promised Laura to return by eight o'clock, to finish a delightful book we were reading aloud together until the tiff about Captain Egret had interrupted us. You may judge if I was not impatient, and yet, with fifteen miles to ride to Flint, I had no time to spare.

My friend, the groom, saddled the brown horse, and brought him down to the open road to me. He trotted along, with shining coat and arched neck, snorting and waving his great tail like a lion. As he pranced and paraded sideways along, casting back his full eye most wickedly, every motion spoke mischief; but there was no time for consideration, I had barely an hour to do fifteen miles of rough roads before crossing the river, and must get to the river side, cool. I had intended to have ridden the chestnut, who was experienced in water, but the loose shoe upset that arrangement.

Without giving him any time to see what I was about, I caught him by the mane and the reins, threw myself from a sloping bank into the saddle, and, although he dragged the groom across the road, I had both feet in the stirrups before he burst from his hold. Snorting fiercely, he bucked and plunged until I thought the girths would surely crack; but other horsemen galloping past, enabled me to bustle him into full speed, and in five minutes he settled down into a long, luxurious stride, with his legs under his haunches, that felt like a common canter, but really devoured the way, and swept me past everything on the road. Up hill and down, it was all the same, he bounded, like a machine full of power on the softest of steel-springs.

Ten miles were soon past, and we reached Holywell, up the steep hill and, through the town, and down the steep narrow lanes, we went, and reached the level road along the shore leading to Flint, without halt, until within two miles of that town, then I drew bridle, to walk in cool.

By this time the weather, which had been bright all day, had changed; a few heat drops of rain fell, thunder was heard rolling in the distance, and a wind seemed rising and murmuring from the sea.

I looked at my watch as we entered the town; it was an hour past the time when I intended to have crossed—but Laura must not be disappointed; so I only halted at the inn long enough to let the brown wash his mouth out, and, without dismounting, rode on to the guide's house. As I passed the Castle, I heard a band playing; it was a party of officers, with their friends, who had come up on a picnic from Chester.

When I reached the cottage of old David, the guide, he was sitting on the bench at the door, putting on his shoes and stockings; and part of the party I had met in the morning, as they passed, cried, "You're late, master; you must hurry on to cross to-night." David was beginning to dissuade me, but when I threw him a shilling, and trotted on, he followed me, pattering down the beach.

"You must make haste, master, for the wind's getting up, and will bring the tide like a roaring lion—it will. But I suppose the pretty lady with the rosy face expects you. But where's the red horse? I wish you had him. I do not like strange horses on such a time as this—indeed, and I do not," he added. But I had no time for explanations, although David was a great ally of ours. I knew I was expected; it was getting dusk, and Laura would be anxious, *I hope!*

Pushing briskly along we soon reached the ford of the channel, so calm and shallow in the morning, but now filling fast with the tide; dark clouds were covering the sky, and the wind brought up a hollow murmuring sound.

"Now get across, young gentleman, as fast as you can, and keep your eye on the windmill, and don't spare your spurs, and you will have plenty of time; so good evening, God bless you! young gentleman, and the pretty lady, too," cried David, honestest of Welsh guides.

I tried to walk the brown horse through the ford where it was not more than three or four feet deep, but he first refused, then, when pressed, plunged fiercely in, and was out of his depth in a moment. He swam boldly enough, but obstinately kept his head down the stream; so that, instead of landing on an easy, shelving shore, he came out where all but a perpendicular bank of soft sand had to be leaped and climbed over. After several unsuccessful efforts, I was obliged to slip off, and climb up on foot, side by side, with my horse, holding on by the flap of the saddle. If

I had not dismounted, we should probably have rolled back together.

When I reached the top of the bank, rather out of breath, I looked back, and saw David making piteous signs, as he moved off rapidly, for me to push along. But this was easier said than done; the brown horse would not let me come near him. Round and round he went, rearing and plunging, until I was quite exhausted. Coaxing and threatening were alike useless; every moment it was getting darker. Once I thought of letting the brute go, and swimming back to David. But when I looked at the stream, and thought of Laura, that idea was dismissed. Another tussle, in which we ploughed up the sand in a circle, was equally fruitless, and I began to think he would keep me there to be drowned, for to cross to Parkgate on foot before the tide came up strong, seemed hopeless. At length, finding I could not get to touch his shoulder, I seized the opportunity, when he was close to the bank of the stream, and catching the curb sharply in both hands, backed him half way down almost into the water. Before he had quite struggled up to the top, I threw myself into the saddle, and was carried off at the rate of thirty miles an hour toward the sea.

But I soon gathered up the reins, and, firm in my seat, turned my Tartar's head toward the point where I could see the white windmill gleaming through the twilight on the Cheshire shore.

I felt that I had not a moment to spare. The sand, so firm in the morning, sounded damp under my horse's stride; the little stagnant pools filled visibly, and joining formed shallow lakes, through which we dashed in a shower of spray; and every now and then we leaped over, or plunged into deep holes. At first I tried to choose a path, but as it rapidly grew darker, I sat back in my saddle, and with my eyes fixed on the tower of the windmill, held my horse firmly into a hand gallop, and kept a straight line. He was a famous deep-chested long-striding little fellow, and bounded along as fresh as when I started. By degrees my spirits began to rise; I thought the danger past; I felt confidence in myself and horse, and shouted to him in encouraging triumph. Already I was, in imagination, landed and relating my day's adventures to Laura, when with a heavy plunge down on his head, right over went the brown stallion, and away I flew as far as the reins, fortunately fast grasped, would let me. Blinded with wet sand, startled, shaken, confused, by a sort of instinct, I scrambled to my feet almost as soon as my horse, who had fallen over a set of salmon-net stakes. Even in the instant of my fall, all the horror of my situation was painfully visible to me. In a moment I lived years. I felt that I was a dead man; I wondered if my body would be found; I thought of what my friends would say; I thought of [illegible] in [illegible] I [illegible] buried. I thought of [illegible] relations [illegible] whom [illegible] the [illegible] Parkgate was unknown, of debts I wished paid, of parties with whom I had quarrelled, and wished I had been reconciled. I wondered whether Laura would mourn for me, whether she really loved me. In fact, the most serious and ridiculous thoughts were jumbled altogether, while I muttered, once or twice, a hasty prayer; and yet I did not lose a moment in remounting. This time my horse made no resistance, but stood over his hocks in a pool of salt water, and trembled and snorted—not fiercely, but in fear. There was no time to lose. I looked round for the dark line of the shore; it had sunk in the twilight. I looked again for the white tower; it had disappeared. The fall and the rolling, and turning of the horse in rising, had confused all my notions of the points of the compass. I could not tell whether it was the dark clouds from the sea, or the dizzy whirling of my brain, but it seemed to have become black night in a moment.

The water seemed to flow in all directions round and round. I tried, but could not tell which was the sea, and which the river side. The wind, too, seemed to shift and blow from all points of the compass.

Then, "Softly," I said to myself, "be calm; you are confused by terror; be a man," and pride came to my rescue. I closed my eyes for a moment, and whispered, "Oh Lord, save me." Then with an effort, calmer, as though I had gulped down something, I opened my eyes, stood up in my stirrups and peered into the darkness. As far as I could see, were patches of water eating up the dry bits of sand; as far as I could hear, a rushing tide was on all sides. Four times, in different directions, I pushed on, and stopped when I found the water rising over the shoulders of my horse.

I drew up on a sort of island of sand, which was every minute growing less, and gathering all the strength of my lungs, shouted again and again, and then listened; but there came no answering shout. Suddenly, a sound of music came floating past me. I could distinguish the air; it was the military band playing "Home, sweet Home." I tried to gather from what quarter the sound came; but each time the wind instruments brayed out loudly, the sounds seemed to come to me from every direction at once. "Ah!" I thought, "I shall see home no more." I could have wept, but I had no time; my eyes were staring through the darkness, and my horse plunging and rearing, gave me no rest for weeping. I gave him his head once, having heard that horses, from ships sunk at sea, have reached land distant ten miles, by instinct; but the alternation of land and shallow and deep water confused his senses, and destroyed the calm power which might have been developed in the mere act of swimming.

At length, after a series of vain efforts, I grew calm and resigned. I made up my mind to die. I took my handkerchief from my

neck, and tied my pocket-book to the D's of the saddle. I pulled my rings off my fingers, and put them in my pocket—I had heard of wreckers cutting off the fingers of drowned men—and then was on the point of dashing forward at random, when some inner feeling made me cast another steady glance all round. At that moment, just behind me, something sparkled twice, and disappeared, and then reappearing, shone faintly, but so steadily, that there could be no doubt it was a light on the Cheshire shore. In an instant, my horse's head was turned round. I had gathered him together, dug in the spurs, and crying from the bottom of my heart, "Thank God!" in the same moment, not profanely, but with a horseman's instinct, shouting encouragingly, and dashed away toward the light. It was a hard fight; the ground seemed melting from under us—now struggling through soft sand, now splashing over hard, now swimming (that was easy), and now and again leaping and half falling, but never losing hold of my horse or sight of the beacon; we forced through every obstacle, until at length the water grew shallower and shallower; we reached the sand, and, passing the sand, rattled over the shingle of high-water mark—and I was saved! But I did not, could not stop; up the loose shingles I pressed on to the light that had saved me. I could not rest one instant, even for thanksgiving, until I knew to what providential circumstance I owed my safety. I drew up at a fisherman's hut of the humblest kind, built on the highest part of the shore, full two miles from Parkgate; a light, which seemed faint when close to it, twinkled from a small latticed window. I threw myself from my horse, and knocked loudly at the door, and as I knocked, fumbled with one hand in my soaked pocket for my purse. Twice I knocked again, and the door, which was unhasped, flew open. A woman, weeping bitterly, rose at this rude summons; and at the same moment I saw on the table the small coffin of a young child, with a rushlight burning at either end. I owed my life to death!

THE LABOURER'S READING-ROOM.

The other day we talked about "Whole Hogs," or sound ideas which tend to become rotten, since they have been detached from their true place in the body politic. What we then said of social panaceas, may be said of every word, deed, or thought, of which a man is capable. Man, in himself, no less than in society, is altogether complex; and an isolated fragment of him, taken from within or from without, conveys no truth with any certainty; it is little better than a syllable or word extracted from a sentence, with the context left behind. We are about to show what has been done by a few working men who act upon the principle of self-reliance; but, at the same time we must guard ourselves and them against a common source of misconception. Self-reliance is not self-sufficiency. Self-sufficiency is the "Whole Hog" of self-reliance, and is a state of mind thoroughly swinish.

In the last number of the "Law Review," at the close of a letter from Lord Brougham to Lord Denman upon the subject of Law Reform, there occurs the following passage:—

"You may remember that nearly a quarter of a century ago, with our lamented friend Dr. Birkbeck, we experienced the difficulty of making the Mechanics' Institutes, which he had founded, available to the class of ordinary workmen and their families. Under the advice and with the aid of his worthy successor in these good works, Dr. Elliott, of Carlisle, this most important step has been taken, and I feel assured with success. The men who live by weekly wages have established Reading-rooms, *under their own exclusive management*. That this plan afforded the only means of keeping such institutions to their true object—the improvement of the humbler classes, we never doubted; indeed, we declared it, once and again, both at meetings and in publications. But at length the work is actually done, and it is delightful to see it flourish; for it must of necessity spread far and wide through the country, and produce the most blessed fruits."

The good work is indeed begun; most happily begun, in the right spirit. Hitherto, however, it had been an experiment made in a corner, and known only to a few. If it, really, soon spread its example far and wide through the country, it will be again Lord Brougham whom the public has to thank for one—we trust far from the last—of a long series of aids to the substantial well-being of society.

The Reading-room to which Lord Brougham alludes, and of which we intend presently to give the history, was founded on the humblest scale by a few members of the poorest class of operatives, handloom-weavers. It has been managed exclusively by workmen for themselves, every member of its governing body being, by its laws, a man receiving weekly wages for his labour. In its origin and progress, there is nothing which cannot be imitated by the working men of every town in the United Kingdom. But before we give the details of its origin and progress, let us note how requisite it is that if the working men are to have reading associations, they should be associations managed by themselves.

In 1824, Mechanics' Institutions and Apprentice Reading-rooms were begun in England, chiefly by the exertions of Dr. Birkbeck, who had, twenty-three years before, first given lectures to the artisans at Glasgow. Dr. Birkbeck may be fairly called the founder of Mechanics' Institutions; he gave also munificent assistance in money, advanced by him for the erection of an institute, and never wholly repaid. In a tract on Popular Educa-

tion, published in the same year, 1824, Lord Brougham, an assiduous fellow-labourer in Dr. Birkbeck's cause, pressed upon the attention of the working classes and their employers the extreme importance of giving to the mechanics themselves the chief control over these institutions. In this view, Dr. Birkbeck wholly coincided. So far it was well, and the work of founding these establishments for adult education went on very prosperously. But there was always reason to lament that they did not descend low enough. The Mechanics' Institutes gave education, and the Reading-rooms relaxation, as well as instruction, to a valuable class of artisans; but there were mixed with them a large proportion of clerks, shopkeepers, and small gentlemen. The artisans, in many instances, lost the control over their institution; in many instances they were themselves of a rank or in circumstances superior to the common workman. The process of transition from a true Mechanics' Institution to the species of establishment which now goes by that name, is thus described by one of the working members of the Carlisle Reading-room Committee:—

"Societies had been commenced of various kinds, and it had almost invariably happened that they had fallen out of the hands of the working men who established them, into the hands of others who took no part in their formation. They were not too proud to learn from experience. They looked at other societies, and found it had been so. Now, there was no effect without a cause, and it was a sad effect if they spent their energies and perseverance in establishing an institution of their own, and let it be taken from them. They said such a state of things should continue no longer. But not too fast, brother working men. Whose fault was it if their institution was taken from them? It was not the fault of those into whose hands it fell. The working men of John Street had established a Reading-room;" and that their efforts had raised it to something like importance, was evident from the numerous assembly around him. It was not perfection, as yet, it was true; but for twenty months only, out of the pence of working men, it was really wonderful. Well, such institutions got on very quietly at first; there was nobody to interfere with them whilst in their infancy. But when they got a name, and somebody dropped in upon them with a better coat on his back than the members wore, the whisper was passed round, 'Who is that?' 'Oh! it is So-and-so,' was the reply passed back again; and the gentleman had not been three months among them till it was proposed to put him on the committee. He was put on, and did not feel very comfortable. Being brought up in a different sphere, he had not the same feelings that they had; he was rather more polished, and felt rather uncomfortable; but in the course of time a couple of his companions got in by his influence, and, in their turn, the working men were left in a minority, and felt uncomfortable. The gentlemen appointed to look after the interests of the institution could not do it; it was only the working men themselves who knew what they wanted. Each in his own sphere knew what would suit them; and it was folly to think that those above them could know better than themselves what they wanted. At the commencement—when they were in the very cradle of existence—they made this very law. They would not allow the evil of interference to commence. * * Some persons urged that it was difficult to help the people, because they would not help themselves. And he, too, said it was *impossible* to help a community who would not help themselves. The more they were helped, the more they wanted help, and the more they were degraded by the energy and wealth spent upon them. Therefore, he said, they must rely upon themselves, if they wished to rise." Thus speaks a working man of the John Street Committee in Carlisle, and let us see now what these John Street Committee-men have done.

In April, 1848, when every ear was daily listening for the great tidings which that period of strange excitement was continually furnishing—in April, 1848, a few poor men, most of them handloom weavers, clubbed their wits together for the means of getting at a daily newspaper. Obviously it was found requisite that they should also club their pennies. The result was, that within the first week after the suggestion had been made, fifty persons had come forward as subscribers of a weekly penny, and a school-room had been lent to them, wherein to meet and read their papers. These men were all of the same class; they had originated their idea, and they were themselves managing its execution. Companions multiplied about them; there was formed quite a prosperous little society of men contributing their weekly pennies, and it was resolved, therefore, to attempt the formation of a permanent reading-room, and a committee was appointed to draw up a code of rules. The working man's reading-room in John Street, Botchergate, became thus one of the institutions of Carlisle, and flourished for a few months; then news became less interesting, trade also was bad, members fell off, funds declined, and the experiment would have been abandoned, but for the judicious and well-timed assistance of Dr. Elliott, and other members of the middle class. These aided the effort of the working men to help themselves, with advice, and cash, and books; their aid was fairly given, fairly taken, no abandonment of independence on the part of the workmen being asked or offered.

We pause for a minute or two, because this is a point to which we would direct particular attention. The working man, how-

ever poor, has no claim on the charity or the compassion of the middle and upper classes. If he be an honest man, he will ask nobody to pity his condition. Class before class, we have all need to look one another boldly in the face, to render help to one another, and to return thanks for help received. We all talk politics: we all live under laws that expand from the contracted state of social barbarism, much more slowly than the nation which they are supposed to fit. Therefore we are all pinched; some in one way, some in another. We all feel that there are laws by which we are hurt and impeded; those laws we take pains to detect; and when we think we have detected them, we lift up our complaint as well as we are able. That is quite true, quite just. It is true, also, that in the old condition of society—the "good old times," from which our legislation disconnects itself by slow degrees—the dignity of man was calculated by a very artificial standard, and much slight was put on the undignified. There remains, therefore, more than a fair proportion of the whole amount of legislative injustice allotted to the portion of the working classes. That has to be removed, as time and opportunity permit. As a class, then, the working men not only are justified in telling,—but, in duty to themselves and to their country, are required to cry out,—when they feel that they are hurt. The other classes do the same. The help that we all seek, as politicians more or less profound—most of us, it is to be feared, shallow enough—is of that kind which can be furnished by Queen, Lords, and Commons. But we must not ask the Legislature to do this, or to restrain us from doing that which we can do, or refrain from of our own free will:—The dirty sloven is at liberty to wash and dress himself without an Act of Parliament; the tavern frequenter is not parted by the Whigs or Tories from his wife and children. A wise man, whatever his station, is his own helper to the utmost of his power; and while he will ask no neighbour to do for him whatever he has strength enough to be doing for himself, he does not let his self-reliance inflate itself into self-sufficiency: where his own power really stops, he cheerfully asks aid of any one by whom it can, with reasonable convenience, be given. The worthy folks who patronise the lower orders, who dispense fountains of soup, mints of copper and small change—barterers of left-off clothes for flattery—condescend not to bless, but to demoralise the victims of their ignorant attention. Every man of us, if he would really be a man, must labour thoroughly to help himself and those whom he has chained to his own limbs as partners of his fortune, to help himself and them for ever onward to improved conditions in the world without, and [illegible] the soul within. While he does that, he [illegible] his help, not as an act of grace or [illegible], but as a thing of course, an ordinary duty, to all other striving men concerning whom he sees that he is able to be useful to them; and more than that, without feeling ashamed, abashed, or overcome with gratitude, he must receive cheerfully all help that earnest men in the same way extend to him. In the case, for example, of the John Street Society, which we were just discussing, a body of working men formed for themselves a serious and laudable design; they did their utmost to carry it out, but when their strength proved insufficient, a few pounds from men who had more money at disposal, a few books from libraries that would not be much injured by the gift, a little aid of thought from educated men, were cordially given and as cordially received. Why not? It is a mistake to suppose that gifts like these can only flow in that direction which the parlance of society calls downward. A man of the middle class may depend for all his comfort upon half-a-dozen people whom he calls dependent on himself. There is a mutual service; but how often does it happen that the wages can bear no relative proportion to the zealous service, the goodwill, or the affection spent on the employer in return? What we all want is, perseverance, self-reliance, constant labour to improve, and a readiness on all hands to give and to receive help without flinching. This spirit actuated the promoters of the John Street Reading-room established in Carlisle; this ensured its success, and will ensure success to every similar institution which working men in other towns may labour to establish.

We will continue now our sketch of the progress of this particular institution. It should be remarked, that we do not think it is the first, and are not in a position to say that it is the best of its kind. An institution founded on the same sound principle exists at Kendal; others are in Chester and elsewhere. We happen, however, to be best acquainted with the details that concern the Carlisle Reading-rooms; and we wish, by giving details, to assist the operations of those working men who may desire to aid with their own hands in the improvement and elevation of their class. It is in their own power to emancipate themselves from the dangerous influence of a monotonous routine in life, by varying their day's employment, not only with such thoughts as books will furnish, but with the active, voluntary duties of responsible and independent men. The thought and energy employed in founding and sustaining by judicious management an institution of this kind, will be found by its promoters to be both a pleasant recreation and a healthy stimulus to all their faculties. Now, what have they actually done in John Street, Botchergate?

They began, as we said, in April, 1848, a few handloom weavers, paying a few pennies. In July, 1851, they had one hundred and twelve members, for whom there were taken in two daily and thirteen weekly papers, besides fifteen periodicals; for whose use seven hundred and eighteen volumes were arranged on shelves, which had furnished to

the members, during the preceding year, three thousand readings at their own fireside.

Over this Reading-room and Library, it is a fundamental rule, that no man shall exert an influence by holding office or by voting, unless he be a man dependent upon weekly wages for support.

It is also a rule, that any member capable of getting and of doing work, shall be expelled if he leave his contribution for a month unpaid; but in the manly spirit which has guided the whole management of this society, it is made also a fundamental law, that any member who is out of work, through real inability to get it, or to do it, shall be entitled to continue in the enjoyment of the privileges of the institution, without payment and without responsibility.

Finally, to save the property of the society from all risk of dispersion, it is vested in the Corporation of Carlisle.

When this society had been in existence for about a year, and its members felt able to take safely one step farther in advance towards their own improvement, they determined to connect a school with the establishment for the benefit of such among themselves as were deficient in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and also for the education of their children. Able men undertook to teach, and a committee of five was appointed to attend when required, and arrange the general business of the school. The result of this effort is thus stated in a report published by the young society.—

"The attendance of the members and their sons soon became so numerous that not more than one half could be accommodated; and it is gratifying to us to notice the fact, that many of the adults walked out of the schools in order that boys might be admitted, whilst those boys who could not by any means secure seats, were heard to whisper that they would be there an hour sooner on the following night to get a seat. In consequence of this pressure, it was resolved to establish a second school, and although the fitting-up of it, together with that of the former one, cost a considerable amount of money, the members of the institution voted it freely. * * The scholars pay a penny per week each; and with the view of procuring them school-books and slates as cheap as possible, the committee have purchased a large stock, which they retail at prime cost, to be paid for at the rate of a penny per week. The quantity thus disposed of, is as follows:—Testaments, forty-eight at fourpence each: Arithmetics, sixty at seven-pence each; Slates, seventy-two at fourpence and seven-pence each; Grammars, eight at nine-pence each. The attendances have averaged fifty each night since the opening of the schools."

While speaking of schools, we may add a notice of another school in Carlisle, established by adult working men for the education of themselves, and connected with a little library. The Duke Street Adult Evening and Sunday School was established in March, 1845. Each member pays a weekly penny, and finds his own materials for writing and arithmetic. The school is entirely under the control of a committee of its members (pupils), elected or re-elected every three months. The male pupils must not be younger than twenty-one, the females not younger than sixteen. There are seventy men and forty-nine women in attendance. The men attend on two evenings in the week for instruction, the women on two other evenings; on the other three evenings the rooms are open for the use of the young men who go thither to read. Upwards of fifty applicants for admission to this school are now on the list waiting for their turn. The little library contains one hundred and fifty volumes, of which one hundred are in constant circulation; three London weekly papers, and the local prints, are also taken in.

This is what working men can do; and there is no duke who can be made, by virtue of his title, more noble than the labourer who thus strives in his own behalf. He need not mind the good old gentleman who informs him that he ought to touch his hat and be respectful to his betters. The good old gentleman who has let the world outrun him, and made little effort to keep pace therewith, might much more properly uncover the head to him. The best minds claim him as their kindred, and the help of others ever presses upon him who helps himself.

Two or three men, however poor, if they will have faith in the force of a right heart and a stout will, may gather to their council other poor mechanics like themselves; and there is no town in which, according to its size, one or a dozen true Mechanics' Institutions may not rise to occupy the place which Dr. Birkbeck's institutes were meant to fill, but which they have insensibly vacated. The combined labour of men scattered through the country, working each with firm determination in his little corner, is sufficient to produce a whole result larger than we dare picture in the present day. The elevation of a whole class, by its own inherent, well-directed energy, is, in this case, a work so grand, and so impressive, that we are half afraid to hope, and yet so simple that we are ashamed to fear, in looking forward to its execution. Let it, however, be distinctly impressed upon the minds of all who may wish to take part in the establishment of these Libraries and Schools, that working men must found them for themselves, and be exclusively the managers. Aid from others will be wanted generally—small subscriptions, little gifts of books. Such aid, however, must be given or received at the price of no imposed patronage, of no condition. Dr. Elliott, of Carlisle, the most active and judicious helper of the working man's Library in that town, lays just stress upon this, and has illustrated his argument with the case of a working

man's Reading-room in another town, which had been lax in its adherence to that necessary principle It is part of a report from the founder of that other Reading room, who says —"We have been always getting gradually more aristocratic ever since we started, and that, I believe, is the constant course of such institutions Not that the managers have ever done anything with that tendency, but the young men themselves become more steady in their habits and then the shabby, careless ones are ashamed to come, or if they do join for a week they feel ill at ease, and soon quit Three or four years ago a great many might be seen reading or writing in their working jackets, now I observe nobody comes till he has been home to clean himself and one has almost difficulty in recognising under the neat frock coat and well washed face, the man one met a couple of hours before with a baker's tray on his head, or all covered with paint or whitewash Whether this may be approved or not it has come of itself and I believe could not be otherwise There may too, be a smaller proportion of married men and rather more sons of the little tradesmen of the place particularly of those who are working with their father"

So it will always be unless the workmen [illegible] and govern for themselves [illegible] within [illegible] and provide [illegible] their own wants full [illegible] from self sufficiency

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MORE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS

IN Paris it has not been a matter of very rare occurrence to see certain stray bubbles of discontent suddenly unite, and, rising, descend with the fury of a cataract overwhelming all before it In history the event is a great fact for future ages in Paris, a few short weeks pass by and the harmless resident who does not particularly trouble himself with politics might almost believe the past to be a fiction Apprehension has apparently been removed with the barricades, and confidence replaced with the paving stones As for changes of ministry—stormy debates—and stray *émeutes*—such accidents will happen after the best regulated revolution, and are of no earthly consequence to thousands The new order is in the main quietly taken for granted, and Paris dines, dresses, lounges and amuses itself just as usual At the Opera not a cadence is wanting in correctness, not a cravat is seen to deviate from its propriety At the balls there are no dancers out of time, at the *cafés* there are no drinkers out of temper The case of the client who did not know how ill used he had been till he heard his cause pleaded by his counsel, has its analogy in that of many a good-humoured *bourgeois*, who is now and then surprised to learn from the newspapers what a very glorious fellow he ought to consider himself

To a foreigner, who has even less chance than the good natured *bourgeois* of feeling the effects of the various benefits achieved by revolutionised France, it is amusing enough to note the numberless minor changes—all little revolutions in themselves—that France (that is to say, Paris) has seen since 48 —changes significant and insignificant, changes in persons and things, changes in thoughts, habits and formalities, changes that one runs against at street corners, and encounters wherever the miscellaneous mass of the population meet on common [illegible] and As for the [illegible] of what is called "society" [illegible] then observe [illegible] always essentially conservative [illegible] studies

To begin with the streets Who can walk about Paris for a couple of hours—unless he be [illegible] a lover or an idiot, or all three [illegible] which sometimes happens—without observing a thousand little revolutions of [illegible] and perhaps unimportant character but which seem to come more home than all the great political changes by which they have been caused? The very [illegible] with great facts One [illegible] who [illegible] to wetting his [illegible] within [illegible] for reflection than [illegible] walls [illegible] would [illegible] that his [illegible] did not [illegible] him to [illegible] more [illegible] by the [illegible] the occupant of very small apartments in which it is impossible to swing cats

For the bill sticker however, the walls of Paris are by no means a desert, [illegible] allowed to vivify with his wondrous [illegible] ments [illegible] (*loyers de* [illegible]) to [illegible] from the [illegible] Exhibition for an inconsiderable [illegible] are repeated wherever a few feet of surface can be safely past [illegible] of public gardens [illegible] Parisians by means of flaming invitations—red upon yellow—with [illegible] whose prizes are [illegible] *de Londres* &c

Advertisers, [illegible] abhor a vacuum. Unoccupied surface not protected by law—whether they be the roofs of omnibuses, or those of railway carriages, the [illegible] of public halls or the backs of unemployed workmen—are converted into agencies for informing the world at large respecting every possible article that can be bought for money In Paris, the [illegible] seeks reputation not only by proclaiming itself upon every post and on every wall but, in turn, seeks to profit by letting out the most conspicuous surfaces at command, for the purposes of publicity This is [illegible] a revolution in the drama The [illegible] of more than one of the minor

Parisian theatres yield a handsome revenue by being converted into expansive advertising media. The well-worn Grecian temple and bank opposite, separated by a river and flanked by a wood, no longer descends to beguile audiences between the acts. The "drop" now tells them where to go to have their teeth drawn, their boots made, their corns cut, their coats fitted, or their collars sent home at so much per dozen, prices fixed. Neither is the picturesque wholly sacrificed for this sort of useful information. The scene is a wharf; time, the busiest part of the day. A flashy barge, gaudy as Cleopatra's argosy and clumsy as a lighter, is lashed alongside, laden with barrels flamingly heralding the virtues of Mr Nègre's inimitable blacking. There is a crowd in the foreground: a lady carries an elegant parasol, marked in big letters with the name and address of the maker; while a huge umbrella is held up by a neighbouring figure, to vaunt the achievements of a rival manufacturer. That Nature should not be wholly outraged by appearing to send sun and shower at the same moment, a rainbow intersects the upper part of the curtain, to inspire the female part of the audience with a knowledge of the number and street of an extensive ribbon-shop. Two of the canvas *dramatis personæ* are in the act of shipping a huge iron safe, in order that Mr Serrieur (not having the fear of Mr Hobbs from the United States before his eyes) might offer a reward of ten thousand francs to any gentleman who shall succeed in picking his patent lock. A triumphal car is being navigated through the crowd by a man in a Greek costume. His cap is covered with an entreaty that you will "buy your Casques at Mr. Tuilheur's, in the Rue Montmartre." The car is laden, you are told by the inscriptions on the panels, with innumerable bottles of the Elixir of the Grande Chartreuse; which is an infallible cure for everything. Bales full of Vichy lozenges, directed to every quarter of the globe, so choke up the way, that a truck of Mr. Denton's tooth powder is obliged to stop in order that the spectators may have time to "copy the address"—Fully to describe the pictorial department of this expansive puff, would require a volume, and we can only add, that its border consists of medallions let out to various manufacturers and shopkeepers, to make themselves and their wares notorious, at so much per month.

Some professional gentlemen, dentists, and others, stencil their huge advertisements against the sides of public thoroughfares. This system of advertising is more permanent than paper, paste, and print.—Speaking of permanency, I discovered lately, that the universal inscriptions of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, are, nowhere, I believe, in all Paris, to be found sculptured in the stone they are usually displayed upon; that they are merely *painted* up, as they paint up inscriptions in a pantomime, to be changed by the Harlequin: nor can there be any doubt that the whitewash of legitimacy might remove them altogether to-morrow.

Now-a-days, the philosopher has always a text for any amount of reflection in the external "*Liberté, Egalité,* and *Fraternité,*" that, go where he will, it is impossible to avoid. Of the so-called dead walls of the theatres, of the churches, of the newspaper offices, of every possible public building, do these mighty watchwords form a part. There is only one public building in Paris on which these words are not to be found; and that building is an important one—the Elysée. But if their absence from the Elysée has some significance, their presence "in another place" has still more. Imagine a father going to seek his missing child in that gloomy dwelling of the dead, where he most fears to find her; imagine him entering the Morgue with these words staring him in the face—"*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*" We read the inscription elsewhere as a piece of political pedantry; it is here alone that it becomes a solemn and mysterious truth.

The word "Royal," again, in republican Paris, is continually turning up uninvited and in unexpected places. At the corners of streets, on public buildings or wherever it happens to have been employed as part of a name or inscription—it is in vain that the sturdy word "National" has been painted over it—the colours are all too fleshly transparent, and the "Royal" still shines through, as if conservatism and tradition were really rooted in the land. Tell a cabman to drive you to the Palais Royal or the Pont Royal, and in nine cases out of ten he will drive you to the proper place without remark. Now and then, a fellow will good-naturedly correct you, especially if you be a foreigner; and I have heard such a thing as a growl under similar circumstances; but I doubt the probability of *Cocher* refusing his fare, if you proclaimed yourself anything short of the devil or Henry Cinq.

Politicians would doubtless draw some very wise deductions from these signs; but, alas, for the wisdom that pretends to prophecy anything concerning a nation like the French! Who shall say that the tattered tri-colors which float from every public building in memory of '48 will endure until the next revolution? who shall say that the young trees on the Boulevards will ever grow middle-aged before stern necessity again devotes them to barricades?

Yet if we ask—

"Who fears to speak of *Forty*-eight?
Who blushes at the name?"

—we may be answered on all sides by persecuted journalists and public speakers, that thousands *do* fear to speak—not exactly of '48, but certainly of the spirit—the great principle—which directed and consummated its great event. Ask the representatives of

the "Corsaire," of the "Charivari," of the "Patrie," of the "Presse," and even of the moderates—such as the "Constitutionnel" and the "Débats"—how many francs, in fines, they have paid, and how many months of imprisonment they have endured since '48; and for the expression of opinions that in monarchical England are held blameless and unimpeachable. Truly, these facts are French Revolutions of some significance.

I have already alluded to the use of titles in France. Legally, of course, these luxuries went out with royalty, Louis Philippe, and a few other little things; but they have gradually been springing up again, as wild weeds will in a soil to which they have been accustomed; and they may now be seen blossoming upon the tree of liberty in all directions—like the mistletoe upon the oak—but it is to be hoped, not with the same fatal fraternity.

In society, Monsieur le Comte and Monsieur le Marquis are everywhere recognised by their titles, which are blazoned on their cards, and bawled out by their servants in a most imposing style; but officially, they sink into plain citizens, and even the distinctive "De," as a prefix to the name, is not considered purely republican.

During a country walk, the other day, I asked a peasant, who was talking of a neighbouring nobleman belonging to what we should call in England, one of the "county families," why he continued to speak of the great man by his title? The reply I received contains the philosophy of the whole matter—"It is a habit," said the peasant, with a shrug of the shoulders. Truly Conservatism, as a name, may rest on a less secure foundation than this. "Une habitude" is certainly a most difficult thing to repeal. It is this habitude that still preserves the *word* royale long after the *thing* royale has ceased to exist. It will be a long time before we cease to hear of the Palais Royal: before the Rue 24 Février shall have completely supplanted the Rue Valois; and before the Place Louis Quinze shall have entirely succumbed to the Place de la Concorde.

Among the minor changes, which may be ranked as little revolutions arising out of the great one, a certain change in the manners of the people is not unworthy of notice. I do not speak of the "I'm-as-good-as-you" air that may be observed among the fiercer class of democrats of all countries and conditions. The general manner of persons of the lower condition in Paris is certainly not insulting—seldom, in fact, demonstrative of anything, except indifference; but it is apt to be cold and slighting, short and sharp, to those whom they believe to be above them—to foreigners in particular. If you ask a question of an *ouvrier*, in the street, you receive, in all probability, a civil answer; but you will miss a certain deference that those of a better rank are accustomed to receive in most countries—even in England; where the shopkeepers, at any rate, attend to their customers with a degree of respect and alacrity that seems to be almost unknown in Paris. This sort of independence—which is not without its justification, and even its advantages—has been fostered and encouraged to a great extent by the numerous Trades Associations with which Paris at present abounds. These associations are combinations of workmen to manufacture and trade at their own risk, without the assistance of the capitalist or middle-man. Into the merits or demerits of the system it is unnecessary here to enter; but it is only just to point out one fact in connection with these associations, which people do not or will not understand, even in Paris. Their object is simply a social and economical one, and has no more relation to politics than a Joint Stock Company, or a Club, in England. Yet there are very many wise people in both countries who shrug their shoulders when the principle of association is mentioned, and feel bound to fly off at once into a tirade against Fourier, St Simon—human perfectability—and dangerous and destructive tenets generally.

A great source of annoyance to the populace in Paris appears to be the small degree of respect paid to their characteristic and universal garment—the blouse—at any rate, whenever the government has anything to do with it. Into the public picture galleries, and national exhibitions generally, every kind of costume is admitted—except the unfortunate blouse. A man may make his appearance in as greasy and threadbare and disreputable a condition as he pleases—so that he does not wear a blouse—clean and convenient though it be. It is almost impossible to enter a public exhibition without seeing somebody turned back for attempting to infringe this regulation. An operative the other day gave the public a little "bit of his mind," through the medium of "Emile Girardin's" vigorous newspaper, the "Presse." He had been violently expelled, at the point of the bayonet, from the gardens of the Tuileries, for appearing there without a cravat! In his complaint to the "Presse," he declared it to be "very droll" that from a garden which had been taken by the people in '48, one of the people should be now expelled for appearing in the popular costume! This objection to the blouse,—which is certainly inconsistent with a system of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—is simply a police regulation, and not an effect of public opinion. Blouses, for instance, are to be met with in *cafés* of considerable pretensions, and I have never seen them treated with any disrespect. Indeed the most ragged-looking citizens may be seen sitting at their ease on the Boulevards, on any sunshiny afternoon, taking their *absinthe*, unabashed by the neighbourhood of the most stupendous dandies that Paris can turn out.

Apropos of costume, the directors of one of the numerous Vauxhalls and Cremornes in

the neighbourhood of Paris, has established a somewhat whimsical regulation. He expects—so the declaration in the bills—everybody to appear in decent and appropriate attire; "but an exception to this arrangement is made in the case of fathers of families."

What a happy privilege for age and fraternity, to be allowed to wear a costume at once inappropriate, and the reverse of decent!

There is another important revolution. A great deal has been said and written of late concerning the immorality and impolicy of retaining the hangman as a minister of justice. Who among the enlightened in our England does not sympathise with the young Charles Hugo for his sufferings in the cause? Who does not feel gratitude to the old Victor Hugo for his noble and more than eloquent defence of his son? And who among the great and good, either in England or France, does not blush that such suffering, such eloquence, should be in vain?

In France, however, though the guillotine still enjoys its reign, some of its worst evils are avoided under the present system. As far as the culprit is concerned he is effectually provided for as of yore. He is put to the worst use to which, as Wilkes said, it was possible to put a man; but the infamy to society—the brutalising effect of the spectacle on the rabble—is to some extent avoided. The executions are conducted in as private a manner as is permitted by law; that is to say, the day appointed for the proceeding is kept strictly private, and is very difficult to be ascertained. One morning it is announced in the papers that all is over, and so the matter ends. As a general rule, the spectators are but few, consisting principally of chance loiterers and loungers. Large crowds of persons who have gained intelligence of the event may nearly always be seen hastening towards the spot; but, so silent have been the whole arrangements, and so early the hour for carrying them into effect, that these amiable enthusiasts generally arrive too late.

It is to be hoped that this little revolution is only the forerunning of a great, calm, moral, effectual one.

FORCE AND HIS MASTER.

WITH sleepless toil on land and wave,
  A Giant served a Master wise;
This Giant seem'd a simple slave,
  But was a Genie in disguise.

His voice was power, his breath was speed;
  He gathered distance in his hands;
And in his track Time sow'd his seed
  With double hours and swifter sands.

The Elements with whom he fought
  And wrestled in his youthful wars,
Began, beholding all he wrought,
  To feel a mightier will than theirs;

A mightier will, and one more firm
  Of purpose, never hurried made;
With gentleness to spare the worm,
  And strength to pluck the roots of [illegible].

The hearth, that was his place of birth,
  With tenderness he loved, and coursed
The boundaries of the long-link'd earth
  To do the missions it enforced.

And over oceans, rocks, and straits,
  He flew, and in his arms he closed
The nations, till their warring fates
  On one united faith reposed.

Well pleased the Master then beheld
  A work that made him feel divine;
With majesty his bosom swell'd,
  And thence he mused a dark design.

"Am I not guide where'er he goes?
  The ship hangs on the helmsman's skill.
From me the pilot impulse flows,
  The Giant shall obey my will."

He in the Giant's youth had found
  The wild rebounding of his might,
And oft he trembled as he stood
  To meet the terrors of his sight.

But now that use his conquer'd dread,
  His tyrant spirits now awake;
So, on a day, he hail'd, and led
  The Giant to his throne, and spake:—

"There's one stands frowning at thy feet,
  Is threatened by each hostile wind
That blows from lands with fees replete,
  And these are children of my kind.

"Thou, therefore go, I charge thee forth,
  And gathering in thy forces all,
Disperse thyself, till South and North
  And East and West before me fall.

"In ways and means I know thee strong,
  For thou art Force, and thereby hast
Dominion over Right and Wrong
  And over all things—but the Past."

"Go!" but the Giant stirr'd no step;
  His dark eyes flash'd, and trembling light
Like fire ran across his lip,
  And o'er his forehead hung with night.

White clouds wrapt round his rising form,
  Where lightnings shot like veins of fire,
And with a voice like coming storm,
  He answer'd from his smoke-wreath'd spire.

"O Master! as thy Slave I serve,
  And work thy will in love and awe,
And from thy will I cannot swerve,
  While thou obey'st thy higher Law.

"But know that, when thou fail'st to heed
  That Law which is the Lord of thee,
And turnest to revenge and greed,
  Thou art no longer Lord of me.

"It is my mission to create;
  A mission [illegible] with joy;
Yet [illegible] by fate
  With equal powers to destroy.

"Creation and Destruction, now
Are wrestling for the regal world;
And one must conquer, one must bow,
Which side soever I am hurl'd.

"Behold! I wait upon thy breath
To make thee blest, or most accurst;
But should'st thou bid me reap for Death
His victims—*Thou* wilt be the first."

THE WORK OF THE WORLD.

Who does the work of the world? We have a faint suspicion that the "decisive battles" which have had the strongest influence upon the character of nations or the fortunes of the human race, were not fought amid shouts, needed no swords, and never killed more than the few solitary stragglers who have wasted life and fortune in pursuit of knowledge. Often the truths, or facts, pursued, appear so small, that the folks may say, "No wonder their discovery goes unrewarded." Of things, however, that concern the common mind of man, no truth can possibly be small. Setting aside the mere personal accidents which can interest only the individual or his immediate neighbours, every new fact is a battle won. And very small facts—small we are apt to call them—are the fruit of intellectual battles, as decisive in the history of man as Issus or Waterloo. The historic value of a single battle we are apt enormously to overrate, because it is too much the practice to consider the human race in history not as one whole, but as an assemblage of conflicting interests.

We have our favourite nations and our hated nations; our good and bad genii. When a battle occurs, the good genius must overcome, and we say, if things respond to our desire, "O, it is well for us that those bad folks were beaten, for had they been triumphant, where should we all have been?" We ask that question, feeling conscious of an answer; but it is one to which no answer can be given. Few races were more unpromising than the Ugrians, those wild and ugly Asiatic savages, whose deeds among the Scandinavian forests gained for them a nursery immortality. Where are the "Ogres" now? They won for themselves ground in Europe, and, settling there, have become handsome in person, generous in mind, and are known to us in England as a kindred people, the Magyars of Hungary. Then, again, after all, the highest purpose of a battle is to preserve the predominance of an advanced over a backward civilisation. If there be any apology for wars beyond the one just plea of self-defence, it is because the soldier preserves that which the scientific man produces. Now we have certainly a Koh-i-noor, but we are apt to see more of the cage than of the diamond.

An illustration lies close at our hand, which may be found enlarged upon in Liebig's Letters. Both soap and glass are absolute necessaries in a civilised community; for the manufacture of both, soda is necessary. On account of both these articles, much capital has for a long time been invested. The wealth and refinement of a nation may be fairly tested by the extent to which it considers cleanliness a necessary duty; by the amount of the collective soap bill. Now, soda, once upon a time, was dear. It was imported into France from Spain, at an annual cost of twenty to thirty millions of francs. During the war with England, it was, of course, the duty of this country to impede the commerce of its enemies. The price of soda, therefore (and consequently that of soap and glass), rose continually, and all manufactures suffered.

In this emergency, Le Blanc, at the end of the last century, discovered a method of making soda from common salt. For the discovery, Napoleon had, in fact, offered a premium. It was of great value to France during the war; nevertheless, the promised premium was never paid. There were so many debts of honour due to the gay-coated gentry, that it was impossible to bear in mind a debt of justice to Le Blanc. A method was discovered, then, by which common salt (chloride of sodium) could be converted into carbonate of soda. Well, you may say, that was a small fact: now, show me whether you can prove it to be worth a battle of Blenheim.

Worth a battle of that kind, however—worth it—we should scarcely say; for can there be any parallel between the advantage to mankind of receiving a gift, and the honour of suffering a robbery? However, let us follow out the train of consequences which succeed Le Blanc's discovery. "To prepare carbonate of soda from common salt," says Liebig, "it is first converted into Glauber's salt (sulphate of soda). For this purpose eighty pounds weight of concentrated sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) are required to one hundred pounds of common salt. The duty upon salt checked, for a short time, the full advantage of this discovery; but when the British Government repealed the duty, and its price was reduced to its minimum the cost of soda depended upon that of sulphuric acid.

"The demand for sulphuric acid now increased to an immense extent; and, to supply it, capital was embarked abundantly, as it afforded an excellent remuneration. The origin and formation of sulphuric acid was studied more carefully; and from year to year, better, simpler, and cheaper methods of making it were discovered. With every improvement in the mode of manufacture, its price fell, and its sale increased in an equal ratio.

"Sulphuric acid is now manufactured in leaden chambers, of such magnitude, that they would contain the whole of an ordinary sized house. As regards the process and the apparatus, this manufacture has reached its *acmé*—scarcely is either susceptible of improvement. The leaden plates of which the cham-

bers are constructed, requiring to be joined together with lead (since tin or solder would be acted on by the acid), this process was, until lately, as expensive as the plates themselves; but now, by means of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, the plates are cemented together at their edges by mere fusion, without the intervention of any kind of solder, and so easily, that a child might perform the operation."

Up to this point, then, we find that Le Blanc's little discovery, the promised reward for which never was paid to him, has created sulphuric acid into an important article of commerce, and opened a new field for capital and industry.

"Again," Liebig goes on, "saltpetre being indispensable in making sulphuric acid, the commercial value of that salt had formerly an important influence upon the price of the acid. It is true that one hundred pounds of saltpetre only are required to one thousand pounds of sulphur; but its cost was four times greater than an equal weight of the latter." All this has likewise been changed. Thanks to some other of those men with ready eyes and active brain from whom the world receives so much, to whom it hitherto has given back so little.

"Travellers had observed, near the small seaport of Yquique, in the district of Atacama, in Peru, an efflorescence covering the ground over extensive districts. This was found to consist principally of nitrate of *soda*. Commerce, which with its polypus arms embraces the whole earth, and everywhere discovers new sources of profit for industry, took advantage of this discovery. The quantity of this valuable salt proved to be inexhaustible, as it exists in beds extending over more than two hundred square miles. It was brought to England at less than half the freight of the East India saltpetre (nitrate of *potassa*); and, as in the chemical manufacture, neither the potash nor the soda were required, but only the nitric acid, in combination with the alkali, the soda-saltpetre of South America supplanted the potash saltpetre of the East in an incredibly short time. The manufacture of sulphuric acid received a new impulse; its price was much diminished, without injury to the manufacturer; and, with the exception of fluctuations, caused by the impediments thrown in the way of the export of sulphur from Sicily, it soon became reduced to a minimum, and remained stationary."

Thus, therefore, the little discovery of M. Le Blanc, assisted by the quiet observation of a traveller, has caused the blessing of an active commerce to descend upon Peru. Furthermore, haters of battles, if any of you be economists, give ear to this —"Potash-saltpetre is now only employed in the manufacture of gunpowder; it is no longer in demand for other purposes; and thus, if Government effect a saving of many hundred thousand pounds annually in gunpowder, this economy must be attributed to the increased manufacture of sulphuric acid," originated by that discovery for which, by a soldier-loving Government, Le Blanc was bilked of his reward.

"We may form some idea of the amount of sulphuric acid consumed, when we find that five thousand hundred-weights are made by a small manufactory, and from twenty thousand hundred-weights to sixty thousand hundred-weights by a large one, annually. This manufacture causes immense sums to flow yearly into Sicily. It has introduced industry and wealth into the arid and desolate districts of Atacama. It has enabled Russia to extract platinum from its ores, at a moderate and yet remunerating price." Note here another article of more extended commerce, to which the little discovery of the manufacture of soda out of common salt is in a direct line grandfather. Platinum was demanded because the vats employed for the concentration of sulphuric acid are constructed of that metal; they cost one or two thousand pounds apiece. What more do we owe to M. Le Blanc's little fact? "It leads to frequent improvements in the manufacture of glass, which continually becomes cheaper and more beautiful, being now made chiefly from soda, and not from potashes. It enables us to return to our fields all their potash—a most valuable and important manure, in the form of ashes, by substituting soda in the manufacture of glass and soap."

We have not yet done with the summary of consequences flowing from the single fact disclosed by M. Le Blanc. We would observe, however, that this is no isolated instance. There is no fact in the whole range of all the sciences, a correct knowledge of which has not been turned, or cannot be turned, to the advantage of the human race. Science points the way to commerce, and the path of commerce is the path to peace—to the perfecting, so far as perfection can be looked for, of the human family. Commerce must awaken our sleepers, before Christianity can pour its voice into their ears. Missionaries before merchants are in most parts of the world—the seed before the plough. The men who direct that plough—who point the path of commerce, and discover new tracks for our human industry to travel in—humble explorers—patient men, who spend their lives in bringing up out of the mines of ignorance into the upper light a few small grains of truth, so precious, yet apparently so trivial: these do their large share of the real work of the world, howsoever rarely we may read of them in the Calendar of the world's distinctions and titles.

We are wandering, however, from M. Le Blanc's discovery, and must not do that yet, because there still remains a consequence resulting from it, which it would not do for an Englishman to omit. Liebig says,—"I have already told you, that in the manufac-

ture of soda from culinary salt, it is first converted into sulphate of soda. In this first part of the process, the action of sulphuric acid produces fuming concentrated muriatic acid, to the extent of one and a half times or twice the amount of the sulphuric acid employed. At first, the profit upon the soda was so great, that no one took the trouble to collect the muriatic acid,—indeed, it had no commercial value. A profitable application of it was, however, soon discovered: it is a compound of chlorine, and this substance may be obtained from it purer and more cheaply than from any other source. The bleaching power of chlorine has long been known, but it was only employed upon a large scale after it was obtained from this residuary muriatic acid, and it was found that in combination with lime it could be transported to distances without inconvenience. *Then, for the first time, it was used for bleaching cotton*, and, but for this new bleaching process, it would scarcely have been possible for the cotton manufacture of Great Britain to have attained its present enormous extent—it could not have competed in price with that of France and Germany." That is on account of the high price of land in England and the large amount that would have been required for bleaching ground.

"In the old process of bleaching, every piece had to be exposed to the air and light during several weeks in the summer, and kept continually moist by manual labour. For this purpose, meadow land eligibly situated was essential. Now, a single establishment near Glasgow, of only moderate extent, bleaches fourteen hundred pieces of cotton daily." Fancy the acreage of land that would be requisite to produce in the old way a decidedly inferior result.

Then again, the cheap muriatic acid got in this manner is applied to the extraction from old bones of their glue. Furthermore, the extended applications of sulphuric acid have led to its economic use in the processes of refining. A one twelve hundredth or one two thousandth part of gold, formerly not worth extracting, and left with the silver, is extracted now, and pays the refiner for his work. He returns to his employer, without charge, the silver and the copper separated from each other, paying himself with the modicum of gold—one to one and a half per cent of the value of the silver, which sulphuric acid has enabled him without difficulty to extract.

We must interrupt here our catalogue of consequences which have followed from the process pointed out by M. Le Blanc; we break it off abruptly for want of space, and not for want of matter. The space already occupied we certainly do not regret, for it is worth while now and then to consider in detail what we all acknowledge in the gross. The services of scientific men are very important; we are all ready to say that; but we are not all ready to see how absolute and solid are the gains which we derive from silent meditation in a student's chamber. The sense of service, the consciousness of working for the world, is too often the only reward of a man whose thoughts shall put money by thousands or millions into the pockets of his country.

We have taken this illustration out of Liebig's Letters upon Chemistry. It would have been as easy to point out the practical work done for the human race, the material and moral prosperity advanced and still to be advanced, by any other science: by Geology, for example, or Astronomy.

Out of the same book from which we have already quoted, we take now a note upon a geologic subject, bearing upon the interest of agriculture, illustrating the quiet earnestness of the real workers for the world, and touching on a future possibility. "When Dr. Daubeny had convinced himself by a series of his own experiments, of the use and the importance of phosphate of lime for vegetation, his attention turned to the extensive formation of phosphate of lime, which, according to respectable authorities, occurs in [illegible] in some parts of the Spanish provinces of Estremadura. He made a pilgrimage along with Captain Widdrington to that country, to satisfy himself whether the situation of the mineral in question were adapted for supplying the fields of England with phosphate [illegible] in case other sources of it should be dried up. To this journey we owe an authentic report on the occurrence of this most valuable mineral, which forms in Estremadura, near Logrosan, seven miles from Truxillo, a bed [illegible] from seven to sixteen feet wide and several miles in length. This is one of the treasures of which Spain has so many, sufficient perhaps, at no distant [illegible], to pay a part of the National Debt of that country." It is deeply to be regretted that the railways projected seven years ago, which, crossing each other at Madrid, [illegible] were to unite Portugal with France, and Madrid with both seas, have not been executed. These railways would [illegible] Spain the richest country in Europe. [illegible], the richest country in Europe! We are not incredulous, but why does Spain [illegible] lag behind in her civilisation? She was great when her ships traded in all seas, great because she was commercial, [illegible] commercial because she was [illegible], and she was great in spite of superstition only at a time when few minds were emancipated from the thrall of priestcraft. Free to think, and free to trade, Spain may become some of these days, she may have railways in abundance, then, and [illegible] rich blood through all her veins.

At all times the true doers of the world's work have demanded freedom for the intellect. How grandly Galileo speaks to those who persecuted him and truth, for what they

thought to be religion's sake! But as, in the days of Galileo, men declared the province of the Bible to be invaded by the first truths of astronomy, so in our own day the fundamental principles of geology, as necessary and as clearly true, are cried down on the same score by many an unreflecting disputant. Thus speaks Galileo of his own case:—"Before all things we must make sure of facts. To these the Bible cannot be opposed. The Holy Spirit has taught how we are to reach heaven, not how heaven moves. It is setting the reputation of the Bible on a hazard, to view the matter otherwise, and, as our opponents do, instead of expounding Scripture according to facts surely proved, rather to force nature, to deny experiment, to despise the intellect. Neither is it any rash or reckless thing if any man should not adhere to antiquity. It is not in the power of any man of science to alter his opinions, to turn them this way and that; he cannot be commanded; he must be convinced. To cause our doctrine to disappear from the world, it is not enough to shut the mouth of a man, as those imagine who measure the judgment of others by their own. It would be necessary not merely to prohibit a book, and the writings of the adherents of the doctrine, but to prohibit all science; to forbid men to look towards the heavens, in order that they should see nothing that does not fit with the old system, while it is explained by the new.

"It is a crime against truth; when men seek the more to suppress her, the more clearly and openly she shows herself. But to condemn one opinion, and leave the rest standing, would be still worse, for it would give men the chance of seeing an opinion proved to be true, which had been condemned as false. But to forbid Science itself, would be against the Bible, which teaches, in a hundred places, how the greatness and glory of God are wonderfully seen in all his works, and are to be read in their full divinity in the open book of the heavens; and let none believe that we have completed the reading of the sublime thoughts which stand written in characters of light on those pages, *when we have gazed on* the brightness of the sun and stars at their rising and setting, which, indeed, the beasts also can do; but there are therein mysteries so profound, ideas so sublime, that the nightly labours, the observations, the studies of hundreds of the acutest minds, after a thousand years of research, have not yet fully penetrated them; but the pleasure of investigation and discovery endures eternally."

So spoke one of the world's workers; and there is still need that he should speak, for although the form of the old antagonism be altered, too much of its spirit yet remains. Truth cannot contradict truth, and all truth gained is a step gained, which brings man nearer to Heaven. Nevertheless, it is useful to take heed lest some of us perform a travestie upon this independent spirit.

The man who does not flinch from the acceptance of a new truth and the contradiction of old error, must be qualified to know the nature of that error which he contradicts. Only a man whose mind has been directed earnestly to any branch of knowledge, who has learned its strength and weakness, can be qualified to add safely to its stores, or to contradict conclusions which his neighbour may thrust flippantly aside, ignorant altogether of the premises on which they rest. A man of quick parts may, indeed, strike out new and correct ideas upon a subject concerning which he is generally ill informed; but if he wish that his idea should be useful, he must place it in the hands of one of the world's workers, who has spared no pains to teach himself upon that special subject all that his brethren know. That ladies and gentlemen ignorant of medicine call educated physicians allopaths, and so forth; that young students ignorant of mathematics write books (one such book we have seen) professing to disprove the "Principia" of Newton, and all matters of that sort, do not result from thought, but from the want of thinking. Newton may be wrong, and homœopathy may be right, and everybody may think what he pleases; but to disprove Newton, or to prove that medicine is most active when you take it in the smallest imaginable doses, is a task for which men should prepare themselves with a long course of study. Those who work for the world have to work cautiously and painfully through long years of experiment and labour. To be sure, also, the soldier is prepared, through a long series of drills, for the work that he also has to do. Which workman ought to claim the gratitude of states, which helps most largely to fulfil the law of human progress, all our readers know. But the phantasia of glory will not yet forsake the battle-field; and still the applause of courts and nations echoes round the soldier's tent, leaving the laboratory and the study silent. Unimpeded the world's work goes on, and daily we receive a host of benefits from unrewarded hands.

CHIPS.

RUINS WITH SILVER KEYS.

We are on our way to inspect some fine historic ruins—they are Simpson's ruins. Through hop-grounds, over hills, here and there affording pleasant glimpses of the sea, the road winds to the slope where the memorable battle of Pumpkinfield was fought. Here a fine old king fell, and here a tyrant first made his footprint sink into the soil of England. Schoolboys are still shown terrible pictures of the battle. The village lies in the valley, near the ruins of the Abbey founded by the conqueror of Pumpkinfield, to celebrate his victory.

We know all about the ruins. We have

read of the terrible deeds that have been done there. We are prepared to shudder in the ruins of the dungeons. We ask what manufacture is carried on in the village;—in reply people point to the ruins. The few grey stones support the village folk:—the children are learned in the relics of the battle-field. Simpson and Pumpkinfield are the two rallying cries of the village. Simpson is a considerable man in his county. It is asserted that he ought to be a baronet. A solemn whisper travels about that he is the rightful heir to a certain peerage. His name is now inseparably connected with Pumpkinfield. There is an air of antiquity about the place, however, which we are inclined to enjoy without hearing anything about Simpson. The mind is forcibly carried back to the time when Pumpkinfield was strewn with dead warriors, and then to the period when sallow monks cooled their shorn heads perhaps under the very oaks that now shadow us. We are beginning to feel that really and truly Hume and Smollett's History is not a fiction. We should hardly be surprised to hear the clash of the battle-axe, and the whistle of an arrow with death on its point.

On alighting before the great village hostelry, we are informed that, as a preliminary to our visit to the ruins, we must have an interview with the postmaster. We have no objection to an interview with this official, if it is his ambition to see all the strangers who come to wander about a spot that is rife with the romance of history. Accordingly, we make our way to the post-office. We exchange salutations with the man in the shop, and declare our intention of exploring the ruins of the Abbey. We love ruins, for they recall the past—they assure us of the times gone by. We talk of the pleasure of dwelling upon old historic ground; and with pardonable vanity hint that we are intimately acquainted with the history and fortunes of the Abbey. Hereupon, the face of the post-office dealer saddens, we think; at all events, he asks abruptly the number of our party. We conclude, that Simpson is anxious to keep an exact account of the number of visitors to his property. We declare our party to consist of eight individuals, including three children. Forthwith two cards are placed in our hand, together with a guide; and in a sharp decided voice, that betrays no remorse—no twinge of conscience—we are informed that six shillings and sixpence is the sum required by the noble owner of the broken Abbey walls, before he will admit us. We may sneak in for five shillings and sixpence, if we refuse the guide book; but our young friends clamour for it, and we pay the entire sum demanded.

This payment alters the train of our reflections. A few questions to be put to Simpson, instantly rush to our mind. We experience an irresistible inclination to ask him how it is that he has not erected a high wall round the entire battle-field, and advertised—"The Field of the Battle of Pumpkinfield on View; entrance half-a-crown. The Abbey Ruins one shilling extra, including a peep at the Exhibitor's Drawing-room. Schools half-price!" This would be making the most of the property—or, at least, of those historical associations which are the only attractions—which are *not* the property of the noble inhabitant of the modern Abbey, and wanting which, excursionists would never press the grass of Pumpkinfield We try to reason ourselves into a good-humour again; but no—the romance is fled, and we feel that we are on our way to Simpson's Exhibition.

Armed with the tickets, we have a sense of a critical vocation, which refuses to depart from us. As we glance at the grey walls of the standing structure, we involuntarily look out for the check-taker's box. We expect to find placards pasted over the Gothic gateway. We speculate as to the success of the show. We reflect that it can cost the speculator nothing for gas, to begin with. We tap the walls to assure ourselves that they are not painted canvas. As we approach the doorway, it falls back, and a portly female attendant, with palms exquisitely made to receive shillings, courtesies to us. We are about to ask whether our tickets admit us to the reserved seats—but we refrain in time. We think we hear a cry of "Apples, oranges, and ginger beer!" but it is only our vexed brain at work, after its particular fashion. We advance into the enclosed space.

On our left is a range of buildings—grey with the weather-beating of some hundred years—but forming no part of the original structure; indeed, not a stone of the hero of Pumpkinfield's building is now to be seen. We advance into the hall, which is remarkable for a bad painting of the battle of Pumpkinfield, some portraits of the Simpson family, and a few Vandykes. Hence we are admitted to a room with a low vaulted roof, now carpeted and used as a drawing-room, where our antiquarian knowledge is enriched by the inspection of an Argand lamp at least a year old, and the undisturbed examination of a silver donkey with panniers A sharp-eyed boy follows us about, close at our elbow, evidently to satisfy himself that our unholy fingers touch none of the Simpson jewellery. Under these flattering auspices, we leave the room, take no notice of the boy's expression, which has an unmistakeable pecuniary tendency, and leave the building through the door from the hall, which is opened by a second official with an equally greedy eye. Bits of ruins lie scattered about the grounds; and finding that cloisters, the crypt, and the refectory remain to be inspected, we proceed on our way with the intention of thoroughly examining them. We have contrived to gain admittance to the enclosure with a six-shilling-and-sixpenny silver key; but the ruins—all

that is worth seeing—are separated from us by a door, which no official can open without another silver key, to be given to an authorised guide.

We are by no means at liberty, to roam about the ruins alone, and at our leisure, to think of the monkish days gone by, to hold communion with the spirits of the past that dwell amid the lichen and the mould. No: we must follow a guide. We give him his silver key, and dog his heels. He is an old, grey man, with the marks of some sixty summers upon him. He seems to travel over the ground mechanically, and to halt before little odd relics with the precision of an automaton. He recalls the romances of the past with the enthusiasm of a speaking doll. He pauses near the stables of the owner to show us the remains of a stone coffin, and points to the cutting in the stone shaped to receive a head; and then he hurries forward into the gardens of the Abbey. He walks into a space enclosed on three sides by crumbling walls pierced with unglazed apertures, like eyeless sockets: this is the refectory. We pass some fine cedars (to one of which a hammock is slung, and a luxurious gentleman lies at full length smoking his cigar), and then we halt before some scattered stones, called the ruins of the Abbey church. As even the ground plan of the building is hardly distinguishable, we hasten forward once more, and soon arrive at the cloisters and the crypt. Here we certainly find some very fine old arches spanning the space, which space is filled with agricultural implements. Now we have seen all that remains of the Abbey of Pumpkinfield.

We are not impressed with our visit. The ruins are so far gone, that they have lost all claims to the picturesque, and are attractive only as the crumbling remnants of one of the greatest of those old mysterious abbeys upon which the unscrupulous hand of the eighth Henry fell in the sixteenth century. They are still visited, not because they have any claim upon the artistic eye, but because they are linked with the history of that past upon which our present has been raised. Associations that recall the struggles we have survived, the religious tyrannies we have vanquished, the grovelling superstitions that have been trodden under foot, gather about these damp, grey stones, and are hardly scared away by the frigid, systematic old showmen by whom they are introduced to visitors.

It must be confessed that we have a hearty dislike to approach ruins by means of silver keys. Our moral sense is offended. We feel that the scene of the battle of Pumpkinfield, and the Abbey raised to commemorate the struggle, belong to all Englishmen. The soil has its owner; and, may his crops be abundant; but to all of us belong the associations that draw pilgrims to it. The dawn of tyranny recalled by Pumpkinfield is not a memory dear to Englishmen; and the Abbey is not visited with the same feelings which attract the traveller to Runnymede; but it is the scene of one of the most important events that have happened on the island, and for this reason is the highway to it a well-beaten track. To whom, then, does the historic association belong? We apprehend, to all Englishmen, and not to the power that requires silver keys to the Abbey ruins.

Undoubtedly the law is on the side of Simpson, and he is at liberty to hide the ruins from the public eye altogether; but it is hardly fair to barter the associations which belong to all Englishmen—to turn a few paltry pence upon the popular recollection of a great Saxon struggle. We have not the pleasure of Simpson's acquaintance. We find that a Simpson was painted by Vandyke; but our visit to Pumpkinfield had no reference to this interesting discovery. In the early part of last century Simpson was a name unknown in Pumpkinfield. Simpson, therefore, has no historic halo flitting around him. His title to the soil and the ruins is, we are told, indisputable; and we also learn that he gave a round sum for the property; but then Simpson did not buy all the legends and all the romance which cling to the mossy granite, and attract pilgrims to his eleven-acre field, now burnished with sun-kissed corn.

But, after all, Simpson only follows the example of his betters. For nearly all the historic relics of old England open only with silver keys, and many solemn peers of Belgravia are, in their respective counties, speculating showmen.

THE BUSH FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

A Correspondent tells us there is only one way of conquering such a bush fire as was described in No 75 of "Household Words:"

"Meet the enemy," he says, "with a front of fire as extended as his own, in regular order of battle. Let your troops advance boldly to the charge, and in a very short time not a vestige of the rapacious monster will remain. Instead of running far and near for all hands to come and help in beating out the raging foe, two persons can with perfect ease overcome him. The mode of proceeding is this:—One carries a lighted stick; the other a green branch. Having gone as far from their own preserves as possible, until they come within about two hundred yards of the enemy, the first sets fire to the grass, advancing in parallel line with the approaching fire; the second beats out the flames on the side next the preserves only, allowing that facing the enemy to advance; which of course soon brings the affair to a conclusion, and keeps matters comfortable at home."

This is doubtless an efficacious application of the principle upon which houses are blown

up to prevent fires in cities from having means of communicating with other houses. The wilful burning, when beaten out parallel to the advancing flames, destroys all fuel for the dreaded conflagration,—cuts off, in short, all communication.

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM THE IRISH CALIFORNIA.

It will be remembered that we gave a short time since, some account of a new California which had been discovered in Ireland, of all countries of the world and of all parts of Ireland, in the Irish bogs. Our description of the Hibernian diggings included a statement of the process devised and patented by Mr. Rees Reece, for extracting their treasures. Of this wealth, it will be seen that on the whole, we by no means over-estimated the magnitude. Sir Robert Kane, the director of the Museum of Irish Industry, has, at the suggestion of Lord Clarendon, made an investigation respecting the chemical products of Irish peat, and has embodied the results of his inquiry in a report. According to the researches of Sir Robert Kane the average quantity of sulphate of ammonia procurable from Irish peat, is even somewhat larger than that set forth by Mr. Reece; the amount of paraffine and oil about equal Mr. Reece's estimate; the wood naphtha falls but little short of it; and the only material of which the proportion is much below the reckoning of Mr. Reece is the acetate of lime. This representation is borne out by the subjoined table:—

In 100 parts Peat.	Statement in Mr. Reece's Prospectus.	Average Results of Museum of Irish Industry.
Sulphate of ammonia	1·000	1·100
Acetate of lime	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wood naphtha	[illegible]	140
Paraffine	101	[illegible]
Fixed oils	14[illegible]	10[illegible]
Volatile oils	[illegible]	

With respect to the shortcoming in the acetate of lime, Sir Robert Kane moreover suggests, that the article obtained in the Museum trials was the pure acetate, whereas that intended in Mr. Reece's calculation may perhaps have been the acetate of commerce, containing an excess of lime and other impurities sufficient to account for the difference in weight. Sir Robert Kane remarks, in general, that it may "be admitted that the statements made as to the quantities of those bodies obtainable from peat have not been exaggerated, and, indeed, are such as should immediately be inferred to be obtainable from a body of its constitution, compared with coal and wood."

There is no doubt as to the existence, or the extent of the riches of the Irish California; the only question is, what will be the cost of extracting them? This is described in the report as being too difficult a point to decide upon positively at present. The novelty of the manufacture, the number and complexity of the collateral operations which it requires, and its establishment among races unaccustomed to manufacturing industry, are indicated as probable sources of large expenditure; but these obstacles are not insurmountable—they are the old giants that have regularly to be conquered by the heroes of almost every original enterprise. The practicability, on a large scale, of Mr. Reece's proposal, to employ the gaseous products of the peat, after having been deprived of all their condensible matter, as fuel for conducting his subsidiary operations, is treated as open to considerable doubt. However, the report, though drawn up with great caution, pronounces in the main, that the California of Ireland is really a fact, even though it should not prove a Tom Tidler's ground altogether. In conclusion, the author says—

"Although the excessive returns stated by the proposers of the manufacture may not be obtained, it is yet probable that, conducted with economy and the attention of individual interests, the difficulty connected with so great a complexity of operations would be overcome, and the manufacture be found in practice profitable; and certainly it must be regarded as of very great interest and public utility, that a large chemical scientific manufacture should be established, especially applicable to promote the industrial progress of Ireland, by conferring a commercial value on a material which has hitherto been principally a reproach, and by affording employment of a remunerative and instructive character to our labouring population."

If then, by the kind permission of the various Irish agitators, political and theological, the Irish people could be enabled to devote their attention and energies to wholesome labour in working the mines of wealth which they possess in their peat bogs, they would go far towards realising those blessings which the harangues they are squabbling about have so long been invoking to such little purpose; and Ireland might be in the way of becoming a decent flower of the earth and a respectable "gem of the sea," instead of being, whether as an article of jewellery or a botanical specimen, but indifferently ornamental and inconsiderably useful either to the one or the other.

FISHING FOR HERRINGS.

In this age of "blue books," many imagine that if a Parliamentary committee investigate any given subject, and report thereon, the public has from that time forward only to examine the bulky documents in order to obtain full and satisfactory information. Without wishing to detract from the reputation which Parliamentary commissions enjoy in respect of their laborious efforts, and of the masses of information which they collect,

we are decidedly of opinion that for the most part their "books" deal too much with externals, and that one might peruse folio after folio, until doomsday, without getting at the inner life of the topic in hand.

To explain our meaning more precisely, the Board of Fisheries for Scotland has issued its report for the current year, which tells, and doubtless tells faithfully, the number of boats engaged in fishing, the number of hands manning the boats, the quantity caught, cured, and exported; but all this is mere externalism—inseparable, no doubt, from the constitution and objects of the bodies who report on such matters to Government; but still showing conclusively that to learn the social bearings of any question, we must extend our investigations further than "blue books" will carry us. The dangers of the calling are not to be adequately painted in prose. The poet in one couplet carries us to regions where the statist never penetrates. Take for example the popular song of "Caller Herrin'." What a revelation is made by the two lines—

"Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men!"

Song and arithmetic lie at two extremes—there is a wide territory between them, and all must be traversed, middle ground and termini, before we can grasp the subject even in outline.

We lately visited a seaport town in the north-east of Scotland, during the herring season; and the scenes then witnessed, naturally suggested the "dry as-dust" character of blue books, when compared with the living reality. The harbour was filled with a forest of boat-masts, moving fantastically with every swell of the water; towards sunset a thousand oars were dipped, and the boats swept out of the harbour and glided to the west end of the bay; then, setting their red-barked sails, they stood out in hundreds for the open sea. As each skiff bounded over the ocean, "wives," "mithers," and daughters looked anxiously on; and the motley groups remained on cliff and beach till the receding canvas was lost in the distant horizon. With slow march and thoughtful look, the naiads proceeded homewards. In the mornings we took our place to witness the return of the fishermen. On some occasions the sea would be calm as an inland lake, reflecting every image as from a surface of molten silver; but this quiet beauty, however picturesque to the tourist, was little better than death to the poor crews of the boats. They had sailed thirty miles overnight; had cast their nets; and, at approach of morn, hauled them, but found them as empty as when first sunk in the mighty waters; and now, weary and heavy-hearted, they must make for the land. Their nets are all adjusted; but where is the friendly breeze that carried them out? It has passed away, and no breath of air moves the atmosphere, or ripples the world of water that surrounds them; they have no resource but to betake themselves to their oars, and with them pull their reluctant boat back again to port. It is a wearisome task; for nothing lowers muscular effort more than disappointment. They labour on for hours against tide, perhaps, and slowly make the harbour; the disappointed female countenances on the shore more than reflecting back the gloom on their own haggard features. Moored to the quay, their task is not ended. Their nets are saturated with sea-brine; and if left in that state in the hold of the boat, would speedily rot: they must carefully disentangle and place them on carts to be driven away to the fields; there to be dried ready for the evening fishing.

This process being accomplished, a few hasty hours of sleep are snatched from the busy day, and the nets are again gathered, carted, and shipped. The boats stand out to sea. But this night may be precisely the reverse of the first. The clouds gather in blackness above the heads of the devoted men, the hurricane raises its thunder-notes in their ears, and the angry waves rage around them. The beacon-light may be seen, but must not be reached, for the wind blows inland, and neither oar nor rudder could guide with safety through the narrow opening that leads to the harbour. Missing it, they would be dashed on the iron bound coast. The larger bays or estuaries, however distant, must now be run for. Decked vessels might stand further out to sea and brave the storm; but open boats, shipping waves at every bound, must seek for safety under the lee of the friendly land. Thus shaping their course, they commence their dangerous experiment; some reach the desired retreat, others do not—the litter of broken oars and timber, that strew the beach and rocks; and occasionally the weather-beaten body, with its long matted hair, telling but too mournfully the tale of their doom.

Again, the boat fleet returns. It is seen in the offing, with gunwales deep in the water, rising heavily on the ascending wave, and then the joyful news goes round, that there has been good fishing, and forthwith preparations are made to turn the success to the best account. The boats arrive, and all hands to the beach. The nets, filled with herrings, are rapidly disentangled, and measured off in baskets; two of which answer to the technical denomination of a *cran*. They are then driven off to the curers' stations, where processes are gone through more remarkable for energy than purity of appearance. One set of nymphs, with knife in hand, operate on the fish; a second class seize the prepared specimens, and pack them in barrels, strewing handfuls of salt between each layer; then follows the cooper, who inserts the lids into the barrels. Last of all comes the fishery officer, who affixes the crown brand, and then the herrings are ready for shipment to Stettin and other continental ports of consumption. In the case

of early supplies for home use, a more summary method is followed; for these must be carried by rail without loss of time to the London and provincial markets, to be disposed of as "fresh herrings." Of the fish nothing is lost; the refuse, constituting a rich manure, obtains a ready market at the rate of one shilling and eightpence per barrel.

Fishing is prosecuted every day (weather permitting) except Sundays; but it is obvious that if it were not for a limited period, no amount of human strength could bear up against such excessive labour. The season lasts for two months, commencing from about the eighteenth of July; but although occupying this brief period in what may be termed the actual business of fishing, the preliminary operations occupy the greater portion of the whole year. Thus females are employed in the winter season in weaving and mending nets, men in dyeing them and sails with bark, in order that they may better resist the action of salt-water; in preparing corks, bladders, and dog-skins for buoying up the nets; and, in numerous other avocations necessary for the prosecution of the traffic; carpenters are busy in building boats, shippers in importing staves and salt; sawyers in cutting staves; and coopers in making barrels.

The history of the herring fishery affords an instructive proof of the inutility of governmental interference in matters of commerce. For many centuries the trade had been prosecuted by the Dutch; and, jealous of the supposed large profits accruing from it, the English were desirous of sharing in the spoil. Adam Smith informs us that, in 1749, Government was the means of instituting a British Fishing Society, with a capital of five hundred thousand pounds, which offered a bounty of fifty pounds for every ton of herrings caught; but, as the gross proceeds only yielded one hundred and fifty-nine pounds, seven shillings and sixpence, the absurdity of such a bounty was manifestly glaring. This system continued till 1786, when, according to a quaint writer, "herrings were sought after with as much avidity as if each of them contained a ducat in its mouth." In 1809 the bounty fell to three pounds per ton, or two shillings per barrel; in 1826 it rose to four shillings per barrel; and in 1830 the bounty was withdrawn altogether. The system of rewarding, or bribing, men to engage in a particular traffic, always exercises a pernicious influence. If a trade be worthy of being followed, the competition inseparable from commerce will cause it to be looked after for its own sake. Lured by the bounty, an inferior class of men engaged in the trade, with whom the curers (the middle men between the fishermen and consumer) could not carry on business amicably or profitably. It was the bribe, not the fish, that was cared for; and, what with unseasonable fishing, and inferior boats and gear for the traffic, the whole system rapidly declined under the nightshade of Government bounties. A glance at the following returns will show that, after a temporary decline, which naturally followed the sudden withdrawal of rewards in 1830, the trade has, ever since being left to itself, continued to improve progressively, until it is now carried on to about four times the extent that it was in 1815, when absurdly fostered.

In 1815,	Herrings caught		160,139	barrels.
„ 1820,	„	„	355,979	„
„ 1830,	„	„	329,557	„
„ 1842,	„	„	667,245	„
„ 1850,	„	„	687,401	„

The Report for 1851 states, that there were employed in fishing, in Scotland and the Isle of Man, ten thousand four hundred and eighty boats, manned by forty thousand three hundred and sixty-two fishermen and boys; and the total number of persons employed on shore curing, amounted to sixty eight thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine The tonnage of vessels engaged in carrying salt amounted to twenty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-six tons, and the number of hands to two thousand seven hundred and thirty-five; the tonnage of fishing-boats amounted to sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and four; the number of square yards of netting to seventy-seven millions, seven hundred and ninety-one thousand, four hundred and three; the number of yards of lines to twenty six millions, ninety thousand one hundred and sixty; and the total value of boats, nets, and lines, were estimated at five hundred and thirty-four thousand three hundred and twenty four pounds.

As the Fishing Board only give aggregate results, we may add, that a stout herring-boat, fully equipped, costs about one hundred and sixty pounds. The remuneration that the fishermen receive from the curers is one hundred pounds for the first two hundred crans; after that quantity is delivered, they are at liberty to fish on as long as they think proper, and dispose of the proceeds as they may think fit. The Board do not report the amount of freight paid upon the transport of herrings, which must be considerable. Two shillings and threepence per barrel is the ordinary rate to Stettin.

According to Pennant, "the great winter rendezvous of the herring is within the Arctic circle; there they continue many months, in order to recruit themselves after the fatigue of spawning,—the seas within that space swarming with small crustacea in a far greater degree than in our warmer latitudes. They move in mighty numbers. Their armies begin to put themselves in motion in the spring; we distinguish the vast body by this term, as in German *heer* means army. They begin to appear off the Shetland Isles in April and May; these are only forerunners of the grand shoal, which comes in June. The main body is such as to alter the very appearance of the ocean. It is divided into

distinct columns of five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth; and they drive the water before them in a kind of rippling. Sometimes they sink, for the space of ten or fifteen minutes, then rise again to the surface; and in bright weather reflect variety of splendid colours. The first check this army meets in its march southward is from the Shetland Isles, which divide it into two parts: one wing takes to the east, the other to the western shores of Great Britain, and fill every creek and bay with their numbers; others pass on towards Yarmouth, the great and ancient mart of herrings; they then pass through the British Channel, and after that in a manner disappear. Those which take to the west, after offering themselves to the Hebrides, where the great stationary fishing is, proceed towards the north of Ireland, where they meet with a second interruption, and are obliged to make a second division; the one takes to the western side, and is scarce perceived, being soon lost in the immensity of the Atlantic, but the other, which passes into the Irish Sea, rejoices and feeds the inhabitants of the coasts that border it."

Such is Pennant's theory of the migration, which, however, has not been universally received. Block holds that, in common with the mackerel, the herring is always in close proximity to the shore, and that the "army" only nears the shore for the purpose of spawning. Yarrell, M'Culloch, and other naturalists, are also of this opinion, and adduce several statements in support of their position, such as the impossibility of the locomotive powers of the herring being capable of carrying it such distances within the period described, and that Arctic voyagers have not found it in the high northern latitudes, whence the "army" is understood to commence "its march along the mountain wave." We cannot pretend to offer any materials for the adjustment of this question. Continued and accurate observation will, in due time, settle it definitely. In the meantime, it is admitted on all hands, that, whether after a long excursion across the Atlantic, or after a cunning sojourn within hail of our northern mountains, the "army" does suddenly surround our shores at a given time; and then our fishermen, observing their flashing ripple on the bosom of the deep, drop one end of their nets, laden with stones, whilst the other floats on the top; and then the shoals, dashing against this tiny but dangerous obstruction, become the prey of man in millions.

No subject, however isolated or barren it may appear at first sight, does in reality stand alone, or is destitute of materials for thought to the reflecting. Herrings stand connected with the Slave-trade and the Reformation! Planters were wont to feed their slaves with broken herrings. The crown brand on casks indicated whole fish and superior curing; but it is needless to say that the supplies despatched to the West Indies were unbranded. Broken fish are now little known—they belonged to the period when bounties were given; and when Government gave its money to the slaveholder, it took it away from the fishermen, and market and producers disappeared at one and the same time. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, herrings were in great demand on the Continent during Lent; and it is even said that Charles the Fifth erected a monument over the remains of one Benkelson, the inventor of pickled herrings.

But the Reformation came, and Catholics themselves became lax in the observance of the abstinence season, and so the demand fell off considerably. Latterly it has revived; very probably from the superior method of curing, and the use of the fish as a general article of diet, apart from theological belief. Stettin, from some cause that does not readily appear, is the great continental depôt for herrings; and thither, for the most part, are they sent, on consignment, by the British curer. The prices, we need scarcely add, are subject to great fluctuations.

We have stated that there is a Fishery Board in Scotland; but we are humbly of opinion that the sooner that honourable body disappears, the better will it be for the national finances. It costs the country some twelve thousand pounds annually and all that it does is to distribute annual grants of from two thousand pounds to six thousand pounds for constructing and keeping in repair boat-harbours, and five hundred pounds for assisting poor fishermen in making their boats seaworthy, and to brand herring barrels with a hot iron, and perforate holes in the tails of dried cod and ling. The money could be distributed through other channels; and as for the non *imprimatur* of a Government functionary being necessary to guarantee a good article to the foreign customer, we answer, that as most other commodities of British manufacture are guaranteed, in respect of quality, by the name of the manufacturer, without any endorsation from Government, we do not see why cured herrings should not be allowed to stand in the same category with such other commodities. The brand is a relic of the old bounty system, and the grants to boats and harbours savour of the same origin, and should therefore be abandoned as soon as possible. If the board could induce a change from open to decked boats, they would do the trade some service; but this the prejudices of the fishermen put beyond their power.

The open yawl is undoubtedly convenient for setting and hauling nets, because the chest can lean against the side of the boat as a sort of fulcrum; but this and other advantages are fully compensated by the dangers to which open boats are exposed when suddenly overtaken by a storm. Besides, in cases where

the crews may have to relieve each other, a deck-covering would protect the sleeping part of them from rain and cold, and thus contribute greatly to their general health. But this primitive class of men adhere tenaciously to their own customs, and turn a deaf or incredulous ear to all suggestions for improvement.

Only last winter an intelligent naval officer proposed a happy medium between the present open system and that of wooden decks. He showed that with the aid of a hammer, pincers, and a few nails, the sails could readily be converted into temporary decks, and that in such a way as to prevent the shipping of seas, as well as to conduce to the greater comfort of the crews. We are not, however, aware that this ingenious plan has in any instance been adopted. Isolated in profession, in dress, in language, in marriage, in residence, in customs, fishermen are a caste by themselves, and can only be fused into the mass by the slowest of processes. They are, however, a brave, hard-working, and enterprising class, and deserve our best sympathies as a useful and indispensable portion of the community.

THE CONSTANT READER.

It is in vain to contradict anything I may choose to affirm—for I know everything. I am the Constant Reader. The post is no sinecure, since my work is unceasing, and my reward nil. All the world may, if it pleases, be enjoy it itself. Jones may take his sweetheart to Picnics; Jobson may treat his wife and family to Margate; Smith may sail to Jersey; Robinson to Jericho: the Premier may be flying paper balloons in gusty Scotland, to please his children; the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be shooting partridges in Berkshire; but for me there is not one moment's respite. When I hear about the calamities and poverty of the writers of the olden time, I chuckle with a savage mirth, for I know that they enjoyed a comparative condition of clover. Not that their clover was not occasionally very hard lying, but that my lying is still harder.

I said lying, but I must correct myself, since I never lie down. The horizontal position in which most people indulge for some time once in four and twenty hours is impossible with me. I had occasional snatches of rest a long time ago, when wholesome restrictions were exercised towards the press; but now it would be madness to think of devoting five minutes to the indulgence of physical repose. Hercules has been talked about from generation to generation; but he never performed a labour half so formidable as that I am in the habit of knocking off daily,—and without making any particular noise or hubbub about it, either.

My acquirements are illimitable. I can read and write at one and the same moment. Most authors can write only on one question at a time: I can tackle fifty. When the public bear in mind that I read every journal of the habitable globe without ever missing a paragraph, and that I have daily communication with nearly every editor in Christendom, the necessity of reading and writing at one and the same time will be obvious. Nothing escapes me, from a misdemeanour to murder, from tittle-tattle to high treason. I am, it is well known, competent to discuss the merits of every question that ever engaged the attention of mankind. I have been known to be writing simultaneously a solemn remonstrance to the editor of the "New Zealand Champion;" a letter to the "Times" on Aldermanic Polish; a denunciation of a Board of Railway Directors; a Word of Warning to the Protectionists; a Solemn Rebuke to Free Traders; a Suggestion for the Better Government of Her Majesty's Colonies; a Mild Hope that we should have War to the Knife with Russia, and a Word in Defence of the Czar. While my pens (I write with all my fingers at once) are employed on all these subjects, I read the "Times," the "Morning Chronicle," the "Daily News," the "Examiner," the "Pekin Gazette," the "Antipodes Daily Advertiser," "Punch," a file of Indian journals, the "Chop-away Tomahawk," and all the other American prints, and every one of the Paris papers. There is not a journal in existence of which I am not the constant reader and to which I have not contributed.

In the course of the year I wear out the sleeves of three hundred coats; my paper-makers supply me by the ton; I keep a large flock of geese on my premises to supply me with quills; my inkstand is the size of an ordinary bucket; my wafers are brought to me in a clothes basket; and I employ a strong horse and cart to convey my writings to the post. When all my pens are in full work, the scratching is so offensive to the neighbours, that they have threatened indictments. I keep a flock of carrier-pigeons, on the roof of my house, to convey my effusions to distant parts. I stack my papers, as farmers stack hay. Sometimes I refer to a very old number of a journal; on these occasions fifty men are employed to search after the particular passage I require. I drink gallons of strong tea, night and day, to prevent the least tendency to drowsiness. It is now about fifteen months since I have risen from my seat. I am here, a fixture, with a little pipe in my mouth, through which I imbibe the best Pekoe. Without all these arrangements, (which may at first appear strange to the uninitiated,) how could I go through all my work? How could I, without some attempt at order and economy of time, correspond with every newspaper in the known world, on every conceivable subject?

Having, modestly and moderately I trust,

stated the nature and extent of my labours, I may perhaps be forgiven for adding my testimony to the base ingratitude of the public. I am known, certainly, wherever an alphabet is known. I have written on all subjects—and treated all subjects from every possible point of view. I have agreed and disagreed with every editor under the sun. I have been referred to in Parliament; the printers of my effusions have been indicted for libel; I have been printed in every language that commands type; I have been reproduced for private circulation; I have been favourably criticised a thousand times; and yet am I a neglected, forlorn individual.

This is the first time that anything like a history of my labours has been made public. People have read my effusions under every circumstance and through every channel; and no person has been sufficiently curious to institute inquiries respecting me. Yet the agony I have suffered is incalculable. Papers which no other person would approach, I have patiently perused and written for; subjects the most uninviting have "engaged my serious attention for years;" and I have "ventured to trespass" upon "valuable columns," of which it was given to me alone to understand the value. Then, who has not noticed the "feelings of unmixed regret," or the "deep satisfaction," with which I have "ventured to address" the editors of countless newspapers? Nobody. I am even more forlorn than the gentleman who had an obliging echo to answer his queries in the affirmative. My boundless knowledge—my intimacy with the private concerns of the Sultan and the iniquities of the Nizam—my correct information as to the price of starch in the Prussian markets, and the probability of receiving monies on account of the Pennsylvanian Bonds, only aggravate the hardship of my obscure condition. Even now, while I am writing this account of myself with my first finger, my second is employed upon an urgent remonstrance with the discontented party at the Cape; while my thumb is upon the South Western Railway. I have long nursed the hope of finding a finger unemployed, that I might write my autobiography; but the pressure of events; the bubble rising in the South of Europe, upon which I have the one-and-twentieth part of my eye; the doings of the Americans in California, upon which another fraction of my eye reposes; the anger simmering in France, upon which another small proportion of my optic rests;—these, and many other events, warn that unhappy elf, the Constant Reader (who is as constant a writer) to give up his long cherished idea, and be content with the most cursory record of his career.

Posterity will do me justice. My writings would fill one hundred thick octavo volumes; whereas (such is the fate of genius in this country) they now fill the shops of cheesemongers, and weigh down the scales of grocers. Who has not read a few of my works? Yet who knows anything about me?—whether I am grey with age, or in the prime of life; whether I am five or six feet high; whether I live like a prince or like a beggar; whether I adopt any extraordinary costume, or dress simply like any ordinary English gentleman. Ah! it is hard to have performed gigantic labours, and yet to remain personally unnoticed. I have had my imitators, like most great men. There is that base knave, the "Subscriber from the Beginning." But, compared with mine, what are his performances? I remember his letter to the editor of the "Sledge Hammer" (in the second number of that inoffensive journal), but there was nothing in it. The measure of public contempt will be filled to the brim, when I declare that he could write only on two subjects at once "A Constant Admirer," too, was one of my imitators, but he soon died off. "Veritas" has tried to disturb my status, and the "Enemy to Humbug" has endeavoured to jostle me out of the field. And here I am at last, still hard at work, and still without public acknowledgment of my services. A few sagacious people have deigned, from time to time, to express some wonderment with regard to the variety of my reading and writing, and my constant appearance in every journal, both English and foreign.

It is for the satisfaction of these in particular, that I have employed the short leisure of one of my fingers in giving a description of the pains I have been at, and the devices I have found it necessary to adopt, to contribute daily articles of some importance towards the newspaper literature of my country. The finger I have been using upon this sketch is now called upon to perform another duty, the nineteenth section of one of my eyes having caught an erroneous report (which the finger must correct on the spot) published in the "War Whoop," a New Zealand Paper, published by the natives for the suppression of Cannibalism, and to discountenance particularly the consumption of "Missionary Pie."

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A WITCH IN THE NURSERY

In one of the [illegible] of philosophical [illegible] in which [illegible] Archbishop of Dublin [illegible] to [illegible] the following [illegible] amusement —

[illegible]

[illegible] nursery [illegible] something quite surprising. It looks as if the great majority of those compositions had been the work of one or more of the wickedest old witches ever heard of, [illegible] with a direct intention of perverting and destroying the generous innocence, pure imagination and tender feelings of childhood, at as early a stage as possible. We say it looks like this; and yet, no doubt, nothing of the sort was intended, neither were these nursery poets and tale writers influenced by any bad or unkindly feelings. The songs have probably originated chiefly with certain old grandames among our ancestors, who each possessed a tolerably euphonious [illegible] of doggrel versification, but whose heads were not overburdened with understanding, and whose sole object (such a thing as 'infant education' never at this time having been dreamed of by any soul in the community) was to quiet or amuse the child, by arresting and holding its attention. To do this most suddenly and successfully, they endeavoured to produce an excitement of the child's imagination, or its desires, without for one instant considering whether the seeds they sowed of these excitements and desires were of a kind to grow and put forth good or evil fruits with the progress of years. [illegible] doubt [illegible] good many [illegible] humble nursery songs and tales, and a few also which have the best moral tendencies; but it must be admitted that the majority are either very vulgar [illegible] or of the worst possible kind.

Take the song of "Little Jack Horner"— [illegible] with [illegible] and levity.

[illegible]

[illegible] and that [illegible] something [illegible] one of the favourite points of her [illegible] good fun with our Nursery Witch —

"[illegible]

Here are two others

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]

"[illegible]
[illegible]"

The following is nothing less than the footpad's 'your money or your life,' *adapted* to the nursery. A boy with a broom sings—

"Money I want and money I crave!
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you to the grave!"

This is graced with an illustration in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England."

In the following well known song, theft is made a very pleasant joke, and inculcated by

th[illegible] example of the first gentleman and lady in England —

"When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King,
He stole two [illegible] of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding.

"A bag pudding the King did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums,
And [illegible] as my two thumbs.

"The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And Noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried."

These songs are, beyond question, highly amusing to children. They admit of capital illustrations. In the example just quoted, the "[illegible] King" is represented of course in his state robes, and with the crown upon his head, running away as fast as he can [illegible] to the ground with a couple of meal bags, one under each arm. In the next illustration His Majesty is represented with his cooking apron and sleeves [illegible] with the crown still upon his head [illegible] while engaged in the operation of making the bag pudding. The third illustration represents the Queen, who is the receiver of the stolen goods, together with the Nobles, who all come to share the spoil, seated at table [illegible]. In the concluding tableau, Her Gracious Majesty, with her crown on, is represented holding the handle of the frying pan being sedulously employed in frying [illegible]. Not a word in apology, or explanation, of the King's theft. If the owner of the meal had appeared at one of the windows during the feast, one feels that he would only have been laughed at, and had a piece of pudding flung in his face, or perhaps His Majesty, in his own pleasant off-hand way, would have ordered the intruder to have his head cut off. No one can expect children to give up such things as these. They [illegible] for them, and they are uncommonly well supplied.

It may be thought too harsh a construction to say that murder is made a light and familiar subject of excitement and interest to the nursery, but that killing, by direct intention, is one of the favourite subjects of the songs and tales, is but too evident. The principle of destructiveness is artificially developed by these means (and, sooth to confess, there is no need for this in human nature) from the earliest period. Even in assisting the infant to learn the alphabet by the help of signs and figures, we find that—

"A was an Archer,
And shot at a Frog!"

In the illustration, we, in most cases, see the effect of the shot, the Frog being transfixed with an arrow, having one hand clasped over his head, and turning up his large eyes. Some children of tender and affectionate nature, whose imagination also aids them to realise this as something painful, are affected by the sight; but it is to be feared that most of them laugh at the *fun* of the thing, and would like to do the same — and also, moreover, take the first opportunity of *doing* the same act, and other things of the sort. But in both cases, the attention of the child being arrested, its mind amused, and its feet and fingers kept out of mischief, the main view is obtained. Mischief sown in the mind [illegible] nothing.

"Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow—
And I killed Cock Robin."

The outspoken [illegible], valiant impudence of the answer, which [illegible] like a boast, [illegible] much sympathy with the hero. It is true that the children are, in many instances, [illegible] the sight of the dead Cock Robin, with his legs sticking up in the air, [illegible] little black pall, and more especially when it is found that—

[illegible]

But not a word of the Sparrow [illegible] upon his trial for the crime, nor justice, or any punishment awarded.

What can surpass the [illegible] the following, added to a precocious touch of the infant's Latin primer —

"Hic, hæc, hoc,
[illegible]"

Killing, for the sake of eating, is by no means the most amiable picture to present a child's imagination —

"There was a little Man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead [illegible]"

He shoots a little duck, which his wife roasts while he goes to kill her husband the drake. We only wonder that the writer of this song did not add the 'ducklings,' by way of making the family slaughter complete in its interest. But these killings are often effected (as we too often see practically enacted by children) out of pure wantonness, and with no assignable cause —

"Where are you going?" said Robin to Bobbin,
"Where are you going?" said Richard to Robin, &c.

"To shoot an old hen," said Robin to Bobbin,
"To shoot an old hen," &c.

How skilfully the verses retard the 'delightful" catastrophe, and how they exult in repetition! The killing of a poor harmless old hen is thus exalted into a great event. But sometimes theft is very directly associated with killing —

"Butcher, butcher, kill a calf—
Run away with the better half.

Pretty and tender to a degree, as all children feel the conclusion of the story of the Babes in the Wood—with its pathetic illustration of the two children lying side by side asleep or dead and the robins covering them with leaves—the previous part of the story narrates the dishonest and murderous intentions of the cruel uncle with abominable distinctness to say nothing of the [illegible] for their murder by one of the men hired for that purpose with [illegible] death by the hand of the other [illegible]

Nothing [illegible] satisfactory with [illegible] death [illegible] interest [illegible] would [illegible] with [illegible] deaths, the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] fill up the picture. Here is another—

[illegible]

This [illegible] presently followed [illegible] But the [illegible] in the nursery [illegible] or song [illegible] innocence and guilt all fare alike.

'Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children alone—
They are all burnt but one, &c.'

A tailor intends to kill a crow, for no other offence than [illegible]—

'Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
That I may [illegible] crow,
Sing heigh ho, sing heigh ho!
The tailor he shot, but he missed his mark,
And shot his own sow right through the heart!'"

Here is another,—

"The woodcock and the sparrow
The little dog has burnt his tail—
And he must be hanged to-morrow!'"

What a sense of justice is conveyed in the above! And here follows a pretty lullaby—

'Bye baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Pumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin!'

No wonder, but a charming picture of greediness. Here is a death from a very different cause—

'Little John Jiggy Jag
Rode a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo,
When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck—
Johnny, how dost thou now?'

The number of acts of utterly unprovoked and wanton violence which may be found in Mr. Halliwell's but too faithful Collection—such as knocking out the teeth, shooting, cutting and pecking off noses, cracking of crowns, tearing up alive, bruising, maiming and mutilating, with the whole of John Ball, who shot them all [illegible] quite amazing to those who look through the book. No innocent or beautiful object is spared by our old Witch—

[illegible]

Even the baby in the cradle is demolished,—

Hush-a-by baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby, cradle, and all!

[illegible] excellent fun—a smashed baby!—well done old Nursery Witch! In short the grand staple commodity of the nursery [illegible] and tales of England [illegible] death [illegible] killing something [illegible] the most heroic with the [illegible] horror or barbarity—what [illegible] Giant-killer, the Forty Thieves, [illegible] and the Dragon, &c. contain a plentiful amount of slaughter in every [illegible] the nursery literature [illegible] quite steeped in [illegible] Giants, monsters, men, women, children, birds, beasts, and fish, all are brought to the nursery by [illegible] Witch, and there slain under every variety of romantic or quaint [illegible] circumstance.

We shall, no doubt, be reminded that children do not attach such distinct notions to these things as grown-up people; that they do not realise these horrors to their minds; that they, in a certain sort, comprehend them as things of fancy, and "make believe." Heaven preserve us all if this were not so! We should all become Guerilla soldiers, or Gordon Cummings at the very best, if it were otherwise; and probably thieves and Thugs, so far as education and early tastes are concerned. But we are well aware that

it is most wisely and happily ordained differently by the complex construction of the mind; so that these horrors, with nearly all children, are not accompanied with the frightful sense of realities and facts. But will anybody say that they do not act upon the imagination—that they do not furnish it with dreadful "materials for thinking" as well as for *dreams by night*? Not a doubt of it. Children differ, and the injury will, therefore, be a question of degree; but that it is an injury of some kind to all, no one who gives the subject a fair amount of consideration will fail to perceive.

We cannot find space to speak of the various churchyard horrors, as they generally involve history. Suffice it to say, that Monk Lewis has borrowed his "worms that crept in" and "worms that crept out" from one of our nursery songs. A few off-hand murders "for tiny hands" are all we will offer,—preluding them with an appropriate nursery incantation:—

"Hinx! minx!
The old Witch winks!
The fat begins to fry!"

"Little Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and *broke her back*,
And sold her to the miller;
The miller wouldn't have her—
So, he threw her in the river!"

"I'll tell you a story about Jack McRory,
He went to the wood and shot a Tory!
Then he came back and told his brother,
And they went to the wood, and shot another!"

Cool, easy, wanton, funny sort of murders these! And here is a reward for an old servant,—

"Barnaby Bright he was a sharp little cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old and can no longer bark—
He's condemned by the parson *to be hang'd* by the clerk."

The four next, all of which we find in Halliwell's Collection, are more practically hideous than we were previously aware our nursery literature, rich as we knew it to be in these things, could furnish:—

"Who goes round my house this night?
None but bloody Tom!
Who steals all the sheep at night?
None [left] but this poor one."

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper!—to chop off your head."

"If she'll bear [a wild mare]
We'll give her some grains,
If she won't bear,—
We'll dash out her brains!"

"When I went up a sandy hill
I met a sandy boy, O!
I cut his throat—I suck'd his blood!
And left his skin a hanging, O!"

We will defy any collection of Nursery Rhymes, of any country, to beat the above, for everything that such rhymes ought *not* to describe,—unless, indeed, some of the old Scotch rhymes and nursery legends.

"There was once a cruel mother, who murdered one of her daughters, and made a dish of meat of the body, which she gave her husband who devoured it. * * * The father enraged at the death of his favourite child immediately killed the mother.

"Pippety Pew!
My mother me slew!
My father me ate, &c."
Nursery Legends and Ballads of Scotland.

An old Scottish ballad of "Croodlen Doo," which follows, is a case of poisoning by a step-mother. The editor also gives us the following riddle:—

"I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
And my love she gave me light, &c."

Solution.—I sat in a chair made of my mistress's bones, I drank out of her skull, and was lighted by a candle made of *her tallow*!

There are two other special features which strike us continually in our nursery doggrels—and these are the mercenary spirit they display on nearly every suggestion of marriage, and also their coarse vulgarity.

"When I was [illegible]
[illegible] will marry me;
If twenty won't, fifty shall—
I am my mother's [illegible] girl.

And if you'll consent to marry me now,
I'll feed you as fat as any [illegible]."

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid? &c."

"She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I've been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I'll never go there any more."

"Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than four-score men," &c.

"Oh, sir! I will accept of the keys of your chest—
And count your gold and silver *when you are at rest*."

The lady, in the foregoing, had refused his offer, until the chest was mentioned.

"The butcher that killed this ram, Sir,
Was up to his knees in blood," &c.

"Hannah Bantry in the Pantry,
Eating a mutton bone,
How she chaw'd it, how she gnaw'd it,
When she found she was alone."

"See, saw—Margery Daw," &c.

"Who comes here?
A grenadier, &c."

"There was a lady loved a hog," &c.

To whom are we indebted for these gross

vulgarities? The solution, we think, obvious. The great majority of these rhymes are no doubt the composition of uneducated old nurses and beldames of olden times—old gossiping crones who little dreamed of the honour in store for them in the spectacled labours of learned collectors and editors, "with print and gloss." They sung what came uppermost, the rhymes grew and grew, and were handed down. In such an immense quantity, the total absence of all beauty—of all prettiness, childish grace, and innocence, is something quite wonderful, and is explicable in no other way.

As for our tales and stories, they are very often of foreign growth. Several of our most famous stories [illegible] exist with certain national varieties in each, in the Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, French, and German literature of the nursery.

We are accustomed to attribute to the Germans in their [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] simplicity of mind, life, and manners than is found among ourselves. This circumstance, added to their natural disposition to reflect and philosophise on all subjects, would have led one to expect that in so important a consideration as the very earliest ideas and influences presented to the opening mind of a child, the greatest care would have been taken to communicate nothing but the purest and most amiable pictures, thoughts and general impressions. We do not find this to be the case. Their nursery songs and tales are not, in general, so cruel and tragical as ours, nor do they contain so many vicious and unprincipled influences; but great numbers of them are of the most injurious kind. The Witch of the German nursery, though more romantic and fanciful than ours, is scarcely less inconsiderate and mischievous. Her chief purpose often appears to be the infliction of punishments upon disobedient children in a summary way, as a direct consequence of that disobedience or naughtiness. It is intended to warn children by these means, but the punishments are usually so severe and remorseless, and so disproportioned to the offence, that we think they must have a greater tendency to inculcate a spirit of vengeance, injustice, and cruelty than to instil the lesson of obedience and caution which we intended.

One of the most popular of the German collection of poems of the nursery, is one of the least objectionable. They are not songs, but little tales in verse, and the collection is called after the figure on its title-page—*Der Struwwelpeter*, who is a short, thick-set, clownish fellow, in a red blouse, and long green gaiters, the nails of whose fingers have grown to a length that resemble lobster's horns, while the hair of his head is all unshorn, and flying about in outrageous disorder. There are no portraitures, or stories of goodness; nothing is shown but naughtiness and its punishment. In the poem of "Naughty Frederick," you see him begin with pulling off the legs and wings of flies, he then kills a bird in its cage by throwing a chair at it, beats his nurse-maid with a whip, and finally assaults a dog who is quietly drinking from a pump. The dog tears his leg, the blood from which, in the most approved bad style of all nursery pictures (the last sort of things that should be shown to children) makes a very important feature in the illustration. Frederick is then put to bed, the doctor gives him nauseous physic, and the dog eats Frederick's dinner sitting up at table, in the boy's chair. Which being translated, runs thus,—

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

But this is mild and [illegible] enough; the next poem [illegible] the principle of [illegible] much further. In the story of the girl who plays with the [illegible] match box, you see [illegible] [illegible] table on which is placed a box of lucifers; two black cats are seated beneath the table each holding up one forepaw to warn her or remind her that she is not to touch the box. She lights a match, the two cats repeat their warning gesticulation. In the third picture she is enveloped in red and yellow flames, (a horrible daub of course, but not the less horrible to a child's imagination,) and the black cats have elevated both paws with a mixture of horror, and of "We told you so!" The last picture shews a little heap of smoking cinders, with two shoes floating on a stream of water which is caused by the 'flood of tears' poured [illegible] by the inconsolable cats. This latter touch of tenderness and commiseration almost [illegible] the story.

[illegible]
[illegible]

The next poem is called *Die Geschichte von den schwarzen Buben* (The History of the black Boy), which is very good. A negro boy is enjoying a walk beneath a bright green umbrella, and is followed by three schoolboys, with all manner of derision and insult. St Nicholas, in a brick dust coloured morning gown, yellow slippers, black and cherry smoking cap, and blue hair and beard, beckons the three boys to him, and dips them one by one into his great inkstand. The last illustration represents the Negro boy still on his walk beneath his bright green umbrella, and followed by the three boys each of whom is now twice as black as the object of their ridicule. The next poem—the story of "The Sportsman"—is highly amusing, and harmless. The illustrations are excellent. The Sportsman is a Berlin shopkeeper, or tradesman, in full *Jager* costume, having a new grass green jacket, powder-horn and game-bag, with the addition of a huge pink comforter. He carries a pro-

digious duck-gun over his shoulder. The first picture displays him setting out on his grand excursion after game, while on a little bank behind him, skreened by some large leaves, sits a Hare, "taking a sight" after him with her fore-paws. The next picture shows the Sportsman lying fast asleep at the foot of a tree. The Sun, with a highly humorous face, looks down upon him, and the Hare is seen carrying off his duck-gun and spectacles In the third picture, we see the Sportsman in full flight, running before the Hare, who with spectacles on nose, and the long gun at her shoulder, is taking deliberate aim at him The Sportsman makes for his home, and has just reached the well near the door, when the Hare fires from a rising ground behind.

"Now ran the sportsman from his game,
Till close beside a well he came,
And in he jump'd! His need was great,
For *bang* went the gun, and just miss'd his pate."

You see his heels disappearing, at the same moment that his wife, who was sitting at the window taking coffee, has the cup and saucer knocked out of her hand by the bullet; and the Hare's little daughter catches the falling spoon in an ecstacy of delight and surprise,—which must no doubt be shared by all the children who read it. It is, beyond all comparison, the best poem in the collection of *Struwwelpeter*. The poem of the *Daumen-Lutscher* ("The Thumb-Sucker") is of an opposite kind; being extremely painful to contemplate, and without anything picturesque to redeem or lessen its ugly cruelty. A lady expects her son to be very good during her absence, and above all things not to suck his thumbs. If he persists in this bad habit, she warns him that the Tailor will come and cut them off with his shears. The lady goes out, and—*wupp!* goes the thumb into the mouth; and in the next picture you see the Tailor—a regular German skip-jack with long flying legs—darting towards the boy, and catching one of his thumbs between his long sheers, which causes the boy to throw up one leg from excessive pain. In the last picture, the boy appears with both thumbs cut off, and the blood trickling down his fingers The poem of "Little Kaspar and the Soup" (*Suppen-Kaspar*) is not much better. Kaspar refuses to eat his soup—soup being thought in Germany to be very good for children. Illustration of the first day displays Soup-Kaspar very fat; in the second day, he is thin; in the third—still refusing to take soup—he is wretchedly meagre; in the fourth day, he is reduced to a mere dark outline; and the illustration of the fifth day is a little grave, with a cross for a tombstone.

"By the fourth day's end he was like a shade;
About half an ounce was all he weigh'd:
On the fifth he was dead—and his grave was made."

As for invention, however, we find abundance of it in the tales and fables of German nursery literature; our grand complaint is the misapplication of the faculty. A heap of these little volumes lies before us, each of them containing several stories, and one of them no less than a hundred and fifty. It would occupy too much space to give an outline of many of these; suffice it to say, that they are full of horrors and other alarming things, most improper for children to read, however they may be attracted by the fascinating excitements. We find accounts of cheating, thieving, murdering, the deathbed of a blasphemer, the appearance of ghosts of various kinds, and of death and the devil. The illustrations are but too good, and would never be forgotten by children of a vivid imagination. A special example or two will be enough. In Heinrich Bomhard's *Drei Erzählungen für Kinder* (Three Tales for Children) a virtuous king is caused by magic to fall in love with a witch He is already married, but nevertheless he takes the witch home to his palace At the instigation of the witch, this good king is made to order his queen to be burnt, and the hearts of his children to be cut out. (This Witch of the German Nursery may rival, if not surpass, the worst of our own) The intended victims escape from her fangs; but not till the infant reader have tasted the horrors of anticipation

The best of these volumes of tales are by Heinrich Smidt, and by Christoph von Schmid, the justly celebrated author of "*Ostereier*" (Easter-eggs) and other excellent stories for children. Each of these writers possesses a fertile imagination, and a poetical fancy, and the latter especially has a charming simplicity of style, and a graceful humour. We must, nevertheless, enter our protest against many of the images they present to the infant imagination. In *Der Wunderarzt* (the Wonderful Physician) of Christoph von Schmid, he makes a poor man seek a godfather for his child. All those he asks refuse him A hunter then offers himself, and is accepted—when the poor man, looking more attentively at the *hunter*, perceives that he has long claws and a cloven foot! He hastily retreats, and finally getting into a churchyard, Death approaches him—offers himself as a godfather—and is accepted. Whereupon Death, "dressing himself in a *proper* manner," accompanies him to church, and goes through the ceremony in a grave and respectful manner. To speak, however, in general terms, this author well deserves the reputation he possesses as a writer of juvenile tales. The brothers Grimm' are too fond of terrors.

In the nursery rhymes we have taken from other countries, it is to be regretted that we have often vulgarised, not to say barbarised them. The little verse of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes," &c., is derived from the more tender and graceful Italian,—

"Figliuolina di Jesú,
Apri la bocca e guarda in su!"

The Tuscan rhyme of,—

"Chiocciola, chiocciola marinella,
Butta fuori le tu' cornella!"

has been abused by our Witch into,—

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal."

It is curious to trace in these nursery songs the national tendencies of different races of people. With us, the great majority are little acts of physical force; with the Italians, the nursery songs are for the most part little love ditties.

The grand theory of the nursery for obtaining quiet; for causing a little one to go to sleep "like a good child," as well as for teaching it to be obedient when awake, is almost invariably some dreadful threat, or some actual terror. Here is a "Cradle Song," (translated, we believe, from the German), from the "Illustrated Book of Songs for Children." One of the verses is very beautiful.—

"Sleep, baby, sleep;
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

Several other verses are also exceedingly pretty, and to the purpose; but in case the child should not by this time go to sleep, we are furnished with the following:—

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
And cry not like a sheep,
Else will the sheep dog bark and whine,
And *bite this naughty child* of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

"Sleep, baby, sleep,
Away! and tend the sheep—
Away! thou *black dog fierce and wild*,
And do not *wake* my little child.
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

The little trembler in the cradle is thus adroitly taught to "sham sleep," and not to cry for fear of the black dog fierce and wild.

To give an adequate idea of the euphonious dance of the doggrel nursery songs of a foreign country is scarcely possible. We have therefore not attempted to do so, with regard to the German, and still less shall we venture it with the French. But, by taking the liberty of retaining the original chorus, which is obviously quite untranslatable, we may venture upon a verse from one of the favourite songs of the Nursery-Witch of France.

"There was a little man,
All dressed in grey was he—
Carabi,
Ton, ton,
Carabon!
Neighbour Guillerie,
His death would you like to see?" &c.

The song proceeds in this strain through a number of little adventures, varied, according to the inventive genius of the nurse, and concluding with any sort of death which the special Witch of the French nurseries may take it into her head to imagine. The old song of "*Malbrouk*" is also a favourite with children in France. They take most delight in his comical wars, and yet more in his death, and his grand funeral procession—where "one carries his great sabre," another his cocked hat and feather, another his "leathern smalls," &c. Here also is a universal favourite among nursery songs, well deserving to be so: but we believe the French are indebted to us for the original:—

"Petit Bo Bouton
A perdu ses moutons,
Et ne sait pas qui les a pris;
O laissez les tranquilles,
Ils viendront en ville,
Et chacun sa queue après lui."

It must, however, be observed that French songs of this class are very few indeed; such a thing as a collection of nursery songs does not exist in France.

The modern French nursery tales, which are at present most in vogue, are of an utterly insipid description. They are precisely of that kind of tame moral purpose, without anything to excite the imagination, the feelings, or the fancy, which have the least degree of attraction for children. The titles of many of them are sufficiently indicative of their inanity. "*L'Ami des Enfants,*" "*Les Délassements de l'Enfance,*" "*Le Modèle des Enfants,*" (only fancy a prosy little prig of a model child!) "*Les Enfants studieux!*" &c. Out of a considerable number of little volumes now on sale for children, we recently looked through "*Douze Historiettes, pour les Enfants de six à huit ans,*" published in Paris at La Librairie de l'Enfance et de la Jeunesse. In these, and most other French juvenile tales of our day, there is an utter want of invention and of interest.

But it was not always so in France. Far from it. Some of the most exciting, romantic, graphic, and graceful of our own old stock of fairy-tales are derived from the French; and we are bound to add, some of those which, from their horrors and cruelties, are the most alarming to the apprehensive imagination of children, filling them with vague terrors; thus rendering them unable to be left alone in the dark, and tending in other respects to injure the healthy tone of the mind and feelings. What will be said by some of our nursery-tale loving grandmamas and old nurses, when they hear that their old favourite story (and, alas! ours too) of "Blue Beard," is of French origin? Yes, Blue Beard, with his great red face, staring round eyes, bushy eyebrows, hungry remorseless mouth, his great loose crimson Turkish trouser-bags, his yellow slippers, his jewelled belt and turban, his long beard, painted blue, by no niggard hand, and his immense broad crooked scymitar—this

magnificent nursery monster, with his blood-stained closet, where his group of former wives all stood up with their heads cut off—this horrible old Blue Beard, we rejoice to say, is not of English origin; and we are only too sorry that he should ever have become so tragically popular among our infant minds. "Little Red Riding Hood," another most popular and delightful tale, from the excitement and the tearful pity it causes, but nevertheless one of the most shocking and cruel of all tales—this also is derived from the French. Shall we ever forget our childhood's impressions on first hearing it related by an old nurse—especially that final part where the Wolf having eaten Red Riding hood's poor old sick grandmama, and got into her bed dressed in her night-gown and cap, asks the little girl to undress herself and get into bed with her, as she is so cold. We think even now we see and hear our old nurse imitating the hypocritical Wolf, in the dreadful dialogue of "What great eyes you've got, grand'ma!" "The better to see you, my dear." "What a great nose you've got, grand'ma!" "The better to smell you, my dear" (Is not this truly dreadful to a listening child?) "What a large mouth and great sharp teeth you've got, grand'ma!" "The better to eat you up!" —and Little Red Riding-hood is accordingly torn to pieces, and devoured, which is usually represented by a sudden rush towards the little trembling listener. Will any mother in the world, who once brings her mind to think of it, say that such stories and pictures are fit for children? Will she not at once see that they are among the very worst images, emotions, and influences that could possibly be communicated to an infant mind? But we have no thought of being unjust or ungrateful to the French,—for the beautiful story of "Cinderella" belongs to them; and so, we believe, does the delightfully romantic tale of "Puss in Boots" (*Le Chat Botté*). Beranger has more recently given us a portrait of the celebrated Marquis de Carabas, of a very picturesque and amusing kind. The pretty story of the "White Cat," also belongs originally to France. Some of these stories appear to be of Norman origin.

We have not spared our own nursery literature; and though we admit that Germany is greatly in advance of us in respect of its tales for children (those, we mean, which are written by the best authors of this class), we have something to add from the evil stock they possess. We will conclude our list, which too truly may be entitled "horrid deeds for infant minds," with a few selections from the *Undertundfünfzig moralische Erzählungen für kleine Kinder*, von Franz Hoffman.

This Franz Hoffman, besides his story of "Mungo," which is full of the most atrocious butcheries, and other horrors in slave-ships and among tigers (with prints to match); and his story of the "Evil Spirit," in which a King murders the father of his wife, and makes a drinking cup of his skull, out of which he compels his wife to drink; besides these more than bewitched, these demoniacal stories, he has composed the above-mentioned "Hundred-and-fifty *moral* Tales for little Children." With very few exceptions, one principle pervades them all. We have heard of a certain traveller who inquired of the king of a savage tribe as to his penal code. His black majesty calmly replied: "Our code is perfect. Our *least* punishment is death." The suggestion of gradations of torture was sufficiently obvious. So of this author's code of morals, in writing stories for the good of children, as he pretends, and the correction or prevention of their disobedience. We should prefer death, as the lesser punishment, instead of many of the shocking mutilations he depicts, as the consequence of little acts of wilfulness in children. A boy has been told not to swing so high; he forgets the injunction, and has a fall, which fractures his leg. A little girl, named Meta, plays with scissors, after being warned—and jobs out one eye. But the author, not content with this, follows up poor Meta, for putting pins in her mouth. She happens to have some in her mouth, when her aunt, whom she loves, suddenly arrives, and in joy of the moment, running to embrace her, little Meta falls—pins stick in her throat—she suffers tortures, and then dies. A little boy gets upon a great horse—the horse runs away with him—the little fellow is thrown—breaks his arm, and the author takes care to inform his young friends, that the broken arm caused "frightful pain." Another boy gets up a tree after a hawk's nest. As a salutary warning, the hawk tears out one of his eyes, and we are assured that the boy "remained a hideous object all his life." As to what the King of the savages called his "least" punishment—namely, death—there is abundance of it in this book; but in most cases it is attended or preceded by torture; bites of adders, and apes, tearing of limbs by dogs, shots from guns, and lacerations from fox traps, tumbles headlong from high towers, drownings, pursuits by lions, &c., most *impressively* illustrated by prints and vignettes. We hence discover that the "morality" of these tales is that of vengeance, and its code one of the most cruel for the most common of children's offences.

In educational books—education of children by means of books of a direct and practical kind—we are supplied to overflowing. More than enough have we of little primers of all the arts and sciences, and geographies, and histories, and the useful knowledges; but, of books well suited to the earliest and best feelings, and the purest moral principles, as indirectly, but no less profoundly, instilled through the heart and the imagination—oh! how few, in comparison with the masses of trash, or of sanguinary and otherwise unwholesome excitement! At the top of the best of this class of books we should place the children's stories of Hans Christian Andersen;

and (with the exception, here and there, of an objectionable touch of the dark and terrific) those of the author of the "*Osterreier;*"—the "Fable Book," of Otto Speckter; the "*Alte und Neue Kinderlieder*" collected by G. Scherer; the German "A. B. C. *Buch*,"—both these latter being illustrated by several of the first artists in Germany. There the first artists really are engaged for the purpose; with us it is only pretended, as a matter of advertisement. Hence the extraordinary superiority of the foreign illustrations. The fanciful magic tale of "Good Lady Bertha's Honey Broth," from the prolific pen of Alexander Dumas, is far surpassed in the fertility of necromantic invention by the extraordinary designs furnished by an eminent artist. Our own authors, the few who have written excellent stories and songs for children—Mrs. Barbauld, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Marcet, Miss Martineau, Mrs Harriet Myrtle, Jane and Emily Taylor, the authors of "Parent's Cabinet," and some others,—how much more extensive would have been their success had they found such artists to illustrate their books, as we find with the best of those produced in Germany, France, and Holland! And here we may mention that we have never met with songs more pure and innocent, and more truly adapted for children, than those of the Dutch poet, Van Alphen (*Kleine Gedichten voor Kinderen, door Hieronimus van Alphen*). The "*Gouden Boeksen*" of Van Hasselt, another Dutch poet, is also worthy of high commendation for the same reasons. The illustrations are excellent; the verses of charming simplicity and innocence.

But now we may be asked—will children be interested in this purity—this innocence? Is it not too much like themselves, and do they not crave for more exciting aliment? Do they not delight in horrors, and such things? Not a doubt of it. In like manner, children of a larger growth delight in gin, and take other stimulating things to excess. If a child cries for a nice mixture of poisoned plums and sweetmeats, are we to give them because of the pleasure they excite at the moment? There is no philosophy, no moral firmness, in this; though it may be natural enough in a bookseller to advance such an argument. His object is to supply a market. What children like, is considered "the demand," and obedient parents, bowing to indulgent children, obtain whatever the rosy-cheeked little tyrants require.

What is to be done for children in this matter? The first step towards a reform that will strike most people, is by no means so easy of practical accomplishment. Some years ago, the author of "The Good-natured Bear,—a Story for Children of All Ages," went to a publisher, eminent for his juvenile books, and proposed the following work. He wished to awaken parents and guardians of children to the condition of nursery literature, and to warn them against a heap of "favourite" books and tales, as of most injurious tendency. The publisher was struck with the proposal; but, after some days' consideration, he demurred to it, on the ground of the large amount of capital already embarked by many respectable houses in the trade, in these very books; hundreds of thousands of which were profusely illustrated, and great numbers beautifully bound; he therefore thought it would seem invidious towards the trade, and that his motives would, at best, be misconstrued. The Good-natured Bear saw some reason in this, or, at any rate, received it as a good commercial objection; and, bowing to fate, agreed to modify his original proposal. Instead of denouncing all the bad books and tales by name, with all their death-dealing and alarming illustrations, he now proposed to denounce them only in general terms, on broad principles,—and to specify by name only such books, tales, and songs as were good—beautiful and poetical in spirit, or humorous and amusing; and in no case containing cruelties, horrors, vices, and terrors of any kind. The publisher rubbed his hands with a beaming smile. "This will do," said he; "this will do; and, by the way, I have myself published a number of books, exactly of this latter kind—beautiful in poetry, amiable in prose, humorous and amusing in spirit; and the illustrations and binding among the best in the trade; all of which you would, no doubt, specially mention." The Good-natured Bear was carried, fainting, into a cab.

Where is a reform in the nursery library to come from? A real reform, both in the spirit, and the letter, and not a "sham," that will look well in the advertisements? One cannot expect it to come from the children; for they are fascinated by what they fear. Almost as little reasonable will it be to expect such a reform to originate with the publishers of children's books, nearly all of whose present stock in trade is full of the old leaven of direct evil, or reckless fun. The real reform must begin with the parents. Directly they begin to *think*, the publishers will feel it, and respond.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF BEN JONSON'S MOTHER.

In Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, about the year 1580, dwells Mr. Thomas Fowler, a master bricklayer. He had married, in 1575, Mrs. Margaret Jonson, a widow; and had become the protector of her little boy, Benjamin, then about a year and a half old.

Benjamin is now in his sixth year. He duly attends the parish school in St. Martin's Church; for his father was "a grave minister of the gospel," and his mother is anxious that her only child, poor although he must be, shall lack no advantages of education. We see the sturdy boy daily pacing to school, through the rough and miry way of that half-rural

district. In his play-hours he is soon in the fields, picking blackberries in Hedge Lane, or flying his kite by the Windmill in Saint Giles's. His father-in-law is a plain, industrious, trusty man,—not rich enough to undertake any of the large works which the luxurious wants of the town present; and ofttimes interfered with, in the due course of his labour, by royal proclamations against the increase of houses, which are rigidly enforced when a humble man desires to build a cottage. But young Ben has found friends. To the parish school sometimes comes Master Camden; and he observes the bold boy, always at the head of his class, and not unfrequently having his "clear and fair skin" disfigured by combats with his dirty companions, who litter about the alleys of Saint Martin's Lane. The boy has won good Master Camden's heart; and so, in due time, he proposes to remove him to Westminster School.

Let us look at the Shadow of his Mother, as she debates this question with her husband, at their frugal supper. "The boy must earn his living," says the bricklayer. "He is strong enough to be of help to me. He can mix the mortar; he will soon be able to carry the hod. Learning! stuff! he has had learning enow, for all the good it will do him."—"Thomas Fowler," responds the mother, "if I wear my fingers to the bone, my boy shall never carry the hod. Master Camden, a good man, and a learned, will pay for his schooling. Shall we not give him his poor meals and his pallet-bed? Master Camden says he will make his way. I owe it to the memory of him who is gone, that Benjamin shall be a scholar, and perhaps a minister."—"Yes; and be persecuted for his opinions, as his father was. These are ticklish times, Margaret—the lowest are the safest. Ben is passionate, and obstinate, and will quarrel for a straw. Make him a scholar, and he becomes Papist or Puritan—the quiet way is not for the like of him. He shall be apprenticed to me, wife, and earn his daily bread safely and honestly." Night after night is the debate renewed. But the mother triumphs. Ben does go to Westminster School. He has hard fare at home; he has to endure many a taunt as he sits apart in the Abbey cloisters, intent upon his task. But Camden is his instructor and his friend. The bricklayer's boy fights his way to distinction.

Look again at the Shadow of that proud Mother as, after three or four anxious years, she hears of his advancement. He has an exhibition. He is to remove to Cambridge. Her Benjamin must be a bishop. Thomas Fowler is incredulous—and he is not generous: "When Benjamin leaves this roof he must shift for himself, wife." The mother drops one tear when her boy departs;—the leathern purse which holds her painful savings is in Benjamin's pocket.

It is a summer night of 1590, when Benjamin Jonson walks into the poor house of Hartshorn Lane. He is travel-stained and weary. His jerkin is half hidden beneath a dirty cloak. That jerkin, which looked so smart in a mother's eyes when last they parted, is strangely shrunk—or, rather, has not the spare boy grown into a burly youth, although the boy's jerkin must still do service? The bricklayer demands his business;—the wife falls upon his neck. And well may the bricklayer know him not. His face is "pimpled;" hard work and irregular living have left their marks upon him. The exhibition has been insufficient for his maintenance. His spirit has been sorely wounded. The scholar of sixteen thinks he should prefer the daily bread which is to be won by the labour of his hands, to the hunger for which pride has no present solace. Benjamin Jonson becomes a bricklayer.

And now, for two years has the mother—her hopes wholly gone, her love only the same—to bear up under the burden of conflicting duties. The young man duly works at the most menial tasks of his business. He has won his way to handle a trowel,—but he is not conformable in all things. "Wife," says Thomas Fowler, "that son of yours will never prosper. Cannot he work,—and cannot he eat his meals,—without a Greek book in his vest? This very noon must he seat himself, at dinner-hour, in the shade of the wall in Chancery Lane on which he had been labouring; and then comes a reverend Bencher and begins discourse with him; and Ben shows him his book,—and they talk as if they were equal. Margaret, he is too grand for me; he is above his trade."—"Shame on ye, husband! Does he not work, honestly and deftly? and will you grudge him his books?"—"He haunts the playhouses; he sits in the pit—and cracks nuts—and hisses or claps hands, in a way quite unbeseeming a bricklayer's apprentice. Margaret, I fear he will come to no good." One night there is a fearful quarrel. It is late when Benjamin returns home. In silence and darkness, the son and mother meet. She is resolved. "Benjamin, my son, my dear son, we will endure this life no longer. There is a sword;—it was your grandfather's. A gentleman wore it; a gentleman shall still wear it. Go to the Low Countries. Volunteers are called for. There is an expedition to Ostend. Take with you these few crowns, and God prosper you."

Another year, and Benjamin's campaign is ended. At the hearth in Hartshorn Lane sits Margaret Fowler—in solitude. There will be no more strife about her son. Death has settled the controversy. Margaret is very poor. Her trade is unprosperous; for the widow is defrauded by her servants. "Mother, there is my grandfather's sword—it has done service; and, now, I will work for you."—"How, my son?"—"I will be a bricklayer again." We see the Shadow of the Mother, as she strives to make her son content. He has

no longer "the hard and mortal" hands with which it was his after fate to be reproached; but he bestows the master's eye upon his mother's workmen. Yet he has his hours of leisure. There is a chamber in the old house now filled with learned books. He reads and he writes, as his own pleasure dictates. "Mother," he one day says, "I wish to marry." "Do so, my son; bring your wife home; we will dwell together." So a few years roll on. He and his wife weep,

"Mary the daughter of the . . ."

But there is an event approaching which sets aside sorrow. "Daughter," says the ancient lady, "we must to the Rose Playhouse to-night. There is a new play to be acted, and that play is Benjamin's." "Yes, mother; he hath been at it . . . already. Not much . . . the . . . he has . . . to this Comedy of Humours—five shillings and ten shillings and even a pound! No matter . . . he will . . . us . . . always knew he would be famous." A comedy of that time . . . the play writer . . . In the autumn of 1598 Philip Henslowe, the manager of the Rose Theatre, writes thus to his son-in-law Alleyn:—"Since you were with me I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me . . . that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Twenty years after the . . . the . . . Drummond . . . appealed . . . the . . . which . . . him . . . in . . . and . . . which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows. There is the proud Shadow of a . . . Mother . . . about his cell . . . when the gallows loomed darkly in the future.

The scholar and the poet has won him fame. Bricklayer no longer, he is the companion of the illustrious Shakspeare, . . . with . . . combats with him; Camden and Selden try his metal in learned controversies; Fletcher and Beaumont, and Donne, and Fletcher exchange with him "words of subtle flame" at "The Mermaid." But a new trouble arises—James is come to the throne. Hear Jonson's account of a remarkable transaction:—"He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King for writing something against the Scots, in a play, 'Eastward Ho,' and voluntarily imprisoned himself, with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then have had their ears cut, and noses." They are at length released. We see the shadow of a banquet, which the poet gave to his friends in commemoration of his deliverance. There is a joyous company of immortals at that feast. There, too, is that loving and faithful Mother. The wine-cups are flowing, there are song and jest, eloquence, and the passionate earnestness with which such friends speak when the heart is opened. But there is one whose Shadow we now see more passionate and more earnest than any of that company. She rises, with a full goblet in her hand:—"Son, I drink to thee. Benjamin, my beloved son, thrice I drink to thee. See ye this paper, one grain of the subtle drug which it holds is death. Even as we now pledge each other in rich canary, would I have pledged thee in lusty strong poison had they sent me to take execution. Thy shame would have been my shame, and neither of us should have lived after it."

"She was no churl," says Benjamin.

CHIPS.

A LYNCH TRIAL IN CALIFORNIA.

A TRIAL by the Law of Lynch is thus described by a Cambridge graduate who was an eyewitness of it, and who . . . most approve of it more than . . . will be likely to do. His communication is dated . . . Grass Valley, Nevada County, on the 22nd of May in the present year.

We are . . . (he says) a little something like . . . in this . . . town. First, there are a few women in the . . ., then, hitherto we have kept . . . gambling houses out of it, and . . . God we will again. As for . . . education they . . . to be met with everywhere in California. A few weeks ago we started a Lyceum. I felt it not out of place to . . . a . . . pretty . . . philosophers . . . as I dealt them though my . . . was a quarter . . . stuck by three nails . . . a . . . and my . . . mostly like myself in flannel shirt . . . long . . .

This country, however, tries a man. Here, as old Swedenborg says of the spiritual world, disguise is difficult. Men who have . . . them . . . of decorum and the . . . of civilised life, are here just what they will to be. I was present a month ago at the most solemn trial by Lynch Law . . . men . . . accused of stealing; they were found guilty, and a terrible sentence of . . . was passed and executed on them. One of them was what we should call a gentleman by birth and education, and had served with credit as an officer in the late Mexican war. There is an earnestness and a sincerity about the . . . and the . . . man, in fact about all and everything of Californian life which I suppose the rest of the world cannot match. The merits of Lynch Law come on for discussion next week, in our barn, which we call a Lyceum. Imagine the earnestness given to the usually unpractical debates of a club, by the fact that there is not a member of it who has not probably taken a part, in one way or other, in one of these terrible, but absolutely necessary scenes, and may have to do so to-morrow.

You have, in England, but a vague idea what this Lynching is; how absolutely essential it is at present, only a life in the hills for some months could show you. I will describe to you what I have seen. Picture yourself on the top of a hill in a pine-forest; the stumps of felled trees lying round; a wide row of log and shingled huts on the slopes of the hill, forming the town. On the hill-top a crowd of rough-looking men in beards, felt hats, red flannel shirts, and long boots. They appoint a president by acclamation, and one of the crowd getting on a stump, explains that the object of the meeting is to try certain men for stealing a purse of gold-dust out of a store in the town. He says the prisoners are at present in the hands of the sheriff, and their committal to the prison at Marysville has been made out (here a laugh and a growl); but is it the will of the meeting that men *suspected* of such crimes be let loose, &c.? alluding to the distance, and the notorious laxity in matters of this kind at Marysville. Guided always by their president (the Americans are peculiarly apt in the conduct of public meetings), they elect a sheriff *pro tem.*, and a committee of safety, and out steps a splendid sample of the miner, and is followed by his committee. They are ordered by the crowd to take the prisoners out of legal custody, and to produce them *instanter*.

Presently they return with the culprits. The authorities had resisted, says the sheriff, in reporting progress, and did their duty as they were sworn; but were overpowered, by which act the said legal authorities lose nothing of their popularity. The sheriff then clears a ring, and the prisoners sit down on the ground in the midst of their guards, and counsel are appointed by the meeting, and are paid one hundred dollars for their services. The prisoners plead poverty. A jury of six is sworn. Several jurors named, object; their pleas are put to the vote, and accepted or refused. The people's sheriff is ordered to bring up the witnesses pro and con, and a judge is appointed; not, however, without some trouble; for those named who have held commissions in the States, protest against the legality of the proceeding, and say they are sworn to defend the constitution. In the present instance, a grey-headed old man stands up, hat in hand, and tells the meeting plainly that they are doing wrong. So far from being molested, he is listened to. At last the president is made judge, and the court opens.

The trial of the three gold-stealers takes two days, and they are eventually found guilty. One of the prisoners, the ex-officer I spoke of, gets up from the ground and owns his guilt. He had lost every ounce of the gold he had acquired by gambling, and then had drunk to drown thought. While drunk, he was incited by "that man" (pointing to a fellow prisoner) to rob a box which his tempter knew of. This the person pointed at, stoutly denies, but while awaiting the execution of the sentence (thirty-nine lashes) offers to tell where his share of the money is to be found, if they will only remit part of his sentence. The jury re-assemble, and reduce the sentence accordingly, as regards the first and second criminal.

Next morning, in rain and wind, the sheriff leads out his victims; they are tied hand and foot to a tree and scourged, till, when cast loose, they lie half fainting, curled up, sick and moaning. They are hardly allowed to stay in the town till their wounds heal, and one dies. The others creep off, and go, I know not where. I was not, let me add, present at the execution.

THE LAST WORDS OF SUMMER.

It breathes a parting whisper through the meads,
Instinct with love, and fraught with solemn meaning.
A fruitful harvest for our mental needs,
Richer than sheaves which Autumn's hand is gleaning.

It was a Summer match'd by none before;
It rose upon a World's expectant meeting;
And scattering sunshine from its radiant store,
Smiled upon thousands with a kindly greeting.

And now, just mingling with the shadowy Past,
It speaks of aims to which our efforts tended,
Lest, haply, with excess of light o'ercast,
They fade from view, like rays obscurely blended.

"The triumphs of your Science and your Art
Should not be gazed at as a fleeting wonder;
They teach deep lessons to the human heart,
Stilling the echoes of War's rolling thunder.

"The handicraft of universal Man,
Proving one stock, should wake fraternal feeling;
Should lead from home remoter realms to scan,
With speechless eloquence to Love appealing.

"Thus will the gathering knit you into one,
And tune to concord your once jarring voices;
As yet, the noble scheme is but begun;—
Achieve a work, at which the World rejoices!"

LIGHT AND AIR.

Light and Air are two good things: two necessaries of existence to us animals, possessing eyes and lungs: two of the things prayed for by sanitary philosophers in the back streets of London; where, we fear, they might as well be crying for the moon.

Light and Air, then, being two good things, what happens when they come together? Spirit and water combined, says the toper, are two good things spoiled; and how do light and air mix? Pick out of Cheapside the busiest of men, and he will tell you that he loves the sky-blue in its proper place, making a sickly joke about his milk-jug. There is not a Scrub in the whole

world who would not think it necessary to show pleasure—yes, and feel some indication of it—over sunset colours, when, by chance, he treads the fields upon a summer evening. We all look up at the stars, and feel that they would seem much less the confidential friends they really are, if they were shining down upon us with a rigid light. There is a beating human pulse which answers to our hearts in their incessant twinkling. And then the rainbow! Light that might pass down to us, and give us sight, but nothing more, gives sight and blesses it at once. Its touch converts the air into a region of delightful visions, ever-changing, ever new. To reach us it must penetrate our atmosphere, and it is a fact that He who made the Universe, so made it that, in the whole range of Nature there is not one barren combination. Light must pass through the air, and, from a knowledge of the other laws of Nature, it might confidently be proclaimed, that in addition to the useful purposes of each, and their most necessary action on each other, beauty and pleasure would be generated also by their union, to delight the creatures of this world.

It is not our design just now to talk about the nature of the atmosphere; to attempt any analysis of light, or even to mention its recondite mysteries. But in a plain way we propose to look into the reason of those changes made by light in the appearance of the sky, those every day sights with which we are the most familiar.

Blue sky itself, for example. Why is the sky blue? To explain that, we must state a few preliminary facts concerning light, and beg pardon of any one whose wisdom may be outraged by the elementary character of our information. There are some among our readers, no doubt, who may find it useful— In the first place, then, we will begin with the erection of a pole upon a play-ground, and, like boys and girls, we will go out to play about it with an india-rubber ball. The pole being planted upright, is said to be planted at right angles to the surface of the ground. Now, if we climb the pole, and throw our ball down in the same line with it, it will run down the pole and strike the ground, and then jump back again by the same road into our fingers. The bouncing back is called in scientific phrase, Reflection; and so we may declare about our ball, that if it strike a plane surface at right angles, it is reflected immediately back upon the line it went by, or, as scientific people say, "the line of incidence." Now, let us walk off, and mount a wall at a short distance from the pole. We throw our ball so that it strikes the ground quite close to the spot at which the pole is planted in the earth, and we observe that the said ball no longer returns into our hand, but flies up, without deviating to the right or left (in the same plane, says Science) beyond the pole, with exactly the same inclination towards the pole on one side, and the surface of the ground on the other, as we gave it when we sent it down. So if there were a wall on the other side of our pole, exactly as distant and as high as our own, and somebody should sit thereon directly opposite to us, the ball would shoot down from our fingers to the root of the pole, and then up from the pole into his hand. Spread a string on each side along the course the ball has taken, from wall to pole, and from pole to wall. The string on each side will make with the pole an equal angle: the angle to the pole, by which the ball went, is called, we said, the angle of incidence; the angle from the pole by which it bounced off, is called the angle of reflection. Now, it is true not only of balls, but of all things that are reflected; of light, for example, reflected from a looking-glass, or a sheet of water, that "the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence."

The light that shines back to us from a sheet of water, has not penetrated through its substance, certainly. But now, let us be Tritons, or sea nymphs, and let us live in a cool crystal grot under the waves. We don't live in the dark, unless we be unmitigated deep-sea Tritons. The deeper we go, the darker we find it. Why? Now, let us be absurd, and suppose that it is possible for light to be measured by the bushel. Ten bushels of light are poured down from the sun upon a certain bit of water; six of these, we will say, reflected from its surface, cause the glittering appearance which is nothing to us Tritons down below. But light can pass through water; that is to say, water is a transparent substance; so the other four bushels soak down to illuminate the fishes. But this light, so soaking down, is by the water (and would be by any other transparent substance) absorbed, altered, partly converted into heat—when we understand exactly what Mr. Grove calls the Correlation of Physical Forces, we shall understand the why and how—we only know just now the fact, that all transparent bodies do absorb and use up light; so that the quantity of light which entered at the surface of our water suffers robbery, becoming less and less as it sinks lower down towards our coral caves.

Furthermore, beside reflection and absorption, there is one more thing that light suffers; and that we must understand before we can know properly why skies are blue, and stars are twinkling. That one thing more is called Refraction. A horse trots fairly over the stones, but slips the moment stones end, and he comes upon wood pavement. A ray of light travels straight as a dancing master's back, so long as it is in air, or water, or glass, or any other "medium," as the books say, of a certain unvarying thinness or thickness, fineness or coarseness, or according to the school-word "density." But if a ray that has been travelling through warm and light air,

suddenly plunges into air cold and heavy, it is put out of the way by such a circumstance, and in the moment of making such a change, it alters its direction. Still more, a ray of light that has been travelling in a straight line through air, is put out of its course on entering the denser medium of water; it is dislocated, refracted very much, alters its course, and then continues in a straight line on the new course, so long as the new medium continues. In the same way, a ray of light which travels through a medium that becomes denser and denser very gradually, would be perpetually swerving from its straight path, and would travel on a curve. Our atmosphere is heaviest upon the surface of the earth, and becomes lighter and thinner as we rise; the ray, therefore, from a star comes to us after travelling in such a curve. But we see all objects in the direction of a perfectly straight line continued in the direction which the rays sent from them took at the moment of falling upon our sense of sight. Therefore we see all stars in a part of the heavens where they really are not; we see the sun before it really rises. Light entering a denser medium is refracted from, entering a lighter medium is refracted towards, a line drawn at right angles to its surface. Light entering a new medium at right angles—that is to say, not aslant—continues its course unaltered.

There is but one more fact necessary to fill up the small measure of preliminary knowledge necessary for a general understanding of the phenomena produced by the mixing of light with air. Light in its perfect state is white, but the white light is a compound of other rays in due proportion, each ray being different in colour and different in quality. So it takes place, because their qualities are different, that grass reflects the green ray and absorbs the rest, and therefore grass is green; while orange-peel reflects another ray, and swallows up the green and all the rest. These colours being in the light, not in the substance coloured; in a dark room it is not merely a fact that we cannot see red curtains and pictures; but the curtains really are not red, the paintings have no colour in them, till the morning come, and artfully constructed surfaces once more in a fixed manner decompose the light. Beside the colour of these rays, from which light is compounded, there are combined with them other subtle principles which act mysteriously upon matter. Upon the hard surface of a pebble there are changes that take place whenever a cloud floats before the sun. Never mind that now. The coloured rays of which pure white light is compounded are usually said to be seven—Violet, Indigo, Blue, Green, Yellow, Orange, Red; and they may be technically remembered in their proper order by combining their initials into the barbarous word Vibgyor. These are called prismatic colours, because they were first separated by the passing of a ray of pure light through a prism. In that passage light is much refracted, and it happens that the contained rays all disagree with one another as to the extent to which they suffer themselves to be put out by a change of medium. Violet refracts most, and Red least; the others stand between in the order in which they have just been named, the order in which you see them in the rainbow. So the rays after refraction come out in a state of dissension; all the rays—made refractory—having agreed to separate, because they are not of one mind, but of seven minds, about the degree to which they should be put out by the trouble they have gone through.

Now we have settled our preliminaries, we have got our principles; the next thing is to put them into practice. Let us first note what has been said of the absorption of light by transparent bodies. The air is one of the most transparent bodies known. On a clear day—when vapour (that is not air) does not mingle with our atmosphere—mechanical obstacles and the earth's figure form the only limits to our vision. You may see Cologne Cathedral from a mountain distant nearly sixty miles. Nevertheless, if the atmosphere had no absorbing power, only direct rays of the sun, or rays reflected from the substances about us, would be visible; the sky would be black, not blue; and sunset would abruptly pitch us into perfect night. The air, however, absorbs light, which becomes intermixed with its whole substance. Hold up your head, open your eyes widely, and stare at the noon-day sun. You will soon shut your eyes and turn your head away; look at him in the evening or in the morning, and he will not blind you. Why? Remembering the Earth to be a globe surrounded by an atmosphere, you will perceive that the sun's rays at noonday have to penetrate the simple thickness of the atmosphere, measured in a straight line upwards from the earth; but in the evening or morning its beams fall aslant, and have to slip through a great deal of air before they reach us; suffering, therefore, a great deal of robbery; that is to say, having much light absorbed.

Now, why is the sky blue? Not only does the air absorb light; it reflects it also. The particles of air reflect, however, most especially the blue ray, while they let the red and his companions slip by. This constant reflection of the blue ray causes the whole air to appear blue; but what else does it cause? Let us consider. If air reflects or turns aside, or hustles out of its place the blue ray, suffering the rest to pass, it follows as a consequence that the more air a ray of light encounters, the more blue will it lose. The sun's rays in the morning and the evening falling aslant, as we have said, across a great breadth of our atmosphere, must lose their blue light to a terrible extent, and very likely reach us with the blue all gone, and red lord paramount. But so, in truth, the case is; and the same fact which explains the blueness of the atmo-

sphere, explains the redness of the sunrise and the sunset. It will now easily be understood, also, why the blue colour of the sky is deepest in the zenith, faintest when we look over the horizon; why the blue is at noon deeper than after mid-day; why it grows more intense as we ascend to higher elevations. From what we have already said, the reason of these things will come out with a very little thought. Again, in the example of our London fogs, &c., when in the upper portion of the dense mass the blue rays have been all refracted, there can penetrate only those other rays which make the lurid sky, with which we are familiar, or the genuine old yellow fog. Fog in moderation, the thin vapour on the open sea, and so forth, simply give a lightness to the blue tint, or more plentiful, an absolute whiteness to the atmosphere.

Now let us see whether we are yet able to take out the philosophy of a fine autumn sunset. As the sun comes near the horizon, he and the air about him become red, because the light from that direction has been robbed of its blue rays in traversing horizontally so large a portion of the atmosphere. The sky in the zenith pales, for it has little but the absorbed or diffused light to exist upon. Presently we see a redness in the east, quite opposite to the sun, and this red increases till the sun sinks from our sight. It is thus caused: the last rays of the sun that traverse the whole breadth of the atmosphere are reflected from the east, from vapours there, and more especially from clouds; come red to our eyes, no blue can be remaining in them. From the west where the sun is setting, the rays come from the surrounding air and from the clouds, variously coloured. These lose their blue, but there remain the red, green, orange, yellow, and the purple rays; and some or all of these may make the tints that come to us, according to the state and nature of the clouds, the atmosphere, and other circumstances that may modify the process of refraction. The sun has set; it is immediately below the horizon and its rays still dart through all our atmosphere except that portion which is shielded from them by the intervening shadow of the earth. That shadow appears in the east, soon after sunset, in the shape of a dim blue arch, which rises gradually in the sky immediately opposite to the part glorified by sunset colours. Over this arch the sky is red, with the rays not shut out by the round shadow of our ball. As the sun sinks, our shadow of course rises, and within it there can be only the diffused twilight, always blue. When this arch—this shadow of the earth—has risen almost to the zenith, and the sun is at some distance below the horizon, then the red colour in the west becomes much more distinct and vivid; for the sun then shoots up thither its rays through a still larger quantity of intervening atmosphere, so that the redness grows as the sun sinks, until the shadow of the earth has covered all; and the stars—of which the brightest soon were visible—grow numerous upon the vault of heaven. When stars of the sixth magnitude are visible, then, astronomically speaking, twilight ends. The length of twilight will depend upon the number of rays of light that are reflected and dispersed, and that, again, will depend entirely on the atmosphere. Where there is much vapour and the days are dull, because of the quantity of kidnapped light there, compensation is made by the consequent increase of twilight. In the interior of Africa night falls almost immediately upon sunset. In summer the vapour rises to a great height and pervades the atmosphere; the twilight then is longer than in winter, when the colder air contains less vapour, and the vapour it contains lies low.

Now, since the appearances at twilight depend on the condition of the sky, it follows that our weather wisdom, drawn from such appearances, is based upon a philosophical foundation. When there is a blue sky, and after sunset a slight purple in the west, we have reason for expecting fine weather. After rain, detached clouds, coloured red and tolerably bright, may rejoice those who anticipate a picnic party. If the twilight show a peculiar or whitish yellow in its dim west, then very likely there will be soon rain next day; the more that whitish yellow spreads over the sky, the more the chance of water out of it. When the sun is brilliantly white and sets in a white light, we think of storms, especially so when light high clouds that dull the whole sky become deep near the horizon. When the colour of the twilight is mixed with portions of deep red passing into grey that hide the sun, then be prepared, we say, for wind and rain. The morning signs are different. When it is very red we expect rain; a grey dawn means fine weather. The difference between a grey dawn and a grey twilight is this—in the morning, greyness depends usually upon low clouds which melt before the rising sun; but in the evening greyness is caused by high clouds, which continue to grow denser through the night. But if in the morning there be so much vapour as to make a red dawn, it is most probable that the clouds will be formed out of it in the course of the operations of the coming day.

Refraction of light has a good deal to do also with the twinkling of the stars, though there may go to the explanation of that phenomenon other principles which do not concern our present purpose. The air contains layers of different density, shifting over each other in currents. The fixed stars are to our eyes brilliant points of light; their rays broken in passing through these currents, exhibit an agitation which is not shown by the planets. The planets are not points to our sight, not points to our telescopes; being much nearer, although really smaller, they

are to our eyes of a decided, measurable size; so being in greater body, we at most could only see their edges scintillate; and this we can do sometimes through a telescope, but scarcely with the naked eye.

In rainbows, light is both refracted and reflected. You can only see a rainbow when the sun is low, your own position being between the rainbow and the sun. The rays of light refracted by the shower into their prismatic colours, are then reflected by the shower back into your eye; and so, from the principles we started with, it will be clear that while a thousand people may see under the same circumstances a rainbow of the same intensity, no two people see precisely the same object, but each man enjoys a rainbow to himself.

Of halos, and of lunar rainbows, of double suns, of the mirage, or any other extraordinary things developed by the play of light and air together, we did not intend to speak. Our discussion was confined to such an explanation of some every day sights as may lend aid to contemplation sometimes of an autumn evening, when

> . . . . "the soft hour
> Of walking comes for him who lonely loves
> To seek the distant hill, and there converse
> With Nature."

Do you not think the man impenetrably deaf who, professing to converse with Nature, cannot hear the tale which Nature is for ever telling?

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY PLANTAGENET, when he was but twenty-one years old, quietly succeeded to the throne of England according to his agreement made with the late King, at Winchester. Six weeks after Stephen's death, he and his Queen, Eleanor, were crowned in that city; into which they rode on horseback in great state, side by side, amidst much shouting and rejoicing, and clashing of music, and strewing of flowers.

The reign of King Henry the Second began well. The King had great possessions, and (what with his own rights, and what with those of his wife) was lord of one third part of France. He was a young man of vigor, ability, and resolution, and immediately applied himself to remove some of the evils which had arisen in the last unhappy reign. He revoked all the grants of land that had been hastily made, on either side, during the late struggles; he obliged numbers of disorderly soldiers to depart from England; he reclaimed all the castles belonging to the Crown; and he forced the wicked nobles to pull down their own castles, to the number of eleven hundred, in which such dismal cruelties had been inflicted on the people.

The King's brother, GEOFFREY, rose against him in France, while he was so well employed, and rendered it necessary for him to repair to that country; where, after he had subdued and made a friendly arrangement with his brother (who did not live long), his ambition to increase his possessions involved him in a war with the French King, Louis, with whom he had been on such friendly terms just before, that to the French King's infant daughter, then a baby in the cradle, he had promised one of his little sons in marriage, who was a child of five years old. However, the war came to nothing at last, and the Pope made the two Kings friends again.

Now, the clergy, in the troubles of the last reign, had gone on very badly indeed. There were all kinds of criminals among them—murderers, thieves, and vagabonds; and the worst of the matter was, that the good priests would not give up the bad ones to justice, when they committed crimes, but persisted in sheltering and defending them. The King, well knowing that there could be no peace or rest in England while such things lasted, resolved to reduce the power of the clergy; and, when he had reigned seven years, found (as he considered) a good opportunity for doing so, in the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I will have for the new Archbishop," thought the King, "a friend in whom I can trust, who will help me to humble these rebellious priests, and to have them dealt with, when they do wrong, as other men who do wrong are dealt with." So, he resolved to make his favorite the new Archbishop; and this favorite was so extraordinary a man, and his story is so curious, that I must tell you all about him.

Once upon a time, a worthy merchant of London, named GILBERT A BECKET, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was taken prisoner by a Saracen lord. This lord, who treated him kindly and not like a slave, had one fair daughter, who fell in love with the merchant, and who told him that she wanted to become a Christian, and was willing to marry him if they could fly to a Christian country. The merchant returned her love, until he found an opportunity to escape, when he did not trouble himself at all about the Saracen lady, but escaped with his servant Richard, who had been taken prisoner along with him, and arrived in England and forgot her. The Saracen lady, who was more loving than the merchant, left her father's house in disguise to follow him, and made her way, under many hardships, to the sea-shore. The merchant had taught her only two English words (for I suppose he must have learnt the Saracen tongue himself, and made love in that language), of which LONDON was one, and his own name, GILBERT, the other. She went among the ships, saying, "London! London!" over and over again, until the sailors understood that she wanted to find an English vessel that would carry her there; so, they showed her such a ship, and

she paid for her passage with some of her jewels, and sailed away. Well! The merchant was sitting in his counting-house in London one day, when he heard a great noise in the street, and presently Richard came running in from the warehouse, with his eyes wide open and his breath almost gone, saying, "Master, Master, here is the Saracen lady!" The merchant thought he was mad; but he said, "No, master! As I live, the Saracen lady is going up and down the city, calling, Gilbert! Gilbert!" Then, he took the merchant by the sleeve, and pointed out at window, and there they saw her among the gables and water-spouts of the dark dirty street, in her foreign dress, so forlorn, surrounded by a wondering crowd, and passing slowly along, calling Gilbert, Gilbert! When the merchant saw her, and thought of the tenderness she had shown him in his captivity, and of her constancy, his heart was moved, and he ran down into the street; and she saw him coming, and with a great cry fainted in his arms. They were married without loss of time, and Richard (who was an excellent man) danced with joy the whole day of the wedding; and they all lived happy ever afterwards.

This merchant and this Saracen lady had one son, THOMAS À BECKET. He it was who became the Favorite of King Henry the Second.

He had risen to be Chancellor, when the King thought of making him Archbishop. He was clever, gay, well educated, brave; had fought in several battles in France; had defeated a French knight in single combat, and brought his horse away as a token of the victory. He lived in a noble palace, he was the tutor of the young prince Henry, he was served by one hundred and forty knights, his riches were immense. The King once sent him as his ambassador to France; and the French people, beholding in what state he travelled, cried out in the streets, "How splendid must the King of England be, when this is only the Chancellor!" They had good reason to wonder at the magnificence of Thomas à Becket, for, when he entered a French town, his procession was headed by two hundred and fifty singing boys; then, came his hounds in couples; then, eight wagons, each drawn by five horses driven by five drivers: two of the wagons filled with strong ale to be given away to the people: four, with his gold and silver plate and stately clothes: two, with the dresses of his numerous servants. Then, came twelve horses, each with a monkey on his back; then, a train of people bearing shields and leading fine war-horses splendidly equipped; then, falconers with hawks upon their wrists; then, a host of knights, and gentlemen, and priests; then, the Chancellor with his brilliant garments flashing in the sun, and all the people capering and shouting with delight. The King was well pleased with all this, thinking that it only made himself the more magnificent to have so magnificent a favorite; but he sometimes jested with the Chancellor upon his splendor too. Once, when they were riding together through the streets of London in hard winter weather, they saw a shivering old man in rags. "Look at the poor object!" said the King. "Would it not be a charitable act to give that aged man a comfortable warm cloak?" "Undoubtedly it would," said Thomas à Becket, "and you do well, Sir, to think of such christian duties." "Come!" cried the King, "then give him your cloak!" It was made of rich crimson trimmed with ermine. The King tried to pull it off, the Chancellor tried to keep it on, both were near rolling from their saddles in the mud, when the Chancellor submitted, and the King gave the cloak to the old beggar- much to the beggar's astonishment, and much to the merriment of all the courtiers in attendance. For, courtiers are not only eager to laugh when the King laughs, but they really do enjoy a laugh against a Favorite.

"I will make," thought King Henry the Second, "this Chancellor of mine, Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. He will then be the head of the Church, and, being devoted to me, will help me to correct the Church. He has always upheld my power against the power of the clergy, and once publicly told some bishops (I remember), that men of the Church were equally bound to me with men of the sword. Thomas à Becket is the man, of all other men in England, to help me in my great design." So the King, regardless of all objection, either that he was a fighting-man, or a lavish man, or a courtly man, or a man of pleasure, or anything but a likely man for the office, made him Archbishop accordingly.

Now, Thomas à Becket was proud and loved to be famous. He was already famous for the pomp of his life, for his riches, his gold and silver plate, his wagons, horses, and attendants. He could do no more in that way than he had done, and being tired of that kind of fame, (which is a very poor one,) he longed to have his name celebrated for something else. Nothing, he knew, would render him so famous in the world, as the setting of his utmost power and ability against the utmost power and ability of the King. He resolved with the whole strength of his mind to do it.

He may have had some secret grudge against the King besides. The King may have offended his proud spirit at some time or other, for anything I know. I think it likely, because it is a common thing for Kings, Princes, and other great people, to try the tempers of their favorites rather severely. Even the little affair of the crimson cloak must have been anything but a pleasant one to a haughty man. Thomas à Becket knew better than any one in England what the King expected of him. In all his sumptuous life, he had never yet

been in a position to disappoint the King. He could take up that proud stand now, as head of the Church; and he determined that it should be written in history, either that he subdued the King, or that the King subdued him.

So, of a sudden, he completely altered the whole manner of his life. He turned off all his brilliant followers, ate coarse food, drank bitter water, wore next his skin sackcloth covered with dirt and vermin, (for it was then thought very religious to be very dirty,) flogged his back to punish himself, lived chiefly in a little cell, washed the feet of thirteen poor people every day, and looked as miserable and humble as he possibly could. *If he had put twelve hundred monkeys on horseback instead of twelve, and had gone in procession with eight thousand wagons instead of eight, he could not have astonished the people half so much as by this great change.* It soon caused him to be more talked about as an Archbishop than he had been as a Chancellor.

The King was very angry, and was made still more so, when the new Archbishop, claiming various estates from the nobles as being rightfully Church property, required the King himself to give up Rochester Castle, and Rochester City too, for the same reason. Not satisfied with this, he declared that no power but himself should appoint a priest to any church in the part of England over which he was Archbishop; and when a certain gentleman of Kent made such an appointment, as he claimed to have the right to do, Thomas à Becket excommunicated him.

Excommunication was, next to the Interdict I told you of at the close of the last chapter, the great weapon of the clergy. It consisted in declaring the person who was excommunicated, an outcast from the Church and from all religious offices, and in cursing him all over, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, whether he was standing up, lying down, sitting, kneeling, walking, running, hopping, jumping, gaping, coughing, sneezing, or whatever else he was doing. This unchristian nonsense would of course have made no sort of difference to the person cursed—who could say his prayers at home if he were shut out of church, and whom none but God could judge—but for the fears and superstitions of the people, who avoided excommunicated persons, and made their lives unhappy. So, the King said to the New Archbishop, "Take off this Excommunication from this gentleman of Kent." To which the Archbishop replied, "I will do no such thing."

The quarrel went on. A priest in Worcestershire committed a most dreadful murder, that aroused the horror of the whole nation. The King demanded to have this wretch delivered up, to be tried in the same court and in the same way as any other murderer. The Archbishop refused, and kept him in the Bishop's prison. The King, holding a solemn assembly in Westminster Hall, demanded that in future all priests found guilty before their Bishops of crimes against the law of the land, should be considered priests no longer, and should be delivered over to the law of the land for punishment. The Archbishop again refused. The King required to know whether the clergy would obey the ancient customs of the country? Every priest there, but one, said, after Thomas à Becket, "Saving my order." This plainly meant that they would only obey those customs when they did not interfere with their own arrogant claims; and the King went out of the Hall in great wrath.

Some of the clergy began to be afraid, now, that they were going too far. Though Thomas à Becket was otherwise as unmoved as Westminster Hall itself, they prevailed upon him, for the sake of their fears, to go to the King at Woodstock, and promise to observe the ancient customs of the country, without saying anything about his order. The King received this submission favorably, and summoned a great council of the clergy to meet at the Castle of Clarendon, by Salisbury. But when this council met, the Archbishop again insisted on the words "saving my order;" and he still insisted, though lords entreated him, and priests wept before him and knelt to him, and an adjoining room was thrown open, filled with armed soldiers of the King, to threaten him. At length he gave way, for that time, and the ancient customs (which included what the King had demanded in vain) were stated in writing, and were signed and sealed by the chief of the clergy, and were called the Constitutions of Clarendon.

The quarrel went on, for all that. The Archbishop tried to see the King. The King would not receive him. The Archbishop tried to escape from England. The sailors on the coast would launch no boat to take him away. Then, he again resolved to do his worst in opposition to the King, and began openly to set the ancient customs at defiance.

The King summoned him before a great council at Northampton, where he accused him of high treason, and made a claim against him, that was not a just one, for an enormous sum of money. Thomas à Becket was alone against the whole assembly, and the very Bishops advised him to resign his office and abandon his contest with the King. His great anxiety and agitation stretched him on a sick-bed for two days, but he rose undaunted. He went to the adjourned council, carrying a great cross in his right hand, and sat down holding it erect before him. The King angrily retired into an inner room. The whole assembly angrily retired and left him there. But there he sat. The Bishops came out again in a body, and renounced him as a traitor. He only said, "I hear," and sat there still. They retired again into the inner room, and his trial proceeded without him. By-and-by, the Earl of Leicester, heading the barons, came out to read his sentence. He refused to hear it

denied the power of the court, and said he would refer his cause to the Pope. As he walked out of the hall, with the cross in his hand, some of those present picked up rushes—rushes were strewn upon the floors in those days by way of carpet—and threw them at him. He proudly turned his head, and said that were he not Archbishop, he would chastise those cowards with the sword he had known how to use in bygone days. He then mounted his horse, and rode away, cheered and surrounded by the common people, to whom he threw open his house that night and gave a supper, supping with them himself. That same night he secretly departed from the town; and so, travelling by night and hiding by day, and calling himself 'Brother Dearman,' got away, not without difficulty, to Flanders.

The struggle still went on. The angry King took possession of the revenues of the archbishopric, and banished all the relations and servants of Thomas à Becket, to the number of four hundred. The Pope and the French King both protected him, and an abbey was assigned for his residence. Stimulated by this support, Thomas à Becket, on a great festival day, formally proceeded to a great church crowded with people, and going up into the pulpit publicly cursed and excommunicated all who had supported the Constitutions of Clarendon: mentioning many English noblemen by name, and not distantly hinting at the King of England himself.

When intelligence of this new affront was carried to the King in his chamber, his passion was so furious that he tore his clothes, and rolled like a madman on his bed of straw and rushes. But he was soon up and doing. He ordered all the ports and coasts of England to be narrowly watched, that no letters of Interdict might be brought into the kingdom; and sent messengers and bribes to the Pope's palace at Rome. Meanwhile, Thomas à Becket, for his part, was not idle at Rome, but constantly employed his utmost arts in his own behalf. Thus the contest stood, until there was peace between France and England (which had been for some time at war), and until the two children of the two Kings were married in celebration of it. Then, the French King brought about a meeting between Henry and his old favourite, so long his enemy.

Even then, though Thomas à Becket knelt before the King, he was obstinate and immovable, as to those words about his order. King Louis of France was weak enough in his veneration for Thomas à Becket and such men, but this was a little too much for him. He said that à Becket "wanted to be greater than the saints and better than St. Peter," and rode away from him with the King of England. His poor French Majesty asked à Becket's pardon for so doing, however, soon afterwards, and cut a very pitiful figure.

At last, and after a world of trouble, it came to this. There was another meeting on French ground, between King Henry and Thomas à Becket, and it was agreed that Thomas à Becket should be Archbishop of Canterbury, according to the customs of former Archbishops, and that the King should put him in possession of the revenues of that post. And now, indeed, you might suppose the struggle at an end, and Thomas à Becket at rest. No, not even yet. For Thomas à Becket hearing, by some means, that King Henry, when he was in dread of his kingdom being placed under an interdict, had had his eldest son Prince Henry secretly crowned, not only persuaded the Pope to suspend the Archbishop of York who had performed that ceremony, and to excommunicate the Bishops who had assisted at it, but sent a messenger of his own into England, in spite of all the King's precautions along the coast, who delivered the letters of excommunication into the Bishops' own hands. Thomas à Becket then came over to England himself, after an absence of seven years. He was privately warned that it was dangerous to come, and that an ireful knight, named Ranulf de Broc, had threatened that he should not live to eat a loaf of bread in England; but he came.

The common people received him well, and marched about with him in a soldierly way, armed with such rustic weapons as they could get. He tried to see the young prince who had once been his pupil, but was prevented. He hoped for some little support among the nobles and priests, but found none. He made the most of the peasants who attended him, and feasted them, and went from Canterbury to Harrow on the Hill, and from Harrow on the Hill back to Canterbury, and on Christmas Day preached in the Cathedral there, and told the people in his sermon that he had come to die among them, and that it was likely he would be murdered. He had no fear, however—or, if he had any, he had much more obstinacy—for he, then and there, excommunicated three of his enemies, of whom Ranulph de Broc, the ireful knight, was one.

As men in general had no fancy for being cursed, in their sitting, and walking, and gaping and sneezing, and all the rest of it, it was very natural in the persons so freely excommunicated to complain to the King. It was equally natural in the King, who had hoped that this troublesome opponent was at last quieted, to fall into a mighty rage when he heard of these new affronts; and, on the Archbishop of York telling him that he never could hope for rest while Thomas à Becket lived, to cry out hastily before his court, "Have I no one here who will deliver me from this man?" There were four knights present, who, hearing the King's words, looked at one another, and went out.

The names of these knights were REGINALD FITZURSE, WILLIAM TRACY, HUGH DE MORVILLE, and RICHARD BRITO: three of whom had been in the train of Thomas

Becket in the old days of his splendour. They rode away on horseback, in a very secret manner, and on the third day after Christmas Day arrived at Saltwood House, not far from Canterbury, which belonged to the family of Ranulph de Broc. They quietly collected some followers here, in case they should need any; and, proceeding to Canterbury, suddenly appeared (the four knights and twelve men) before the Archbishop, in his own house, at two o'clock in the afternoon. They neither bowed nor spoke, but sat down on the floor in silence, they looking fixedly at him, he looking fixedly at them.

Thomas à Becket said, at length, "What do you want?"

"We want," said Reginald Fitzurse, "the excommunication taken from the Bishops, and you to answer for your offences to the King."

Thomas à Becket defiantly replied, that the power of the clergy was above the power of the King. That it was not for such men as they were, to threaten him. That if he were threatened by all the swords in England, he would never yield.

"Then we will do more than threaten!" said the Knights. And they went out with the twelve men, and put on their armour, and drew their shining swords, and came back.

His servants, in the mean time, had shut up and barred the great gate of the palace. At first, the knights tried to shatter it with their battle-axes; but, being shown a window by which they could enter, they let the gate alone, and climbed in that way. While they were battering at the door, the attendants of Thomas à Becket had implored him to take refuge in the Cathedral; in which, as a sanctuary or sacred place, they thought the knights would dare to do no violent deed. He told them, again and again, that he would not stir. Hearing the distant voices of the monks singing the evening service, however, he said it was now his duty to attend, and therefore, and for no other reason, he would go.

There was a near way between his Palace and the Cathedral, by some beautiful old cloisters which you may yet see. He went into the Cathedral, without any hurry, and having the Cross carried before him as usual. When he was safely there, his servants would have fastened the door, but he said it was the house of God and not a fortress.

As he spoke, the shadow of Reginald Fitzurse appeared in the Cathedral doorway, darkening the little light there was outside, on the dark winter evening. This knight said, in a strong voice, "Follow me, loyal servants of the King!" The rattle of the armour of the other knights echoed through the Cathedral, as they came clashing in.

It was so dark in the lofty aisles and among the stately pillars of the church, and there were so many hiding-places in the crypt below and in the narrow passages above, that Thomas à Becket might even at that pass have saved himself if he would. But he would not. He told the monks resolutely that he would not. And though they all dispersed and left him there with no other follower than Edward Gryme, his faithful cross-bearer, he was as firm then, as ever he had been in his life.

The knights came on, through the darkness, making a terrible noise with their armed tread upon the stone pavement of the church. "Where is the traitor?" they cried out. He made no answer. But when they cried, "Where is the Archbishop?" he said proudly, "I am here!" and came out of the shade and stood before them.

The knights had no desire to kill him, if they could rid the King and themselves of him by any other means. They told him he must either fly or go with them. He said he would do neither; and he threw William Tracy off with such force when he took hold of his sleeve, that Tracy reeled again. By his reproaches and his steadiness, he so incensed them, and exasperated their fierce humour, that Reginald Fitzurse, whom he called by an ill name, said, "Then die!" and struck at his head. But the faithful Edward Gryme put out his arm, and there received the main force of the blow, so that it only made his master bleed. Another voice from among the knights again called to Becket to fly; but, with his blood running down his face, and his hands clasped, and his head bent, he commended himself to God, and stood firm. Then they cruelly killed him close to the altar of St. Bennet; and his body fell upon the pavement, which was dirtied with his blood and brains.

It is an awful thing to think of the murdered mortal, who had showered his curses about, lying, all disfigured, in the church, where a few lamps here and there were but red specks on a pall of darkness; and to think of the guilty knights riding away on horseback, looking over their shoulders at the dim Cathedral, and remembering what they had left inside.

END OF VOLUME THE THIRD.